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Capt. Franklin R.A.

Engraving Published July, 1875, by J. Limboid, Strand.

THE
Mirror
OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT,
AND
INSTRUCTION:

CONTAINING
ORIGINAL ESSAYS;
HISTORICAL NARRATIVES; BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS; SKETCHES OF
SOCIETY; TOPOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTIONS; NOVELS
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PREFACE.

To an Editor nothing can be more gratifying than to find at the close of each succeeding volume of his work, that his labours have met with increased patronage and support from the public, without whose favour no periodical could long exist. That the MIRROR has been thus honoured, is perhaps owing in no ordinary degree to the plan and novelty of the work when it first commenced, for although attempts had at various times been made to establish a cheap periodical, yet they all either sunk, after a brief effort, or grovelled on in obscurity; but no sooner did the MIRROR appear than it created a new era in the history of periodical literature. To see the spirit of the public journals, and the essence of new works, the most valuable and expensive, brought within the reach of the humblest classes of society, was a phenomenon in literature, while the liberality of giving a sheet of sixteen closely printed pages, embellished with one or more engravings, for TWO-PENCE, excited the surprise of booksellers as well as the public. The men of trade seemed not to be aware that small profits on an extensive sale might be as productive as exorbitant charges where the sale was limited, and some of them anticipated that the reign of cheap publications, since rendered so popular by the MIRROR, would be brief if not inglorious. How far their conjectures have proved unfounded it is not now necessary to state, for although of the host of imitators which the MIRROR occasioned, few—few indeed remain, yet not only has the MIRROR maintained its ground, but it has reached a circulation far surpassing every other periodical of the day; this we believe will be readily conceded when we repeat what Mr. Brougham was the first to state in his *Observations on the Education of the Lower Classes*, that of some numbers of the MIRROR *eighty thousand copies have been sold*.

The influential example of the MIRROR has also extended itself to the reprinting of standard Works at the same cheap rate, and we can now procure the Novels of a Mrs. Radcliffe, or the Essays of a Bacon or a Goldsmith, neatly printed and embellished, at less than one third of the usual price of the most ordinary editions; by this means of cheap publication the temple of knowledge is thrown open to all, and an auxiliary is found to the extension of education without which these efforts of enlightening the humbler classes of society must have often proved abortive.

Nor is it only in the extent of the circulation of the MIRROR that the Editor feels an honest pride, since the classes of society among which

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it circulates are as various as the sale is extensive; it is to be found in the cottage of the peasant, on the loom of the manufacturer, in the counting-house of the merchant, in the parlour windows of the affluent, and in the carriages of the nobility. For this distinction, and it is one of which any journalist might be proud, the MIRROR is, perhaps, as much indebted to its strict moral character as to the variety of its contents. For the latter, the Editor owes much to his many valued Correspondents, and although he makes no parade of the original articles which distinguish almost every number of the MIRROR, being more anxious that the matter should be good, if not new, than new and not good; yet he hesitates not to say that in this respect the MIRROR is equal to any publication of the day, while the talents of many of its Contributors would do honour to any work.

To many of our readers these remarks may appear unnecessary, but the Editor deems them due to himself and to the work, the Fifth Volume of which is now presented to the public. It will, he trusts, be found to possess all those features which first recommended the MIRROR to the public favour, with some improvements, which time and experience have suggested. The embellishments will be found well executed and on attractive subjects, while the typographical department may vie with any publication of the day. The Editor has now only to thank his Correspondents for their able and generous assistance, and the public for its continued support; and he trusts that his future exertions will not only bespeak his gratitude, but ensure the MIRROR increased and increasing patronage.

London, June 20, 1825.

LIST OF ENGRAVINGS

IN THE FIFTH VOLUME.

Portrait of CAPTAIN FRANKLIN, R.N. F.R.S., engraved on Steel.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. St. Peter's Church at Rome. | 20. Ruins of Holyrood Chapel. |
| 2. Cradle of Henry V. | 21. Althorp House. |
| 3. Cemetery of Pere la Chaise. | 22. Hastings Castle, Sussex. |
| 4. New Church, Camden Town. | 23. Autographs of Roscoe, Gifford, Maturin, F. Wrangham, Lamb and Hogg. |
| 5. Kits-Coty House. | 24. Bethlehem Hospital. |
| 6. Church of St. Mary, Redcliff. | 25. Rubens's Chair. |
| 7. Bow Church, Middlesex. | 26. Henry Marten's Tower. |
| 8. Autographs of Lords Eldon and Erskine; Sirs V. Gibbs, J. Bayley, and W. Grant. | 27. Burgh Castle, Suffolk. |
| 9. Lambeth Palace. | 28. Bedstead of Richard III. |
| 10. New Custom House. | 29. Catacombs at Naples. |
| 11. St. Bride's Church. | 30. City of Athens. |
| 12. Masaniello, the Fisherman of Naples. | 31. Lord Byron's House. |
| 13. Grove Hill, Camberwell. | 32. Dunmow Priory. |
| 14. Grotto of Antiparos. | 33. Old Queen's Head, Islington. |
| 15. Milton's House, Chalfont. | 34. St. Martin's Church. |
| 16. Middle Temple Hall. | 35. New Church, Poplar. |
| 17. City of Delft, Holland. | 36. Cathedral of Rheims. |
| 18. Autographs of Southey, Rogers, Crabbe, Campbell, Coleridge and Bowles. | 37. The Sainte Ampoule. |
| 19. Catholic Chapel, Moorfields. | 38. Peter the Great's House. |
| | 39. Battle Abbey, Sussex. |

The Mirror

OF

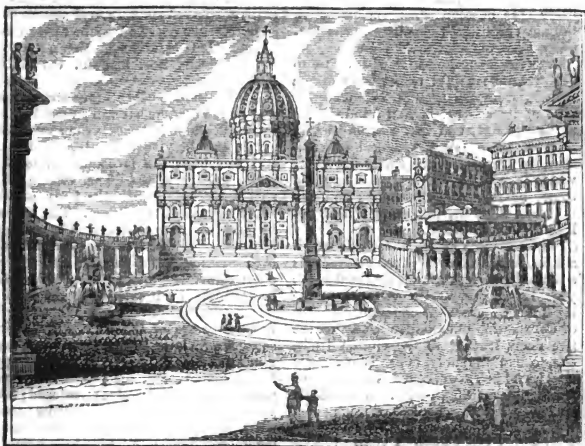
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CXXI.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.]

St. Peter's Church, Rome.



THE church of St. Peter at Rome, and St. Paul's Cathedral in London, are unquestionably two of the finest ecclesiastical structures in the world. That of St. Peter is much larger—is built of better materials—was much longer in building, and cost infinitely more money. Of this noble structure we present our readers with an engraving.

The piazza of this masterpiece of architecture is altogether sublime. The double colonnade on each side, extending in a semi-circular sweep, the stupendous Egyptian obelisk, the two fountains, the portico, and the admirable façade of the church, form such an assemblage of magnificent objects, as cannot fail to impress the mind with awe and admiration. The church appears in the back-ground, and on each side is a row of quadruple arches, resting on two hundred and eighty-four pillars, and eighty-eight pilasters; the arches support one hundred and ninety-two statues, twelve feet in height. The two noble fountains throw a mass of water to the height of nine feet, from which it falls in a very picturesque manner, and adds greatly to the beauty of

the scene. In the centre is the fine obelisk.

At the first entrance into St. Peter's, the effect is not so striking as might be expected: it enlarges itself, however, insensibly on all sides, and improves on the eye every moment. The proportions are so accurately observed, that each of the parts are seen to an equal advantage, without distinguishing itself above the rest. It appears neither extremely high, long, nor broad, because a just proportion is preserved throughout. Although every object in this church is admirable, the most astonishing part of it is the cupola. On ascending part of it, the spectator is surprised to find, that the dome which he sees in the church, is not the same with the one he had examined without doors, the latter being a kind of case to the other, and the stairs by which he ascends into the ball, lying between the two. Had there been the outward dome only, it would not have been seen to advantage by those who are within the church; or had there been the inward one only, it would scarcely have been seen by those who are without; and had both

been one solid *dôme* of so great a thickness, the pillars would have been too weak to have supported it.

It is not easy to conceive a more glorious architectural display than the one which presents itself to the spectator who stands beneath the dome. If he looks upward, he is astonished at the spacious hollow of the cupola, and has a vault on every side of him, which makes one of the most beautiful vistas the eye can possibly have to penetrate. To convey an idea of its magnitude, it will suffice to say, that the height of the body of the church, from the ground to the upper part of its ceiling, is four hundred and thirty-two feet, and that sixteen persons may place themselves, without inconvenience, in the globular top over the dome, which is annually lighted, on the 29th of June, by four thousand lamps and two thousand fire-pots, presenting a most delightful spectacle.

The vestibule of St. Peter's is grand and beautiful. Over the second entrance is a fine mosaic from Giotto, executed in the year 1303; and at the corners, to the right and left, are the equestrian statues of Constantine and Charlemagne. Of the five doors leading to the church itself, one, called the *holy door*, is generally shut up by brick-work, and is only opened at the time of the Jubilee. The middle gate is of bronze, with bas-reliefs.

Of the one hundred and thirty statues with which this church is adorned, that of St. Peter is the most conspicuous: it is said to have been re-cast from a bronze statue of Jupiter Capitolinus. One hundred and twelve lamps are constantly burning around the tomb of this Saint; and the high altar close to it, on which the Pope alone reads mass, is overshadowed by a ceiling, which exceeds in loftiness that of any palace of Rome. The splendid sacristy was built by Pius VI. But by far the greatest ornaments of the interior are the excellent works in mosaic, all copied from the most celebrated pictures, which are thus saved from oblivion.

The great and truly awful dome of St. Peter's is only two feet less in diameter than that of the Pantheon, being one hundred and thirty-seven feet; but it exceeds the latter in height by twenty feet, being one hundred and fifty-nine feet, besides the lantern, the basis pedestal of the top, the globular top itself and the cross above it, which, collectively, measure one hundred and twenty feet. The roof of the church is ascended by easy steps; and here the visitor seems to have entered a small town, for he suddenly finds himself among a number of houses, which either serve as repositories of im-

plements and materials for repairing the church, or are inhabited by the workmen. The dome, at the foot of which he now arrives, appears to be the parish-church of this town; and the inferior domes seem as if intended only for ornaments to fill up the vacuities. Add to this, that he cannot see the streets of Rome, on account of the surrounding high gallery, and its colossal statues; and the singularity of such a scene may be easily conceived. It is besides said, that a market is occasionally held here for the aerial inhabitants.

Although the adventurous stranger is now on the roof, he has still a great height to ascend before he reaches the summit of the dome. Previously to his engaging in this enterprise, he is conducted to the inside gallery of the dome. From this spot the people within the body of the church appear like children. The higher he goes, the more uncomfortable he finds himself, on account of the oblique walls over the narrow staircase; and he is often compelled to lean with his whole body quite to one side. Several marble plates are affixed in these walls, containing the names of the distinguished personages who have had the courage to ascend to the dome, and even to climb up to the lantern, and the top. The Emperor, Joseph II., is twice mentioned; and Paul I., as Grand Duke. In some parts, where the stairs are too steep, more commodious steps of wood have been placed: by these the lantern can be reached with greater facility; and the view which there waits the visitor, may be imagined without the aid of description; it is AN IMMENSE PANORAMA, BOUNDED BY THE SEA.

Mr. Hog, a recent tourist, gives the following interesting account of St. Peter's:—

"In approaching St. Peter's, it does not appear so large as it really is. When you arrive at the magnificent circular colonnade, with the obelisk, and the two fine fountains which adorn the centre of it, it has more the appearance of a grand palace than a church. The numerous carriages of the cardinals and others, arriving and departing from it, on festival days, favour this idea still more.

"The front, which is more modern than the rest of the building, is three hundred and seventy feet long, and one hundred and forty-nine feet high, with the colossal statues of our Saviour and the twelve apostles, placed on the balustrade at the top, over all which appears the large dome and two smaller ones. The columns, or rather half columns, in the front of the church, are eighty-eight feet

high, including the bases and capitals, and eight feet three inches in diameter, notwithstanding which, at a little distance, they only appear of a very moderate size, such are the grand proportions of the building.

"On entering the church, you are forcibly struck by its beauty and grandeur. In front, under the cupola, is placed the principal altar and shrine of St. Peter, supported by spiral columns of gilt bronze, round which are innumerable lamps of silver gilt, enclosed by a magnificent railing, where the pious of every rank and description kneel and offer up their vows. It is eighty-six feet in height, as high as the Palazzo Farnese, which, though in a low situation itself, is the highest palace in Rome.

"The four walls, or piers, that support the cupola, which is all of solid architecture, not partly of wood, as that of St. Paul's is, are a hundred and sixty-six feet high, and the dome itself, a hundred and thirty feet in diameter, is a hundred and fifty-five feet above them. The roof is ornamented with mosaics of our Saviour and the saints, in compartments. The arches and door-ways of the chapels and side aisles, &c. are chiefly of a red-coloured marble, relieved by medallions and other ornaments of white. It is adorned likewise by copies in mosaic, of some of the most celebrated pictures of the first artists; the Transfiguration of Raphael, the St. Jerome of Domenichino, the Angel Raphael by Guido, the Exhumation or Disinterment of St. Petronella, by Guercino, St. Peter raising up Tabitha, and others.

"Beautiful as the interior of the church is, on looking from the altar to the east end, by which you enter it, and which, in Gothic churches, from the large window of painted glass, generally placed there, is frequently the grandest part of the church; I must confess the inferiority of the Grecian architecture, compared with the Gothic, in this part of the edifice.

"The sacristy, erected by the late Pope Pius the sixth, is a very grand edifice, and must have cost an immense deal of money; the large presses around it, containing the church plate, &c. are entirely composed of Brazil wood.

"In walking round the church, which does not stand on an elevated spot like St. Paul's, neither is there a proper drive all round it, it resembles a great gigantic castle or palace, with vast Doric pilasters, and three large bows at the sides and eastern extremity. It is built of a sort of coarse brownish marble, called travertine. There is a passage, I believe, in

many parts of it, in the thickness of the walls; so that they may be considered in a manner as double. It certainly is destined to last as long as the works of antiquity. In my opinion, the exterior of St. Paul's, taken altogether, is finer than that of St. Peter's, though I certainly must give the preference to the dome of the latter."

THE JUBILEE AT ROME.

AMIDST the splendid and peculiar ceremonies which take place in St. Peter's church at Rome, there is none more remarkable than the jubilee, which the present Pope, Leo XII., has resolved to celebrate in the year 1825. It would be proclaimed on Christmas Eve; and as the origin and ceremonies of this remarkable festival may not be known to all our readers, we quote the following account of them from "Friendship's Offering."

"The Roman church having recognised penance as one of its principal sacraments, which is divided into three acts,—repentance, confession, and atonement,—did not fail in the sequel, to claim the power of granting indulgences or remission of sins; the sale of them became a fruitful source of revenue, the flagrant abuses of which were greatly caused by the reformation. Though the Roman pontiffs, previous to the thirteenth century, had already sufficiently practised on the credulity and superstition of Christendom, regardless of their dignity and the price at which they purchased their short-lived splendour, as well as of the pernicious influence of their example on every order of society; it would be difficult to name a pope more remarkable for ambition and iniquity than Boniface VIII., who preached a crusade against the illustrious family of Colonna, during which he profited largely by the sale of indulgences. To complete the whole, he conceived the idea of holding a public market for the sale of them, for the purpose of replenishing his coffers.

"As the year 1300 elapsed during his government, he deemed it a convenient epoch for fixing a jubilee, or holy year, the idea of which was furnished him by the institutions of the Mosaic law, whilst the secular games of Pagan Rome afforded him every hint he could desire towards increasing its attraction and magnificence. An universal and solemn remission of sins was to be the happy lot of erring men, and the means of enriching the pope, agreeably to whose counsels a similar holy year, or jubilee, was appointed to be held every hundred years thereafter. The indulgence peculiar to the year 1300 was, that every person who

visited the high bench of apostles, that of St. Peter at Rome, should receive absolution. The bull to this effect was promulgated in the beginning of March, 1300; in it the Pope promises, in full reliance on the mercy of God and the merits of the apostles, not only a plenary and extensive, but the most complete absolution, to all such as should come to confess their sins at Rome. The people of Rome could only obtain it by frequenting the churches for thirty days; whilst strangers were allowed fifteen days for this purification.

"This is the first and most extraordinary event of such a nature in the Christian annals. The multitude who flocked to Rome, were so great as to fill every street. Villanius estimates them at two hundred thousand, whilst W. Ventura sets them down at two millions. By their concurrent testimony it appears that the pope, his clergy, and Rome reaped an immense harvest. On the first day, Bonifacius himself appeared in his pontificals and blessed the people; but on the second, he came forth in his imperial vestments, a naked sword being carried before him.

"The popes found the jubilee so good a thing, that they thought once a century too seldom, and made it once in every fifty years, and even this period was abbreviated. Boniface the Ninth, who succeeded to the papal chair during a jubilee, went still farther, and sent his agents into various countries, remitting the sins of those unable to reach Rome, at the easy price of the expense they would have incurred in going thither. These receivers often scraped together above one hundred thousand florins in a single province,—a most enormous sum indeed for those times, when money bore so high a value."

Jubilee periods were made still shorter: the twentieth was under the late Pope Pius VII., in the year 1800. The following is the account of the ceremonials observed on these occasions:—

"The bull announcing them is published both in the Latin and Italian languages on Ascension Day, and posted upon four sides of St. Peter's church, as an invitation to the four quarters of the world. The festival itself begins on Christmas eve, and lasts until the same time in the following year. On the first day the pope opens the golden gate with a rich silver hammer, and grants sinners access to the altars. The pope goes in solemn procession to this gate, preceded by the prelates, the magistracy, and principal citizens of Rome, the papal choristers, the canons of St. Peter's church,

and the pontiff's domestics; next follow those bearing crosses, frankincense, &c.; then succeed penitentiarii, bishops, and cardinals; and last comes the pope, with the triple crown carried in state before him. In one place the wall is so slightly built, that three blows of the hammer are sufficient to burst it open; on his arrival before it, it is sprinkled with holy water, and he then steps forward, and gives it the first blow, with these words, '*Aperite mihi portus justitiae, ingrediar in eas.*' The choir returns '*Ingressus est in eas, confitebor domino.*' The pope then gives the second blow, crying out, '*Introibo in domum tuam, Domine.*' The choir returns, '*Adorabo ad templum sanctum tuum in timore tuo.*' The pope exclaims; with the third blow, '*Aperite portas, quoniam, Dominus vobiscum est.*' The choir answers, '*Qui fecit virtutem in Israel.*' Having made an aperture in the wall, the pope returns to his seat and cries, '*Domine, exaudi orationem meam.*' To which the choir replies, '*Et clamor meus ad te veniat.*' The wall in the gateway is then levelled by workmen within, the entrance is cleared, and the multitude press forward with holy fervour to pick up the fragments of stone, and medals struck in the former holy year, which have been deposited in the wall. While this is passing, a similar ceremony is performed by the cardinals at the sacred portals of the churches of St. Paul, St. John Lateranus, and St. Maria Maggiore. The hammers they use are of silver only.

"When the wall is levelled, the procession proceeds into the church; the Pope then sings, '*Dominus vobiscum;*' and the choir returns, '*Et cum spiritu tuo.*' The pope then prays, and begins to chant the '*Te Deum laudamus,*' accompanied by the din of drums and trumpets; the bells are set ringing, and salutes of artillery are heard on every side. The people resort to the church throughout the year; the oftener a person goes there, the more complete is the remission of his sins. There are, besides, several holy places in Rome, and other things to be visited for this remission sake, called '*stationes.*'

"At the close of the jubilee-year, the pope repairs, with the same ceremonies, to St. Peter's church, where service being performed, the procession sets out from the great altar, and proceeds out of the church, through the sacred gate. The pope is the last; he blesses the stones which are to close it up, throws down among them the gold and silver medals which have been struck on the occasion, and sprinkles the whole with holy water.

He then puts on a linen apron, and having laid the first stone of the wall, leaves it to the penitentiarii to finish the rest. The jubilee-year is closed by the papal benediction."

Danish Popular Stories.

(Translated for the Mirror.)

THOSE who delight to contemplate the first germs of imagination, and the ruder efforts of fiction, will certainly not think beneath their notice the homely popular traditions that have been delivered orally through successive generations, either in the nursery, or by the cottage hearth. If not always interesting in themselves they become so from the circumstance of their being (with the ballad) the only productions of the unlettered classes: and rude and uncouth as these materials for the most part are, the poet and romance writer, have not unfrequently availed themselves of them; and borrowed many a rough gem which they have polished and fashioned into symmetry and beauty. Even the most fastidious will occasionally condescend to turn to these humble efforts of uncultivated imagination, if merely to see how cheaply an untutored race can beguile their fancies; and in what wild and grotesque fictions, and absurd superstitions they indulge. It is not entirely useless and unprofitable even for the man of letters sometimes to revert to the simple tales that amused his infancy; with which are associated so many agreeable recollections. We will not, however, give our readers cause to suspect that we are somewhat ashamed of introducing to their notice such compositions as cottage stories and nursery tales; but boldly tell them at once, that the narratives we are about to lay before them are of that unambitious description that usually serve to amuse the good folks around a Christmas fire-side:—not indeed in a modern drawing-room, nor in a Chinese-Egypto-Gothic cottage, but in the snug, *cosey* parlour of a farm-house.

It is well known that in Germany men of talent have applied themselves to collecting these traditional narratives, and in so doing have performed no unimportant task; for they have thus redeemed from oblivion many that display much fancy, ingenuity, and *naïve* humour. Among these the name of Grimm is not wholly unknown to the English reader, a translation of many of his tales having appeared under the title of "German Popular Stories." M. Winther has formed a similar collection for his

own countrymen: that they are the genuine narratives of the peasantry we can readily believe for they possess a certain homeliness of style that sufficiently attests their origin. That these Danish Stories rival their German brethren, we dare not affirm: upon the whole we should say that they are inferior; and exhibit far less variety of subject, or of incident. There is, indeed, too great a similarity between the narratives; we have, however, selected three which we think our readers will not be displeased at seeing in an English dress.

The first of these is a mere nursery tale; but is amusing from its whim and drollery: it has also some novelty, although it must be confessed that the trick which Hans plays the old woman, is similar to that which the fisherman puts upon the Genii, in the Arabian Nights. If any supercilious personage should after all say that it is mightily silly; we will only remind him that, as from "the sublime to the ridiculous is but one step," the boundaries between the simple and silly are equally narrow, so that it is sometimes difficult to decide which epithet of the two a work really deserves. The second is rather an anecdote than a tale, but we give it as containing a situation that might be rendered highly effective in the hands of a good novel-writer, or dramatist. It remains only to add, that while we have endeavoured to catch the spirit of the originals, we have here and there attempted to render the style rather less bald and uncouth; even as it is, it may be considered by some as too insipid.

No. I.

THE CAKE-BUILT HOUSE.

HANS and GRETTY were the children of a poor cottager and his wife, who dwelt on the outskirts of an extensive wood,— "Children," said their mother to them one day, "the red berries are now ripe: you shall, therefore, set out this fine morning, and each of you go and gather a basketfull, for to us poor folk who hardly wot of any better fruit, they will prove dainty fare.—Only beware, and wander not too far." Away then tripped Hans and his sister, each with a basket on their arm, and were soon quite out of sight. The further they advanced the more were they delighted, there were so many beautiful berries that hung in such tempting clusters on the bushes. They eat, and ran, and laughed, and gambolled about until they quite forgot the time that had elapsed, or the direction in which they came. Their merriment was now

suddenly damped: for they much feared that their mother would scold them sharply, and besides they could see no path on either side. Even their well filled baskets, and their store of fine red berries, which they sometimes stopped to admire, did not altogether console them, or quiet their apprehensions. They continued, however, to proceed on and on, thinking every moment that they should soon descry some outlet from the forest. On a sudden Hans stood still, gaping with astonishment, and pointing out to his sister with his hand, something that he discerned through the trees. No wonder that he was at first unable to say more than, "Look, look!" so curious was the object that had attracted his attention. It was a low building, not differing much in size or structure from those usually inhabited by the peasantry of the neighbourhood, but formed of materials never before applied to such a purpose. The walls were constructed of sweet cake, cemented together with melted sugar; instead of glass, the windows were made of thin panes of barley sugar, and the roof was not thatched with straw or turf, but with bunches of dried raisins, thickly matted together, while the chimney was formed out of a very deep twelfth cake, which crowned the summit of this extraordinary edifice. So great was for some time the astonishment of the little wanderers, that they gazed in silent wonder; at length to satisfy himself of the reality of what he beheld, Hans ran up to the house, and breaking a piece off one of the bricks, found that it really was cake, but far more delicious than any he had ever before tasted. His sister had by this time come up to him, and they now determined to try some of the raisins, and for that purpose clambered up on the top of the roof, it being very low, and forthwith began to eat, and to fill their baskets, from which they had previously emptied the berries, [that spite of their beautiful red colour had no longer any charms in their eyes.

At length they made a hole quite through, when they suddenly heard a voice cry out, "What knave is it that dares thus to devour my roof? He shall repent his greediness and insolence." Thus saying, the old crone to whom that strange dwelling belonged, caught hold of them with her long bony arm, and dragged them both through the hole, into the house. She then took and put them into a coop similar to those used for fattening fowls, and having securely fastened them in, gave them an abundance of almonds and raisins and a great quantity of rich clotted cream, charging them to

eat as much as they could possibly swallow. In this manner did Hans and his sister feast most luxuriously for a whole week, hardly regretting their loss of liberty, or once thinking either what might be the alarm of their parents, or how their captivity would terminate. At length, after the lapse of seven days, the old witch came to the coop where the children were caged, "Fingers out!" cried she, "Let me see whether my pretty little birds have thriven well." Thus they were obliged to thrust their fingers out between the bars, in order that the wicked hag might see if they were yet fat enough for her purpose. But she not being exactly satisfied with their condition, plump as they already were, they were doomed to feast for another seven days, and were supplied with rich cakes, and still thicker cream.

This term also being expired, the crone came again, and repeated her former command of "Fingers out;" but Hans, who now suspected her design, instead of his finger thrust out a wooden peg that he had found in the coop. Upon feeling it so hard and thin, the old witch shook her head; she was not satisfied, however, without examining Gretty's finger likewise, and finding it quite soft and plump, she instantly took her out and conducted her into the kitchen, then replenished the coop with plenty of dainty provender for Hans. The poor little fellow was heartily grieved at being separated from his sister, yet eat not a whit less than before; or rather, having now no one to speak to, he kept eating continually, lest he should be himself devoured by melancholy thoughts; so that when the old woman returned again to examine him, she found him in much better condition than his sister, for this time he really put out his finger. Quite overjoyed at the delicious banquet which she expected, the hag opened the door of his prison and commanded him to follow her into the kitchen, where she had already ordered Gretty to kindle a fire beneath a large oven that was there. The abominable old creature then took Gretty and placed her in a large iron pan in the oven, which was already tolerably warm; she next ordered Hans to climb up and place himself on his sister. Poor Hans thought this was carrying the joke too far, for much as he liked eating, he did not much approve of being eaten himself; but as all resistance or remonstrance would have been vain, he was obliged to comply. Just as the wicked witch, however, was about to push the pan into the oven, Hans, who was now nearly as round as a ball, contrived to roll off unto the floor,

which he could do without greatly endangering his bones. A second, a third, and even a fourth time the same accident occurred, until the witch, quite provoked at his awkwardness, struck him with one of her crutches, and scolded him for being so stupid. "Good mother," cried Hans, "be not angry: I do not exactly understand how I should place myself, do you, therefore, show me." "You dull oaf, then," returned the crone, laying down her crutches, and taking Gretty off the pan, "see! this is the way you ought to lie." She then rolled herself up so that she was fairly wedged in. Hans seeing the opportunity, gave his sister a wink, and they instantly shoved the old hag into the oven; and as he shut to the door, and fastened it well, he exclaimed—"Who is it that is stupid now?" The witch cried out with all her force, but to no purpose. They even broke her crutches, and put them into the fire, in order to make it burn more fiercely. They then ran out of the house, and after much trouble succeeded in finding their way out of the wood; and before dark reached their own home, where their parents sat grieving, hardly expecting ever to behold them again.

SUMMARY OF THE YEAR!

"POOR ROBIN" for December 1757, says, pleasantly enough, "Now comes December; after which, January, for new-year's gifts; February for pancakes and valentines; March for leeks for the Welchmen; April for fools; May for milk-maids and their garlands; June for green pease, mackerel, beans and bacon, and what not—(this is a plentiful time;) July for hay in the country; and August for corn; September for oysters; October for brewing good beer; and November for drinking it. After all these are past, some for working, but all for eating and drinking, after all comes December, with the barns full of corn, the larders full of beef and pork, the barrels full of beer, the oven full of Christmas pies, the pocket stored with money, the masters and mistresses full of charity, and the young men and maids full of play."

Truly I know not how better to conclude this short summary of useful and agreeable information, than by wishing that this description of the *present* month, and this close of the present year, may be completely realized, with all hearty and honest wishes for the signal happiness and prosperity of A. D. 1825.

F. R—Y.

December 26, 1824.

THE LAST YEAR.

EIGHTEEN hundred and twenty-four years have elapsed since the Infant of Bethlehem changed the history of the Universe. If we cast our eyes backward along the stream of time, from the present moment to that eventful era, what a strange succession of human revolutions crowds upon our vision!

A foreigner of distinction once asked a British member of Parliament what had passed in the last session;—"Five months and fourteen days" was the reply; and if many of us were asked what we had accomplished in the last year, we might be reduced to the necessity of stating, that we had not only become twelve months older; but that, exclusive of our little terrestrial excursions from London to our country-houses and back, we had been travelling round the sun at the rate of fifty-eight thousand miles every hour, and, in the rotatory motion of the earth upon its own axis, had completed an additional five hundred and eighty miles in every similar space of time. So far we have established our claim to be considered as a part of the sublime scheme of creation; but as to any thing that we have performed worthy of an intelligent being, moving in such a magnificent pageant, and obviously framed for the most noble destinies, it is to be feared that very few have reason to be proud of their exploits. Hundreds of thousands are at this moment making up the accounts of the last year, with a reference to their profit and loss, but how many dream of a mental debtor and creditor statement to ascertain the gains or deteriorations which they have experienced in the affections of the heart, or the faculties of the head? or how many calculate their chances in that eternity to which they are three hundred and sixty-five days nearer than they were at the outset of last year?

Methinks I hear the jingling of sovereigns in the breeches pocket of some warm, portly, and purse-proud reader of Clapham Common or Stamford Hill, as with a complacent chuckle he mutters to himself—"I laid by four thousand six hundred pounds last year," which he deems a full and triumphant answer to all such impertinent interrogatories. Among a nation of gold-worshippers like the English, bowers of the knee to Mammon, adorers of the glittering deity which Jeroboam set up in Dan and Bethel, I can understand the origin, though I do not recognize the validity of this plea. Nay, it is not difficult to comprehend the gratifications of the pro-

feeced miser. Nothing is so ridiculous as to pronounce such a man, because his enjoyments differ from our own, to be miserable, in that acceptation of the word which implies unhappiness. His mode of life being his own free election, is a proof of its being the best adapted to his own peculiar notions of pleasure, for no man voluntarily prefers wretchedness.

But while the money-spinner is endeavouring to sweeten the dregs of life; he is unconsciously embittering death. Unable to take his coin with him, not even the obolus for Charon, he is only hoarding up a property of which he is to be robbed; for whether he is to be taken from his wealth, or his wealth from him, the result is equally tormenting. Post-obits and reversions, however he may have gained by them after the death of others, will bring him in nothing after his own; so that he will have the mortification of reflecting, that he has been accumulating money, and eking out his life, only to aggravate the pangs of parting from both. Submitting this "trim reckoning" to the consideration of the aforesaid citizen of Clapham Common or Stamford Hill, I would suggest that his four thousand six hundred pounds may not be so all-sufficing an evidence of the beneficial employment of last year, as the jingling of the sovereigns in his pocket may have led him to conclude.

Never have I been more painfully awakened than when in the dead silence of midnight, I have been startled by a peal of "*triple bob-majors*," which, in performing their foolish ceremony of ringing out the old year, send forth their inappropriate echoes into the universal darkness, and scare the repose of nature with their obstreperous mirth. It is an unhallowed and irreverent mode of solemnizing the twelve months' death. It is as if at the funeral of a deceased parent a rejoicing chime should suddenly burst like a peal of laughter from the belfry, instead of the sad—slow—deep toll of the single passing bell. These iron tongues should not be allowed to shout out their indecent merriment at a consummation fraught with so many inscrutable mysteries and appalling associations. What! are we cannibals so to rejoice that a portion of our best friends has been actually eaten up by the omnivorous maw of time? Are we saints, and of the elect, so fully prepared for the blow of death that we can carol at being brought three hundred and sixty-five days nearer to the edge of his scythe?—Perhaps it may be urged, that these noisy vibrations are rather meant to salute

the present than the past year, to celebrate a birth, not a death, to welcome the coming rather than to speed the parting guest: and that upon the accession of a new year, as of a new king, their brazen and courtier-like loyalty finds more delight in the glory which is rising and full of promise, than in that which has just set and can bestow no more. The ancients divided their annual homage with a less obsequious selfishness. Janus, who stood between the two years, gave his name indeed to the first month, but he was provided with a double face, that by gazing as steadfastly upon past as future time he might inculcate upon his worshippers the wisdom of being retrospective as well as provident. But Janus was an ancient and a god; had he been a modern and a man, he would have known better!

However it may have been partially misapplied and wasted, the last year may still, perhaps, have materially advanced the sum of human happiness, and as it is impossible to solve this point by an examination of individual evidence, we will decide it by a show of hands. All you who are as much or more discontented with your present lot, than you were twelve months ago, please to hold up your hand.—Heavens! what an atmosphere of palms, gentle and simple, fair and furrowed, cosmeticised and unwashed; what a forest of digits, some sparkling with diamonds, some unadorned, and a whole multitude cinctured with the wedding-ring!—You, on the contrary, who feel yourselves happier than you were—hold up *your* hands. Alack! what a pitiful minority! A few youths who left school at the last Christmas holidays, and an equal number of girls who, having dismissed their governesses, are to *come out* this season. Young and sanguine dupes, enjoy your happiness while ye may: I am not serpent enough to whisper a syllable in your ear that might accelerate the loss of your too fleeting paradise!

New Monthly Magazine.

THE ANTIQUATED BEAUTY.

OF charms Flirtilla might have boasted.

With reason, in her prime;

Perhaps by every wit was toasted,

Who lived in Noah's time.

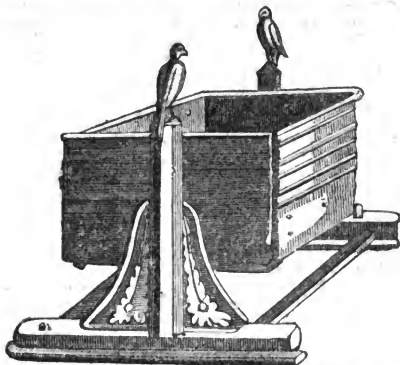
But now her days of love are over,

Of ogling, and of sighing;

'Twere wise no more to seek a lover,

But think at last of dying.

Cradle of Henry the Fifth.



THERE is not, we are sure, one of our readers that will not feel gratified with an engraving of the cradle in which Henry V., the hero of Agincourt, was rocked. It is, or was, preserved at Monmouth Castle, where this prince was born, whence he was surnamed Henry of Monmouth; and yet in the *Archæologia* and *Antiquarian Repertory*, the cradle is said to be that of Edward II., who was born at Caernarvon, in compliment to the Welsh it is said, who had declared they would only submit to a native born prince.

Cradles are mentioned by Theocritus, Martial, and Juvenal, and in the Roman, as well as the middle ages, children slept in them at night, when they were confined by bands across, and covered with a rich quilt. Froissart mentions a silver cradle, and a bathing tub as a common annexation to it. The cradle of Henry V., of which we give an engraving, is a wooden oblong chest, swinging by links of iron between two posts, surmounted by birds for ornament. As we do not think the cradle could have any share in forming the man, we shall not insert a memoir of his glorious life and reign, but refer to the *MIRROR*, No. LIII., for an account of the battle of Agincourt.

DAY-LIGHT, WHEN THE STORM WAS O'ER.

By John Mayne, Author of the *Poems of Glasgow*, *The Siller Gun*, &c. &c.

Along the beach the peasants stray'd,
At day-light, when the storm was o'er,
And, lo! by winds and waves convey'd,
A corse extended on the shore!

His face was comely ev'n in death—
His lips had lost their coral hue,
But smil'd as if with parting breath,
A ray divine had cheer'd his view!

When ev'ry aid was vainly given,
The villagers in tears exclaim,
O! for a miracle from Heaven,
To animate thy lifeless frame!

Some friend, perhaps, whose boding fears
Forbade thy feet at first to roam,
Or parent, in declining years,
With anxious heart, expects thee home!

Whoe'er thou art, whate'er thy name,
Or wheresoe'er thy kindred be,
Humanity asserts her claim
To feel for them and mourn for thee!

Around thy brow, with many a tear,
Sad virgins shall the cypress twine;
Deck, with sweet flow'rs, thy humble bier,
And chant a requiem at thy shrine!

O! if, amid this world of care,
A mother dear, or sisters mourn,
And, for a while, avert despair,
With hopes and sighs for thy return—

In vain, for thee, when tempests roar,
They watch, far off, the whit'ning sail!
Thy bark has reach'd that happy shore,
Where winds and waves can ne'er prevail!

Some nymph, perhaps, the village-pride,
Unconscious of thy hapless doom,
Still fondly hopes to be thy bride—
Still wastes for thee her vernal bloom!

On some lone cliff methinks she stands,
And, gazing o'er the troubled sea,
Imagines scenes in foreign lands,
Where love and bliss encircle thee!

Yes, thou art blest in realms above!
And, when she lifts her longing eyes,
She'll see the spirit of her love,
With Angels, soaring in the skies!

WINTER.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

The summer skies no more are blue;
The birds sit tuneless on the tree;
The fields have lost their verdant hue,
And all looks sad—and drear to me...

Stern Winter has begun his reign,
And chill and misty is the air;
And though I rove the hill and plain,
No blooming flower meets me there!

A few brief months, and Winter flies,
And nature clad in gayest hue,
With milder gales, and brighter skies,
The Summer's glory shall renew!
But for the lone and blighted heart,
What future Summer can remain?
Can nature's charms one joy impart,
Or bid it hope and bloom again?

Ah! no,—though Summer suns will rise,
And birds will sing, and flow'rets bloom;
Once chill'd, the heart's lost energies,
No future season can relume!
The smiling sun—the verdant grove,
But mock the tortur'd bosom's pain;
They ne'er can sorrow's sting remove,
Or bring lost hopes—lost peace again!

STANZAS TO PAINTING.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

[The following stanzas on painting, written by the admired author of the *Pleasures of Hope*, have been sent to us by a Correspondent, who says he is not aware that they have ever before been printed.—Ed.]

O, THOU, by whose expressive art,
Her perfect image Nature sees;
In union with the Graces start,
And sweeter by reflection please.

In whose creative hand the hues,
Stol'n from yon orient rainbow shine;
I bless thee Promethian Muse,
And call thee fairest of the Nine!

Possessing more than vocal power,
Persuasive more than poets tongue,
Whose labour in a raptur'd hour,
From love the lord of Nature sprung.

Does Hope his high possession meet;
Is Joy triumphant—sorrow flown?
Sweet is the trance, the tremor sweet,
When all we love we call our own.

But, O thou pulse of pleasure dear,
How throbbing cold I feel thee part;
Some absence plants a pang severe,
Or Death inflicts a keener dart.

Then for a beam of joy to light
In memory's sad and wakeful eye;
Or baulish from the noon of night
Her dreams of deeper agony!

Shall song its witching cadence roll,
Yea, ev'n the tend'rest air repeat,
That breath'd when soul was kind to soul,
And heart to heart responsive beat.

What visions rise to charm—to melt,
The lost, the lov'd, the dead are near;
O hush that strain too deeply felt,
And cease that solace too severe!

But thou serenely silent art,
By heaven and love wast taught to lend;
In milder solace to the heart,
The sacred image of a friend!

All is not lost, if yet possess'd,
To me that sweet memorial shine,
If close and closer to my breast,
I hold that idol all divine.

Or gazing through luxurious tears,
Melt o'er the lov'd departed form,
Till death's cold bosom half appears,
With life and speech and spirit warm!

She looks—she lives!—this trance'd hour
Her bright eye seems a purer gem,
Than sparkles on the throne of power,
Or glory's starred diadem.

Yes, Genius, yes! thy mimic aid
A treasure to my heart has giv'n,
Where beauty's canonized shade
Smiles in the sainted hues of heaven.

No spectre forms of pleasure fled,
Thy softening, sweet'ning tints restore,
For thou canst give us back the dead,
Ev'n in the loveliest looks they bore.

Then blest be Nature's guardian Muse
Whose hand her finish'd grace redeems,
Whose tablet of a thousand hues,
The Mirror of Creation seems.

From love began thy high descent,
And lovers charm'd by gifts of thine,
Shall bless thee mutely eloquent,
And call thee brightest of the Nine!

EDGAR.

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

THE TURKEY.

Of the splendid and substantial hospitality which distinguished the celebration of Christmas in former times, when noblemen and gentlemen of fine estates had their *heralds, who wore their coat of arms* at this and other solemn seasons, and cried *Largesse, &c.*, we have already disserter in our previous volumes; and have given a poetical bill of fare in the time of King Arthur, describing the “salmon, venison, and wild boars,” which were served up by hundreds, along with “hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,” &c. &c. We will now record a few anecdotes of the principal personage in our modern Christmas dinner—*MONSIEUR DINDON*; or, in vulgar English, our Alderman-in-Chains.

Naturalists are at variance upon the origin of the turkey. Some pretend that it was not known before the discovery of America, and that the first which appeared on a table in France was eaten at the nuptials of Charles IX., in 1570. Henry VIII. had some of them brought to England in 1525; and they are supposed to be indigenous to Canada and the adjacent countries, where they are found sometimes weighing upwards of fifty pounds. *Credat Judæus Apella*. However, we must allow that the Norfolk breed does not fall considerably short of that weight. On the other hand, it is said that Meleager, a king of Macedonia, brought them from India into Greece, at a very early period; and that, out of gratitude for such an acquisition, the Athenian Gastronomers called the bird *Meleagris*. Mythology contends that they were so named from the Macedonian hero above-mentioned, after whose death his woe-begone sisters were transformed

into these birds of mournful appearance. But there is still a doubt whether the *Meleagris* of Aristotle, of Clytus, of Calixenes, of Ptolemy, and other authors of ancient times, was not the bird now known under the name of Guinea hen.—Ovid certainly says (B. viii. of the *Metamorphoses*) that Meleager's sisters were turned into birds, but mentions nothing else, except that, having acquired horny beaks and extensive wings, they were sent adrift to find their way through the vacant air. The idea that the Jesuits brought them into notice is erroneous.—They were known in Europe long before the institution of Loyola's order. Why the French should call them "*alouettes de savetier*," cobbler's larks, cannot easily be accounted for. This bird is so stupid, or timorous, that if you balance a bit of straw on his head, or draw a line with chalk on the ground from his beak, he fancies himself so loaded or so bound, that he will remain in the same position till hunger forces him to move. The French say of a silly person, *c'est un dindon*; applying the term as we do that of *goose*.

This bird is either roasted or boiled, and often accompanied by a chine of pork: when of a good breed, it possesses a flavour between the pheasant and the chicken. In the French cuisine, turkey "*a la daube*," means the bird confined in a "*terrine*" with truffles, maroons, &c. &c., and so baked in the oven that it may keep. It is eaten cold, and offers an elegant and substantial relish for the luncheon of a Gastronomer. But, *maugre la Carte Francaise*, we must confess ourselves English enough to prefer, especially on Christmas-day, "an Alderman-in-Chains," with his attendant liverymen, hereunder described:—

All hail! thou Monarch of the smiling board,
Majestic TURKEY!

All hail! the forced-meat balls with which thou'rt
stored!

All hail! the *sausage-fetters* steaming o'er
thee!

Hail! ye inferior, yet delightful dishes,
O'er which in trance ecstasie roves my eye!

Ye savoury fowls, ye most alluring fishes,

And brandy flashing in the burnt mince-pie!

Hail! cod and oyster-sauce! quail! partridge!
bustard!

Lobster! plumb-pudding! apple pie! and
custard!

Time's Telescope.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

MY mind is of such a nature, that it will take nothing for granted, and will never rest satisfied till it has sifted a thing to

the very bottom. This propensity, I confess, has cost me a deal of trouble; but I do not consider the time so taken up to have been entirely lost; for, in the course of my investigations, I have made some discoveries, which, I trust, will prove useful to mankind.

In the perusal of history, it was, of course, one of my chief objects to trace effects to their causes; and, in following up the analysis, I have clearly discerned the primary causes of the rise and fall of empires (in apparently the most trivial circumstances; and this in a manner perfectly satisfactory to my own mind, as well as to those to whom I have communicated the results of my researches. But I have not been contented with thus discovering the sources of events. By infinite labour and the minutest investigation, I have succeeded in ascertaining the signs by which the existence of those causes may be known. I do not mean what are commonly called "signs of the times," which "he who runs may read." The signs I speak of are not of such a magnitude as to be visible to the common eye, nor even to that of the philosopher, unless through the medium of a microscope: for as in the human frame disease often springs from the slightest cause, and that imperceptible even to the patient himself; so in the body politic the germs of ruin may exist, and be visible only to those who, though they may not absolutely be gifted by second sight, possess that minute sagacity which enables them to determine the existence of causes, and to foresee effects.

As may be supposed, my first object has been to apply my theory to my own country; and I regret to say, that in so doing, I have already discovered the seeds of decay in this, to all appearance, prosperous state. The first sign I perceived was about twelve years ago, when I accidentally saw a British sailor walking (not rolling) up the High-street of Portsmouth with *suspenders* to his trowsers! This circumstance, trifling as it may appear, I confess struck me with a kind of superstitious horror. As the suspenders crossed each other over his shoulders, it seemed to me as if fate had put its "mark on him." By a natural reference, my forebodings extended from my country's defenders to my country itself; I saw in perspective, and I fear not altogether in imagination, the pride of the British empire humbled in the dust.

This sign I carefully noted at the time; but I did not then draw the attention of the public to it, as I was not then absolutely convinced of the justice of my theory, and wished to submit it, in some

measure, to the test of experience. The delay has, I lament to add, served but to confirm my first impressions. The impious custom alluded to has now become prevalent among our seamen (tars I can hardly call them), and the progress of decay in these pillars of the state has since become rapid. Pig-tails gracefully platted down the back have disappeared. The cheeks are no longer of an unequal protuberance, owing to an ample plug of the pungent herb. Jack prefers wish-wash tea or radical powder to grog, "the liquor of life." Instead of pronouncing the names of ships, such as the *Billy Ruffian* and the *Polly Famous*, according to their true English significations, he twists the words so that you would actually suppose them to have been taken out of Lempriere's Dictionary. The eternal fiddle no longer goes it on Point and the Barbican. Sailors may be seen walking arm-in-arm with soldiers, or steering up the street, like a steam-vessel in the wind's eye, without making a single tack. And things have come to such a pitch that tars may be seen begging with two legs, or both eyes open. In short, Jack has now become an amphibious animal. What need we say more?

The decline has been almost as great and as rapid among the officers. The lieutenants have got epaulettes. The button in which Rodney fought and Nelson died has been changed; and a naval officer may enter a room in plain clothes, and not be known for a sailor. *O tempora! O mores!* Where shall we now find a Piper, a Trunnion, or a Morgan? Alas! the breed is extinct!

Then again, admirals are equerries and groins of the chamber. Post-captains are aids-de-camp. Commanders are no longer captains. The first-lieutenants is no better than an adjutant. The mid is such a dandy, that he might be taken for an aspirant; he no longer orders duck and green peas in the middle of winter, and can pass a dock-yard maty without a frown. The master is a *petit maitre*. The purser smells more of rose-water than of cheese. The surgeon might pass for a fashionable *accoucheur*; the boat-swain for a sergeant-major; and the carpenter for an upholsterer. The marine officer can now venture to hold up his head. The chaplain is no longer caterer to the mess, taking more care of the bodies than of the souls of his flock. The ducy fore and aft is carried on without a single oath; and to sum up all, the wooden walls of Old England are going headlong to perdition.

What is the consequence? The British flag has been tarnished. The Americans

have beat us on our own element. Men-of-war have made way for steam-vessels, with a chimney for a mast, and a column of smoke for a pendant. Naval officers command them, with a thermometer for a speaking-trumpet; the captain stands over the boiler, and directs the paddles. The glory of the British navy evaporates in steam, or is condensed into a bucket, and the safety of a gallant crew lies in a valve. O! that I should live to see the day when a British line-of-battle was led by the nose by a floating tea-kettle.

Balloons, I suppose, will next come into play. Then adieu to the greatness of Old England! We cannot expect to cut such capers in the air as we have done on the sea. We shall have too many and too powerful competitors on that element, which is alike open for all.

"Delenda est Carthago."

Ackermann's Repository.

THE HEADSMAN OF ALGIERS.

AN ENGLISH TRAVELLER'S TALE.

THAT Britons in the *marvellous* delight,
I've often heard—but still can scarce believe
A true-born Englishman will tell a lie;
And when a braggart Frenchman thus accuses
My countrymen, and says that half our news is
Manufactur'd thro' our love of bounding,

It makes me grieve

To think I've not the liberty of trouncing
The knave who is not worth a grave reply,—
In short, just then I always long to fight.

This is true British feeling—those who'doubt it
Are base-born mongrels, and know naught about it.

In truth, we English all the world excel
In deeds of arms; but as for feats of skill,
No others can perform them half so well—
'Twas always so of old, and so 'tis still.

This brings me to my story.
Which, after what I've prefac'd, none will doubt,
Or if they do, I trust they'll hear it out—

It tends to England's glory.

In Algiers once three Christian slaves lay bound
Within a dungeon's gloom,

Waiting in dread suspense for that dire sound
Which should proclaim their doom:

Three different nations did the captives own;

A Spaniard one, and one from Gallia sprung,

The other was a Briton—ardent, young—

My noble worthy friend—his name Tom Brown,

A fellow who's an honour to his nation,
From whose voracious lips I had the whole narra-

tion.

Said Tom, "they have a custom in Algiers
Of chopping people's heads off who offend,—
They care not for entreaties, prayers, or tears—
Almost before a culprit's crime appears,

The sharp edg'd sabre brings him to his end.

Where such a mode of death prevails, of course
The executioner must needs be clever,

Expert and dextrous in decapitation—
One who can wield the sword of death with force,

And from the helpless trunk the *caput* sever,
With naught of trembling or precipitation."

"Well—at this time," said Tom, "when we were

there,

The *headsmen* chanc'd to die, and not a man

Among this semi-barbarous race

Had skill enough to fill his place.

We Christians, therefore, quickly summon'd were
To appear before the *Dei*, whose orders ran
That we should try our skill on traitors three,
And he that did excel should thence be *free*.

"With such incitement, who'd not do his best?
The swords were brought—the wretches half undress'd:

Whilst we, poor slaves, in anxious expectation,
Waited the dreadful 'note of preparation.'
Erect the culprits stood—no blocks had they to die on,

For *luxuries* there are scarce, you may rely on.

The Spaniard first was call'd on to perform
His task—when, with a vengeful look,
His sword he brandish'd, and with vigorous arm
His victim's head he from his shoulders took
At one tremendous blow—
'Twas sure, yet far from *slow*."

"The Frenchman next;—with much deliberation,

He tied around the neck of *wretch the second*
A piece of narrow tape;

See, so! cried he, I'll cut this tape asunder—
Behold me strike, ye Algerines! nor wonder
At any thing you hear of the Grand Nation!

And ere a dozen moments could be reckon'd,
The trunkless head did gape;

The tape was cut in twain—so well divided,
That half remain'd above, and half below;
So just the Frenchman's aim, so sure his blow,
My poor attempt already was derided.

"But there," said Tom, "I knew what I could do—

So back my arm I drew,
Then round I swung the sword with all my might;

It flew like lightning o'er the fellow's shoulders,
Yet there, apparently *unhurt* he stood!

Which so amaz'd the barbarous beholders,
Who saw my aim was good,

They first start'd at him, and then at me,
Then at my sword, which they could plainly see
Rock'd with the culprit's blood!

The wretch now spoke—says he, "*my head's all right*!"

"Is it, my lad?" said I—"come then, we'll try
Whether a *dead man* has not told a *lie*;

Now *spit*, my boy!" he tried to *nod assent*,
By doing which, his body forward bent,
His carcass totter'd—off his head-piece dropt,
And all allow'd he'd been most neatly cropt.

I should have been "the Headsman" had I staid;
But gallant Exmouth, with his British thunder,

To Algiers came—the city he bombard'd—
The savage dogs were fill'd with fear and wonder;

Heads flew off fast enough without my aid,
So I the *butchering business* soon discarded—

Call'd on his Lordship—made my best Salamu—
Set sail for England's shore—and "here I am."

FITZ-PINDAR.

Literary Chronicle.

ANECDOTE OF THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER OF RUSSIA.

THE following interesting letter from Russia, not only relates a remarkable anecdote of the emperor, but presents a curious picture of Russian manners. The name is omitted; but the person alluded to is an Englishman, who holds a commission in the Navy, and the conversation between the lady and Alexander was carried on in English.

Oranienbaum, 1823.

My dear father,—For many months past I have written very doleful letters,

but I trust this one will make you some reparation for the uneasiness I know I have caused you. You will scarcely believe I have spoken to the emperor myself in regard to our melancholy situation, and, I bless God, I have every thing to expect from him. I will give you word for word what passed at our meeting, and how we met. Last Friday is a day which is always kept here in commemoration of the palace church, which is dedicated to the saint of this day. The imperial family being at Peterhoff, came here on this day to dinner; I was apprised of it, and thought it was the only resource left on earth, as a mitigation of the sentence, to apply personally to his majesty; but the difficulty lay in the great concourse of people who would be present out of curiosity to see him, and I knew, where there many persons present, I should not have courage to speak. However, with the advice of a friend, I thought to meet him on the road, a little way out of the gates, would be the best. I therefore, without a moment's hesitation, dressed myself and children, and went; and I only prayed he would not pass with the rest of the imperial family, as in this case I thought it would be improper to stop him; and I bless God my prayers were heard, for he was alone, the rest coming after him about half an hour. I stopped his drojeka, and what passed was exactly in these words:—"I beg your imperial majesty will be pleased to listen to a few words I have to say." "Certainly," replied his majesty. "But whom have I the pleasure of speaking to?" "To the wife of —, who has served your majesty forty years faithfully, but within these six months, has come under the law, and the sentence which is passed on him, without your mercy, will be the utter ruin of me and the four children now before you, besides two sons I have in your majesty's service." "What is your husband's name?" "—, your majesty, and he has served you forty years, which is no short time in a man's life, and if you disgrace him we are all ruined; pray take it into consideration, and have mercy!" Drawing off his glove, he said, "Come, give me your hand, I will have mercy." "I only ask for mercy, and will you give it him?" "There is my hand again, and this is my voucher; I will have mercy; and a third time I give it, and rely on my word." "May God Almighty return to you a thousand fold for whatever you may do for me and my family." He then bowed and said, "Write to me." "I will, but will the letter come safe into your hands?" "Direct it coming

from the wife of —, and that it is to be delivered into my hand, and I am sure to have it." He then bowed, and said, "May God be with you," and drove off. Accordingly I wrote much in the same terms for his gracious kindness. Do you not think I have done great things? *Literary Gazette.*

The Novelist.

No. LXVI.

NICIAS AND GLICERA,

A PASTORAL TALE,

From the German of Gesner.

GLICERA was beautiful and poor. Scarce had she numbered sixteen springs, when she lost the mother who had brought her up. Reduced to servitude, she kept the flocks of Lamon, who cultivated the lands of a rich citizen of Mitylene.

One day her eyes flowing with tears, she went to visit her mother's solitary tomb. She poured upon the grave a cup of pure water, and suspended crowns of flowers to the branches of the bushes she had planted round it. Seated beneath the mournful shade, and drying up her tears, she said, "O thou most tender of mothers, how dear to my heart is the remembrance of thy virtues! If ever I forget the instructions thou gavest me, with such a tranquil smile, in that fatal moment, when, inclining thy head upon my bosom, I saw thee expire;—if ever I forget them, may the propitious God forsake me! and may thy sacred shade for ever fly me! It is thou that hast just preserved my innocence. I come to tell thy manes all. Wretch that I am! Is there any one on earth to whom I dare open my heart?"

Nicias, the lord of this country, came hither to enjoy the pleasures of the autumn. He saw me; he regarded me with a soft and gracious air. He praised my flocks, and the care I took of them: He often told me that I was genteel, and made me presents. Gods! how was I deceived! but in the country who mistrusts? I said to myself, How kind our master is! May the gods reward him! All my vows shall be for him: 'Tis all that I can do; but I will for ever do it. The rich are happy, and favoured by the immortals. When bountiful like Nicias, they deserve to be happy. This to myself I said, and let him take my hand, and press it in his. The other day I blushed, and dared not look up, when he put a gold ring upon my finger. See, he said, what is engraved on this stone? A winged child, who smiles like thee; and

'tis he that must make thee happy. As he spoke these words, he stroked my cheeks, that were redder than the fire. He loves me; he has the tenderness of a father for me: How have I deserved so much kindness from a lord, and so rich and powerful? O, my mother, that was all thy poor child thought. Heavens! how was I deceived! This morning he found me in the orchard; he chucked me familiarly under the chin. Come, he said, bring me some new-blown flowers to the myrtle-bower, that I may there enjoy their sweet perfumes. With haste I chose the finest flowers; and, full of joy, I ran to the bower. Thou art, he said, more nimble than the zephyrs, and more beautiful than the goddess of flowers. Then, immortal gods! I yet tremble at the thought; he then caught me in his arms, and pressed me to his bosom, and all that love can promise, all that is soft and seducing, flowed from his lips, I wept; I trembled. Unable to resist such arts, I had been for ever lost. No, thou wouldst no longer have had a child, if thy remembrance had not watched over my heart. Ah! if thy worthy mother had ever seen thee suffer such disgraceful caresses! That thought alone gave me power to force myself from the arms of the seducer and fly.

"Now I come; O, with what comfort is it that I still dare! I come to weep over thy grave. Alas! poor and unfortunate as I am, why did I loose thee when so young. I droop like a flower, deprived of the support that sustained its feeble stalk. This cup of pure water I pour to the honour of thy manes. Accept this garland! Receive my tears! May they penetrate even to thy ashes! Hear, O my mother, hear; 'tis to thy dear remains, that repose beneath these flowers, which my eyes have so often bedewed; 'tis thy sacred shade I here renew the vows of my heart. Virtue, innocence, and the fear of the gods, shall make the happiness of my days. Therefore poverty shall never disturb the serenity of my mind. May I do nothing that thou wouldst not have approved with a smile of tenderness, and I shall surely be, as thou wast, beloved of gods and men: For I shall be gentle, modest, and industrious. O, my mother, by living thus, I hope to die like thee, with smiles and tears of joy."

Glicera, on quitting the place, felt all the powerful charms of virtue. The gentle warmth that was diffused over her mind sparkled in her eyes, still wet with tears. She was beautiful as those days of spring, when the sun shines through a transient shower.

With a mind quite tranquil, she was hastening back to her labour, when Nicias ran to meet her. "O, Glicera!" he said, and tears flowed down his cheeks, "I have heard thee at thy mother's tomb. Fear nothing virtuous maid! I thank the immortal Gods! I thank that virtue, which hath preserved me from the crime of seducing thy innocence. Forgive me chaste Glicera! Forgive, nor dread in me a fresh offence. My virtue triumphs through thine. Be wise, be virtuous, and be ever happy. That meadow, surrounded with trees, near to thy mother's tomb, and half the flock thou keepest, are thine. May a man of equal virtue complete the happiness of thy days! Weep not, virtuous maid! but accept the present I offer thee with a sincere heart, and suffer me from henceforth to watch over thy happiness. If thou refusest me, a remorse for offending thy virtue will be the torment of all my days. Forget, O vouchsafe to forget my crime, and I will revere thee as a propitious power that hath defended me against myself."

Miscellanies.

ON DIAMONDS AND PRECIOUS STONES.

IN all ages, and in all countries, barbarous or civilized, the higher orders of precious stones have been the objects of attention, and sought after with avidity. In the remotest periods of antiquity they have been selected from among all the productions of nature as emblems of perfection; the most eloquent and imaginative among the poets have found nothing, in the whole range of nature, better adapted to the illustration of their ideas of all that is of incomparable value and absolute completeness.

The wildest extravagance of oriental fiction, when bent on the most prodigious accumulation of splendour, can do no more than multiply and magnify these costly products of the secret laboratory of nature. Staffs of emerald, and cups excavated from a single ruby, are the proudest addition they have given to the real treasures of the Caliphs; and the splendid palaces of imaginary beings, the works of peris and magicians, could only be made to excel the substantial edifices of mortal potentates, by the unmeasured profusion of jewels with which they were adorned by the hands of fiction. Even the talismans by which the powers of another world were controlled, were gems; and the seal of Solomon, and the far-famed carbuncle of Giamschid, were

alike rare in substance and tremendous in their properties.

When the glories of the New Jerusalem were revealed to the eye of the rapt Evangelist, and the visions beheld in Patmos were to be commemorated in language not altogether unsuitable to the wonders he had seen, in describing the ineffable splendours of the Holy City he found no imagery more worthy of presenting to the minds of men an idea of the effulgence of its walls, than the united brightness of all kinds of precious stones; the ramparts were of all imagined splendours, and the very foundations an accumulation of sapphire, emerald, chrysolite, beryl, topaz, amethyst, and chrysoprase.

Diamonds, the most rare and most valuable of all precious stones, are sold by a particular standard, which appears to be universally adopted. The integer of weight is termed a *carat*, and it is divided into four grains.

Diamonds, when well set, always appear larger than when they are loose, and this circumstance gives great advantage to the seller. Shallow brilliants, that have a great surface, are for this reason always in request, and are generally set *close*. A brilliant is said to be *close set* if the setting has a back; it is said to be open, *au jour*, if it has no back. Fine brilliants are always set open. Thus a stone of only a carat may appear as large as a well-proportioned stone of six grains.

The smallest flaw, or *foul* (as it is called) greatly diminishes the price of the diamond; and if it be tinged with yellow, brown, &c., a fault characterised by the technical term *off colour*, its value falls very considerably, and is frequently reduced from a third to one half. To counteract these defects, and to conceal the appearance of what are deemed imperfections, great ingenuity is exercised, and often with success, so that an inferior stone obtains the price of a perfect brilliant.

White topazes and rock crystal have been exposed for sale as diamonds, and glass has also been made into peculiar forms to resemble the rough gem. These deceptions have often been practised abroad, and sometimes with success.

Brilliants from two grains to three, may be bought in lots at from 7 *gs.* to 8 *l.* per carat; from three to four grains, if fine, they are worth from 8 *gs.* to 9 *l.* per carat; from five to six grains, if pure, worth 13 to 14 *l.*

Brilliants of two carats each, are worth from 27 to 30 *l.* Stones of this weight, if well proportioned, are considered of a fine size, and well calculated for pins, or the centre of clusters. Indeed, well propor-

tioned diamonds from six grains to two carats each, are always in demand, and are retailed at from 20 to 35*l.* each according to their degree of perfection, or as the retailer may think fit to charge them.

For brilliants of three carats, if fine and well formed, from 70 to 80*l.* may be obtained.

Brilliants of four carats, if fine, are worth from 100 to 130*l.*

Brilliants of five carats are not frequently met with in general trade, and are variable in price, as the dealers exact more if they know that such stones are wanted, than they would in the regular course of business. The prices may be said to vary from 180 to 200*l.*

Brilliants of six carats, as before stated, are not common; they are suitable for centre stones of expensive necklaces, and single stone rings: if perfect and well shaped, they sell from 230 to 250*l.* or more.

Rough diamonds, selected as fine, and well formed for cutting, may be estimated as follows:—Square the weight of the stone, multiply the product by two, and the result will be the value in pounds sterling. This rule, however, is by no means in general use. Brilliants, if fine, may be estimated by squaring the weight in carats, and multiplying the product by eight, which will give the amount in pounds sterling.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

OLD FULLER, author of the English Worthies, tells a quaint story of himself and Justice Woodcock. "I was out in the fields," said he, "when we did hear an owl." "What pretty bird is that?" said he.—"A woodcock, says I." "No," said he; "it is *fuller* in the head, *fuller* in the body, and *fuller* all over."

ON A MISER.

WHAT does Avarus mean, that old miserly elf,
That he hoards with such care ev'ry penny
of pelf?
Does the dotard suppose that, whenever
he dies,
To the grave he'll be able to carry the
prize?"
"An attempt like to that I believe's his
intent,
For he's heard that the Devil gives fifty
per cent!"

CLAVIS.

TRANSLATION OF VERSES,

Sent by a French Nobleman with his portrait to his family on the night before his suffering by the guillotine.

WONDER not, objects of my fondest
care!

If these pale looks the lines of sadness
wear,

For when the painter's art my features
drew,

I saw the scaffold, and I thought on you.

EPITAPH

On an honest man, who was buried between a Parson and a Lawyer.

LIKE Mecca's tomb hangs this, 'twixt
good and evil,
Heaven holds the left side, and the right
the devil.

MACKLIN AND JOHNSON.

MACKLIN disputing with Dr. Johnson, the Doctor quoted Greek. "I do not understand Greek," said Macklin. "A man who argues should understand every language," said Johnson. "Very well," said Macklin, and directly quoted some Irish.

INSCRIPTION.

ON a marble monument, to the memory of Thomas Windham, Esq. third son of of Sir Edmund, who lived a single life, and died Dec. 20th, 1559; to whose memory Sir John Windham, of Orchard, in Somersetshire, his cosen and heire, hath sett this marble.

Liv'st thou, Thomas? Yes. Where?
With God on high.

Art thou not dead? Yes, and here I lye.
I that with men on earth did live to dye,
Dy'd for to live with Christ eternally.

His arms were azure, a chevron between
three lions heads erased or.

EPIGRAM

On the offering made by King James I. at a grave comedy, called "The Marriage of Arts."

AT Christ-church, "Marriage," play'd
before the King,

Lest these learn'd mates should want an
offering,

The king himself did offer—What, I
pray?

He offer'd, twice or thrice, to go away.

BONAS.

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The Mirror

OF

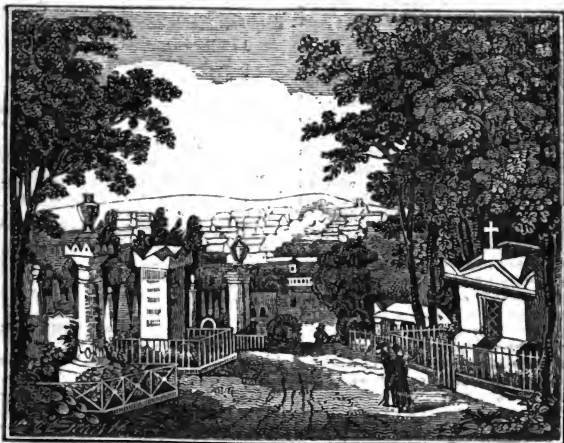
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CXXII.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.]

Cemetery of Père la Chaise.



THE cemetery of Père la Chaise, of which the above engraving presents a view, at once correct and striking, is one of the most interesting places that a person going to France can visit. Indeed, nothing can be more striking and affecting to the imagination. It is only sufficient to go there, to be convinced how true the affection which the mothers, sons, and sisters of France, have for each other. How simple, and yet how tender, the inscriptions upon the tombs! There the sister goes to renew the tender recollection of her sister, and a son to place a garland over the grave of his mother. With the English, the dead are scarcely ever visited, and seldom remembered; but it is not so with the French, who do not think it inconsistent to mix the kindest feelings to their relations with the sociability of a larger circle.

Some persons are of opinion that church-yards are the only proper place for christian burial; on the contrary, the origin of their use in England for that purpose is not of earlier date than the year 750; and agreeably to the old Roman Law of the Twelve Tables, the place

of inhumation was ordered to be not within the city, but without its walls. Certainly ground destined for sepulture should, according to the laws of the church, be duly consecrated; and when this is the case, it is perfectly immaterial whether it is attached to a church or separated from it; indeed, many of the church-yards in London are at a distance from a church, and it would, perhaps, be well if they were all out of the metropolis, since, as Lord Stowell well observed in one of his learned and elaborate decisions, "They cannot be made commensurate to the demands of a large and increasing population: the period of decay and dissolution does not arrive fast enough, in the accustomed mode of depositing bodies in the earth, to evacuate the ground for the use of the succeeding claimants."

Indeed, most of these cemeteries are narrow, close, filthy, and almost indecent; and though new crypts have been formed in building the new churches, yet for the most part no monuments can be raised in the burial grounds, nor even be affixed to the walls of the sacred edifices.

Not so the cemetery of Père la Chaise,

VOL. v.

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17

a chosen spot just without the walls of Paris, where the ashes of Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic, rich and poor, repose in charitable vicinity. The circumference of the burial ground is upwards of two miles. The ground is laid out with taste and elegance, diversified in position, beautified with shrubs and flowers, and appropriately adorned with monuments, some interesting from their historical recollections, some touching from the simplicity and tenderness of their inscriptions; but all neat, decent, and appropriate to the solemnity of the scene.

The number of tombs has greatly increased during the last few years, and fashion and ostentation which play so many freaks on the busy stage of life, intrude their follies and their fripperies even into this quiet and peaceful sanctuary; and the modest stone with its emblematic cross, over which the cypress mourned and the willow fondly drooped, has given place to the obelisk, the pyramid, and the temple.

The tombs and graves in the cemetery are kept in the highest order and repair, and almost all of them are planted with shrubs and fragrant flowers, mingled with the mournful cypress and yew: the acacia tree is also planted in great abundance, and the wild vine spreads its broad leaves and graceful clusters over many of the monuments.

Many of the tombs are interesting on account of the celebrity of the persons they commemorate, and others for the beauty and simplicity of their inscriptions. Of the former class, the tomb of the poet Delille, which is situated in the higher part of the ground under the shade of a bower of linden trees, is one of the most interesting. Those of Moliere, La Fontaine, Eloisa, and Abelard, Madame Cotton, Marshals Massena and Ney,* with many others of characters highly distinguished, as well worthy of notice.

As a specimen of the affecting brevity and pathetic simplicity of the inscriptions on tombs in this burial ground we may instance the following. The first is on the monument of a man who died in the prime of life.

A la memoire de mon meilleur ami.
C' étoit mon frere.

On another:

Ci git P. N., son épouse perd en lui le plus tendre de ses amis, et ses enfans un modèle de vertu.

A little crown of artificial orange blossoms, half blown, was in a glass case at the head of the tablet.

* For a view and description of the tomb of Marshal Ney; see the MIRROR, No. 40.

And upon a tomb raised by the parents to the memory of a child.

Ci git notre fils chéri.

The following is a touching epitaph on a young girl:—

A sa famille
Elle apporta le bonheur;
Il s'enfuit avec elle!

The following are also among the inscriptions in this celebrated spot:—

Le Malheur, l'Amour,
La Reconnaissance,
Au modèle de toutes les vertus,
Delice,
A son excellente Zephirine.

A mon Théodore.

Repose en paix, ma bien aimée. Celeste! demain nous reviendrons te voir.

Tu reposes mon fils, et ta mère
Est dans la douleur!

A notre bon père
Des fils reconnaissants.

A peine cinq printemps vecut notre
Pauline,
C' étoit le gage heureux de l'hymen le plus doux,
Chacun aimoit son air et sa grâce enfantine—
Ah! de notre bonheur le destin fut jaloux!

Many garlands of fresh and sweet flowers are hung upon the graves, and every thing marks the existence of tender remembrance and regret; it appears as if in this place alone the dead are never forgotten.

Struck with the contrast which our city church-yards present to the burial-ground of the *Pere la Chaise*, some individuals have projected a scheme for a receptacle of the dead on a large scale in the vicinity of London. They propose to give it the name of the *Neropolis*, or "City of the Dead;" and mean that it shall be laid out in a style, which for solemnity, taste, and magnificence, may surpass any thing yet undertaken. To what expense do not our opulent individuals often go to erect in their demesnes some monumental record of a friend, perhaps even of a faithful dog, on the banks of a limpid rivulet; near a grotto overhung with weeping willows or shadowed by the mournful cypress! And would they not much rather adorn a spot of consecrated ground, which might always be kept neat and clean, well watched and guarded against violent intrusion, and resorted to by those only

whose sentiments were in unison with the melancholy sanctity of the place?—The taste for gardening and for every thing rural is proverbially prevalent among the English; and those who may chance to visit a country church-yard "under the shade of melancholy boughs," looking forth upon the richness and beauty of an extensive landscape, can scarcely fail to breathe a wish that they themselves may repose hereafter amid such still and tranquil scenery.

We cannot, perhaps, better close this article than with the following poem on the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, by the late Mr. David Carey, who died in the vigour of age and talent:—

WHEN, like the fleeting forms that fled
In youth's fair morning from the view,
We sink on death's ungenial bed,
And bid to life and love adieu.

If aught that once with influence kind
Could chase the mists of sorrow's gloom,
Can please the disembodied mind,
And shed a pleasure o'er the tomb.

'Tis when with sympathizing care
Affection rears the votive bower,
And weeping Pity's daughters fair
Trim the lone monumental flower.

As in the precincts of La Chaise,
The hands of beauty nurse the wreath
That spreads the bloom of vernal days
O'er the cold sanctuary of death.

If aught of consolation sweet
Can mingle with the cup of woe,
When, far from each belov'd retreat,
Fate lays the hapless stranger low;

'Tis that his ashes may repose
In peace, where those we love are laid,
Where death has never paled the rose,
And tears of plety are shed.

How sweet to him, when passion's past,
Whose vows were paid at beauty's shrine,
To sleep where Abelard at last,
And his lov'd Heloise entwined.

How sweet to those whose generous breast
Was form'd in nature's school to feel,
In the Elysium of the blest,
To sleep with virtue and Delille!

And such thy scene of lasting sleep,
So tranquil and so hallow'd now,
La Chaise! where once in vengeance deep
Dark persecution breath'd his vow.

Where superstition banish'd far
Sweet love and mercy from the ground,
Benignant pity's milder star
A holier feeling spreads around.

Here oft o'er lost affections' bier,
The mother and the lover bend,
To dress with many a flower and tear
The cherish'd child, the parted friend.

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Here, side by side, in flowery graves,
The Russian and the Spaniard lie,
And peace immortal olive waves
O'er warring nations' enmity.

Then mourn not, stranger, though thy doom
Be sorrow's lot, and brief thy days—
If joy can penetrate the tomb,
Thou'lt find it here—in Pere la Chaise!

Danish Popular Stories.

(Translated for the Mirror.)

No. II.

THE SECRET BANDIT.

THERE lived formerly in Denmark a wealthy noble, who had an only child, a fair daughter. The maiden lacked not suitors, both for her beauty and amiable qualities, and for the lands she would one day inherit; but among them all she selected one who was distinguished by his handsome person and gallant bearing, nor less so for his apparent riches, although he was a stranger in those parts, and no one could tell where lay his possessions, or whence he came. In short, the day was fixed for their betrothment, upon which occasion a magnificent entertainment was to be given by the nobleman.

It chanced, however, that on the preceding eve the maiden walked out, unaccompanied by any attendant; and ere she was aware of the distance she had wandered, had lost herself in the intricacies of a deep wood. At length meeting with what seemed to be a path, she pursued the track, but found that it conducted to a dismal cavern, that extended for some way beneath the ground. Struck with wonder at its romantic appearance, she determined to explore it; and advancing onward, soon discovered a spacious vault, that had every appearance of being inhabited, and that, too, not by a hermit or religious recluse, but by one who had a taste for wealth and luxury. She next proceeded into an inner chamber, where she saw a shining heap of gold and silver, which, on examination, she found to consist of richly chased goblets and other costly vessels, and gold coin. Continuing her search, she came to a third chamber, where, to her exceeding dismay and horror, she beheld the remains of human carcasses, dead men's bones, and hideous skulls. She was now certain that she was in a retreat of robbers and murderers, and was about to make her escape as quickly as possible, when the sound of approaching footsteps warned her to conceal herself instantly behind a kind of projecting pillar at the extremity of this chamber of death. Hardly had she screened herself

before a robber entered, bearing in his arms the dead body of a lady richly attired, from which he began to strip the jewels and valuable ornaments. While the barbarian was thus employed, the maiden caught a glimpse of his features, and a cry of horror nearly escaped her lips, as she discovered them to be those of her lover. He had now plundered the body of all but a very beautiful ring, when in his impatience to get it, he cut off the finger with his sword, but with such violence, that it flew to some distance very near the spot where the maiden was concealed. Fortunately, however, he did not stay to search for it, but having heard a signal from without, hurried away to rejoin his comrades. For some minutes the maiden stood rooted to the spot with horror at what she had thus witnessed, and dread for her own fate; at length, hearing no noise whatever, she ventured from her hiding place, and soon after stole out of the cavern, having first picked up the finger that had been cut off, and succeeded in finding her way home, where she found her father awaiting her return in the greatest anxiety. She excused herself by saying that she had wandered much farther than she intended, but mentioned not a word of the cavern, or the scene she had witnessed there.

On the following day the bridegroom arrived at the castle, attended by several companions, all splendidly attired, and the lady welcomed him as befitted one who was to be her future lord. As they afterwards sat at the festal board, and the goblet passed round, each guest recited some legend or wondrous tale. At length it came to the lady's turn to be narrator; whereupon she began to relate the adventure of a damsel, who, having lost herself in a forest, took shelter within a cave that was used by banditti for the purpose of concealing their booty. The bridegroom listened with the utmost anxiety.—“Within this cave,” continued the lady, “were many fair chambers, one of which was filled with heaps of gold and silver; in another were hands and legs, and other remains of dead bodies.” The bridegroom could scarcely conceal his agitation; yet seemed to lend an ear of unconcerned attention to the story, which proceeded to state how the damsel was surprised by the return of the robbers; how she concealed herself, and the shocking scene she beheld. “Ha! a pleasant tale truly,” exclaimed he, when the lady had finished; “yet methinks better for an old crone's fireside, than a banquet like ours.”—“I have reason to believe, however,” returned the lady, “that it is not a mere

gossip's legend, but a fact.” “A fact?” exclaimed several of the guests. “Yes: one does not care to vouch for the truth of stories of the kind in general, but I am inclined to believe this, because—” “Yes, indeed, a very odd circumstance—I happen to have here the very finger and ring that the robber cut off.” What now followed may be easily conjectured. He who had entered the castle as a welcome guest, was detained along with his comrades as a prisoner, and shortly after delivered up to the arm of justice. As for the lady, she thanked Heaven for having rescued her in the first place from imminent peril, and in the next from a union with a guilty assassin.

CAMBRIAN WORTHIES.

Caer Ludd, Dec. 20, 1824.

SIR,—I know not how to account for it, yet it seems to me that there are certain places which biographers have an aversion to allow being distinguished by the birth of any celebrated character:—unassuming and almost forgotten *Cambria* has most particularly to complain in this case. Whether it is that the natives are divested of that selfishness which induces so many in every corner to proclaim their country: or whether it is the selfishness of biographers—I shall not now inquire. But it is most certain that many *Welshmen*, eminent for their respective services, have been disposed of by their residents among the different counties and towns of England, it is singular that so few celebrated *Cambrians* should have justice done them in giving their birth place.

I was particularly struck on looking over some notices of dramatic characters to find *Mrs. Siddons* set down as born in *Lancashire*. I think by referring to some former *Numbers* of the *Mirror*, her brother, *Kemble*, is said, likewise, to have been born there.—the fact is very different; both *Kemble* and *Siddons* were born in the town of *Brooknock* in *South Wales*, a place that is said also to have given birth to the celebrated *Cooke*; as these are facts that can be easily proved, I was surprised to find the question agitated. In a notice of the late worthy Lord Mayor, *Waithman*, I find him to my surprise transformed into a *Lancashire* man; he is, however, a *Denbighshire* *Welshman*. I have taken the trouble to correct the following names which I find in different biographical notices to have been born in *London* or other parts of *England*:—

Inigo Jones, Architect, born at *Llanrwst* in *Denbighshire*, *North Wales*.

Jones, the mathematician, born in Anglesea, father to the great Sir William Jones.

Sir William Jones, is disputed whether or not he was born in Landon or Anglesey, as his father lived sometimes in either place; his parents, were however, both Welsh, and he himself spoke the Welsh language.

Baxter, the celebrated divine, could not speak a word of any language but Welsh until after he was twenty-two years of age.

Tindal, the historian, was a Welshman.

Stevens, the commentator of Shakespeare, was a Welshman, as was also *Gilbert Cooper*.

John Owen, the Latin Epigrammatic Poet, called Audeonus.

Hugh Broughton, and *Hugh Holland*, the antiquaries, were Welshmen.

Howel, the historian, was a Welshman.

Dyer, the poet, a Caermarthenshire man.

Mrs. Pritchard, the celebrated actress, a Welshwoman.

Wilson, the painter, a Montgomeryshire man. This worthy I found by one, noticed as a Scotchman.

Maurice, the Indian antiquary, an Anglesey man.

Gen. Sir Thomas Picton, killed at Waterloo, was a South Welshman.

These are but a few of the names which I have at different times observed incorrectly recorded as far as the birth-place was concerned. There is one, however, which I should be happy could it be said, with truth, that he was no Welshman. I allude to the infamous Judge Jefferies, of *James the Second's* days: he was a North Welshman, and of a noble family. I have only to observe that, it is unjust to deprive any nation of the credit which may be due from her productions of merit, and the more so in so small a nation as the Welsh.

Guthrie has, however, said that Wales in proportion to its size, produces more learned men than any other country; and ere I close, I must beg to remind you, that one of the greatest ornaments to the literary world that existed in the last century, was *Pennant*, the author of numberless valuable works, and among the rest, his celebrated *History of London*; he was a Flintshire Welshman.

GWILYM SAIS.

* * We refer our intelligent correspondent to an excellent work, just published, entitled the "Cambrian Plutarch," by J. H. Parry, which contains the lives of several illustrious Welshmen.—ED.

SUPPOSED ERROR IN THE ALMANACKS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—For the information of your correspondent *A. H. D. Pasche*, as well as those of your readers who may be unacquainted with the method of computing time used by astronomers, I beg leave to forward you the following explanation relative to the fixing of the Paschal Feast for Sunday the 3rd of April, the day of the full moon, in which I hope the *glaring error* will be perfectly elucidated, and *Francis Moore* still retain his credit for being correct, whether "a day before or a day after."

In common language, a day is the interval of time which elapses from the rising to the setting of the sun; and night, the time he continues below the horizon. This is called the *artificial day*, and is of various lengths, according to the season of the year; thus we have the longest day of about 18 hours, and the shortest about 8 hours. But the *natural day* always consists of 24 hours, and embraces the whole interval which passes during a complete revolution of the sun. The natural day may be either *astronomical* or *civil*. The astronomical or solar day begins at noon, because the increase and decrease of days terminated by the horizon are very unequal among themselves; which inequality is likewise augmented by the inconstancy of the horizontal refractions. The astronomer, therefore, takes the meridian for the limit of diurnal revolutions; reckoning noon, that is, the instant when the sun's centre is on the meridian, for the *beginning* of the day, and which day continues till the next succeeding noon. It is divided into 24 hours, reckoning in a numerical succession from 1 to 24; the first twelve are sometimes distinguished by the mark P.M. signifying post meridian, or afternoon; and the latter twelve, A.M. ante meridian, or before noon. But astronomers generally reckon through the 24 hours from noon to noon; and what are by the civil or common way of reckoning called morning hours, are by them reckoned in the succession from 12, or midnight, to 24 hours; thus, 6 o'clock in the morning of April 3rd, is by astronomers called April 2nd at 18 hours, their 3rd of April not commencing till 6 hours after. Computing, therefore, astronomically, (which is always done in the formation of Almanacks,) the Paschal full moon happens at the 18th hour of the 2nd of April; and as Easter day is always fixed on the succeeding Sunday, it follows in course that the next day, the 3rd of April,

being Sunday, must be Easter day. When the Paschal full moon happens on Sunday, it must be after noon to affect Easter, so as to make it a week later. The earliest Easter possible is the 22nd of March, the latest, the 25th of April: it may not be irrelevant to observe, that the 3rd of April was the day on which our Saviour was crucified. The foregoing explanation, it is hoped, will be sufficient to convince any one of the correctness of the almanacks in fixing Easter day. The Nycthemeron, or civil day, is divided into 24 parts, called hours, which are two sorts, equal and unequal, or temporary. Different nations begin the day at a different hour: thus the Egyptians began their day at midnight; from whom Hippocrates introduced that way of reckoning into astronomy, and Copernicus and others have followed him; but the greatest part of astronomers reckon the day begun at noon, as before named, and so count 24 hours till the next noon, and not twice 12, according to the vulgar computation. The method of beginning the day at midnight prevails also in Great Britain, France, Spain, and most parts of Europe. The Babylonians began their day at sun-rising, reckoning the hour immediately before its rising again, the 24th hour of the day; from whence the hours reckoned in this way are called the Babylonian. In several parts of Germany they begin their day at sun-setting, and reckon on till it sets next day, calling that the 24th hour: these are generally termed Italian hours. The Jews also began their day at sun-setting; but then they divided it into twice 12 as we do, reckoning 12 for the day, be it long or short, and 12 for the night; so that their hours continually varying with the day and night, the hours of the day were longer than those of the night for one half year, and the contrary the other; from whence their hours are called temporary: those at the time of the equinoxes became equal, because then the day and night are so. The Romans also reckoned their hours after this manner, as do the Turks at this day. This kind of hours is called planetary, because the planets were anciently looked upon as presiding over the affairs of the world, and to take it by turns, each of these hours, according to the following order:—Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, the Sun, Venus, Mercury, and the Moon; hence they named each day of the week from that planet whose turn it was to preside the first hour. Thus assigning the first hour of Saturday to Saturn, the second will fall to Jupiter, the third to Mars, &c., and the 22nd will fall to Saturn again, and the last to Mars; so on the first hour

of the next day it will fall to the Sun to preside; and by the same reckoning it will next fall to the Moon, then to Mars, next to Mercury, Jupiter, and Venus; hence the days of the week came to be distinguished by the Latin names of *Dies Saturni, Solis, Luna, Martis, Mercurii, Jovis, and Veneris*; and among us from the Saxon deities, *Tuesco, Woden, Thor, Friga, Seater*, and the Sun and Moon, came Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, &c. &c.

CLAVIS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—If your correspondent A. H. D. Pasche will consult the tables for finding Easter in the "Book of Common Prayer," he will there learn that that festival is regulated by the *Paschal* full moon, which will be on the 2nd of April in the next year; consequently Easter Sunday will fall on the 3rd of that month.

I am, Sir, &c.

A CONSTANT READER.

Chelsea, Dec. 21, 1824.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—In your interesting and valuable periodical publication of last week, your correspondent A. H. D. Pasche, has very justly called the attention of the public to an error in the Almanacks for the ensuing year,—with regard to the time appointed for the celebration of the Easter Festival. It may not be uninteresting to some of your readers, to have further information upon that point:—

"It was ordered by the old law, to celebrate the Passover the very day of the full moon of the vernal equinox.—The Synagogue constantly observed this precept; and the first converted Jews conformed to the same observance. Consequently the Christians celebrated Easter when the Jews eat their Paschal Lamb, on whatever day of the week fell the full moon. But as their object was very different, so the generality of the Christians put off the celebration of Easter to the Sunday following.

"Afterwards, the Council of Nice, convened by Emperor Constantine, A. D. 325, decreed—

"1st. That the feast of Easter should be always celebrated on Sunday.

"2dly. That this Sunday should always be that which immediately followed the 14th day of the moon of the first month; but if this 14th day fall on Sunday, the feast of Easter was put off till the Sunday following, to avoid celebrating it the same time with the Jews.

"3rdly. That the month counted first by the Council was that on which the 14th day of the moon either exactly corresponded with the vernal equinox, or the very next after the equinox."—*See Moir's Inquiry into the most curious and interesting Subjects of History and Antiquity, &c.*

I remain, Sir, your's, &c.

J. M'CLARY.

Dec. 19, 1824.

THE DRAGON OF WANTLY.

The following is the Ballad of "More, of More-Hall; or, the Dragon of Wantly," on which the Pantomime at Covent Garden Theatre is founded.

Old stories tell how Hercules,
A Dragon slew at Lerna,
With seven heads and fourteen eyes
To see and well discern a :

But he had a club this Dragon to drub,
Or he had ne'er don't, I warrant ye!
But More, of More-Hall, with nothing at all
He slew the Dragon of Wantly.

This Dragon had two furious wings,
Each one upon each shoulder;
With a sting in his tail as long as a flail,
Which made him bolder and bolder.

He had long claws, and in his jaws,
Four and forty teeth of iron:
With a hide as tough as any buff,
Which did him round environ.

Have you not heard of the Trojan horse,
With seventy men in his belly?
This Dragon was not quite so big,
But very near. I'll tell ye.

Devoured he poor children three,
That could not with him grapple;
And at one sup he eat them up,
As one would eat an apple.

All sorts of cattle this Dragon did eat,
Some say he eat up trees,
And the forest sure he would
Devour by degrees.

For houses and churches were to him geese and turkeys:

He eat all, and left none behind,
But some stones, dear Jack, which he could not crack,
Which on the hills you'll find.

Some say this Dragon was a witch,
Some say he was a devil;
For from his nose a smoke arose,
And with it burning snivel.

Hard by a furious knight there dwelt,
Of whom all towns did ring:
For he could wrestle, play at quarter-staff, kick,
cuff, and huff,
Call son of a —, do any kind of thing.

By the tail and the main, with his hands twain,
He swung a horse 'till he was dead:
And what is stranger, he for very anger,
Kut him up all but his head.

These children, as I told, being eat;
Men, women, girls, and boys,
Sighing and sobbing, came to his lodging,
And made a hideous noise.

O save us all! More, of More-Hall!
Thou peerless knight of these woods;
Do but slay this Dragon, who won't leave us a
rag on,
We'll give thee all our goods.

Tut, tut, quoth he, no goods I want,
But I want—I want, in sooth,
A fair maid of sixteen, that's brisk,
And smiles about the mouth.

Hair black as a sloe, and a skin white as snow,
With blushes her cheeks adorning;
To 'point me o'er night, e'er I go to fight,
And to dress me in the morning.

This being done, he did engage
To hew this Dragon down;
But first he went new armour to
Bespeak at Sheffield town.

With spikes all about, not within but without,
Of steel so sharp and strong;
Both behind and before, arms, legs, and all o'er,
Some five or six inches long.

Had you seen him in his dress,
How fierce he look'd, and how big,
You would have thought him for to be
Some Egyptian Porcupig.

He frightened all, cats, dogs, and all,
Each cow, each horse, and each hog;
For fear they did flee, for they took him to be
Some strange outlandish hedge-hog.

To see the sight, all people then,
Got upon trees and houses;
On churches some, and chimnies too;
But they put on their trousers.

Not to spoil their hose. As soon as he arose,
To make him strong and mighty,
He drank; by the tale, six pots of ale.
And a quart of aqua vite.

It is not strength that always wins,
For wit doth strength excel;
Which made our cunning champion
Creep down into a well;

Where he did think this Dragon would drink;
And so he did in truth;
And as he stoop'd low, he rose up and cried boh!
And hit him on the mouth.

Two days and a night with this Dragon did fight,
Our champion on the ground;
Tho' their strength it was great, their skill it was
neat,
They never had one wound.

Then the Dragon he shak'd, tramp'd, and quak'd
And down he laid and cry'd
First on one knee, then on back tumbled he,
So groan'd, kick'd, roar'd, and died.

A NEW YEAR'S ODE FOR 1825.

(For the Mirror.)

His annual course again the sun,
With father Time has circling run,
Around our mundane sphere;

And, to the general system true,
Prepares to track his course anew
And bring another year.

But e'er his parting beams dispel,
And bid the closing year farewell,
Let each the past survey;
And, how his duty has been done?
What vices he has aim'd to shun?
Within his bosom weigh.

Whither his purposes extend?
What moral good will crown their end,
To bring applauding fame:
Or are they but an empty space
Devoid of use?—or, will disgrace
Impugn their actor's name?

Has he by fraud or pow'r oppress?
Does lurking malice swell his breast,
Or envy rankle near?
If these exist (ignoble stain!)
Let them no longer place retain,
To shame another year.

Has he done all the good he can
To assist his fellow being man,
Without a proud display:
No real benevolence proceeds
From such as blazon forth their deeds
And court the eye of day.

Does no remorse his bosom move,
In nature's dearest ties of love,
As husband, son, or brother?
Has he been faithful to his trust
As man to man, sincere and just,
Should act towards each other?

Enough—the list we need not swell,
If conscience say to these, *'tis well*
We need betray no fear,
To think that this may prove our last;
But, rather, grateful for the past,
Await the opening year.

But, oh! perchance a sad reverse
Conviction bids the mind rehearse,
And poor excuse supplies;
Let us not then an hour delay,
But reformation date to-day,
For, Time how quickly flies!

Many who bask in fortune's smiles,
(Deluded man his heart beguiles)
And hope for years to thrive;
May find the flatt'ring scene no more,
They fondly dreamt in *Twenty-four*,
Attend on *Twenty-five*.

JACOBUS.

BOAR'S HEAD, HORNCHURCH. (To the Editor of the Mirror.)

A CORRESPONDENT in a late Number of the MIRROR, wishes to be informed respecting the custom of carrying a Boar's Head through the streets of Hornchurch, Essex. Morant, in his "History and Antiquities of the County of Essex," vol. 1. p. 74, (in a note) says, "The inhabitants pay the great tithes on Christmas day, and are treated with a

bull and *lawn*. The boar's head is wrestled for: the poor have the scraps."
P. T. W.

SONNETS.

(For the Mirror.)

Look not for fruit of that destroyed tree
Which to the Muses I did dedicate!
Its leaves were early, but its blossoms late,
And green and fair they were as both might be,
Hope sunny-smiling, linger'd there so see
It bud and bloom; but hidden worms did eat
Its inmost heart; cold tears of misery
Watered its root; and lightning blasts of fate
Shattered its trunk:—then never more expect
Blossom, or fruit, or glutted gathering;
For it must pine and wither in neglect,
Like a dead thing amid the life of spring,
And, gradual, perish where unseen it stands—
A palm, sirocco-struck, tombed by the desert's
sands. HYPOCHONDRICUS.

II.

WRITTEN IN A THEATRE IN AUTUMN.

On for the quiet of the green high hills,
Broken by storms, (which make it more intense
When they have passed in dread magnificence;) Or by the gusty wind that sadly shrills
Through their woods, or by the voice of rills
Running to some deep river, not far thence
Making dim murmur as its channel fills;
Or vales, where violets their sweets dispense
To hungry bees, storing their frequent scrips;
And the loud lark to listening cherubim
(Though we of earth may hear) sings his high
hymn;

And the full thrush among the hawthorn-hips
Prisons dumb wonder in some sylvan spot,—
Rather than haunts where sorrow smiles, but
joy is not. ISID.

LIME DUST AND LONDON MODERN HIGH WAYS.

(For the Mirror.)

— "Hold—enough!!!
Cry havoc, and let slip the scavengers."

WHO can now traverse the streets of the metropolis without being besmeared with limestone mud, which, in a few hours of dry weather, is converted into a subtle dust, which is nearly blinding half of his most gracious majesty's liege subjects? The nuisances mentioned by Gay, in his *Trivia*, are *non entities* compared with M'Adam mud and dust.

— "Of in the mingling press
The barber's apron soils the sable dress:
Shun the perfumer's touch with cautious eye,
Nor let the baker's step advance too high.
Ye walkers! too, that youthful colours wear,
Three sullyng trades avoid with equal care.
The little chimney-sweeper skulks along,
And mark, with sooty stains the heedless throng:
When small coal mummies in the hoarse throat,
From smutty dangers guard thy threaten'd coat:
The dustman's cart offends thy clothes and eyes,
When thro' the street a cloud of ashes flies."

Gay's *Trivia*, line 27, b. 2.

The present flying mud beats out of the field the barbers, chimney-sweepers, and dusty bobs—and many a dandy is now sighing for a return of the old granite pavement, which, after a shower of rain, is soon cleansed and dried; but now, the dust and mud in quick succession rise

* Swift as on wings of wind upborne they fly,
And drifts of rising dust involve the sky."

Pope's Odyssey.

The Romans, (says a modern writer,) of all people, took the most pains in their roads; the labour and expense they were at to render them spacious, straight, smooth, and agreeable, to the very extremities of their empire, are incredible; they strengthened the ground by ramming it; laying it with flints, pebbles, or sand; sometimes by a lining of masonry, rubbish, bricks, potsherds, bound together with mortar. In some places in the Lyonnais have been found clusters of flints cemented with lime, reaching ten or twelve feet deep, and making a mass as hard and compact as marble itself; and which, after resisting the injuries of time for 1,600 years, is still scarcely penetrable by all the force of hammers, mattocks, &c. and yet the flints it consists of are not bigger than eggs. Sometimes they even paved their roads, regularly, with large square free-stones: such are the Appian and Flaminian ways. The roads paved of very hard stones, they usually called *via ferrea*, either because they resembled iron, or because they resisted the iron of the horses feet, chariots, &c. It is supposed that most of all the old roads of England (the remains of the Roman ways excepted,) owe their present lines to fortuitous circumstances; many of them being originally foot-paths; the tracts of the aboriginal inhabitants, the patriarchal savages who lived by hunting.

P. T. W.

HOURS OF MEALS NOW AND FORMERLY.

(For the Mirror.)

THE stately dames of Edward 4th's court rose with the lark, dispatched their dinner at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and shortly after eight were wrapped in slumber. How would these reasonable people (reasonable, at least, in this respect) be astonished, could they but be witnesses of the present distribution of time amongst children of fashion!—What a contrast, then, is between the materials of the morning meal, A. D. 1550, when Queen Elizabeth's maids of honour began the day with a round of beef, or a red herring, and a flagon of ale, and in 1824, when the sportsman, and

even the day-labourer, breakfast on what cooks call "Chinese soup," i. e. tea. Swift has jocosely observed, that *the world must be encompassed before a washer-woman can sit down to breakfast*, i. e. by a voyage to the east for tea, and to the west for sugar. In the Northumberland Household-book for 1512, we are informed, that "a thousand pounds was the sum annually expended in house-keeping. This maintained 166 persons; and the wheat was then 5s. 8d. per quarter. The family rose at six in the morning; my lord and my lady had set on the table for breakfast, at seven o'clock in the morning—

A quart of beer,
A quart of wine,
Two pieces of salt fish,
Half-a-dozen red-herrings,
Four white ones, and
A dish of sprats!

They dined at ten, supped at four in the afternoon; the gates were all shut at nine, and no further ingress or egress permitted." But now,

"The gentleman who dines the latest,
Is, in our street, esteemed the greatest;
But surely, greater than them all
Is he who never dines at all."

T. A.—N. C.

OLD TIMES.

"In the time of Edward I. and II., they set beans by the hand, and leazed the seed wheat from the ear itself.

"*Prices of Articles in the time of Edward I., &c.*—Wheat, per qr., 2s., 2s. 4d., 3s., 4s., 5s.; maaly (wheat and rye mixed), per qr., 2s., 2s. 4d., 3s., 4s.; barley, per qr., 20d., 2s. 8d., 3s., 3s. 4d., 4s.; oats, per qr., 20d. 2s., 2s. 4d.; pill corne, from the mill, per qr., 3s., or 3s. 8d.; an ox, 10s., 11s., 12s.; cow and calfe, 9s., 10s.; bacon hogs, 5s., 5s. 6d.; fat porke, 2s., 2s. 2d.; fat sheepe, 17d., 18d., 20d., 2s.; lambe, 10d. or 12d.; goose, 3d.; capon, 2d.; a hen, 1½d.; a duck, 1d.; four pigeons, 1d.; twenty eggs, 1d.

"15th Edward II.—Wheat, per qr., 4s.; malt, ditto, 3s.; barley, ditto, 3s.; beans, ditto, 3s.; oats, ditto, 2s.; fletches, 20d.; malt, of wheat 6s., of barley 4s.; of oats 2s. 2d.; apples, quarter of, 10d.

"19th Edward II.—A sturgeon, 26s. 8d.; an ox, 20s.; an ox hide, 3s. 6d.; cow and calfe, 12s., 13s., 15s.; sheepe, between 17d. and 2s.; sheepe skin, according to growth, 4d., 5d., 6d.; lambe, 12d.; goat skin, 4½d.; goose, 3d.; duck, 1½d. The rest as before. Wages of a day-labourer, 3s. 4d.; a yeoman's

board-wages, by the day, $1\frac{1}{2}d.$; a groom or pages, $1l.$

“ Latter end of Edward III.—Wheat, per quarter, $5s. 4d.$ to $10s.$; barley, $4s.$ to $5s. 4d.$; beans, $4s.$; oats, $2s. 8d.$ to $3s. 4d.$; bay salt, per qr., $18d.$; an ox, $14s.$ to $24s.$; sowe and sixe piggs, $5s.$; pigeons, per dozen, $3d. 4d.$

“ In the reign of Richard II., for twenty-two years of his reign, the prices of grain, cattle, and poultry, were rather cheaper than dearer; but the difference in effect that was, was in the temperance and season of the year. A weight of woll, being 21 pound, called pondus, $6s.$, a sacke of woll, $6s. 8d.$; onyons, a bushell, $8d.$; eggs, twenty for a penny, which neither rose nor fell for 160 years.

“ And at this day, wherein I write, A. D. 1622, the common prices of the like commodities are generally thus:—Wheat. per qr., $36s.$; maltyn, ditto, $26s. 8d.$; barley malt, $24s.$; beans $20s.$; a draught ox, $5l.$; a cow and calfe, $3l. 10s.$; sheepe, $6s.$ eggs, five for $1d.$

“ And for horses, in those active old ages of the three Edwards and Richard II. the Lord Berkeleys have paid for horses of service in the wars, and for saddle and draught, as dare as now in our dayes, 100w. , 100 markes , $50l.$, $30l.$, $20l.$, $10l.$, 20 nobles , &c.”

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM
NEW WORKS.

THE ETERNAL FIRE AT BAKU.

THIS fire is in the peninsula of Apscheron, twenty versts from Baku, and is justly called one of the wonders of southern Russia. I have visited this spot: it is a burning desert, from the surface of which subterraneous flames here and there issue, which are occasioned by the exhalations of the naphtha. Though this fire may not be eternal, yet it is extremely old, for there are traditions of the origin of similar phenomena* in other parts; for instance, in the Ural, on the river Maxegischlack, in the village of Sulp-Aul (v. Pallas), and that which I have seen in Wallachia, on the little river Slainka, near the village of Lapatar, on Mount

* They originated at no very distant period, by the lightning having rent the upper hard layer of the mountain, which made an issue for the inflammable vapours, and at the same time caused the flames to arise

Kiaschna. But the origin of the fire in the neighbourhood of Baku is buried in the obscurity of the remotest antiquity.

The first appearance of this fire, in an age when the phenomena of nature were so little known and explored, might appear supernatural. It is well known that Media was the seat of Zoroaster's doctrine, and of the introduction of those mysterious receptacles of the eternal fire which the Mahometans every where destroyed. Only the miraculous flame of Baku arrested the blind fury of the Mahometans. The temple consecrated to fire is still preserved by the remnant of the ancient Parsees, or fire-worshippers, who, though scattered over the immense tracts of Persia and India, come hither to perform the prayers imposed on them by their vows. This temple, however, is no beautiful specimen of architecture, but a simple stone square, in the centre of which stands the altar, from which issues the eternal fire. The flat roof is supported on four columns, from which a constant fire, conducted by tubes, likewise ascends. On the roof, above the altar, is a little belfry.

On dark nights this temple is descried even at a great distance, and is the more interesting and majestic in the eyes of the traveller, as the brilliant flame does not resemble Vulcan's destructive fire, but is like some mysterious phenomena, awakening sublime recollections of antiquity.

Within the wall which surrounds the temple, there are some stone houses, and a small garden, the residences of eight Parsee monks.† During the time of worship, they strike the bell once, generally on their entrance into the temple, and then prostrate themselves before the altar. After remaining for a pretty considerable time in this position, they rise, strike the bell once more, and then finish their prayers. They give the fire the firstlings of every sort of food. They eat no meat, and live entirely on vegetables. Their particular affection to animals is probably the cause of it. The guardians of the holy fire keep a great number of dogs, whom they treat as friends and companions.

It is evident that they prefer their religion to all others, and consider themselves as purer than other men, because they are favoured with the purest notions of the divinity. In conversing with persons

† The Europeans call them, as well as all other fire-worshippers, Guebbers, which seems to be a corruption of the word Giasur, by which they designate to all those who profess a different religion. They call the Russians Sare Giasur, or Sare Guebr, i. e. light brown idolaters, probably because they observe fewer persons with black hair among them than among the people of Asia.

of a different religion, they protect themselves by certain prayers, which they repeat in an under-voice. They seemed much displeased when my companions were going to dress their dinner at the same fire as theirs. To satisfy them, I had the kettle removed to another part. When they carried water near us, they always cried out, brama, brama, brama, doubtless to counteract our influence upon it. Perhaps they have a particular respect for water; at least, in remote antiquity, it was considered, by many of the followers of Zoroaster, as a divinity.

The atmosphere in the temple and in the surrounding court-yard is very warm, on which account the monks wear a very light clothing.

It is reported that the monks in former times frequently made singular vows: for instance, to remain for several years in a constrained attitude, with their arms raised, or holding up one foot, &c. This, indeed, has ceased; but they still endeavour, as they used to do, to prevent the women from approaching the sacred fire; probably that their presence may not divert their attention.

In every thing that surrounds them, these monks are very neat and cleanly. They have no superfluity, but poverty is unknown among them. Their cells are likewise lighted by the subterraneous fire, which is easily extinguished by covering the vent through which the gas issues. The verdure of the garden, as well as the country, and of the temple, and the delightful shades of the trees, afford these hermits a refreshing coolness. If superstition finds in the evanescent plain an object of adoration, no inconsiderable advantage is derived from the naphtha which is so common here and in the neighbourhood, and yields to the crown an annual revenue of two hundred thousand rubles.

Cabinet of Foreign Voyages and Travels.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE IRISH.

THE priest is often called in to perform a sort of exorcism on those whose disorders are supposed to arise from spiritual agency; and, with respect to such possession, our people entertain very wild and wonderful notions.—They have an idea of seeing what they call their “fetch,” some aerial being or other, who appears to give them warning of their approaching death. Such an apparition, you may readily conceive, often precedes an attack of illness, of which, however it may happily prove to have been the worst symptom. I remember hearing a story of this kind from a poor man, whose son, while

working in the field, “concelted” that he beheld some indescribable being, who called to him, and, taking up a little stone, threw it at his head. The boy set off instantly, ran home without stopping, and “took sick from that hour.” Whatever was the cause of the boy’s complaint, I had the satisfaction of knowing that a simple dose of medicine had effected his cure.

One of the most deplorable of these superstitious fancies is their credulity with respect to the “Gospels,” as they are called, which they wear suspended round the neck as a charm against danger and disease. These are prepared by the priest, and sold by them at the price of two or three ten-pennies. It is considered sacrilege in the purchaser to part with them at any time; and it is moreover believed that the charm proves of no efficacy to any but the individual for whose particular benefit the priest has blessed it. One of them I have been shown as a rarity, which seldom, indeed, finds its way into heretical hands. I will describe, as minutely as possible, both its form and contents: it was a small cloth bag, marked on one side with the letters I. H. S., enclosing a written scrap of dirty paper, of which the following is an exact copy, orthographical errors not excepted:—

“In the name of God Amen: When our Saviour saw the cross whereon he was To Be Crucified his body trembled and shook, the Jews asked If he had the Faver or the ague he said that he had neither the faver or the ague. Whosoever shall keep these words in mind or in righting shall never have the faver or ague. Be the hearers Blessed. Be the Believers Blessed. Be the name of our Lord god Amen.

“CY. TOOLE.”

On the other side of the paper is written the Lord’s Prayer in as curious a style of spelling; and after it a great number of initial letters, apparently all by the same hand, and probably essential to the charm.

Letters from the Irish Islands.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

INSUBORDINATION OF MODERN STOMACHS.

OUR omnivorous ancestors, fearless of bile, and defying indigestion, made every thing disappear before them; the coats of their stomachs were dreadnoughts, they had nothing to do but enact the words of the song, which we can only quote, and “masticate, denticate, chump, griad, and

swallow," while victuals could be found, and jaws would wag. How have we fallen off from the sprightly appetite and royal viscera of the Emperor Clodius Albinus, who would swallow, for his breakfast, 500 figs, 100 peaches, 10 melons, 20 pounds weight of grapes, 100 gnat-snappers, and 400 oysters—a meal which moveth Lipsius irreverently to ejaculate, "Fie upon him; God keep such a curse from the earth!" Our Danish sovereign Hardiknute was so indiscriminate a gormandizer, that he was called by an historian Bocca di Porco, or swine's mouth; and our records are by no means deficient in instances of men to, whom a similar compliment might justly be applied. But we pigmy-bowelled performers of the present day are asqueamish and qualmy race, living in perpetual terror of the tyrant Bile, and in subjection to the night-mare Indigestion;—poring over Peptic Precepts, Cook's Oracles, Accum's Poison in the pot, and Philip's Treatise on the Stomach, and yet after all unable to bring that eternal focus of revolt and disorder, that Ireland of our bodily system, into the peaceful performance of its peristaltic duties. Stomach-icks for stomach-aches are by no means lacking: salomel we gulp in all its manifold modifications; and pills, of all calibres and constructions, like so many balls and bullets, do we fire in successive volleys against our mutinous viscera, but all in vain. They "bear a charmed life;" the curse of the serpent is upon us, and all our miseries are condemned to go upon the stomach. Sir John Barleycorn, the liege lord of our sturdy progenitors, is proscribed and excommunicated by our modern and anti-billious doctors; one forbids solids, another liquids; fish, flesh, and fowl, are alternately under ban and prohibition: this sends us to Cheltenham, that to Harrogate, a third to Tunbridge; we pay all and obey all, and finally all return as bilious, blue-pillish, and blue-devilish as ever, while the birds and beasts that surround us are most provokingly gormandizing without the smallest necessity for calling in Abernethy, or consulting Wilson Philip. Ostriches, since that celebrated one of old who swallowed the key of the cellar, continue their ferruginous propensities with impunity; fowls, for the purpose of triturating their food, swallow and digest small flints, which Mr. Macadam should look to, if, as it is rumoured, his pounding process is to be introduced in the Poultry; and Cormorants will swallow half a dozen times their own weight in a day without the aid of Lady de Crespigny's dinner-pills. It

is really too much that we should be at the same moment half choked with bile, and ready to burst with envy.

New Monthly Magazine.

FAREWELL TO TWENTY-FOUR.

FARE thee well, then Twenty-four,
The latest of thy days are come!
Fair water in the china pour,
And add the golden rum,
Nor wanting be the fragrant lime,
Nor snow-white lumps of sugar clear,
So, as we triumph over Time,
We'll hail the coming year.

Yet, where are they, the loved the lost—
Oh, where are they, the young—the glad?
On life's rude ocean tempest tost,
Or in the church-yard bed.
Closed are the eyes which sparkled bright,
The hearts are still'd in silence drear,
That might have throbb'd with ours to-night,
To hail the coming year!

Alas—alas! why should we mourn
O'er mellow pleasures which have been,
Could sorrowing make the past return,
Or bring the vanish'd scene—
Could sighs restore whom we deplore,
The foreign-far should now be here,
And voices join with thine, and mine,
To hail the coming year!

Then far from us scowl sullen care—
And, as yon stars more brilliant seem,
When frost is in the moonless air,
And ice upon the stream;
So, let us cope, in buoyant hope,
Yea, brave all ills with dauntless cheer,
And trust to meet in friendship sweet,
For many a coming year!

Blackwood's Magazine.

CROSS READINGS.

J. WARD was brought up by F. Worthington, charged with stealing from his fob—500 barrels of the best spermaceti oil.

Wants a situation to attend on an elderly lady—a clever, well-bred tilbury horse, the property of a gentleman.

A squadron of ships is preparing at Chatham to rendezvous—at the Theatre Royal Drury-Lane.

The Anne, of 500 tons burden, has just arrived, laden with—two ounces of Huxham's improved tincture of Peruvian bark.

On Sunday a lady dropt a reticule in Cheapside, containing—350 acres of fine arable land and a farm-house.

To be sold, a large statuary marble chimney-piece—of respectable connections, and without incumbrance.

BIBLIOPOLOPHILOS.

Useful Domestic Hints.

FISH TABLE.

The following table shows the months in which the under-mentioned fish are in or out of season :—

	January.	February.	March.	April.	May.	June.	July.	August.	September.	October.	November.	December.
Bret - - - - -	in	in	in	in	in	in	in	in	out	out	in	in
Brit - - - - -	in	in	in	in	in	out	out	out	out	in	in	in
Cod - - - - -	in	in	in	in	in	in	out	out	out	in	in	in
Cole Fish - - - - -	in	in	in	in	in	in	out	out	out	out	in	in
Cockles - - - - -	in	in	in	in	out	out	out	out	in	in	in	in
Crabs - - - - -	in	in	in	in	in	in	in	out	out	in	in	in
Dabs - - - - -	in	in	in	in	in	in	in	in	out	out	out	out
Flounders - - - - -	out	in	in	in	in	in	in	in	in	out	out	out
Gunels - - - - -	out	out	out	out	in	in	in	in	in	out	out	out
Haddock - - - - -	in	in	out	out	out	out	out	out	out	in	in	in
Herrings - - - - -	out	out	out	in	in	in	in	in	in	out	out	out
Lobsters - - - - -	in	in	in	in	in	in	out	out	in	in	in	in
Ling - - - - -	in	in	in	in	in	in	in	out	out	out	in	in
Mackerel - - - - -	out	out	out	out	in	in	in	in	out	out	out	out
Muscles - - - - -	in	in	in	in	out	out	out	out	in	in	in	in
Oysters - - - - -	in	in	in	in	out	out	out	in	in	in	in	in
Plaice - - - - -	in	in	in	in	in	in	in	in	in	out	out	in
Salmon - - - - -	in	in	in	in	in	in	in	in	out	out	in	in
Soles - - - - -	out	out	out	in	in	in	in	in	in	out	out	out
Shrimps - - - - -	in	in	in	in	in	out	out	out	in	in	out	in
Sturgeon - - - - -	out	out	in	in	in	in	in	in	out	out	out	out
Skate - - - - -	in	in	in	in	in	in	in	out	out	out	in	in
Sprats - - - - -	in	in	out	out	out	out	out	out	out	out	out	in
Seal Smelts - - - - -	out	in	in	in	out	out	out	out	out	out	out	out
Thornback - - - - -	in	in	in	in	out	out	out	out	out	in	in	in
Turbot - - - - -	out	out	in	in	in	in	in	in	out	out	out	out
Whiting - - - - -	in	in	in	out	out	out	out	out	out	in	in	in
Conger Eel - - - - -	out	out	in	in	in	in	in	in	in	in	out	out

HYDROPHOBIA.

(For the Mirror.)

As persons are continually alarmed at the approach of every strange dog, the following observations, founded on experience, may prove of service in knowing what dogs to avoid :—

1. I have seen many mad dogs, but never knew one in that state to *curl* its tail. This is a certain indication of *not* being mad.

2. If you see a dog *dirty at the mouth*, coming at a trot, with its head high, and a drooping tail, avoid him as a viper. Or if you see one sitting sickly and dirty at the mouth, avoid him, though it is not likely he will snap at you in that period of the disease.

3. I never met a mad dog, on being pursued, (if his pursuers were not in actual reach to stone him, &c.) to exhibit any signs of fear. He generally goes, if not impeded, in a straight line against the wind, at a brisk trot, wholly unconcerned at the shouts of the multitude pursuing him, and never squats his tail.

4. I never knew a dog that was not mad, on being pursued and shouted after by a number of people, not to exhibit every symptom of terror—squatting his tail, turning his head, and scampering in every direction.

T. A.—N. C.

PREVENTIVES OF HYDROPHOBIA.

(For the Mirror.)

SIR ASTLEY COOPER, in allusion to this subject in one of his lectures says, "The best mode that can be adopted is, immediately after the part has been bitten, to cut it out; you should first ascertain to what depth the teeth have entered, by means of a probe; and then take care to excise a sufficient quantity, and leave no parts of the injured integument cellular membrane, or muscle remaining. If persons should object to the use of the knife—foolishly object to have the poisonous part cut away, I advise you, in such cases, to let sink into the wound a small piece of the potassa fusa; this will readily dissolve and become liquid, its cauterizing influence will be communicated to each pore of the wound, and thus destroy the influence of the poison; the best plan decidedly is the immediate excision of the part, and when it has been done exactly after the injury, it has, I believe, in every instance been successful in preventing the disease: if this practice should be opposed, the next best plan is the employment of the

potassa fusa. I am speaking of these means, you will observe, as preventives, and as for medical remedies, when the symptoms of hydrophobia have once appeared, I am not acquainted with any. Every medicine, I believe, has been tried over and over again, and all have been found alike ineffectual; the only thing in the way of medicine, that I think calculated to do good, is that which has been adopted lately in France, viz. injection of warm water into the veins. To make the employment of the remedy safe, however, and to prevent pressure of the brain, the same quantity of blood should be previously abstracted, as it is intended there should be water injected: with this precaution I think the remedy a very proper and feasible one. I would here remark that the blood need not be abstracted before the injection of the water, but may be let flow from one vein, while the water is thrown in at another, and this probably would be the better plan."

HOW THOSE WHO CANNOT SWIM MAY FLOAT IF THEY FALL INTO WATER.

MR. W. M. NICHOLSON has published some very good directions for this object, the chief of which are, "That when a person falls into water who has not learned to swim, he should carefully avoid raising his hands above the water, and then by moving them under water, in any manner he chooses, his head will rise high enough to enable him to breathe freely; if he moves his legs, as in the action of walking up stairs, more of his body will rise above the water, which will allow him to use less exertion with his hands." To which may be added, that by throwing back the head and shoulders so as to thrust out the chest to its greatest extent, and keeping it in that position, the volume of air contained in the lungs, will be so much increased, as to add very considerably to the buoyance of the upper part of the body; this alone would enable some people to float without using any motion of their limbs.

IMPRESSIONS OF MEDALS.

MAKE a very clear and distinct impression of your medal in black sealing-wax, and while warm, clip the superfluous wax neatly off from the edge; mix a little vermilion with common gum-water, and lay it on the sealing-wax with an hair-pencil, taking care to fill all the interstices. Then wipe this carefully off with the finger, but so as to leave the indented

parts full of the composition. Then lay a piece of thin post-paper, made quite wet through, upon it, and putting it in a small press, give it a moderate pressure; when taken out, the paper will present a most beautiful and perfect impression of the medal.

BIBLIOPOLOPHILOS.

Miscellanies.

SINGULAR ADDRESSES OF LETTERS.

THE following is the literal direction of a letter, which passed through the post-office of Cambridge, a short time since:—

"To my best of friends, my chum, My-all,
(But should any one where he lives inquire,
With his father, A My-all, Esquire;)
So I pray you Mr. What-d'ye-call,
Go tell him that still in health I am,
And deliver this safe at Hedingham,

Essex."

A BETTER than the above was sent some time back to a Nymph at Edmonton. It ran thus:—

"Fly postman with this letter; run
To Carter, Baker, Edmonton—
To Nancy Carter, there convey it:
This is my charge; with speed obey it."
Remember my blade,
The postage is paid."

J. W. E.

LETTER OF LADY MARY DUNCAN.

THE following is a copy of a letter written by Lady Mary Duncan, the aunt of the hero of Camperdown, to the late Lord Melville, then first Lord of the Admiralty. The writer, though then upwards of eighty years of age, appears to have been feelingly alive to the honour of her family.

"Hampton Court,
Oct. 18th, 1798.

"SIR,—Though I have not the honour of being personally known to you, can't resist giving you joy of the signal victory. Report says my nephew is to be made a Viscount. Myself is nothing, but the whole nation thinks, the least you can do, is to give him an English Earldom—from the multiplicity of your business, may have slipped what I am now going to lay before your eyes—please to consider what a chicken-hearted way all the nation was in, low-spirited by the war, murmuring at taxes (although necessary), grumbling and dissatisfied in every county—now comes my hero, the first that attempted to quash the rebellious seamen, locks up the

texel for nineteen weeks; when they could no longer remain they come out. He flies after the Dutch, completely beats them, though they resisted like brave men. I know the little etiquette of not raising gentlemen but by degrees, a very proper distinction for those thirteen gentle Lords you made last week. But what has that to do with a conqueror? What a different situation all your ministers are in at the opening of the parliament—the nation joyful, not a black Democrat dare open his mouth, even our cowardly allies are ashamed to have deserted us, all success under God, owing to my nephew. Lord St. Vincent is a brave man, he merited it, was made an earl. I leave to you the comparison. All my ancestors rose only by their brave actions by sea and land—makes me think it is the only way of rising—am sure, was this properly represented to our good king, who esteems a brave religious man, like himself, he would be of my opinion; therefore I expect soon to hear of his being made Earl of Lundie, Viscount Texel, and Baron Duncan. The first and last he owes to his ancient family; the Viscount, for his successors to remember the great man who locked up the Dutch in the Texel, and defeated them—don't doubt you are proud, as I am, of being related to Admiral Duncan.—I have the honour to be your most obedient humble servant,

"MARY DUNCAN."

A LADY WHO LIVED MANY YEARS AFTER HER BURIAL.

THE *Causes Celebres* (a collection of French trials) are a mine of interesting histories, which novelists or dramatists may dig for centuries without exhausting. The following anecdote is a member of that family; in a romance it would be despised as frivolous. So true it is, that while in works of fiction we demand probability, the actual life around us is daily teeming with apparent impossibilities.

Two merchants of Paris, united by friendship, had each a child of different sex. The boy and girl early contracted a strong attachment to each other, and flattered their youthful hearts with the hope of a lasting connection. But when they imagined themselves on the eve of completing their union, another candidate for the lady's hand presented himself, a man advanced in years, but possessed of great wealth. The proposals of so affluent a suitor were, as usual, irresistible in the eyes of her parents, who compelled her to accept him. Once married, this excellent girl, with a virtue

which we hope is not uncommon in France, dismissed her former lover for ever from her presence; but to command her mind was not so easy; the pangs of suppressed sorrow agitated her frame; she became the victim of a disorder which finally consigned her to the tomb. When the partner of her heart was apprised of this event, his grief was doubled, since even her widowhood was now snatched from him. Recollecting, however, that in her youth she had been for some time in a lethargy, he hurried to the grave, bribed the sexton's compliance, dug up the body, removed it to a place of security, and finally succeeded, by judicious efforts, in reanimating her cold and pallid form. What a moment for a human being, for a lover, hanging over all that was dear to him in the world!—He saw the rose of life slowly bloom into her cheek; gradually, he felt her hand warm beneath his touch. With what astonishment, with what delight, did she open her eyes upon her beloved! She had been torn from existence, and he had restored her to it: in the silence of night, and the obscurity of a mean retreat, she awakened to sensation, to happiness, to him. Her lover urged his pretensions, and not in vain; it was a point for a casuist: but her inclination removed her doubts. To remain in France might not be safe; they crossed the Channel, and passed ten years in England—the exile's home—the resting place of every wanderer.

They at length experienced a strong desire to visit their native country, and imagined that it might be safely gratified. By a singular misfortune, the lady was soon encountered on a public walk by her former husband, who recognised the wife he had lost in spite of all her efforts to prevent the discovery. He claimed her in a court of justice, but the lover resisted his demand, alleging that his title was forfeited by the burial, and that a new one had been acquired by the person who had rescued her from a premature fate.—This plea, however, appeared to have little weight on the opinion of the judges; and, anticipating an unfavourable decision, the luckless pair bade a second and eternal farewell to the land of their fathers.—*The Album, No. 7.*

The Gatherer.

* I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff. — Wotton.

GAIN OF POWER BY MACHINERY.

It was estimated about six years ago, by three of the most eminent cotton-spinners

in Great Britain, that the quantity of cotton thread produced on an average by each spinner, compared with that which one person could have spun on a single wheel, as was the practice before the inventions of Arkwright and others, was as 120 to one. By improvements since made, this has probably increased to 150 to 1; but taking only the smaller estimate, one person can now produce as much as 120 could have produced prior to these inventions. At present, 280,000 persons are engaged in this country spinning cotton thread, and multiplied by 120, this gives 33,600,000 as the number of spinners who would have been required under the old system to produce as much cotton thread as is now spun in Great Britain. There is one steam-engine at present in Cornwall of 260 horse power, which works day and night; each horse power is estimated as equal to the unassisted labour of six men; and as it would require three sets of men, each set working eight manners, to labour as constantly as this engine, it follows that it does as much work as 4,690 persons.

HOPE.

NAY, blessed the hope so soothing and so sweet,

Of which, if false, we shall not feel the cheat.

On earth, what may its beauteous emblems be,—

A beacon shining o'er a stormy sea;—

A cooling fountain in a weary land;—

A green spot on a waste and burning sand;—

A rose that o'er a ruin sheds its bloom;—

A sunbeam smiling o'er the cold dark tomb!

LINES

On a young Lady, who died in consequence of a sun-stroke.

In the bright purity of worth

Her spirit passed the ordeal given;

Like diamond, scorn'd the fires of earth,

But vanished in the beam of heaven.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Fourth Volume of the MIRROR is now completed and may be had in Boards, price 5s. 6d. of the Publisher, and all Booksellers.

Proof impressions of the Portraits of Lord Byron, and the Right Hon. George Canning, may be had of the Publisher.

Janet, P. T. W., Tim Tobynkin, T. A. N. C., Clavis, and it are requested to send to our Publisher's for letters, any day after Wednesday next.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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[PRICE 2d.

New Church, Camden-Town.



So rapid is the growth of population in London, and over so wide a space do the new buildings spread, that either the old churches become too small to accommodate the inhabitants, or are at too great a distance from the inhabitants; hence has arisen the necessity of building additional churches in various parts of the metropolis.

In the extensive parish of St. Pancras, four new churches and chapels have been erected within the last few years; the principal is that of the parish of St. Pancras, in the new road, at the bottom of Tavistock Square, from the designs of Messrs. W. and H. W. Inwood; the same architects have also furnished the design from which the new church in Camden Town, of which we give a correct view, has been erected. The expense of the church, including the catacombs which are extensive, the clock, bell, organ, furniture, inclosure, &c. does not exceed £20,000: a very moderate sum when it is considered that it will accommodate 1,600 persons. For an architectural description of this church we avail ourselves of the account given in a contemporary

VOL. V. D

journal (the *Literary Chronicle*), which very accurately and impartially points out its merits; the writer is evidently a gentleman well acquainted with architecture, and able to appreciate its beauties and defects:—

“As a pleasing exception to that want of taste, or rather barbarous taste, of which we elsewhere meet with so many examples, we here notice the church which has recently been erected at Camden Town, from the designs of Messrs. Inwood, architects of that noble edifice, the church of St. Pancras. In the present instance they have shewn that they can attain a very great degree of beauty on a much humbler scale. We do not pretend to say that it satisfies us in every respect; there are some parts which we could wish otherwise: but, on the whole, we consider it highly creditable to their taste, and an acquisition to the architectural beauties of the metropolis. When viewed at a distance, its general form is not particularly pleasing. The tower does not harmonize well with the body of the structure. The building is most advantageously seen at a

33

short distance from the portico, where all the beautiful details and execution of the front are conspicuous. This portion of the structure is, indeed, almost the only one at which any aim has been made to architectural effect, and it would therefore, perhaps, not be quite fair to criticize too narrowly the other elevations, which are merely of white brick, and with no attempt at decoration. A semi-circular portico of four Ionic columns, and antæ, form the principal entrance, on each side of which is a door, in a similar style to that in the centre. The ceiling of this portico is in the form of a half-dome, and has an elegant effect. The columns may be considered as the Grecian Ionic; but some attempt at novelty has been aimed at, and we think successfully, in the manner of their flutings, which are so managed as to have rather the appearance of being ribbed, and the volutes of the capitals are designed in a correspondent style. There is something very pleasing in this kind of decoration: it forms an intermediate character between the richness produced by channelled fluting and the simplicity of a plain shaft.

"We are not aware, at this moment, whether the architect has met with any authority for it among the fragments of ancient architecture; but, if not, it is so much the more creditable to his taste, for it is not violent or affected in the innovation: on the contrary, it accords beautifully with the character of the Ionic. The capitals are particularly elegant, and we cannot but remark, how greatly superior, in every respect, this Ionic is to the specimens of the same order exhibited in the church in Langham Place, and the chapel now building in Regent Street: those of the last mentioned building appear to us to be copied from some of the worst examples of the debased Roman or Italian Ionic. In fact, this portico will lose nothing by a comparison with those in Langham and Wyndham Places, both which are likewise semi-circular, but as inferior in point of effect as can well be imagined. In this disposition of the columns, there is something in general very pleasing and picturesque, owing to the play of light and shade, and the manner in which, when viewed on one side, the columns appear grouped together. If there is any thing that we should be disposed to object to in this elevation, it is to the arches over the doors; nor is the panelling and colouring of the doors themselves exactly what we could desire. In every other respect, this front has our unqualified approbation. It is chaste and elegant; as is likewise the tower

which rises above it. The east end of the church, also, is not devoid of taste, although we cannot say that we particularly admire the projecting parts below, and still less the style of the iron work. The interior, which may be considered as a St. Pancras in miniature, is fitted up with much taste and simplicity; and, if there is any thing to which we should be disposed to object, it is, that its uniform white tint is rather fatiguing to the eye. But where there is so much to commend, we wish not to dwell upon minor imperfections."

THE DYING VOTER; THE VOTE DECISIVE; OR WHAT- EVER YOU WILL.

DURING a strongly contested election for the County of Hertford, when Mr. Baker was brought into parliament, a gentleman of the name of U——, was very active in canvassing for votes; and succeeded in obtaining a promise from a certain Freeman, who although in a dangerous fit of illness, engaged to assist Mr. Baker with his vote, should the state of his health permit him to attend the hustings, before the contest terminated. On the last day of the election, the votes in favour of each member were so equal, that the committees of either party knew not how the election was likely to terminate. At this juncture, the voter whose health had been in such a precarious state, and now much worse, to the surprise of his friends, insisted upon being carried in a litter to the hustings, and by his vote turned the scale in Mr. Baker's favour, who was ultimately brought in by a very trifling majority: and strange to say, what with the exertion, and the pleasure of his feelings at the successful termination of the contest, the sick man speedily recovered his health.

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL EARLE.

GENERAL EARLE being at a country play, the entertainment happened to be "The Stage Coach," which was performed so wretchedly, that it was impossible to make head or tail of it. As soon as the curtain dropped, and one of the performers, came to give out the next play, the general begged leave to ask the name of the entertainment just finished, "The Stage Coach, sir," says the buskin, bowing very respectfully. "Then, sir," replied the general, "will you be so good to let me know, when you perform it again, that I may be an outside passenger."

Riego; OR, THE PATRIOT'S KNELL.

(For the Mirror.)

FRIENDS of blood, the day's your own!
 Cheer, rejoice, drink deep, and roar!
 He who fought for Freedom's throne,
 The brave Riego!—is no more.

Now your foolery *vivas* sing,—
 Dote, and feast your eyes on gore!
 Tell your dastardly priest-led king
 The brave Riego!—is no more.

Now, while fanatic mummery reigns,—
 Now your racks and screws restore;
 He who would have broke your chains,
 The brave Riego!—is no more.

Strike the *patriot-soldier's* knell—
 The peal that oft has toll'd before;
 Bid the tongue of butchery tell
 The brave Riego!—is no more.

Now your *Inquisition* rear!—
 Now pull up the dungeon's door!
 Tell the tools to monkey dear
 The brave Riego!—is no more.

Now, while *Slavery* hugs its chain—
 Now, while Liberty's breath is o'er,
 Shout! and tell *degraded Spain*
 The brave Riego!—is no more.

UTOPIA.

ANIMAL BIOGRAPHY.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Bristol, January 1st, 1825.

SIR,—My young friends, yea, and my old ones too, (*hic et ubique*,) are so vastly pleased with my anecdotes of the animal creation, that for their gratification and *my own*, I am induced to forward you another bundle still more *marvellous*, but not less *authentic*, than their predecessors; (all true, to the letter, you and your readers may rest assured; besides, sir, you know, that I always give you in *private*, at least, * *all the circumstantial*s; names and dates, chapter and verse: and what would the world have more?) Now, sir, don't make *two bites of a cherry*; don't disappoint the anxious wishes of your countless readers! (they are all on *tiptoe* here for my communications). Give us the *whole of the present in-justa-position*; that is in *one number*; it would be a pity to lower the excitement by *separating* such *near-contesions*.

I have the honour to be, sir, your faithful, humble servant,

ZOOHILOS.

THE COMMON SNAKE.

MORE than forty years ago, the following very singular circumstance occurred at Wombwell, near Barnsley, in the west-riding of the county of York:—

* This is certainly true; the name and respectability of the writer are known to the Editor.

D 2

Connected with the house in which the writer spent his early days, was a dairy, which stood in an adjoining garden. In this building was fixed a large stone table, three or four feet from the floor; and upon this table was placed a number of milk-pans, each about eighteen inches in diameter. Day after day it was remarked, that the cream was skimmed off the centre of several of the pans: suspicion immediately fell on three mischievous boys in the family, of which the writer was one; they all, however, stoutly denied the charge, and, for once, happened to have the truth on their side. In the course of a very few days the thief was detected in the act. The mother of the writer, on entering the dairy one morning, discovered a large snake, reared half erect, and employed in skimming the cream from the centre of one of the milk-pans; the reptile on being disturbed, slid hastily away, and escaped into the garden through a small opening at the bottom of the building, made for the purpose of carrying off the wet.

THE WEASEL.

STILL more striking is the following instance of animal instinct, which the writer, when a boy, recollects being related at his father's fire-side, by the party who was an eye-witness of the fact:—

As Mr. Thomas Pearson, of Aldham-Mill, about a mile distant from Wombwell, was riding slowly along a retired lane, (with which the writer is so well acquainted, that he believes he could still point out the precise spot,) he observed three *weasels* issue from the bottom of a hedge, and march very leisurely *in line* before him; and on closer attention, remarked, that the two on the outside were leading the one in the centre by the *ears*: struck with the circumstance, he dismounted from his horse, and went to the place; two of the *weasels* immediately made off; the third, which was the centre one, and which, if the writer's recollection be correct, was young, and had not attained its full growth, remained where it was left by its companions; on examination, he discovered, that the poor helpless little animal was blind. Mr. Pearson was a man of understanding and reflection; and, for his sphere in life, possessed a very considerable share of information: his veracity the writer does not recollect that he ever heard questioned.

In the same village, the writer well remembers hearing a farmer's servant, of the name of Thomas Hinchcliffe, relate the following story:—

One summer's day, whilst occupied in

some agricultural labour in the field, he observed, just over his head, a large bird (the kite) majestically wheeling round in mid-air: suddenly the feathered tyrant darted, swift as lightning, down to earth, seized something in his talons, which he bore off in triumph, and soared aloft to such a height, that he was soon nearly out of sight: ere long, however, he was observed to descend, *topsy-turvy*, and with full as much velocity as he rose, and fell dead at the feet of the farmer: on stooping to take him up, away ran a weasel: It appeared, on further examination, that this fierce little animal, on being pounced upon, had determined to make a desperate effort for his deliverance, and in grappling with his more powerful enemy, had contrived to seize him by the throat, which, in the end, strangled and brought him lifeless to the earth.

DARING WEASELS.

THE following anecdote was communicated for insertion in the MIRROR, by the brother of the writer; the former had it from a gentleman with whom they were both well acquainted, several years ago:—

The gentleman in question, when about ten or twelve years of age, happening one day to be employed along with his father, in hoeing a young quick-set fence, observed, on lifting up his eyes, a troop of weasels issuing from their rendezvous in a mound of earth, at the foot of another fence, about ten yards from the place where he stood, (his fears at the moment, magnified their numbers to scores, and even in after-life, when he related the circumstance, he still believed there were from ten to a dozen); they instantly rushed upon him in a body, and attacked his legs with the most determined ferocity; terrified almost out of his senses, he roared out lustily, and his father, who was near at hand, ran to his help, and beat off the assailants with the hoe. Scarcely, however, had he turned his back, before they made a second attack, as furious as the first, and were obliged to be repelled in a similar manner; a third was even medaced before they were finally put to the rout. Had not this anecdote been derived from a source of unquestionable respectability, the writer should have scarcely thought it entitled to credit; as the weasel, although exceedingly fierce in its nature, where man is concerned, is rarely, he believes, found to be the aggressor.

THE DOMESTIC CAT.

A LADY in Bristol, who formerly resided in Sunderland, recently communicated to the writer the following fact:—

The lady in question had a cat, which

after a recent accouchement, was left with one kitten; this kitten was presented to a friend, living at the distance of a mile, without the mother's knowing whither her darling had been conveyed. By some means or other, however, she soon smelt out the secret, and day by day, for the customary period, regularly visited the nursery, for the purpose of giving her baby the breast. Hear this, ye illustrious, but unnatural bipeds, who confide to a mercenary alien, the first duty which a mother owes to her offspring: *ave bas!*

Danish Popular Stories.

(Translated for the Mirror.)

No. III.

THE FOUR BROTHERS.

THERE was a man who had four sons, and as they were now grown to men's estate, he sent them forth to seek their fortunes in the world. They, therefore, departed on their travels, in the course of which they arrived at a large forest, where there dwelt a magician. They resolved on taking up their abode with this seer, and becoming his disciples, for which purpose they staid with him some two or three years. During this time he taught the eldest brother to be an expert mechanic, far exceeding in skill any throughout the whole land; the second was a seer, so skilled in his art, that he could tell events that befell in distant places; the third brother became such a wondrous marksman, that no one could rival him in shooting; and as for the fourth, he became a master-thief, quite a prodigy in his profession. Thus instructed in their respective callings, the brothers took leave of their tutor, and returned home to their father, to whom they related what they had learnt; but he refused to credit them—they gave him satisfactory proofs of their proficiency. Accordingly they went out into a wood, and felled a very large tree; which being done, the father said, "How shall we carry it home?" Thereupon the eldest son took his axe, and began to hew it; when, in a few minutes he formed it into a very beautiful car, thus giving a most satisfactory proof of his mechanical ability. The father then addressing himself to the second brother, said, "Canst thou tell me how many eggs there are in that crow's nest on the top of yonder tree?" "Five," replied he, which the father knew to be the exact number, having before examined them for that purpose. He next said to the fourth son, "If thou canst steal the fifth egg out of the nest without

the bird's noticing it, I will grant thee to be the cleverest thief in the world." Immediately he climbed up the tree and took out the egg without disturbing the bird; and while he held it out betwixt his finger and thumb, the third son took aim, and shot at it with such nicety that the ball passed directly through the egg. At these proofs of their skill the father rejoiced, exceedingly, assured that they would not fail of success in the world.

A short time afterwards the whole land was much afflicted, for the king's daughter had disappeared, nor could any one tell what had become of her. A great reward was offered by the king—nay even the hand of the princess herself, to whosoever should bring her home. Upon this the four brothers departed for the court, and having obtained a promise of a reward in case of success, set out in search of the lost princess. At length the one who professed the art of divination discovered that she was in the centre of a large lake, where she was detained in captivity by a horrible dragon, within an enchanted castle that was guarded by furious monsters. After a journey of many days, they arrived at the lake, in the centre of which stood a magnificent castle; but as there was neither boat nor any other vessel whatever to ferry them across, they were forced to consult how to proceed; which having done, the eldest cut down a tree, when, lo! scarcely had his axe touched it, before he had formed a wonderful bridge, that reached from the shore of the lake to the castle. The sea now directed the thief how he was to steal away the princess from the dragon; whereupon, he alone crossed the bridge, leaving his brothers on the side of the lake; and arrived safely at the portal of the castle. Here he found four fierce lions; yet nothing daunted, he threw a lamb among them; and each attempting to seize the prey for himself, the savage animals fought with such fury, that they quickly destroyed each other. He now advanced into the court-yard, where he found four large bears, whom he also overcame by the same stratagem, and then entered the castle without hindrance. Having passed through a number of stately rooms, he at length reached the door of the princess's apartment, before which four young dragons were keeping watch. Upon seeing them he took out a siphon, and began to play, during which the dragons became more and more gentle, and in the end fell into a deep sleep. This being accomplished, he entered the chamber, where the princess sat combing the locks of the old dragon with a golden comb. The monster lay with his head

reclined on her lap, already vanquished by the sounds that he had heard. Instantly taking the lady by the hand, he conducted her out from the castle and across the bridge, to where his brothers were anxiously awaiting his return, fearing that he had perished in the enterprise. They then set off with all speed, and were soon out of sight of the enchanted tower.

While, however, they were journeying on, exulting in their good luck, they heard a terrible roaring and hissing behind them, and looking back, perceived that the monster had awoken from his sleep and was pursuing them. But as he was sailing through the air like a dark cloud, the marksman fired, and he instantly dropped down dead. They now continued their journey without fear, and arrived at the court of the princess's father, who bestowed her hand upon the adventurous thief, and rewarded the other brothers with abundant presents.

SONG.

(For the Mirror.)

HASTE to the woodlands! see, the sun
Full half his morning course hath run!
The thrush leaves the hawthorn hedge—
The wild-duck seeks the sheltering sedge—
The shepherd, as he wends along
The hill-side, trolls his matin song;
All Nature smiles, serene and gay,
Then to the woodlands haste away!

What is the crowded city, rife
With all the ills of social life?
What all its pomp, scarce seen ere past,
Like meteor midnight's murky vast?
Oh! what are these, when the young eye
May gaze on Heaven's unclouded sky?
What, but the baubles of a day?
Then to the woodlands haste away!

Haste to the woodlands! see, the sun
Full half his noontide course hath run!
The sheep instinctive seek the glade—
The swine-herd courts the beechen shade—
The flow'rets, in the enamel'd mead,
No longer dew-dropt, hang their head;
Fatigued the school-boy rests from play,
Then to the woodlands haste away!

Oh! who, when scenes like these are found
To throw a charm on all around,—
Who, free from life's fictitious care,
Blighted ambition, dark despair,
And all the thousand woes that wait
Around the sleepless couch of state,
Oh! who from such retreat would stray?
Then to the woodlands haste away!

Haste to the woodlands! see, the sun
Full half his evening course hath run!
The thrush re-seeks the hawthorn bough—
The sheep regain the mountain brow—
The flowers uplift the pendant bead,
And round their mingled odours spread:
The swine-herd, too, has left the brae—
Then to the woodlands haste away!

Say, can the midnight ball-room's glare
With Dian's chastened beams compare?—
Can e'en the flute so sweet prevail
O'er Philomel's sad plaintive tale?
Or where can youth his vows so well
As in the moon-light woodlands tell?
Lov'st thou all these? with me then stray,
And to the woodlands haste away!

ALPHEUS.

HENRY THE EIGHTH.

"BEFORE the close of 1525, the active Henry had nearly been smothered, by falling head foremost (his pole breaking) into a clayey ditch."

The above is an extract from Andrew's History of Great Britain, it appears to me to have been a very curious amusement for a monarch to be jumping over ditches by means of a pole, perhaps some of your numerous readers have the means of informing me where the accident happened which had so nearly deprived the English of their king, two years before he contemplated, or rather determined on his divorce with Catharine of Arragon; the consequences of his death at this period would have materially changed the face of affairs, as his divorce occasioned his quarrel with the Pope, which led to the suppression of monasteries, the fall of Wolsey, and finally the reformation. His marriage with Anna Boleyn, and the birth of Queen Elizabeth who contributed so much to fix the protestant religion, would likewise have been prevented. I am led to make these observations to shew that from the mere breaking of a pole so many great events might have happened.

In a note to the above extract it is observed, "His preserver's name was Edmond Moody; he was a footman to the king, and by jumping into the pool and freeing the head of Henry from the mud, which had nearly stifled him, saved his life."

In the same year, 1525, Cardinal Wolsey had nearly caused a rebellion in England by rashly advising the king to demand a large subsidy without consent of parliament, and the insolent Cardinal said to the reluctant Londoners, "is it not better that some of you should suffer indigence than that the king at this time should lack? Therefore beware and resist not, nor ruffle not in this case, for it may fortune to cost some people their heads."

How would the people of England feel at this day should a minister thus address them?

If you think the above deserving a place in your estimable little work, it is much at your service, 'tis but the gather-

ing of other men's stuff, and I may gather you some more if agreeable.
Your constant reader, P. C.

THE INQUISITION OF THE YEAR.

BY J. H. WIFFEN.

"Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge:—Psalm xix. 2."

GONE is another year;
And on the brow severe
Of chill November the funeral yew.
Holly and laurustine,
And ivy, whose sad vine
Loves the lorn ruin, wreaths a green adieu
To the sweet hours of Autumn, and the play
Of jocund feeling past, like leaves, to swift
decay.

What makes me sad? the swell
Of that lone curfew bell
Heard in the lapses of the moaning wind,
Tolling with voice profound
Of darkness gathered round,
Or, it may, of death, with woe combined?
No! I have loved, long loved to hear its dirge
Ring through these sable pines across the
weltering surge.

What makes me sad? the rain
Beating the wintry pane,
Murmuring of peace, and flowers, and sun-
shine fled?
No! for my lamp is lit,
And the bright page of Wit,
History, and Song, before my mind is spread,
And passing well its minute-echoes chime
With the light laugh of wit, the gay romance of
rhyme.

No! 'tis the serious scroll
These speeding hours unroll
To the clear view of busy conscience, press'd
To look with glance austere
Through the departed year
On the past thoughts and passions of my
breast!
What have we done, what toiled for since the
knoll
Of the last Christmas bell sent sweetness to the
soul?

What have we toiled for?—Fame!
The echo of a name
To be forgot with easy unconcern,
When the quick flame, whose ray
Illumes our thinking clay,
Fades, and we shrink into the quiet urn:
No more on this poor stage to smile or sigh
At Woman's flitting voice, or Man's ascetic
eye!

Power! Riches! see we not
Rank's gilded sceptres rot
Like the churl's staff? and the delusive gleam
Of gold melt off and leave
The soul it would deceive.
Dark and alarmed, as in a feverish dream,
We sometimes feel ourselves, till on her rack
Fancy can bear no more, but shrieks the vision
back!

Or have we placed our pride
In a fair false outside—
Masking our better thoughts, lest they should
be
Obnoxious to the throng
With whom we sport along,
More like the simple fly than noble bee,
Whose golden toys endure? Why should we
joy
In what the first rude breath of sickness will
destroy?

Mark but that fleeting thing,
The thistle's down, whose wing,
Whirl'd by the light breeze, fluctuates here
and there;
Now on the wave—the hill—
The house-top—never still;
But in each eddy of the vagrant air
Circling abrupt! Are we, who have our birth
From heaven, for ever thus to make a toy of
earth?

Alas! if so we tread
This dwelling of the dead!
This globe, whose dust is peopled with the
spoils
Of twice two thousand years!
Some serious thoughts and tears
Rise at the image, and Reflection coils
Into a little ring, to think what one
More year may make of us, ere half its course
be run.

Alas! if so we waste
The springs of duty, graced
As they have been, and are, with such a flow
Of innocent delight;
When wrong would yield to right,
Shall we then spurn the inward dictate? No!
Duties, like wayside flowers, but grow to do
The free-born gatherer good, and cure the ills
we rue.

Flow forth then—let me weep
That I have lulled asleep
So many glorious promptings, such desires
After immortal things,—
Some seraph, with spread wings,
Fluttering from Eden, sure my soul inspires
Henceforth to strike with zeal the tempter
down;
He best may brook the cross whose eye regards
the crown!

What is the unceasing roll
Of years to him whose soul
Looks back rejoicing on a life well spent,
And forward with the trust,
That when his mortal dust
Blends with the disregarded element
Of air or earth, itself shall raise a clime
That mocks at once the scythe and TELESCOPE OF
TIME?

Haste, then, stern charioteer
Of Earth! though in thy rear
The wreck of human schemes and hopes lies
strewn,
Temples, and towers, and thrones,
And melancholy bones
Of generations dead, and sceptres hewn
To odious dust, *before* thee, Faith and Joy
Wait with uplifted arm thy triumphs to destroy.

But THOU, at whose right hand
The hours obedient stand,
ANCIENT OF DAYS! to gentle mercy won,
Send down thy blameless Dove,
To fill us with thy love;—
Breathe in our breasts the spirit of thy Son!
For without *this* the year will leave again
Relics alone of guilt, and mournfulness, and
pain!
Woburn Abbey, 1824. *Time's Telescope.*

ON MIME—PANTOMIME AND HARLEQUIN.

(For the Mirror.)

MIME, *mimus*, is a term in the ancient comedy, signifying a *buffoon* or *mimic*, who acted by postures suitable to the person or subject he represented. The same comedians were also sometimes called *pantomimes*, because of their counterfeiting all manner of postures and gestures. According to Lucian, a single dancer, or *mimic*, was able to express all the incidents and sentiments of a whole tragedy, or epic poem, by dumb signs, but still to music, as in the ancient recitation, and in modern pantomime entertainments. Sophron, of Syracuse, who flourished in the time of Xerxes, was reputed the inventor of serious and decorous pantomime, replete with lessons of morality. Plato had great pleasure in the perusal of the pantomimes of this author. The Romans were equally pleased with pantomime. The mimes usually acted without socks or stockings, their heads were close shaved like the fools on mountebank stages, their dress like that of our harlequins, was composed of bits of cloths or linen of different colours. They sometimes also appeared in magnificent senatorial robes of purple, to divert the people by the ridicule and contrast of a senator's robe, and a shaved head and socks. Thus harlequin sometimes on our stage is bedight in the garb of a gentleman. This kind of diversion was given even at funerals, and the actors were called *archimimes*. They went before the coffin, and described by their gestures the actions and manners of the deceased: his virtues and his vices, all were exhibited. Under the reign of Augustus, and likewise that of Tiberius, the pantomime, carried on by much gesticulation, was the favourite entertainment of the public. The people were moved, and wept at it, as much as at tragedies; and the passion for it was so strong, that laws were obliged to be made for restraining the senators from studying the pantomimic art. The most celebrated mimographic poets of the Romans who chiefly distinguished themselves in dra-

matic exhibitions, were Decimus Liberius, and Publius Syrus. The first diverted Julius Cæsar so much that he made him a Roman knight, and conferred on him the privilege of wearing gold rings. (Why not in modern days bestow knighthood upon the heroes of the stage—would not Munden, Kemble, Kean, Young, &c. be as worthy of English knighthood as a Roman comedian?) Decimus Liberius had such a wonderful talent at seizing ridicule as to make every one dread his abilities. To this Cicero alludes, in writing to Trebatius, when he was in Britain with Julius Cæsar, telling him, that "if he is much longer inactive, he must expect to be attacked by the *mime Liberius*." The term *harlequin* took its rise from a famous Italian comedian, who came to Paris under Henry III. and who frequenting the house of M. de Harley, his companions used to call him *harlequino*, i. e. *little Harley*, a name which has descended to all those of the same rank and profession.

P. T. W.

HYPERBOLE.

THE nations of the East, from their bold metaphorical expressions, often stagger the less fervid imaginations of those residing in more temperate climates; hence it is not to be wondered at, that many have been astonished with the strong language which often presents itself in the sacred Scriptures, particularly the following from St. John's Gospel:—"And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written." This it must be confessed is highly figurative phraseology, but from the collections made by a learned commentator, it seems but in unison with the style of many of the Jewish writers. One or two instances may be stated as illustrations of this from Barnage, Hist. des Juifs, lib. 3. "Jochanan succeeded Simeon—he attained the age of Moses—he employed forty years in commerce, and in pleading before the Sanhedrins. *He composed such a great number of precepts and lessons, that if the heavens were paper, and all the trees of the forest so many pens, and all the children of men so many scribes, they would not suffice to write all his lessons.*" It is worthy of remark, that this Jochanan lived in the time of St. John, for he was in Jerusalem when it was besieged by Vespasian. There is another quoted by the same author, where

speaking of Eliezar, one of the presidents of the Sanhedrins, it is said, "*Although the firmament were vellum, and the waters of the ocean were changed into ink, it would not be sufficient to describe all the knowledge of Eliezar.*"—This Eliezar flourished about seventy-three years after Christ. It is farther worthy of remark, that this man is also stated to have been contemporary with St. John. John is supposed to have died, A. D. 99.

A POLITICAL MADMAN.

THE following occurrence took place in the town of Hertford, about ten years back. A Mr. W. F., who figured conspicuously in the leading politics of the day, was so strenuous in exerting himself to arrange and set in order what he deemed the disturbed state of things in the country, that from over anxiety his intellects became disordered. He wrote to his late majesty's government, for a coach and six to convey him to Whitehall, and he would settle the affairs of administration to the satisfaction of the nation. Some wags of the town, to whom the circumstance became known, resolved to play him a trick, which they put into execution in the following manner:—Having hired a coach and six at the Half Moon inn in that town, they insisted upon accompanying the lunatic, in order, as they said, to assist him with their counsel and advice, toward obtaining the important object he had in view.

They set out together accordingly, and when they arrived at Amwell End, the carriage, as had been previously concerted, was overturned, and the poor maniac precipitated into the New River. The only bad effect that arose from his ducking was a severe cold; but a better effect succeeded, for when fully recovered of his cold, he likewise recovered his senses.

ON A WELSHMAN.

A WELSHMAN, coming late into an inn, Ask'd the maid what meat there was within.
Cow-heels, she answer'd, and a breast of mutton.
But, quoth the Welshman, since I am no glutton,
Either of both shall serve: to-night the breast,
The heels I' th' morning; then light meat is best.
At night he took the breast, and did not pay—
I' th' morning took his heels, and ran away. T. A. — C.

Kits Coty House.



THE above engraving is a view of a singular cromlech situated on the Bexley Hills, from a drawing, with which we have been favoured by a correspondent.

Ascending a steep hill on the road to Rochester, which commands one of the richest and most luxuriant views in the rich and fertile county of Kent, you are induced to rest by the inviting welcome of a country inn, from whence the wide and beautiful prospect can be enjoyed at leisure. If on a summer evening, when the sun has abated its violence, and is giving a soft and yellow light on the scenery before him, the stranger will seldom find a more interesting landscape enjoyed at a happier moment. The country lies open, for several miles at every side, in all the luxuriance of waving corn almost ready for the sickle—hop plantations richer than Italian vineyards; and the river Medway winding smoothly through the valley, completes the variety and interest of the picture. Your attention is next attracted by a pile of large stones in a wheat field by the road side, and on inquiry you will be informed that you have the happiness to be at Kits Coty House. A printed paper, hung up at the inn for the information of the curious, tells you that you are on the site of a bloody battle of antiquity, and that Kits Coty House is the last relic of its commemoration.

The name of Kits Coty House baffles all research and ingenuity to discover the real title from this vulgar corruption, but the monument itself appears to be satisfactorily accounted for to the antiquarians who have examined it. They tell us that, in the year 455, a terrific battle took place

between the Britons and Danes on the banks of the Medway, at Aylesford.—Horsa, brother to the Danish Chief Hengist, and Catigern, brother to the British King Vortigern, fought in front of both armies, and were both killed. The former was buried at a place, to this day, called Horsted, and Catigern was interred on the side of the hill above the battle ground; and the stones now remaining are supposed to be part of the monument then erected over him.

The learned author of "Munimenta Antiqua" seems inclined to suppose it an altar on which human sacrifices were offered; and this idea is adopted by Mrs. Hemans, in her poem of Dartmoor, where she thus speaks of similar piles, which abound in that uncivilized district:—

"There stands an altar of unsculptured stone,
 * * * * *
 Whence the rains,
 And pure bright rains, have lav'd the crimson
 stains
 Left by dark rites of blood!"

Proceeding to the wheat field, you see two immense stone slabs, each nine tons weight, fixed on the end in the ground, and inclining towards each other at a right angle. Another slab is between them for support, and one great stone, of more than twelve tons, lies as a roof transversely over all, making a kind of cell about seven feet each way, and the same in height. The stones have no marks of the chisel about them, and are said to be of the pebble kind. This (call it what you please) is perfect, and in its original form. It resembles, partially, Stonehenge, on Salisbury plain, but there are several

large slabs scattered about, and in the adjoining village of Aylesford are remains of similar structures.

It only remains to be said, that for twenty miles on every side, Kits Coty House presents an extraordinary appearance. However indifferently it may in itself repay the visit of a stranger, whose curiosity has been too much excited by its appearance at a distance, he will, if he be possessed of the slightest feeling for the beauty and sublimity of nature, be amply repaid by the noble and luxuriant landscape its situation commands.

The manner of rearing these piles was somewhat ingenious. According to Mr. Rowland, a mound of earth was raised, ascending by a gradual slope: up this the stones were conveyed on rollers, and dropped by the ends into holes, which had been previously dug to receive them: the impost was thus placed across them, and the earth removed nearly to the level of the ground. But for this device, it would have been impracticable to have raised a stone, the greatest length of which, in the present instance, is twelve feet, and the thickness little less than two feet throughout, to the height of several feet—and this without any description of mechanic powers. The main dimensions of the stone are nearly as follows:—

	HEIGHT.	WIDTH.	THICKNESS.
	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.
North	6 6	4 0	0 6
East	6 0	7 0	1 6
West	7 0	7 0	1 3

Reminiscences.

No. IX.

At the time the late Chief Baron Macdonald, Baron Thomson, and Baron Graham were associated on the Exchequer bench, the following circumstance occurred:—It is well known that these gentlemen had peculiarities mixed up with their talents; the first took snuff very frequently, every pinch being preceded by sundry raps on the lid; the second took very copious notes of the proceedings, and the third asked "divers and very many" questions. In an excise cause in which the late Sir Thomas Plumer was leading counsel, Baron Thompson was exceedingly anxious to get a clear statement of the facts, but the noise on each side of him prevented it, for his left hand friend kept on like the *talking bird*—whilst the one on his right kept up a close imitation of the *wood-pecker*. Baron Thompson having made

many attempts to proceed, at last broke out with some warmth. "Mr. Solicitor General, I must beg you to repeat that statement again, for really, what with the *snuff-box* on one side, and the *chatter-box* on the other, I cannot hear one word."

During one of the circuits, Baron Thompson was invited to dine at the house of a gentleman in Worcestershire, celebrated for the *quality* of his wine, but not for the *quantity*. The baron was fond of a good glass of wine, and had observed the entertainer hugging the bottle. Upon leaving the house, the high-sheriff observed to his lordship, that the wine was excellent. "Ah, very good wine," returned the baron, "*very good wine*, Mr. Sheriff, and *right little of it*."

The good humoured baron was once in a convivial party, at which several gentlemen ranking high in the legal profession were present. Much wine had been drank, and the company had been highly entertained by the facetious Henry W—, whose elegant and refined wit charmed all his hearers. He had given imitations of some of the barristers and most of the judges, and the baron's mirth and applause were particularly loud. "There is one other person Mr. W—," said the judge, "whose manner I should like to see imitated." "Who is that my lord?" "Myself, Sir."—"Oh, my lord, that is quite out of the question, present company are always excepted." "Why, Sir, if you will try your powers on myself, I shall be obliged to you." After considerable persuasion, W— drew himself up in his chair, and blowing out his cheeks, presented to his auditors a complete duplicate of the baron. A burst of applause immediately followed, in which the good natured judge heartily joined. The imitator apparently unmoved, proceeded in a charge to the grand jury, closely imitating the voice and manner of the judge. "Law, is law, and men are made to live according to law, without any respect for the gospel, for that is another thing, to be considered at another time, in another place, and by another set of men, vide Coke upon Littleton, chap. 2. p. 312. Now, there are some men that are good men, and some men that are bad men, and the bad men are not the good men, and the good men are not the bad men; but the bad men and the good men, and the good men and the bad men, are two different sorts of men; and this we may glean from Magna Charta, an old man who lived in the reign of King John the Wise. Therefore, the law is made for the bad men, and the good men have nothing to do

therewith, nor any profit or advantage to derive therefrom—therefore, bring up the prisoners, and hang them, for I must go out of town to-morrow."

Mr. Jekyl hearing that Mr. Raine, the barrister, was retained as counsel for a Mr. Hay, jocosely asked a country friend, if he ever heard of *Rain* being of any service to *Hay*.

The late Lord Ellenborough was said to be a severe judge. Dining once during an assize, a gentleman requested to know if he should help his lordship to some fowl? "No," said Lord Ellenborough, "I mean to try that beef." "If you do my lord," said J—, "it will be hung beef."

Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, when pleading as a very young barrister before Judge Page, the latter endeavoured to brow-beat him, by ironical commendations of his wit, telling him, he soon expected to hear, that he had turned Coke on Littleton, into verse. "Yes," my lord, replied he, with admirable readiness, "You are right, and I will give your lordship a specimen—

"He that hath lands in fee
Need neither quake nor quiver;"
For look ye, do ye see?
I humbly do conceive,*
'Tis his and his heirs for ever,"

A gentleman passing the country house of Mr. Ward, the Solicitor, asked a friend whose it was. "Why it belongs to an Attorney," was the reply. "An Attorney! indeed—why then this is *the law and the profits*"—(propheta.)

CASE NOT REPORTED IN THE TERM REPORTS.

A WOMAN, having settlement,
Married a man with none:
The question was, *he being dead*,
If that *she had was gone*?
Quoth Sir John Pratt, "her settlement
Suspended did remain,
Living the husband; but him dead,
It doth revive again."

CHORUS OF FUINE JUDGES.
"Living the husband; but him dead,
It doth revive again."

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* Customary expressions of Page.

Origins and Inventions.

No. I.

MARINER'S COMPASS.

THERE is some doubt as to the invention of the Mariner's Compass. Dr. Gilbert, our countryman, who wrote an elaborate Latin discourse on the properties of the

loadstone, was of opinion that the knowledge of its use was brought from the Chinese. Osorius, in his *Discourse of the Acts of King Emanuel*, refers it to Gama, and his countrymen the Portuguese, who, as he pretends, took it from certain barbarian pirates. Goropius Becanus thinks he has good reason to give the honour of the discovery to his countrymen, the Germans: the thirty-two points of the compass borrow their names from the Dutch in all languages. But Blondus, who is followed by Pancirollus (both Italians,) gave the praise of it to Italy; telling us, that about the year 1300 it was found out at Mecephia, a city of Naples. The name of the inventor of the compass is by Dubartus confidently affirmed to be Flavius. From these authorities it seems a probable conclusion, that Flavius, the Melvitan, was the first inventor of the guiding of a ship by the needle turning to the north; but that some Dutchman afterwards added to the compass the thirty-two points of the wind, in his own language, from whence other nations have since borrowed it.

CHIMNEYS.

IN 1200, chimneys were scarcely known in England, one only was allowed in a religious house, one in a manor ditto, one in the great hall of a castle, or lord's house; but in other houses they had nothing but what was called *Rere Desse*, where their food was dressed, where they dined, and the smoke found its way out as it could. In King Henry the Eighth's time the University at Oxford had no fire allowed, for it is mentioned, that after the stewards had supped, which took place at eight o'clock, they went again to their studies till nine, and then in the winter they having no fire, they were obliged to take a good run for half an hour, to get heat in their feet before they went to bed. Hollinshead, contemporary with Elizabeth, describes the rudeness of the preceding generation in the arts of life: "There were," says he, "very few chimneys even in capital towns, the fire was laid to the wall, and the smoke issued out at the roof, or door, or window. The houses were wattled and plastered over with clay; and all the furniture and utensils were of wood. The people slept on straw pallets, with a log of wood for a pillow."

SILK STOCKINGS.

HENRY II. of France, at the marriage of the Duchess of Savoy, wore the first silk stockings that were made in France. It is somewhat remarkable, that Elizabeth was the first person in England who

were silk stockings. In the third year of her reign, she received in a present from a Mrs. Montague a pair of black silk knit stockings; and henceforth, says Dr. Howell, she never wore cloth hose any more. The art of knitting silk stockings by wires or needles was first practised in Spain; and twenty-eight years after it had been imported into England, Mr. Lee of Cambridge invented the engine or steel loom, called the stocking frame, by means of which, England was enabled to export great quantities of silk stockings to Italy and other parts. Mr. Lee taught his art in England and France, and his servants did the same in Spain, Venice, and Ireland.

COACHES.

THE use of coaches was introduced in England by Fitz-Allan, Earl of Arundel, A. D. 1580; before which time queen Elizabeth on public occasions rode behind her chamberlain, and she in her old age, according to Wilson, used reluctantly such an effeminate conveyance. They were at first drawn only by two horses, "but," says the same author, "the rest crept in by degrees, as men at first ventured to sea." It was Buckingham, the favourite, who (about 1619) began to have them drawn by six horses, which, as another historian says, "was wondered at as a novelty, and imputed to him as a mastering pride." Before that time, ladies chiefly rode on horseback, either single, on their palfreys, or double, behind some person, on a pillion. In the year 1672 at which period throughout the kingdom there were only six stage coaches constantly running, a pamphlet was written and published by Mr. John Cresset of the Charter House, urging their suppression, and amongst the grave reasons given against their continuance, the author says, "These stage coaches make gentlemen come to London on every small occasion, which otherwise they would not do, but upon urgent necessity; nay, the convenience of the passage makes their wives often come up, who rather than come such long journeys on horseback, would stay at home. Then, when they come to town, they must presently be in the mode, get fine clothes, go to plays and treats; and by these means get such a habit of idleness and love of pleasure, as make them uneasy ever after."

SEDAN CHAIRS.

SIR S. DUNCOMBE, predecessor to Duncombe, Lord Faversham, and gentleman pensioner to King James and Charles I. was the person who introduced Sedan

Chairs into this country, anno 1634, when he procured a patent, which vested in him and his heirs, the sole right of carrying persons up and down in them for a certain sum. Sir Saunders was a great traveller, and had seen these chairs at Sedan, where they were first invented. Bayley introduced the use of hackney-coaches the same year; a tolerable long ride might then be had in either of these vehicles for four-pence. "But, alas!" says the writer of the above article, "the introduction of these machines spoiled the constitutions of our women, they became nervous and lazy, and no longer brought forth robust children."

F. R—x.

The Selector;

OR,
CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM
NEW WORKS.

A JUNGLE IN INDIA.

THE height of the grass struck me as particularly wonderful. I was mounted on a very fine elephant; not less than eleven feet high; the howdah, or seat, fastened on the animal's back, must have been full two feet high, it being strapped on a very thick pad: this would give thirteen feet. Now, when standing upright, the attitude usually adopted by sportsmen when beating the jungle in order to see better around them, my head must have been near nineteen feet above the ground; but the grass was generally three, and in some places six, feet higher than my head. The stalks were full an inch and a half in diameter, and it would be almost impossible, certainly very fatiguing, to attempt to force a passage on foot through such a thicket, independent of the chance of meeting with a tiger on a sudden.—*Picturesque Tour along the Ganges.*

THE FAKEER'S ROCK AT JANGUIRA.

It is distant about two hundred yards from the right bank (of the Ganges), immediately opposite to the village of Sultangunge. It rises about seventy feet above the level of the water, towering abruptly from its bosom! There is one place only at which a boat can approach, and where there is a landing place, and a very steep and winding path leading to its summit. Here is found a small building, a *madussa*, or college of Fakerees, or wandering monks, who reside in it. This remarkable rock has doubtless been of

more consequence at some remote period than at present; for, on examining its abrupt and weather-worn side, by passing round it in a boat, a variety of sculpture, comprising the principal Hindoo deities, men and animals, is seen covering nearly the whole face of the cliff. The same may be observed on the opposite shore of Sultangunge. Some of these figures are tolerably executed, but the greater part are rudely and grotesquely designed, and point out their origin to have been very remote. The whole forms a pretty object as you run in a boat; and the thick and luxuriant foliage which crowns the summit adds much to the effect of the picture.—*Ibid.*

TO A LADY.—BY LORD BYRON.

And wilt thou weep when I am low?
Sweet Lady! speak those words again;
Yet, if they grieve thee, say not so,
I would not give that bosom pain.

My heart is sad, my hopes are gone,
My blood runs coldly thro' my breast,
And when I perish, thou alone
Wilt sigh above my place of rest.

And yet methinks a gleam of peace
Doth thro' my cloud of anguish shine;
And for awhile my sorrows cease,
To know thy heart hath felt for mine.

Oh, Lady! blessed be that tear,
It falls for one who cannot weep;
Such precious drops are doubly dear
To those whose eye no tear may steep.

Sweet Lady! once my heart was warm
With every feeling soft as thine,
But beauty's self hath ceased to charm
A wretch created to repine.

Yet, wilt thou weep when I am low?
Sweet Lady! speak those words again;
Yet, if they grieve thee, say not so,
I would not give that bosom pain.

Hommage aux Dames.

THE SUN.

THE sun, the glory of our system, and the agent by which the great Creator dispenses light and heat to the surrounding planets, was, in the infancy of astronomy, reckoned among the planets; but it is now numbered among the fixed stars. It appears, indeed, bright and large in comparison with them; but this is only because we are so much nearer to it; for a spectator, placed as near to any star as we are to the sun, would see a body as large and bright in that star as the sun appears to us; while the sun, on the contrary, viewed from the same distance that the nearest fixed star is to us, would assume the appearance of a star, and its attendant planets would be invisible. Although we thus speak of the nearness

of the sun to the earth, it must be kept in mind that the expression is used only in a relative sense; for its distance from the earth amounts in round numbers to about 95 millions of miles; and a cannon-ball, moving at the rate of about eight miles in a minute, would be upwards of twenty-two years in traversing the intervening space. In this respect, therefore, the sun is at a very great distance from the earth; but, when it is known that the distance of the nearest fixed star is eighty thousand times that of the sun, and that a cannon-ball, moving at the rate already supposed, would not pass thence to the earth in less than 523,211 years, the sun may well be said to be comparatively near. The figure of the sun is that of a spheroid, higher under the equator than about the poles. Its diameter is computed at about 890,000 miles, its circumference about 2,700,000 miles, and its bulk upwards of a million of times greater than that of the earth. It revolves upon its axis from east to west once in about twenty-five days, the axis being inclined to the ecliptic somewhat more than 23½ degrees. It has also a periodical motion, in nearly a circular direction, round the common centre of all the planetary motions.

The sun was long believed to be an immense globe of fire; but modern philosophers are of opinion that, like the earth, it is a cold, opaque, habitable globe, yet is surrounded with a luminous phosphoric atmosphere, which diffuses light through the whole solar system, and, by uniting with the inflammable matter contained in the earth and other planets, it becomes also the source of heat, though without such union it remains cold. Hence perpetual ice and snow are found upon the summits of our highest mountains, which, rising above the clouds, are continually exposed to the sun's rays; but, for want of sufficient caloric in themselves, they do not elicit heat. Dr. Herschel has shown that the lucid matter of the sun exists in the manner of luminous clouds, swimming in its transparent atmosphere, and he considers that there are two different regions of solar clouds, the lower of which consists of clouds less bright than those which compose the upper stratum. The removal or opening of these clouds, he supposes, exhibits the opaque globe of the sun to our view, and hence arise those dark spots which from time to time are visible upon his disc. The bright spots he supposes to be caused by a decomposition of the transparent and elastic fluids by which the sun is surrounded, and lucid appearances are thus formed of various degrees of intensity. By obser-

vations of these spots, the revolution of the sun upon its own axis has been ascertained.

Besides the solar spots, the zodiacal light is a singular phenomenon which accompanies the sun. It begins to be visible a little before sunrise, appearing at first like a faint whitish zone of light, somewhat resembling the galaxy or milky way, with its borders ill-defined, and scarcely to be distinguished from the twilight, which is seen commencing near the horizon. It is then only a little elevated, and its figure agrees with that of a spheroid seen in profile. As it rises above the horizon, it becomes brighter and larger, to a certain point; after which the approach of day renders it gradually less apparent, till it becomes quite invisible. This phenomenon is usually attributed to atmospheric refraction.

Urania's Mirror.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

MANNERS AND CONDITION OF WOMEN IN SOUTH AMERICA.

As there are three distinct tribes in South America, the usages, customs, and manners, as well as the features, of the women, must differ most materially. Perhaps there is more similarity in the mode of treatment adopted by the Spaniard, the African negro, and South American Indian, towards their women, than in any other part of their characteristics,—as the women are more properly slaves to them than companions. The Spaniard leaves all the drudgery of his house to his wife, while he lolls at ease in his hammock, smoking. The negro, if he may be suffered to remain idle, cares not what labour his wife is put to; and the Indian looks on women as of a species inferior to him in every respect, and, if he chance to lose her, gives himself very little trouble to find her again, unless she has any of his children with her. Happier in this than either the Spaniard or the negro, he is not plagued by the demon of jealousy. As their treatment by the men must influence the conduct of women, some of the disgusting usages and customs among them may properly be placed to this account. The Spanish women, by nature graceful in person, and endearing in native disposition, regular in feature, and expressive in countenance, from contemptuous neglect, become slovenly, disregardful, and inanimate; so that there is, at present, very little affinity between the ladies of Old Spain and those in South America,

either in person or manners. Perhaps their intercourse with negroes and people of colour may in some degree account for this. As the Spanish children are nursed by negresses, they necessarily imbibe some portion of their character. The first feeling of an Englishman, in coming in contact with the South American women, is disgust. Contrasted with the elegant neatness of his own fair countrywomen, he views the stiff, stately, transatlantic females, as beings almost of another order. A want of taste and fitness in their apparel; an awkward gait, owing, perhaps, to the constant use of slippers, the trailing waste of folding and plaited drapery behind, and the long scarfs which they wear over their heads, give them a very grotesque, and, at the same time, gloomy and fanatical appearance; while the neglect of ablution is but too visible on their hands and faces. The greasy aliments and oils, and quantities of garlic, used in their cookery, make their breath as little attractive as their appearance: so that, excepting their dark expressive eyes, and the melting plaintiveness of their voices, the Spanish women of America have very little one can admire. Their musical acquirements are mostly confined to the guitar.

There are some exceptions, however, to those general remarks, and in many parts of South America are to be seen very pretty women; especially in high latitudes, or cold regions. There are several towns on the Cordilleras, from Coro to Cumana, where beauty holds her empire. But a very fatal disease visits those high latitudes, called there the godos, or goitres, which disfigures many of them. Latitude, or climate, however, does not alone decide. The women of Caracas are reputed handsome, while those of La Guayra are coarse, dark, and ordinary, although the distance is not more than two days' journey. In Merida the women are handsome: although those of Maracaibo are very ordinary, which is not more than four or five days' journey distant. In Valencia, again, they are ordinary; although, in its immediate vicinity, they are quite different. One moral feature, however, in general characterizes them, that is, generosity. As they are removed from the negro caste, they are more affable; as the characteristic ferocity of the negro is visible in every caste that approaches his dingy hue. The introduction of this unhappy caste into South America, and perhaps into every region into which they have been transported, has entailed a seemingly unradicable brand on the offspring of those, whose tyrannous injustice has

sought to build the superstructure of rapacious opulence upon their enthralled and agonising labour.

Monthly Magazine.

DUELLING IN THE GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

THE extent to which duelling is carried on in the German universities, is perfectly ludicrous; I say ludicrous, because the results are very rarely fatal. In Göttingen, I assure you, that when you wished to have a "scandal" with any one of the students, you had merely to *look* and you might be satisfied. When I first settled amongst these youths, I had some little curiosity to see one of their duels, and I expressed myself to that effect to the young Baron Von***. He turned himself to a friend who was quietly smoking his pipe at my side, and, pointing to a tall Westphalian, playing at billiards—"Du sollst ihn, 'corrimirn,'* lieber, der Engländer will was sehen,"—"you must go and insult him; the Englishman wishes to see some fun." Upon this, an affair was soon got up; the Westphalian went on with his game, and "der nerr Baron" with his pipe, for the remainder of the evening. The next day these heroes met, and the paraphernalia of the battle were arranged. In most of the German universities, the *schläger* is the offensive weapon, except in Jena, where the rapier is the favourite. These *schlägers* are remarkably sharp, and the wound which they give heals very kindly. The first thing to be done is to measure the distance: this is effected by the two seconds. Each takes a full lunge, and stretches out his sword until the points cross. The space thus covered is marked on by two chalk lines; and if, during the combat, either the one or the other of the combatants should step over these lines, he instantly comes into "*verchiss*," and can only recover his honour by fighting with two of any of the landman's *schafften*. The ground being measured off, we went to *dress* our friend. His shoulders and breasts were stripped to the shirt; a thick band, well stuffed, and sword proof was tied round the waist, in order to protect the stomach. The fore part of the thigh and the neck was also guarded, and the sword arm bandaged from the wrist to about half way up the arm-pit; so that, in fact, nothing but the face and chest were exposed. The two seconds, who are very active, are dressed nearly in the same fashion, only they do not disencumber themselves of any portion of their clothing.

* This is a slang term in use among the students.

The business of the second, is to rush in, and prevent any "*nachhieb*," or after-blow, when the umpire has called "*halt*"; this, of course, subjects them to no small portion of the danger. They are armed with blunt weapons, and stick close to the left side of their principals. In fact, a good second is one of the requisites to a successful duel.—The seconds now gave the word of command, "*los*," and immediately our youths began playing with consummate skill. The first round produced nothing.† A second and third were chalked off. On the fourth, however, the Baron received a slight wound in the forehead, which terminated the battle. Twelve rounds is the ultimatum of any duel. The duels at Jena, however, are far more dangerous. The number of fatal results is much greater than is generally known. The rapier inflicts so very small a wound, so very difficult to be seen except by an experienced eye, owing to the elasticity of the skin, that most of the sudden deaths which are given out as caused by apoplexies, &c., are, in short, nothing more nor less than the effects of duelling. The quarrels of the students among themselves I have said, are not very deadly; now and then they are fatal, but they rarely end in any thing more than a disfigured face, or a tranchant wound of the breast. There is, however, a prolific and mortal host of battles between the officers and students. The students imagine themselves to be the guardian genii of national liberty, and regard the military as mortal foes to their most hallowed feelings.—The weapon which is generally used in the combats between the students and officers is the pistol. The sword is so certain in the hands of the *Burschen*, that few, except one of their own fraternity, have an equal chance. These duels are, for the most part, premeditated murders. If the insult have been a blow, it is exiated only by death. A space of four or six feet is marked off by lines; each man retires a certain given distance, perhaps twenty paces on the other side of his line, and here a barrier is erected. He may discharge his pistol at any distance between the barrier and the line, but, should he miss, must come up to the line, and stand to be shot by his antagonist, who has now the power of approaching as near as the line on his side. You are compelled to kill, for the duel can only be terminated by the death of one. One of these duels happened between a young student of Heidelberg, and a Prussian officer, quartered at Mayence.

† A propos, a round is determined when a blow is parried, or has gone through "*durchgegaugen*," as they call it.

The student was shot in the pistol arm and disabled. After three months, he again went out, and was once more so dangerously wounded as to be obliged to quit the field; he again recovered, and was shot dead at the third time. I trust, for the credit of human nature, that this may not be true. I was informed of his death about six months after I had quitted that portion of Germany. It was mentioned to me as a matter of interest, as I had had some slight acquaintance with him.—*Letters from the Continent.*—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

EPIGRAMS.

NO DISADVANTAGE.

"I'm sadly afraid," said Richard to Ned,
 "You'll ply me with wine, till it gets in
 'my head';"
 "It will be something new," retorts Ned
 with a grin,
 "To find your empty noddle has *any*
thing in."

A NICE DISTINCTION.

A GENT. told a fellow, to oaths much
 inclin'd,
 That, "swear not at all" was in scripture
 enjoin'd;
 "I don't swear at *all*, sir, but only at *those*
 (The fellow reply'd) who my temper
 oppose."

PARISH JOBBING.

Look up at the inscription on that venerable building, defaced with plaster, what does it record? Beautified by Samuel Smears and Daniel Daub, churchwardens. And so these honest gentlemen call disguising that fine old stone building with a thick coat of lime and hair, or white-wash, beautifying it! What is the history of all this? Why the plain matter of fact is, that every parish officer thinks he has a right to make a round bill on the parish during his year of power; an apothecary physics the poor; a glazier first, in cleaning, breaks the church windows, and afterwards mends them, or at least charges for it; a painter repairs the commandments, puts new coats on Moses and Aaron, gilds the organ-pipes, and dresses the little cherubim about the loft as fine as vermillion, Prussian blue, and Dutch gold can make them. The late churchwardens were a woollen-draper and a silversmith; the silversmith new-

fashioned the communion plate, and the draper new clothed the pulpit, and put fresh curtains to the windows. All this might be modestly done, were they not to insult the GOOD sense of every beholder with their BEAUTIFIED; and lastly the parish has the pleasure of paying for their *beautifying*, as they please to call it.

LINES FOUND AT PRINCESS JOAN'S COFFIN,

In the grounds of Baron Hill, the seat of Viscount Bulkeley. The coffin was for years used as a watering-trough, in a public high way, until removed by the order of his Lordship.

Bless'd be the man, whose chaste and classic mind

This unassuming monument designed;
 Rescu'd from vulgar use the sculptured stone,

To breathe a moral o'er thy ashes—Joan;
 To show mankind how idle is the aim
 To thirst for riches, or to strive for fame;
 To teach him, too, to watch life's fleeting day,

Nor grasp at shadows which soon pass away;

For Nature tells us, in angelic breath,
 "There's nothing certain in this world—
 but death."

Beaumaris, Oct. 1.

T. D.—Y.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. C. B. Wilson, H. B., Zetua, W. P., and communications from several other correspondents, in our next.

The poem by M. M. J. is well meant, and displays some talent; but we fear the subject has not been sufficiently inspiring.

A writer, M. B. N., who seems ashamed even of his initials, which he has partially cancelled, ought to write like a gentleman, if he expects an answer.

The following are intended for early insertion:—Robert, M. J. C., Theodore.

Muffinap, Agnes, St. Clair, Jerome, S. Euphrates, and Wigomienzis, are inadmissible. J. C. has our best thanks.

The articles alluded to by our *Whitby* correspondent were duly received; and if not used, shall be returned as requested.

D. H. will see that his communication has been anticipated.

So far back as CXIV. of the *Mirror*, we requested the correspondent who sent us half-a-dozen small pamphlets, with blue covers (and who has since written to us), to give us some information respecting them and their author.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CXXIV.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.]

St. Mary Redcliff, Bristol.



THE church of St. Mary Redcliff is one of the most celebrated and beautiful churches in England; and it is much to be regretted, that it should be so surrounded with buildings as to render it difficult, if not impossible, to obtain an uninterrupted view of the general outline of it.

It appears that an ancient religious edifice was standing on or near the site of the present church anterior to its erection, though the history of the former building is very obscure. The distinction of St. Mary Redcliff is obviously accounted for, as there was another church of St. Mary at Bristol, which William, Earl of Gloucester, gave to the priory of Keynsham, in the time of Henry II.

The time when, and the person by whom, the present church of St. Mary Redcliff was built, are imperfectly known. It seems, that in the year 1247, the corporation of Bristol decided on building a church, and it is supposed that Simon de Burton, who was mayor of Bristol six times, between the years 1292 and 1305, did something towards its erection. There

is, however, little doubt that William Cannings was its founder, and that it was finished by his grandson, of the same name, who was mayor of Bristol in 1441. "This William Cannings," says Dallaway, in his *William Wycestre Redivivus*, "with the help of others of the worshipful town of Bristow, kept masons and workmen to repair and beautify, cover and glaze, the church of Redcliff, which his grandfather had founded in the days of Edward ye Third."

The history of the foundation of this church, its surpassing elegance and perfection, form a proud monument of the munificent and noble-mindedness of the old English merchants; and we are not aware that England can boast of a similar building—the work of private citizens.

Reserving for a future occasion an account of the present state of this church, we shall merely observe, that it contains two monuments of the founder, William Cannings, and one of Sir William Peniston, father of the famous Quaker. There are also three altar-pieces, painted by Hogarth.

It was in the church of St. Mary Redcliff, that the poet Chatterton, "The sleepless boy who perished in his pride,"

stated he found the poems attributed to Rowley, and which gave rise to so much controversy. The view we give of the church, from Malcolm's interesting account of it, is taken from the river.

CHRISTMAS IN SWEDEN.

The period of the festivities of Christmas, which continues in Sweden till the 6th of January, is dedicated to universal rejoicings. Presents are made, the receivers of which are required to guess the givers. The people have also a custom of knocking at each other's doors at this season: this has passed from Sweden into Pomerania. On the 24th of Dec. a crier solemnly proclaims the Peace of Christmas—(Julafred). In virtue of this, the punishment of all offences against social order is double that incurred at any other period of the year. This Proclamation of the Peace of Christmas is a custom of great antiquity, and extends over the whole kingdom, and nothing is suffered to disturb the tranquillity of the season. Symbols of this rite are to be discovered on the old Runic stones.

IRISH TOPERS.

A GENTLEMAN whose rental at one time amounted to £10,000. per annum, and who was in the constant habit of intoxication, took an oath to drink nothing after the cloth was removed; but unable to comply with the spirit, he soon contented himself with adhering to the letter of this rash vow, and, keeping the cloth on table after dinner was over, could drink all night without fear of infringing it. He then swore not to drink in his dining parlour, but again as easily evaded his engagement, by adjourning to the next apartment; in the next apartment, however, on some fresh qualms of conscience, the vow was renewed; and so, in each room successively, until he fairly swore himself out of the house. He then took refuge in the summer-house of his garden, and there used to dine and drink daily; till, rashly renewing his vow here also, he was reduced to find a new subterfuge, by taking lodgings in a neighbouring town.

Another person, one of the second-rate gentry, there called *buckeens*, got a puncheon of spirits, which had come ashore. It was too large to be got in at the door of the house; he therefore pulled part of the

wall down; still, however, it stuck half way. His small stock of patience could last no longer; he tapped the end that was within, and he and his wife, with their servant, soon became completely intoxicated. His neighbours, aware of this, tapped the cask at the other end, and the next day, when this worthy personage would have taken his morning, he found the cask completely emptied!

Tour in the Irish Highlands

MILITARY DESPOTISM.

As an instance of the military despotism which, during a long period, harassed the Irish peasants, we take the following disgraceful anecdote:—

The lady of the captain of a regiment quartered at Castlebar, in passing along the narrow pavement of that little town, was met by a young girl from the country carrying a bundle on her head. Either from ignorance or inattention, the girl took the side nearest the wall. The lady stopped, and imperiously desired her to give way to her betters. The poor girl saw that something was wrong, but, not understanding the language in which she was addressed, she pressed still closer to the wall, without making any answer. The infuriated lady, after giving some vent to her passion, returned to the barracks; and insisted that exemplary vengeance should be taken on the offender. A file of soldiers was drawn out, and, headed by their captain, proceeded in search of the delinquent; whose punishment was decreed to be one, of which you may perhaps be as ignorant as I was, until enlightened by the explanation of our good nurse; who, from a window in the town, was herself a spectator of the disgraceful scene. The unfortunate girl was to be *drummed out* of the town. As soon as she made her appearance, she was hooted at, pelted, and pursued by the soldiers, making a hideous noise with drums, trumpets, &c. The people were afraid to receive her into their houses, a rabble of men and boys were soon collected, and, flying from one street to another, she experienced a treatment similar to that of many a poor dog who has had the ill luck to be called mad; and her end might perhaps have been the same, had not the charity of an old woman opened the door of a little hovel, in the out-skirts of the town—the poor girl rushed in, and, exhausted by fatigue and terror, sunk fainting on the floor.

Ibid.

FEMALE CURIOSITY.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Thursday Morning, Jan. 13, 1825.

YOU TIRESOME CREATURE,—If I thought to claim exemption from the ordinarily ascribed peculiarities of my sex, namely, those of *vanity* and *curiosity*, I fear I should obtain no credit with you, unless, indeed, you entertain *singular* notions in this respect. Granted, then, that I am but an ordinary mortal, trammelled with a reasonable proportion of inherent foibles, how could you tantalize me by fixing such a distant day for quieting the eagerness and agitation I must naturally feel, to learn what you, Mr. Editor, can possibly have to say to your humble correspondent, Janet. You are but little aware of the outrageous impatience that commonly appertains to a lady's kalendar of expectancies. Thursday! I exclaimed, when I peeped into my MIRROR, why I shall be furrowed with age by then, and if the man is fascinated with me, how cruel in him to hazard so wantonly the impairing my charms by so tedious a procrastination, and death to my hopes by utterly spoiling my fortune, for you must be getting as rich as a Jew by the extraordinary sale of your work. In good sooth, my worthy friend, I am half angry with you for acting so inconsiderately; I must fain, heigho! endure the interval as patiently as I can.

It is so long since I last teased you with my *trivia*, that I cannot imagine what to think of your recognition of me; if the letter you promise me is one of reproach, this I can tell you, you are precipitate. If you are not tired of me, we are agreed in this respect. I beg to assure you I feel highly complimented by the polite notice I have already experienced, and only wish I was equal to it in desert. Wishing all imaginable prosperity to your highly-pleasing little publication, I beg permission to subscribe myself,

Your obliged friend,

JANET.

P.S. Pray do not keep my servant a minute; I am on the tiptoe of expectation.

* We hesitated for some time in inserting this letter, considering it almost of a private nature, but if in gratifying our readers we have done wrong to our admired correspondent, we hope she will forgive us.—Ed.

STANZAS WRITTEN ON THE EVE OF THE NEW YEAR.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

(For the Mirror.)

WHEN my thoughts dwell upon the fleeting year,
That in an hour, will pass for ever by,
Memory, fond memory, wakens many a tear,
And my breast swells with many a pensive sigh!

E 2

I do not kneel before the "sainted shrine,"

With vain professions—only sworn to break;

Since well I know, this erring heart of mine

Is all too weak, with truth, such vows to make!

Yet, may it, when the year has circled round,

And I again review each scene that's past;

Still, still, as free from perjury be found,

And from intended evil—as the last;

Warm, open, thoughtless—early led astray

Ere reason bloom'd—when life and hope were new,

By fancy's power; I fondly deemed the way

Of Life—would realize what fancy drew!

This was the snare, the spell that did deceive,

And led my wandering heart astray awhile;

Till soon I found, fancy but lures to leave

The ruin'd wretch, that banquets on her smile;

Yet, oh!—whatever my many faults have been,

Though I at times have play'd the trifler's part;

Conscience still whispers, 'mid each varied scene,

"They were the errors of the head,—not heart!"

ON THE EVE OF THE NEW YEAR.

WRITTEN BY THE SAME.

Time's glaring axle turns;—another year,
Brings me to muse upon the chequer'd past;
And memory, busy memory, drops a tear,
O'er joys and blooming hopes—that were not form'd to last.

Is *this* the world, that once appeared so bright,
Cloth'd and bedeck'd in fairy-like array?
Are *these* the scenes that charm'd my dazzled sight,
While hope, with siren voice, bade my young heart "be gay?"

Is *this* the magic land of smiles and flowers,
Whose sunny aspect at each step I trod,
Woo'd me yet onward to still brighter bowers,
And bade my footsteps seek, and follow pleasure's road.

'Tis the same world indeed;—unmov'd—unchang'd,
With the same features—and the self-same hue
That then it wore;—'tis I that am estrang'd,
And look with cheerless gaze, on all that meets my view!

I saw the world through an illusive light,
That ting'd each prospect with a sunny shade;
Hope wav'd her wand—and ev'ry scene was bright,
Despair's dark brow appear'd—and bade Hope's sun-beams fade.

Turn then thy axle Time! with double force,
Until my span of years is number'd o'er;
Tho' others murmur at thy swift-wing'd course,
I'll thank thee—could these eyes but sleep to wake no more!

ON DECORATING GRAVES WITH FLOWERS, WITH FURTHER OBSERVATIONS ON PÈRE LA CHAISE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—In No. CXXII. of the MIRROR, you gave a very interesting account of the celebrated Cemetery of Père la Chaise. It is altogether a thing of peculiar interest; but the epitaphs you have quoted deserve particular attention. They are, indeed, "delicious little things;" they are exquisite in their kind, and breathe, as you say, the most "affecting brevity" and "pathetic simplicity;" they are, in a word, just what, in the "modesty of nature," they ought to be. We, of all nations, are best able to appreciate such epitaphs; where the dead (by a poetical license, I suppose) are in nine cases out of ten made to spout canting doggerel; which would absolutely put the mouth of a ballad-singer out of shape; or are made to belch out to every pious contemplator of the scene such profane and even blasphemous attempts at wit, as would disgrace the very columns of a jest-book. A practice by which the dead are insulted, the living disgusted, and a disgrace to the hierarchy which permits it! Yea, Sir, the grave, the "sober house" of mortality, is not to be invaded by the "sound of shallow foppery;" as Juba says of honour, "it ought not to be sported with." However, as I propose to treat more largely on this subject in a future Number, I shall beg to dismiss it for the present, and proceed at once to the consideration of another pleasing little incident connected with the scenery of Père la Chaise, viz. the decorating of the tombs with flowers. To give my readers an idea of the antiquity and history of this custom, I cannot do better than quote the excellent "*Sylva Florifera*" of Mr. H. Phillips. In his first volume he says, "The triumvir Antony, when dying, begged of the captivating queen Cleopatra, that she would scatter perfumes on his tomb, and cover it with roses."

"In Turkey, a rose is sculptured on the monument of all ladies that die unmarried; and in Poland they cover the coffins of children with roses, and when the funeral passes the streets, a multitude of these flowers are thrown from the windows. Camden tells us, 'There is a classical custom observed, time out of mind, at Oakley, in Surrey, of planting a rose-tree on the graves, especially of the young men and maidens, who have lost their lovers, so that this church-yard is full of them.' It is the more remarkable, since it was anciently used both

among the Greeks and Romans, who were so religious in it, that we find it often annexed as a codicil to their wills [as appears by an old inscription at Ravenna, and another at Milan], by which they ordered roses to be yearly strewed and planted on their graves. Hence the line of Propertius,

Et tenerâ poneret ossa rosâ;
"And lay his bones in soft roses"

And Anacreon, speaking of it, says, that it protects the dead:—

"Preserves the cold, inurned clay,
And marks the vestige of decay."
MOORE'S ANACREON.

"This ancient custom of decorating graves with flowers, the symbols of fleeting mortality, has almost passed from recollection in this country, and is rapidly disappearing in most parts of Wales; but we read in the '*Beauties of England*,' that Thomas Steevens, a poor and aged man, who lies buried in the church-yard of the village of Stokenchurch, in Oxfordshire, left a request that his eldest son would annually dress his grave with flowers on the recurrence of [the wake] St. Peter's."

To these instances quoted by Mr. Phillips, I shall take the liberty of adding one other from my own personal knowledge. An annual donation is bequeathed to the poor of the parish of Barnes, in Surrey, on condition that the said parish plant and preserve a certain number of rose-trees by the grave of the donor; and in the event of their neglecting to do this, the donation to be forfeited. They were in bloom, however, when I was last at the church, and I dare say the inquisitive reader would find them there still. The consideration of the neglect of so elegant a custom in our own country then brings Mr. P. to the classical Père la Chaise. "It seems now to be a study in this country (he well observes) to make our tombs monuments of oblivion, whilst in Paris they have renewed the ancient custom of planting flowers on the graves of their departed friends, particularly at the Cemetery of Père la Chaise. It is impossible to visit this vast sanctuary of the dead, where the roses and the cypress encircle each tomb, or the arbor vite and eglantine shade the marble obelisk, without feeling a solemn, yet sweet and soothing emotion steal over the senses, as we wander over this variegated scene of hill and dale, columns and temples, interspersed with luxuriant flowering shrubs and fragrant herbs, that seem to defy the most profane hand to pluck them. In these winding paths, where contemplation

loves to dwell, we could not forbear reciting these lines of L'Abbé de la Chasagne :—

" Roses, en qui je vois paroître
Un état si vif et si doux,
Vous mourrez bientôt; mais peut-être
Dois je mourir plutôt que vous !

" La mort, que mon ame redoute,
Peut m' arriver incessamment,
Vous mourrez en un jour, sans doute,
Mais moi peut-être en un moment !"

" Ye roses, now fragrant and fair,
Ah ! how soon must ye wither and die !
Yet tho' little of life be your share,
Ye may live roses longer than I !

" My soul is of horror a prey,
Lest death unexpected invade ;
Ye are sure not to outlive a day,
But I in a moment may fade !"

" At this instant," continues my author, we found a funeral procession slowly winding towards us, amid the monumental stones and avenues of trees, to avoid which we ascended the height, where our attention was attracted by a grave covered with fresh moss, and thickly strewed with the most odorous white flowers, such as the orange blossom, jasmine, myrtle, and white rose. At each corner stood white porcelain vases, filled with similar flowers, all of pure white; the whole was covered with a fence of wire-work, and the monument was without a name, and had only this simple and pathetic inscription, 'Pille chérie, avec toi mes beaux jours sont passés ! 5. Juin, 1819.'

" We were told that the afflicted parent still continued to indulge in the sad duty of replenishing the grave with fresh flowers, at the earliest opening of the gates of this melancholy garden of graves."

In his first volume, also, Mr. Phillips makes mention of Père la Chaise while describing the cypress tree. The ingenuity of the idea with which it concludes, will justify me, perhaps, with my readers, in quoting the whole passage. "The cypress," he observes, "seems admirably adapted to ornament those lawns which surround villas or lodges built in the Grecian style, and, perhaps, we have no tree that accords so well with stone or stuccoed edifices as the cypress; and even the temples of marble lose half their effect if surrounded by other buildings, instead of being relieved by the foliage of trees. At the present time, the burial-hill of Père la Chaise, near Paris, forms a most interesting picture, as the numerous and variously formed monuments rise above the young arbores vitæ and cypresses, like a city of marble emerging from a forest, and from which, a friend observes, we may

form a faint picture of the beautiful appearance of Constantinople from the Bosphorus; the hills on which that city stands being intermixed with white buildings and green foliage, which forms a spectacle not equalled in any other part of Europe."

Such, Sir, is the best information I can collect at this moment on the interesting custom which I have attempted to elucidate, and of the classic Père la Chaise, to your account of which it may possibly form no unwelcome supplement. I say nothing of my own share in it (which is the least); but the extracts cannot but be read with pleasure, as the author has himself visited the scene he describes. You and I well know that there are indeed such things as "travelled fools" in the world; but after all the relations of an eye-witness have certainly a right to be considered the best.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM PALIN.

Carshalton, Jan. 10, 1825.

PUBLIC BURIAL-GROUND AT MUNICH.

IN No. 122, we gave an account of the celebrated cemetery of Père la Chaise at Paris, with a proposal for a Necropolis near London. As somewhat connected with the same subject, we now insert an account of a public burying-ground at Munich, in a letter from a traveller, written a few weeks ago :—

"Visited to-day this sad receptacle of mortality—the dead city of Munich, as it may be called; for there is only one burying-ground, but it is of ample extent, and will suffice for many generations to come. It has some peculiarities which deserve notice for commendation, and others which, though striking to an Englishman for their novelty, I cannot but condemn. That it is removed to a distance from the town is a point praiseworthy in the highest degree, as it concerns essentially the comfort and health of the living, both in respect to crowded church-yards, and the contamination of the air in churches which have crypts underneath for the reception of the dead. This burying-ground, enclosed by a high wall, has three wide gravelled walks, reaching from the entrance to the farther end, while the ground is traversed by others of less width. The graves are disposed in ranks within these compartments, preserved in neat order, and every grave is adorned with a monument of some description, such as an obelisk, or other carved stone, according to the means or taste of the party; and most generally is

a cross of metal, ornamented and gilt, which in many cases has a painting on iron or wood in a frame, with two flaps or shutters, to be opened or shut according to the state of the weather. The *coup d'œil*, which the immense assemblage of these monuments in straight lines produces, is singular. The graves of the Catholics, which are nearly all, have either a tub of holy water placed beside them, or a vessel sculptured in the monument itself expressly to contain it, with a sort of brush attached, for the use of the relations and friends to sprinkle the grave on visiting or passing it.

"At the upper end of the ground is an arcade of a crescent form, in the centre part of which are apartments, whither all deceased persons are conveyed within a few hours after death. The bodies remain there two days before burial; but not in the darkness of the sepulchre, for these apartments have the partition next to the burying-ground glazed; the coffins are open, the foot towards the spectator, the bodies drawn out and partly raised, the head resting on a sort of pillow, the arms folded over the breast, as if the person were asleep on a couch. They are thus exposed to the gaze of every body, and a melancholy spectacle it is. For my part, I think it extremely indecent and repulsive in itself, and insulting to the memory of the deceased. One apartment is superior in decoration and in the number of consecrated tapers burning around; the other is for the humbler classes, whose means do not permit of the more costly display. I was much interested with the appearance of the mortal remains of two respectable looking old ladies, who, attired in black gowns, plain lace caps, and black ribands, seemed to have slept quietly and contentedly in the fulness of their time into another state of existence; not a muscle displaced, not a change, but a sweet placid smile on their pale cheeks. The son of a brewer (a class of persons extremely rich, Munich being celebrated for its beer), of 18 years of age, was laid out in all the magnificence of gold, silver, and silk; a sort of coronet, richly adorned, on his head; and the splendid coffin surrounded with stands, displaying vast bouquets of artificial flowers and a multitude of burning tapers.

"Within the arcade are niches for busts of persons of note, or of those whose families or friends choose to distinguish by such a memorial. Near the centre of the ground rises conspicuously a lofty obelisk of marble, resting on four large cannon-balls, placed on a massive cubic pedestal of granite. A brass plate on the

lower part of the obelisk bears the following inscription:—

L'Armée du Rhin
Commandée par le Général Moreau
A la mémoire du Général Bastoul,
Blessé à la bataille de Hohenlinden
Le 12 Frimaire.
Mort à Munich le 25 Nivose,
L'an 9 de la Rep. Française.

PROPOSED NEW COMPANY.

(For the Mirror.)

THE present age is remarkable for an excessive speculation in numerous schemes, conducted under the direction of societies, associations, and companies. Many persons seem, indeed, utterly at a loss how to employ their surplus capital, let but a new project be once broached, under the sanction of a few well-known individuals, down go the deposits, before the subscribers have given themselves time to become acquainted with the plan, or feasibility of the schemes they so eagerly patronise.

We have Coal-Gas Companies, Oil-Gas Companies, and even *Portable-Gas* Companies: subtle and airy plans no doubt—though the subscribers eagerly anticipate to embody their air into the tangible shape of *sovereigns*! there are also Water Companies, Fire Companies, Mining Companies, Tea Companies, Wine Companies, Stove Companies, Shoe Companies, Railway Companies, Bread Companies, Milk Companies,

* Cum multis aliis, quæ nunc prescribere longum est.*

by the bye, might it not be productive of large profit to the last, to amalgamate with the Thames-Tunnel Company? which would enable them to supply John Bull with *chalk and water* for nothing! *verbum sap.*

But, without any intention of depreciating the *obvious* merits of these and similar institutions, which mauge the utmost exertions of the proprietors, may (*perhaps*) baulk their anticipated profits, it is respectfully announced to the public, that several gentlemen have matured a scheme for the *mental* benefit of their countrymen; and whilst others have merely devised plans for external purposes, they are stimulated by the laudable ambition of accomplishing a far nobler object—that of improving the talents of their customers, and qualifying them, at once, for any post requiring the exertion of genius! this being a subject in which so many must feel deeply interested, the following is, with

the greatest confidence, submitted as the Prospectus of

THE INTELLECT COMPANY.

1. The projectors have discovered an ingredient of inestimable qualities, common-sense, prudence, and integrity, which being enclosed in a fillet, and fastened round the pericranium, imparts to the wearer that hitherto grand desideratum, a qualification to fill every station in life with honour to himself, and benefit to the community.
2. The fillets to be constructed of different materials, adapted to the views of the purchasers; as thus: for Noblemen, *tinse!*; Lawyers, *brass*; Politicians, *lead*; Physicians, *wood*; Dandies, *paper*; Critics, *flint*; Soldiers and Sailors, *Portland stone*, &c. &c.
3. The public are confidently assured of the *feasibility* of this plan, and the projectors have permission to name many gentlemen who can fully prove its *necessity*.
4. The projectors fully expect they shall obtain their charter on the *first of April*, and propose to raise a capital of five millions, in one hundred thousand shares of £50. each.
5. As the demand for fillets must necessarily be immense, and as they will require to be renewed every five years, subscribers may calculate upon an annual dividend of at least £170. per cent.
6. Books for subscriptions are opened at Messrs. Diddleum's, Air Street, and as there is not the least doubt but the subscription will be speedily raised, the projectors earnestly recommend the public to be in time.
7. The company pledge themselves that the fillets shall be so accurately adjusted, as to defy the nicest inspection.

JOHN BUBBLE, Sec. *pro tem*.

THE TRANSPORT.

(For the Mirror.)

The sails are spread, the anchor's weight'd;
The signal for departing made,
While fond regrets prevail:
The sailors troll the whistling lay,
The convict's vessel makes its way,
And scuds before the gale.

But are there no sad hearts below,
That burn with pain and throb with woe?

No tongue that speaks by sighs?
O, yes!—one lovely helpless fair,
That shuns the gaze, and woe's despair,
A maid with tearful eyes!

And does she not make known her grief,
And seek from pitying breasts relief?

Does she no tale unfold?

No tale she tells—no thought she breathes;
To Death, and only death bequeathes
A tale not to be told.

And is she then so stained with guilt?
Perhaps some blood has rashly spilt,
Some crime like murder done!
Stop, censorer, stop, nor libel her
Who did for *love* even life prefer,
By love alone was won!

For him who stabb'd her virgin heart
She robb'd, and did with virtue part,
For him to live and smile:
For him, the glittering jewels stole!
For him, a wretch with dastard soul,
Matilda first knew guile.

Poor maid! and art thou then so sad?
A Transport!—ah! and yet not mad,
With feelings too like thine!
And does the fiend that plodg'd his vows
Thy hand and beauty to espouse,
To help thee now decline?

Curse on the villain's specious tongue,
That in thine ear its poison sung,
And every oath betray'd!
For him thy peace and honour feed,
For him, to number with the dead,
A too fond credulous maid.

UTOMA.

The Topographer.

No. VII.

WIGAN WELL.

ABOUT a mile from Wigan, in Lancashire, is a spring; the water of which burns like oil. On applying a lighted torch to the surface, a large flame is suddenly produced, and burns vigorously. A dishful of water having been taken up at the part whence the flame issues, and a lighted torch held to it, the flame disappears; notwithstanding which, the water in this part boils and rises up like water in a pot on the fire, but does not feel warm on introducing the hand. What is still more extraordinary, on making a dam, and preventing the flowing of fresh water to the ignited part, that which was already there having been drained away, a burning candle being applied to the surface of the dry earth at the same point where the water before burned, the fumes take fire, and burn with a resplendent light, the cone of the flame ascending a foot and a half from the surface of the earth. It is not discoloured, like that of sulphureous bodies, neither has it any manifest smell, nor do the fumes in their ascent; betray any sensible heat. The latter, unquestionably, consists of inflammable air, or hydrogen gas; and it ought to be observed, that the whole of the country about Wigan, for the compass of

several miles, is underlaid with coal. The phenomenon may therefore be referred to the same cause, which occasioned the dreadful explosion of the Felling mines; but, in the present case, this destructive gas, instead of being pent up in the bowels of the earth, accompanies the water in its passage to the surface.

GRETNA GREEN.

THIS celebrated scene of matrimonial mockery is situated, as our readers are aware, in Dumfriesshire, near the mouth of the river Esk, nine miles north-west from Carlisle.

Mr. Pennant, in his journey to Scotland, speaks in the following terms of Gretna, or, as he calls it, Gretna Green. By some persons it is written Grainey Green, according to the pronunciation of the person from whom they hear it:—

“At a short distance from the bridge, stop at the little village of Gretna—the resort of all amorous couples, whose union the prudence of parents or guardians prohibits. Here the young pair may be instantly united by a fisherman, a joiner, or a blacksmith, who marry from two guineas a job to a dram of whiskey. But the price is generally adjusted by the information of the postillions from Carlisle, who are in pay of one or other of the above worthies; but even the drivers, in case of necessity, have been known to undertake the sacerdotal office. This place is distinguished from afar by a small plantation of firs, the Cyprian grove of the place—a sort of land-mark for fugitive lovers. As I had a great desire to see the high priest, by stratagem I succeeded. He appeared in the form of a fisherman, a stout fellow in a blue coat, rolling round his solemn chaps a quid of tobacco of no common size. One of our party was supposed to come to explore the coast; we questioned him about the price, which, after eyeing us attentively, he left to our honour. The Church of Scotland does what it can to prevent these clandestine matches, but in vain; for these infamous couples despise the fulmination of the kirk, and excommunication is the only penalty it can inflict.”

The statistical accounts of Scotland gives the subsequent particulars:—“The persons who follow this illicit practice are mere impostors—priests of their own creation, who have no right whatever either to marry, or exercise any part of the clerical function. There are at present more than one of this description in this place; but the greatest part of the trade is monopolized by a man who was originally a tobacconist, and not a black-

smith, as is generally believed. He is a fellow without education, without principle, without morals, and without manners.—His life is a continued scene of drunkenness;—his irregular conduct has rendered him an object of detestation to all the sober and virtuous part of the neighbourhood. Such is the man (and the description is not exaggerated) who has had the honour to join in the sacred bonds of wedlock many people of great rank and fortune from all parts of England. It is forty years and upwards since marriages of this kind began to be celebrated here. At the lowest computation, about sixty are supposed to be solemnized annually in this place.”

By the canons and statutes of the Church of Scotland, all marriages performed under the circumstances usually attending them at Gretna Green are clearly illegal; for although it be in that country a civil contract, and although it may be performed by a lay-man or a person out of orders, yet, as in England, banns or license are necessary, and those who marry parties clandestinely are subject to heavy fine and severe imprisonment. Therefore, though Gretna Green be just out of the limits of the English marriage act, that is not sufficient, unless the forms of the Scottish Church are complied with.

The Selector;

or,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

CAPTAIN LYON'S LAST VOYAGE.

It is well known that Captain Lyon sailed in the Griper on the 10th of June last for the Arctic regions, in order to endeavour to penetrate into Repulse Bay, by Sir Thomas Rowe's Welcome. The vessel appears to have been quite unfit for the service; and after enduring the most dreadful privations, Captain Lyon was reluctantly compelled to return. He has now published an account of his voyage, from which we make the following extracts:—

“In the neighbourhood of the Savage Islands, where the ship was on the 11th of August, they fell in with some

“ESQUIMAUX.

“In half an hour our visitors amounted to about sixty persons, in eight Kayaks, or men's, and three Oomiaks, or women's, boats, which latter had stood out to us under one lug-sail composed of the transparent intestines of the walrus. As the

females approached they shouted with all their might, and we were not so deficient in gallantry as to be silent on such an occasion, for the specimen collectors were happy to observe that our fair visitors wore immense mittens of delicate white hare-skin, trimmed in the palms with the jetty feathers of the breast of the dovekie. The boats being all hauled on the ice—Babel was let loose. On our former voyage being myself a novice in the country, I was not aware, in the excitement of the moment, of the noise we all made, but being now well acquainted with the vociferous people who were visiting us, I quietly witnessed the present interview, and am convinced that it is not possible to give any idea of the raving and screaming which prevailed for a couple of hours. Some of the natives, however, were not so violently overpowered by their joyous sensations, as to forget that they came to improve their fortunes; and one most expert fellow succeeded pretty well in picking pockets, an occupation from which frequent detection did not discourage him. Amongst other things he robbed me of my handkerchief, and was particularly amused when I discovered his roguery, for which I thought a box on the ear would have acted as a warning, but I afterwards found that he had crept on board, and was carrying off a bag of seamen's clothes; a grand prize, for the retention of which he made a most violent stand, until I succeeded in tumbling him over the side. The generality of the others behaved pretty well, and traded fairly, each woman producing her stores from a neat little skin bag, which was distinguished by our men by the name of a 'ridicule,' than which I conceive it to be a far more respectable appendage. Our visitors did not possess many curiosities, and were certainly not so rich as we had found them on our former voyage, the chief articles in which they bartered being their weapons and clothes; and, I blush while I relate it, two of the fair sex actually disposed of their nether garments, a piece of indecorum I had never before witnessed. A few seal, deer, and hare skins, with those also of young dogs, mice, and birds, were the other articles of commerce; and a very few ivory toys, with sea-horse teeth of a small size, completed the assortment. In a 'ridicule,' with some of these articles, we found a piece of very pure plumbago, of the size of a walnut; and with the toys was one of a description I had not before seen. It was a large heavy piece of ivory, in which many holes were drilled at regular intervals, but leading in different directions. A small peg is attached to this by a string,

and the game consists in throwing up the ivory block, and receiving it on the pin, in much the same manner as our game of cup and ball. A new variety of comb was also purchased, and I procured a mirror, composed of a broad plate of black mica, so fitted into a leathern case, as to be seen on either side. Our trading had continued some time before we discovered four small puppies in the women's boats, and they were, of course, immediately purchased as an incipient team for future operations.

"The acquisition of these little animals reminded us of our own live stock on board, and the pigs and ponies were accordingly exhibited to a few natives, who were called on deck for the occasion; but they drew back from the little horses with evident signs of fear, while the squeaking of the pigs, in their struggles to escape from those who held them, added not a little surprise of the moment. A safe retreat for a few yards, however, reassured our visitors, when a loud laugh and shout announced their satisfaction at having seen two new species of Tooktoo, (rein deer)."

SUFFERINGS OF THE CREW.

THE compasses of the Griper became useless, and on the 1st of September the ship became in imminent danger. Captain Lyon says—

"Fearing danger, I turned the hands up, but having shortly deepened to twenty-seven and twenty-five, again sent them below.——We soon came to fifteen fathoms, and I kept right away, but had then only ten; when being unable to see far around us, and observing from the whiteness of the water that we were on a bank, I rounded to at seven, A. M., and tried to bring up with the starboard anchor, and seventy fathoms chain, but the stiff breeze and heavy sea caused this to part in half an hour, and we again made sail to the north-eastward; but finding we came suddenly to seven fathoms, and that the ship could not possibly work out again, as she would not face the sea or keep steerage way on her, I most reluctantly brought her up with three bows and a stream in succession, yet not before we had shoaled to five and a half. This was between eight and nine A. M. The ship pitching bows under, and a tremendous sea running. At noon the starboard bower anchor parted, but the others held.

"As there was every reason to fear the falling of the tide, which we knew to be from twelve to fifteen feet on this coast, and in that case the total destruction of the ship, I caused the long-boat to be hoisted out, and with the four smaller ones, to

be stored to a certain extent with arms and provisions. The officers drew lots for their respective boats, and the ship's company were stationed to them. The long-boat having been filled full of stores which could not be put below, it became requisite to throw them overboard, as there was no room for them on our very small and crowded decks, over which heavy seas were constantly sweeping. In making these preparations for taking to the boats, it was evident to all, that the long-boat was the only one which had the slightest chance of living under the lee of the ship, should she be wrecked, but every officer and man drew his lot with the greatest composure, although two of our boats would have been swamped the instant they were lowered. Yet such was the noble feeling of those around me, that it was evident that had I ordered the boats in question to be manned, their crews would have entered them without a murmur. In the afternoon, on the weather clearing a little, we discovered a low beach all around astern of us, on which the surf was running to an awful height, and it appeared evident that no human powers could save us. At three p. m. the tide had fallen twenty-two feet (only six more than we drew), and the ship having been lifted by a tremendous sea, struck with great violence the whole length of her keel. This we naturally conceived was the forerunner of her total wreck, and we stood in readiness to take the boats, and endeavour to hang under her lee. She continued to strike with sufficient force to have burst any less-fortified vessel, at intervals of a few minutes, whenever an unusually heavy sea passed us. And, as the water was so shallow, these might almost be called breakers, rather than waves, for each in passing, burst with great force over our gangways, and as every sea 'topped,' our decks were continually, and frequently deeply flooded. All hands took a little refreshment, for some had scarcely been below for twenty-four hours, and I had not been in bed for three nights. Although few or none of us had any idea that we should survive the gale, we did not think that our comforts should be entirely neglected, and an order was therefore given to the men to put on their best and warmest clothing, to enable them to support life as long as possible. Every man, therefore, brought his bag on deck and dressed himself, and in the fine athletic forms which stood exposed before me, I did not see one muscle quiver, nor the slightest sign of alarm. The officers each secured some useful instrument about them for the purposes of observation, although it was acknowledged by all, that

not the slightest hope remained. And now that every thing in our power had been done, I called all hands aft, and to a merciful God offered prayers for our preservation. I thanked every one for their excellent conduct, and cautioned them, as we should, in all probability, soon appear before our Maker, to enter His presence as men resigned to their fate. We then all sat down in groups, and, sheltered from the wash of the sea by whatever we could find, many of us endeavoured to obtain a little sleep. Never, perhaps, was witnessed a finer scene than on the deck of my little ship, when all hope of life had left us. Noble as the character of the British sailor is always allowed to be in cases of danger, yet I did not believe it to be possible, that amongst forty-one persons not one repining word should have been uttered. The officers sat about, wherever they could find shelter from the sea, and the men lay down conversing with each other with the most perfect calmness. Each was at peace with his neighbour and all the world, and I am firmly persuaded that the resignation which was then shown to the will of the Almighty, was the means of obtaining his mercy. At about six p. m. the rudder, which had already received some very heavy blows, rose, and broke up the after-lockers, and this was the last severe shock which the ship received. We found by the well that she made no water, and by dark she struck no more. God was merciful to us, and the tide, almost miraculously, fell no lower. At dark, heavy rain fell, but was borne with patience, for it beat down the gale, and brought with it a light air from the northward. At nine p. m. the water had deepened to five fathoms. The ship kept off the ground all night, and our exhausted crew obtained some broken rest."

On the 12th of September, "At midnight it was low water, eight fathoms and a half, shewing a rise and fall of thirty feet. The night was piercingly cold, and the sea continued to wash fore and aft the decks, while constant snow fell. As the lower deck was afloat, our people and all their hammocks thoroughly soaked, no rest could be obtained.

"Never shall I forget the dreariness of this most anxious night. Our ship pitched at such a rate, that it was not possible to stand even below, while on deck we were unable to move without holding by ropes which were stretched from side to side. The drift snow flew in such sharp heavy flakes, that we could not look to windward, and it froze on deck to above a foot in depth. The sea made incessant breaches quite fore and

ast the ship, and the temporary warmth it gave while it washed over us, was most painfully checked by its almost immediately freezing on our clothes. To these discomforts were added the horrible uncertainty as to whether the cables would hold until day-light, and the conviction also that if they failed us, we should instantly be dashed to pieces; the wind blowing directly to the quarter in which we knew the shore must lie. Again, should they continue to hold us, we feared by the ship's complaining so much forward, that the bitts would be torn up, or that she would settle down at her anchors, overpowered by some of the tremendous seas which burst over her.

"During the whole of this time, streams of heavy ice continued to drive down upon us, any of which, had it hung for a moment against the cables, would have broken them, and at the same time have allowed the bowsprit to pitch on it and be destroyed. The masts would have followed this, for we were all so exhausted, and the ship was so coated with ice, that nothing could have been done to save them.

"We all lay down at times during the night, for to have remained constantly on deck would have quite overpowered us; I constantly went up, and shall never forget the desolate picture which was always before me.

"The hurricane blew with such violence as to be perfectly deafening; and the heavy wash of the sea made it difficult to reach the mainmast, where the officer of the watch and his people sat shivering, completely cased in frozen snow, under a small tarpaulin, before which ropes were stretched to preserve them in their places. I never beheld a darker night, and its gloom was increased by the rays of a small horn lantern which was suspended from the mizen stay to shew where the people sat.

"At dawn on the 13th, thirty minutes after four, A. M., we found that the best bower cable had parted, and as the gale now blew with terrific violence from the north, there was little reason to expect that the other anchors would hold long; or if they did, we pitched so deeply, and lifted so great a body of water each time, that it was feared the windlass and fore-castle would be torn up, or she must go down at her anchors; although the ports were knocked out, and a considerable portion of the bulwark cut away, she could scarcely discharge one sea before shipping another, and the decks were frequently flooded to an alarming depth.

"At six A. M. all farther doubts on this particular account were at an end,

for, having received two overwhelming seas, both the other cables went at the same moment, and we were left helpless, without anchors or any means of saving ourselves, should the shore, as we had every reason to expect, be close astern. And here again I had the happiness of witnessing the same general tranquillity as was shewn on the 1st of September. There was no outcry that the cables were gone, but my friend Mr. Manico, with Mr. Carr the gunner, came aft as soon as they recovered their legs, and in the lowest whisper, informed me that the cables had all parted. The ship, in treading to the wind, lay quite down on her broadside, and as it then became evident that nothing held her, and that she was quite helpless, each man instinctively took his station, while the seamen at the leads, having secured themselves as well as was in their power, repeated their soundings, on which our preservation depended, with as much composure as if we had been entering a friendly port. Here again that Almighty Power, which had before so mercifully preserved us, granted us his protection, for it so happened that it was slack-water when we parted, the wind had come round to N. W. (along the land,) and our head fell off to north-east or seaward; we set two trysails, for the ship would bear no more, and even with that lay her lee gunwale in the water. In a quarter of an hour we were in seventeen fathoms. Still expecting every moment to strike, from having no idea where we had anchored, I ordered the few remaining casks of the provisions received from the Snap, to be hoisted overboard, for being stowed round the capstan and abaft the mizen-mast, I feared their fetching way should we take the ground. At eight the fore trysail gaff went in the slings, but we were unable to lower it, on account of the amazing force of the wind, and every rope being encrusted with a thick coating of ice. The decks were now so deeply covered with frozen snow and freezing sea-water, that it was scarcely possible, while we lay over so much, to stand on them; and all hands being wet and half frozen, without having had any refreshment for so many hours, our situation was rendered miserable in the extreme."

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE LEFT-HANDED FIDDLER.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Of all things in this offensive world,
So full of flaws, inversions and caprice,

There's nought so truly awkward and ridiculous
As a left handed fiddler.—There he sits,
The very antitype of base conceit,
And the most strange perversity—Scrape,

scrape!
With every thing reversed—bow, pegs, and
fingers:

The very capers of his head absurd;
With the left ear turn'd upmost—O ye Gods,
This thing's not to be suffer'd! I declare
'Tis worse than my good Lord ———
Who dauced so very queer before a Queen!

I know of no anomaly in nature
With which I can compare the integer;
It stands alone without the Muse's range,
No metaphor or simile to be had,
The *ne plus-ultra* of ludification,
Wee great Ned Irving of Old Hatton-garden
To turn the wrong end of the Bible up,
And read the text backward,
It would not look so awkward,
As a left-handed fiddler!

Were princely Jeffrey, at a Jury trial
Of life and death, in the middle of his speech
To break off with a minuet, and swim
Around with sailing motion, his pert eye
Ray'd with conceit and self-magnificence,
Bent like a crescent, and the wee black gown
Blown like a bladder or full-bosom'd sail,
All would not be so bad,
For we'd think the man gone mad;
But not so with the fiddler.

We see a wretched sycophant, the tool
Of rustic merriment, set up,
Straining and toiling to produce sweet sounds,
In huddled rank confusion; every note
The first, last, and the middle, crowding on,
Uncertain of precedence; sounds there are
Forthcoming, without doubt, in bold success;
But here's the screw of th' rack—mark how they
spring,

Each from a wrong part of the instrument,
Or the hoarse, hackney'd, and o'erlaboured jade!
This is the nerve-teasing,
The blood and soul-squeezing
Vice of the heteroclit.

I knew a man—a good well-meaning hind,
With something old in his composition;
He was devout, and in his evening prayer—
A prayer of right uncommon energy—
This man would pause, break off, and all at once,
In a most reverend melancholy strain,
Whistle sublimely forth a part and then
Go on with earnest and unalter'd phrase;
This, I confess, look'd something odd at first,
A mode without a parallel—and then
It came so unexpectedly. Yet still
I not disliked it, and I loved the man
The better for such whim, his inward frame
And spirit's communings to me unknown.
But here, Lord help me! ('tis pity 'twere a sin
To hate a fellow-creature), I perceive
A thing set up in manifold burlesque
Of all the lines of beauty.—Scrape, scrape,
scrape!

Base, treble, tenor, all turn'd topsy turvy!

What would old Patriarch Jubal say to this—
The father of the sweetest moving art

E'er compass'd by man?—O be his name
Revered for aye! Methinks I see the father,
With filaments of bark or platted thoughts
Stretch'd on a hurdle, with supreme delight
Bumming and strumming at his infant science,
Whilst the seraphic gleaming of his eye
Gave omen of that world of harmony,
Then in its embryo stage, form'd to combine
The holy avocations of mankind,
And his delights, with those of angels.—Think
Of this and of the fiddler!

What's the most lovely object here on earth
'Tis hard to say. But for a moment think
Of a fair being, cast in beauty's mould,
Placed at her harp, and to its tuneful chords
Pouring mellifluous concord; her blue eyes
Uprais'd as 'twere to heaven; her ruby lips
Half open, and her light and floating locks
Soft trembling to the wild vibration
Of her own harp—Is there not something holy,
Sweet, and seraphic, in that virgin's mien?
Think of it well; then of this rascal here,
With his red fiddle cocking up intense
Upon perverted shoulder, and you must
Give him the great Mac Turk's emphatic curse—
"The de'il particularly damn the dog!"—Amen.
I've settled with the fiddler.

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

RAIL ROADS.

SIR,—I am an admirer of improvement,
and consequently an impartial spectator
of the present *Joint Stock* system. I
patronize in my humble way all in turn,
though I doubt if I shall risk my money
in any. I buy my wine of the "London
Genuine Wine Company,"—I mean to
bathe with the "London Sea Water
Company,"—I send my clothes to the
"Steam Washing Company," and I'll
pawn them (when I cannot get a dinner
without) at *Sir William Congreve* and
Mrs. Fry's "Joint Stock Pop Shop." I
was always fond of *Company*, and I
wish them all well. We are now arrived
at a period when every one (being fully
employed) begins to feel the want of
something to do. Conquest has pro-
duced peace—peace, plenty—plenty, pro-
jects of all sorts and sizes; and I won't
positively assert that I have "*no specu-
lation in my eyes*" myself. The last
series of projections has, however, I con-
fess, startled me. The restless disposi-
tion of some people is now beginning
to manifest itself. They prefer any thing
to remaining as they are, although their
present state be never so good—and
accordingly their wits are at work to
overthrow the reigning *Golden* age, and
to substitute an *Iron* one. Is not this
very hard? I don't mean to be ironical;
but I must raise my voice in favour of
my old friends the *Turnpike Roads* and
Canals. Picture to yourself, Mr. Editor,

a well Mac-Adamized English road, winding through our richly cultivated country,—view it as you fly over hill and dale on the top of a neat and trim stage coach, with its four prancing horses—its smart harness—its tidy coachman—and its spruce, jolly, red-coated, red-faced guard. What can be more pleasing to the eye? What man has not felt and owned the cheering influence of this happy combination, so exclusively English? And yet, Mr. Editor, there are discontented spirits, who propose to take their stations at the very sides of our roads and canals, and rail away at them until they chase them from the field. We are threatened with the total abolition of all such matters. The services of the most noble and useful of animals are to be scorned—the horse is to be put on half-pay—the smiling white roads we love to look on, while we call to mind the times we have been whirled along them in search of the objects of our heart's best affections, are to disappear. In future the progress of our public vehicles will be traced, like that of some noxious reptile, by the dingy, dirty train they leave behind. The *whip* must yield to the *poker*—the coachman doff his dapper benjamin for a black smock-frock, and sit in cloudy idleness from stage to stage, or only vary it by twirling his smutty thumbs, and ever and anon perchance withdrawing one to scratch his grimy face. The guard, if he retain his present relative position, will both be a *fire-guard* and *need* one; and should either of these officers have any difference with us on the way, instead of his being as heretofore row'd by us, it is but too probable we may all be *blown up* by him. Henceforth a flying chimney will alone mark the distant movement of the traveller, while the springing of an iron rattle, a profusion of black smoke, and a hissing of as many geese, proclaim his near approach. I will not ask room to enumerate *all* the miseries attendant on the proposed reign of darkness, soot, and terror. I must, however, take leave to remind passengers by Steam Coaches of the certainty of their suffering from *vapours*—to request them to bear in mind, that however fast they may go *horizontally*, they run the imminent risk of increasing in velocity tenfold, should any sudden freak of the boiler give them a *perpendicular* direction—and to warn the inhabitants of London against sending their accustomed presents of oysters to their country friends by these conveyances, until they have first clearly ascertained that they like them *stewed*.

Again, Sir, with respect to our old and

pleasant-looking friends the Canals. I am an admirer of Nature, and prefer Canals to Rail-roads, because I would rather at any time wash her beautiful face than dirty it. Besides, water extinguishes fire; but it will be quite a new order of things when fire is allowed to *put out* water. Is speed to be urged in favour of the new roads? Here I am afraid I must give way—not that I believe any thing is in reality to be gained in expedition generally,—but I must admit, that all perishable articles will *go faster* by the hot conveyance than the cold one. It will be somewhat amusing to see packages sent by these fire-waggons marked “*to be kept wet*,” for unless this be done, they will probably *take*, as well as be *taken*, by fire.

Do, good Mr. Editor, lend your potent aid, at the commencement of the coming year, to avert this mass of evils, and help by advice, by entreaty, by warnings, by ridicule, by *any thing*, to thwart the designs of these iron-hearted speculators, who would take from the people of this *free* country all hopes of another merry Christmas. If we must be *slaves*, let it not be to *Iron-masters*—let us open our eyes before the accumulation of *smoke* renders it impossible for us to see—and let us, above all things, beware, lest *Rail-roads*, like party, prove “the madness of *many* for the gain of *few*.”

Birmingham Gazette.

PARIS.

(From the Posthumous Letters of Charles Edwards.)

I TOILED through your overgrown, unfurnished palace of Versailles. Horrible exertion! It was a public day, but I was forced to go, because the *grandes eaux* were to be exhibited. And—the crowd!—The first blessing, surely, that wealth should procure for a man, is solitude! I once thought it was the power of being idle; but now I am sure it is the power of being alone. It was a burning day when I adventured—Sunday—all the world at Versailles—thermometer, 190! The road from Paris, not one foot of which is watered, and all made of that particular sand which never cements, except in people's eyes—there was not one moment, in all the twelve-miles ride, that I could see a hundred yards before me! You get carried—that is, the *monde* does—the whole distance for a *franc*, and all Paris seemed to be taking its departure. The one-horse stages, the *pots de chambre* carried nine passengers in each. Cabrio-

tels—fiacres—waggons covered with canvas—all were glitzed with people, smart, talkative, and happy. I tried my chariot open, and then I was roasted. I closed it, and then I was baked. Meanwhile, the dust!—But at the palace-gate there regularly stand a company of men and boys, with brushes in their hands, and whisks, to cleanse visitors—this is fact!—as they descend from their equipages.

Then the crowd—the suffocation! in the few rooms that I did venture through! In all the courts, nothing but that vile *sablon*, that they seem so fond of here, to walk upon. In the apartments, an eternal white and gold, with great looking-glasses, and bad pictures—for half the pictures are bad, or not excellent, which amounts to the same thing. Nothing now in the aspect of the place as if it had ever been built to be inhabited. I certainly admired your disposition of the fountains; and they, here and there, give some points of beauty—though sadly artificial always—to the grounds. The ring of arches, within which the dances *champetre* were given (as I am told) in the days of the old court, is fanciful, with its fifty illuminated *jets*, rising from, and returning into, as many marble basins. The “concert” *gazon*, too, with its cascade rolling over coloured lamps, must have had some fairy-like glittering character about it. And at the water exhibition *par preference*—the “Bath,” I think, “of Neptune”—(though giving Neptune a bath sounds something like giving Pluto a warming-pan)—the people collected, ranged in rows one above another, upon the rising bank (I should think a quarter of a mile long, and a hundred yards across), that surrounds the pool, formed the most striking public assemblage—none looking what we call the “lower class,” at all events, the gayest that, as Count Cassel expresses it, I ever saw “in the course of my travels.” But then the impression of the whole place, after all, is that of a toy; and of a toy rather in fantastic, childish, clumsy taste. Windsor Castle, with its glorious park and river! Can any man compare the two for a moment? Or, what is there in the Gardens of the Tuileries, taking the Champs Elysees into the bargain, which can be looked at against our Hyde Park, putting Kensington Gardens out of the question?

And Paris is not quite so select neither, I am inclined to think, as to its English company; and for that reason among others, not quite so agreeable as it was when you were here. Our monsters, who used to go to Margate and Brighton (I never knew which set were the most

detestable) now cross the water. You can't imagine how we are over-run with bankers' clerks (English) and pert 'prentices, upon furlough. They get “booked” from London to Paris, with “*diner copieuse*” all the way, for five pounds; and I saw a publication the other day, proving that, by bringing food from town, instead of dining at Canterbury, and sleeping on board the packet at Dover (for which nothing was to be paid) instead of going to an inn, the whole expense, by-drinkings included, might be defrayed for four pounds ten. Then the moneyed visitors, who don't do things in this way, they all go to Very's; which, accordingly, from being one of the best, is becoming one of the worst houses in Paris. I saw three men dining there the other day (to be sure they were *censés au monsieur*, which was worth something); but it was delightful, even across the room, to see the trash they were swallowing, with, ever and anon, an “Ay!—This is something like a glass of wine!” For myself, I like Prevot's dinner and wines at least as well as Very's, and his *salon*, and style of waiting, a great deal better. But Very has been talked about in England; and that once done—*ça ira!*

There are some “blackening” shops added to the *paumteur* of the Palais Royal, into which any person, who is sufficiently filthy, may walk, and enjoy the luxury of having his shoes cleaned upon his feet. I saw these institutions quoted in a book the other day as an example of the *ultra* luxuriousness of the Parisians! There happens to be a coffee-house too in town, with not so much looking-glass quite about it as Everington the linen-draper has in his shop—and all the world has been in arms about the “*Café de Mille Colonnes!*” with a tale about the beauty of the mistress of it, quite as voracious as the rest of the history.

Good wines needing no bush, is no proverb of French manufacture. (And, indeed, there are other countries where good bushes needing no wine, of the two, would be the more popular maxim.) But here is a house at which two blind fiddlers play of an evening—and this becomes the “*Café des Aveugles!*” At another, your currant water is served up by persons in masquerade dresses. And this place—(it would be beset in England)—is the “*Café Chinois!*”

But the *Milles Colonnes*, of all your quakeries, remind me of that which is the most wicked—the story about the beauty, and desirableness, of your women? I always suspected the truth of this account, because the French women whom

I met abroad were not handsome; but your population of Paris more than realizes my apprehensions—it is not merely not handsome, but the most inexcusably unhandsome that I ever beheld. Your *Grisettes*, with their “neat ankles” and “*bien chausses!*” those themselves must be pug-nosed, who have written these things. For the “ankles,” and so forth, I think, in the mass, they are decidedly bad. In the rank of “*Grisettes*,” searching most curiously the milliners’, glovers’, and haberdashers’ shops, I have been quite surprised to find so many girls so sinfully devoid of all attraction. The exceptions to this condition are few; chiefly found among the higher classes—and then it is not at all clear to me that beauty is understood in this country, where you have it. There is a girl lodges opposite to my house—she is a third-rate actress, but certainly the finest woman I have seen in Paris—the French whom I talk to don’t particularly admire her, which is suspicious. Again, you have so many tender figures, round-about ways in your language, of nominating the affliction which we know by the term “plainness.”—There is your *genti*, which amounts to what we should call the “pert.” Then there is your *espigole*, used, I believe, when any body squints; and then your *aimable*, we translate, all over the world, as the “perfectly detestable.”

Blackwood's Magazine.

CHRISTMAS OUT OF TOWN.

For many a winter in Billiter-lane
My wife, Mrs. Brown, was not heard to complain;
At Christmas the family met there to dine
On beef and plumb-pudding, and turkey and chine,
Our bark has now taken a contrary heel,
My wife has found out that the sea is genteel,
To Brighton we duly go scampering down,
For nobody now spends his Christmas in Town.
Our register-stoves and our crimson-baized doors,
Our weather-proof walls, and our carpeted floors,
Our casements well fitted to stem the north wind,
Our arm-chair and sofa are all left behind.
We lodge on the Steine, in a bow-window'd box,
That beckons up stairs every zephyr that knocks;
The sun hides his head and the elements frown;
But nobody now spends his Christmas in Town.
In Billiter-lane, at this mirth-moving time,
The lamplighter brought us his annual rhyme,
The tricks of Grimaldi were sure to be seen,
We carved a twelfth cake, and we drew king and queen;
These pastimes gave oil to Time's round about wheel,
Before we began to be growing genteel:

'Twas all very well for a cockney or clown,
But nobody now spends his Christmas in Town.

At Brighton I'm stuck up in Donaldson's shop,
Or walk upon bricks, till I'm ready to drop;
Throw stones at an anchor, look out for a skiff,
Or view the Chain-pier from the top of the cliff.
Till winds from all quarters oblige me to halt,
With an eye full of sand, and a mouth full of salt.

Yet still I am suffering with folks of renown,
For nobody now spends his Christmas in Town.

In gallop the winds, at the full of the moon,
And puff up my carpet like Sadler's balloon;
My drawing-room rug is besprinkled with soot,
And there is not a lock in the house that will shut.

At Mahomet's steam bath I lean on my cane,
And murmur in secret—“Ah, Billiter-lane!”
But would not express what I think for a crown,
For nobody now spends his Christmas in Town.

The duke and the earl are no cronies of mine,
His majesty never invites me to dine;
The marquis won't speak when we meet on the pier,
Which makes me suspect that I'm *nobody* here.

If that be the case, why then welcome again
Twelfth-cake and snap-dragon in Billiter-lane!
Next winter I'll prove to my dear Mrs. Brown,
That *Nobody* now spends his Christmas in Town.
New Monthly Magazine.

The Gatherer.

“I ain but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff.”—*Wotton.*

MARRIAGE EPIGRAM.

SIR,—If you should not consider the following (which is a fact) too long for your publication, by its insertion you will confer a favour upon your constant reader
DUNSTAN.

The following marriage was actually celebrated in the under-mentioned church, which at the time created great astonishment, and for a long time after was the cause of a general talk throughout the university:—

At Little St. Mary's Church, Cambridge, by the Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Robert Twigg, of St. Peter's Coll., to Miss Ann Bush, of Little St. Mary's Lane, Cambridge.

After which, the happy youthful couple repaired to Barnwell, to spend the honeymoon. Upon this occasion the following *jeu d'esprit* originated:—

A Twigg from a Bush is derived,
As from an old sow are young pigs:
Why not join, then, this Twigg to this Bush,
That this Bush may produce some young Twigg.

The above-named gentleman was the son of a clergyman, in London; and the

lass the daughter of a poor woman, one of the gyps of Pembroke College.

EPITAPHS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—Your late selection of Epitaphs has afforded me considerable amusement; and, as one of your regular subscribers, I cannot forbear contributing several that come under my notice, the authenticity of which may be depended upon.

Near Thornton, in the county of York, in a village church-yard, is to be found a plain stone, close to the church, raised to the memory of John Trollop, who appears to have been the builder of the church; and the epitaph runs quaintly in these words—

Here lyes John Trollop,
Who mayde these stones to roll-up;
When God Almighty took his soule up,
His bodie went to fill this hole up.

In a village in the county of Suffolk, another epitaph, perhaps as curious as the above, is to be found. It is to the memory of a Mrs. Greenwood, the wife of a D. D., and purports to have been written by her devoted spouse:—

Here lies the fairest Greenwood in our town,
By Death—by very cruel Death cut downe:
Her virtue, and her moderation, were such,
That she ought to have been married to a Judge.

But she put up with me,
A poor Doctor of Divinity.

MORAL.

Ye married women, all take warning for her sake,
And never clap a blister on a lying-in-woman's back.

I WILL now give you a third, and for the present conclude. In a village in Hampshire, you find a modest, simple memorial, to the virtues of a son of Galen—thus:—

Here lays Mr. Peter Perkins:
He was a man without guile,
And an apothecary without ostentation.
W. F.

THE LAW OF ENGLAND.

A LEARNED Sergeant, since a Judge, being once asked what he would do if a man owed him 10*l*. and refused to pay him—“Rather than bring an action, with its costs and uncertainty,” said he, “I would send him a receipt in full of all

demands.—Aye,” said he, recollecting himself, “and I would moreover send him 5*l*. to cover possible costs.”

DRUNKENNESS.

A DRUNKEN man is a greater monster than any that is to be found amongst all the creatures which God has made; as indeed there is no character which appears more despicable and defamed in the eyes of all reasonable persons than a drunkard.

Æschines commending Philip, King of Macedonia, for a jovial man that would drink freely, Demosthenes answered—“That this was a good quality in a sponge, but not in a king.”

Bonusus, one of our own countrymen, who was addicted to this vice, having set up for a share in the Roman empire, and being defeated in a great battle, hanged himself. When he was seen by the army in this melancholy situation, notwithstanding he had behaved himself very bravely, the common jest was, that the thing they saw hanging upon a tree before them was not a man, but a bottle.

PRaise OF TOBACCO.

BY LORD BYRON.

SUBLIME Tobacco! which, from East to West,
Cheers the tar's labour, or the Turc'man's rest;

Which on the Moslem's ottoman divides
His hours, and rivals opium and his brides:

Magnificent in Stamboul—but less grand,
Though not less lov'd, in Newgate-street or Strand.

Divine in hookas; glorious in a pipe,
When tipp'd with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe:

Like other charmers, wooing the caress—
More dazlingly when daring in full dress.

Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties—Give me a Cigar!

EPIGRAM.

“WHAT will you take,” said Quiz to Pat,

“To brave the storm without a hat?”
“Och by my life,” said Pat quite bold,
“You know I'd take a great big cold.”

Answers to Correspondents in our next.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CXXV.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.]

Bow Church, Middlesex.



THERE are few places in the vicinity of London which are more interesting, from the evident marks of antiquity that are displayed in and about them, than the village of Bow, or, as it is more correctly termed, Stratford Bow, in the county of Middlesex.

The village itself seems originally to have derived its importance, first, from an ancient ford near one of the Roman high-ways; and, secondly, from a bridge of one arch over the river Lea, built by Henry I., probably at the instance of Matilda, his queen, who, as it is stated, in attempting to pass the ford, "got well washed in the stream." Indeed Leland says, that it was she that "caused two bridges to be builded in a place, one mile distant from the Old Ford, now called the Bowe, because the bridge was arched like unto a bow; a rare piece of work, for before that time the like had never been seen in England. The other was over the little brook, commonly called the Channelse Bridge. Moreover, she gave manors and a mill, commonly called Wiggen Mill, to the Abbess of Barking, for the repairing of the bridges and highwaie."

VOL. v.

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This account of Leland's differs in many particulars from one delivered upon oath at an inquisition taken before Robert de Retford and Henry Spigurnall, the king's justices, in the year 1303. The jurors (upon their oaths) declared, that at the time when Matilda, the good queen of England, lived, the road from London to Essex was by a place called Old Ford, where there was no bridge, and during great inundations was so dangerous, that many passengers lost their lives; which coming to the good queen's ears, she caused the road to be turned where it is now, namely, between the towns of Stratford and West Ham, and of her bounty caused the bridges and road to be made, except the bridge called Chanler's bridge, which ought to be repaired by the Abbot of Stratford.

The parish-church of Stratford Bow, of which we give a correct and picturesque view, is dedicated to St. Mary, and was built in the year 1311, in consequence of a license granted by Bishop Baldock (dated from Stepney) to the inhabitants of Stratford and Old Ford, to build a chapel (of ease), they being so far distant

65

from the parish-church of Stepney, and the roads in winter impassable, by reason of the floods. The original structure, it will be observed, although tottering with decay, still remains; which is a curious circumstance, as it exhibits a correct specimen of the *second-rate* ecclesiastical architecture of the period when it was erected. It consists of a chancel, nave, and two aisles separated from the nave by octagonal pillars and pointed arches.

On the left side of the church from London, (as may be observed in the view) there is a very large old house, now appropriated to the purpose of a workhouse for the parish of Stratford Bow. Its exterior, as far as we have had occasion to observe it, exhibits marks of considerable antiquity; that is to say, from the window-frames, door-cases, &c., we believe it to be about the age of Henry VIII., when it was probably either built or repaired.

Edmund, Lord Sheffield, who distinguished himself in the sea-fight against the Spanish Armada, resided at Stratford Bow in 1613. Would it be carrying conjecture too far to suppose his residence was in this house, then the best in the town? especially as the ornaments and arrangements of its interior seem to sanction the hypothesis.

Among many extracts from the parish-register, two that are very curious appear; and as they relate to persons equally celebrated in their different professions, we shall requote them.

"William Penkethman," (the comedian), "bachelor, of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, and Elizabeth Hill, maiden, of St. Paul, Shadwell, married November 22, 1714."

"The Rev. John Henley, (the celebrated orator, who was indeed as much a comedian as his precursor,) of St. Andrew, Holborn, and Mary Clifford, married Feb. 1st. 1725-6."

We cannot take leave of this village without observing, that it was once celebrated for the manufacture of china, which obtained the appellation of Bow china, though the works were on the other side of the river Lea. We have seen some specimens of this ware extremely beautiful; but the rise of the potteries, and the opposition of the Chelsea, Worcester, Salop, and Derby, porcelain manufactories, caused these works to stop.

In ancient times, Stratford was famous for a company of white and brown bread bakers, who used to send it in carts and on horses to the environs of the metropolis, and most grievously to undersell the Londoners. This was frequently

complained of by them; but as the opposition thus created was, by the people in power, thought beneficial to the poor, it was never legally countermanded.

WINTER.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—The green-leaf season has passed its meridian, and those fond prospects which we so lately nourished within our bosoms are now torn from us by rude Winter's approach: that green enamel—"Nature's universal robe"—so lately visible, is now scarcely known, but through the melancholy, once thickly-scattered trees, and the neighbouring hills, which, instead of being covered with its "gay-green" mantle, is decorated with the forbidding white-frozen plumage, while the surrounding generous fields are "hardened to iron, and the moistened meadows are congealed into marble."—The garden, too, which yielded a "balmy essence," and where the "jessamine dispenses her odoriferous riches"—where the "woodbine embalmed the morning walk"—where the varied, lovely flowers, clad in stately crimson and purple, unfolded their precious garments, and laid open to the view of man the minute exactness of their numberless tints, and the precise delineations of their foliage—and where the sublime whole forms a unison of essences, and of glittering colours, far beyond the art of inventive man, is robbed of its lucid rest by the advancement of a sullen and sad winter. Indeed, all nature seems robbed of its clothing; and every thing around us presents a naked and shocking appearance, with which we are not always willing to associate.

"Deep tinged, and damp congregated clouds,
And all the vapouring turbulence of Heaven,
Involve the force of things."

Though winter seldom meets with a friendly welcome, and is, perhaps, never hailed with a pleasing thought, still it has its endearments to man, and is, in its due course, equally beneficial and fruitful as cheerful spring.

"..... At once arrayed,
In all the colours of the flushing year."

It is not surprising that winter is so opposed to the feelings of the human race. Man naturally clings to that period from whence he has derived so many celestial joys—joys unknown, unborn to many. Who that has tasted the felicity of "refulgent summer," can let the bright verdure of the landscape be superseded by Winter's sparkling robe—the stately nodding trees bereft of their gay attire—

the unnumbered flowers lost their grateful fragrance—the blue ethereal “stately ceiling,” that was “fretted with gold” and “embroidered with stars,” obscured by

“Vapours, and clouds, and storms,”

without feeling that the revolving season has already drawn near its close, and that its brightest task has been performed?—It is the possession of this knowledge that must be urged in palliation of the ingratitude of man, for not acknowledging the approach of unwelcome winter with the same warmth of feeling with which he hailed and hallowed lively summer.

Notwithstanding that, I love to tread the green sod, and breathe

“All the freshness of the humid air.”

I cannot, after all, help expressing, that winter, though uncouth and stubborn, has many enjoyments unequalled at any other period of the year—enjoyments, too, calculated to give health and vigour to the human frame.

There are, certainly, few scenes that excel the enjoyments of a summer's morning, especially if we emerge from our chamber while the golden sun has but lately been seated in the chariot of heaven, and the early lark already mounted high in the Heavens, giving welcome to the new-born day. This, undoubtedly, is an attraction of no small magnitude; but still, when I call to my recollection the clear hard-frozen morn, when my chamber window displays the numerous fancied figures of “mimic landscapes” and encrusted plumage, I cannot forget the enjoyment of witnessing all this, while warmly confined in bed, with the clothes snugly lain over the shoulder, and the “breath rolling forth like smoke out of a cottage chimney.” This Dr. Kitchener may say, is degrading to the thinking man; but in this instance, theoretical principles are more easy than practical ones. Thomson has exclaimed—

“Falsely luxurious! will not man awake.”

“For is there ought in sleep can charm the wise.”

and is said to have frequently lain in bed till noon.

When disengaged from the bed, and seated in the breakfast parlour, with a clear-burning fire, tea or chocolate at your elbow, and with buttered toast and eggs staring you in the face, with what self-gratification is the pending iceles viewed, while one hand grasps that “magnetic thing” the newspaper. A writer of some celebrity says, “There is a delightful mixture of the lively and the snug, in coming down into one's break-

fast room of a cold morning, and seeing every thing prepared for us—a blazing grate, a clean table-cloth and tea-things, the newly-washed faces and combed heads of a set of good-humoured urchins, and sole empty chair at its accustomed corner, ready for occupation.” Indeed, I am disposed to the belief of this, and though not altogether an admirer of O'Doherty's maxims, I love a winter's breakfast.

It is by contrast that we balance the value of any specific object; and where exists a greater than at a winter's breakfast table? For while the frost has encrusted the window, and almost obscured the hard-frozen “sounding to the tread,” path from view, the cheerful fire burns more bright, and yields to man a double blessing.

The duties of the morning having been performed, where can the early part of the day be closed more pleasantly, or more healthful, than on the iron-hardened surface of the congealed spring? Here life is all in motion, from the peer to the peasant, participating in one of the grandest exercises nature has formed for the enjoyment of man. An hour or more passed in this manner gives a character to the day not excelled by an indulgence in the

“* * * ample chair, moss-lined, and over head
By flower umbrage shaded.”

The active powers of man have formed various pleasures for the further promotion of their happiness—pleasures, too, suited to the particular seasons of the year. In summer we enjoy all the freshness of the grove, constantly reclining on an old wooden seasonal seat, hewn from the crooked branches of some well-known neighbouring tree; or confine ourselves to the neat well-formed arbour, where the honey-suckle, that breathes a fragrance, and that ever-green, the ivy, are closely entwined, and shade man from the powerful influence of the burning sun. Notwithstanding this, what will not a winter's evening produce? Of all seasons and periods of the year, where are there more pleasing features, more humour, and more life, than during our winter's evenings? It is a time at which we partake of all the rationality of wholesome dialogue, while our cheerful hostess provides the repast, and the welcome flame steals unperceived up the chimney. Indeed, a winter's evening is productive of innumerable pleasures, not only fitting to the mind of the youth and the aged, but also suited to the feelings of the gay and the steady. The youth, amid the busy throng, is tripping over the chalky floor;—the

aged, stationed in the well-known corner;

" * * * looking on the chimney's ample blaze,
'Mid many a told-tale of his boyish days,
feels a vibration at the heart of content-
ment and love ;—the gay, unheeded, float
down the stream of pleasure, till stemmed
by reflection's voice ;—and the steady,
faithful to their post, have more opportu-
nities for the indulgence of their aguish
feelings.

Human nature is too inclined to frown
upon winter, forgetting that the Great
Dispenser of all things has, in his wise
judgment, so excellently regulated the
grand work, that winter is not only pro-
ductive of happiness to his creatures, but
absolutely necessary to their existence.

A. B. C.

GROG.

A SPIRITED ODE.

(For the Mirror.)

THOUGH I'm going to rehearse, in elaborate verse,
The praise of good liquor, don't think me a
hog ;

For I'll make it quite clear, that the grand
panacea

For all human evils, is nothing but grog.

After venison and furbot, your coffee or sherbet
I like well enough, as an *infidel dog* :

But a *Mussulman Turk* would find it hard work,
To make me believe that they're nicer than
grog.

The spruce Mr. Lamb ('pon my word, 'tis no
flam.)

With *Whitbread's entire*,* makes his Pegasus
jog :

I'll grant he's a poet, but then he don't shew wit,
In thinking that *porter* is better than grog.

You'll find, if you look in the life of George
Cooke,

(Whose laurels no erlie with venom can clog ;)

Macbeth and Iago were under embargo,
Till George was well prim'd with a jorum of
grog.

The brave British soldier, his country's upholder,
When up to his knees in a trench or a bog ;
In the heat of the battle, when musket-balls
rattle,

Will fight all the better for drinking his grog.

In a squall out at sea, with a shore on the lee,
Or perhaps when the ship is becalm'd in a fog ;
The sailors, I trow, couldn't take her in tow,

Till they've *epic'd the main brace* with a can
full of grog.

* I am credibly informed that the celebrated
author of the *Essays of Elia*, &c. (whose
works bear the character of any thing but heavy
reading,) is in the habit of washing down his
favourite "*roast pig*," with copious libations of
what your printer's devil knows by the name of
heavy-set.

C. J. D.

If a patient were lying in the hospital, dying,
And the nurses all thought him as dead as a
log :

Be it choleric or phthisic,—blisters and physic ;
Have me for a doctor—I'd dose him with grog.

On a dark rainy night, in a pitiful plight,
Wet through to the skin and as cold as a frog ;
Take a word of advice—sit down in a trice,
And warm your intestines with plenty of grog.

If you want to get frisky—rum, hollands, and
whiskey,

Is very good stuff to drink after your grog ;
And right Cogniac brandy is equally handy,
Though never so good as when made into grog.

Some milksoaps will say that Bohem or Twankay
Is the wholesomest stuff—but such dunces I'd
flog :

For this I declare, that I'd never compare
Such villainous drink with a glass of good grog.

They may talk about wine, as a "*liquor divine*,"
And it sets all the half-witted toppers a-gog ;

But when, my good fellow, you wish to be
mellow,

Then take my word for it—there's nothing
like grog.

C. J. D.

ON FASHION.

(For the Mirror.)

THIS is a tiresome, useless, and an un-
necessary custom, void of taste and con-
venience. That it is so, I will show in
a conspicuous manner ; for instance—
what necessity is there when a dozen or
two sit down to dinner, in waiting till
they are all served ; is it consistent that
any person's dinner is to get cold whilst
the rest are being helped by the mistress
of the house ? You will say, fashion
allows it, and for politeness' sake we ought
to conform. Far from it ; (I may be
called a John Bull—I care not). Every
one as soon as their plate is filled *ought*
to begin his dinner.

Another custom that this fashion sanc-
tions is, when you are at a tea-party, let
your tea be ever so hot, you are not per-
mitted the liberty of emptying the con-
tents of the cup into the saucer, and
drinking it at your ease. No, no, for-
sooth that would be too great an indul-
gence ; but for the sake of this needless
and habitual practice, we are to undergo
the exquisite torture of scalding our
mouths, so as to make the tears start in
our eyes. You will reply, no doubt, let
it cool ; and so because we are to wait
till its cooled, we are to be famished by
thirst. This parade of formality might
be abolished, and yet with propriety ; at
least we might be indulged thus, without
disgusting those finikin persons who call
themselves votaries of fashion. But the
worst of all is *introduction* to a numerous

party : Suppose now in this case—obliged to attend office till nearly nine ; all on account of the delay of the foreign post ; well, at last it comes, you dress yourself, call a coach, (or get in *your own* if you *have one*,) arrive at the house, and you are ushered up stairs by a pair of mould candles, held by a black footman, who in opening the door, stumbles against you and greases your blue sur-tout ; ten minutes more elapse in cleaning it ; vexed, all of no use : the door opens at last. When lo ! some twenty or thirty persons are assembled ; the mistress of the house on seeing you, now comes forward with an, “ Ah, Mr. So, and So, allow me to introduce you to Miss Prim, of Prim Hall, Primrose Hill ; you have seen her before ? ” “ Not that I recollect ! ” Well, you are introduced to the whole party, they to you ; this occupies about half an hour : when you have got about half through the introduction, what with fatigue, heat, and vexation, you tread upon the feet of some old duchess, who happens to be *indulged* with a *few corns* ; an excuse of course follows, “ Sorry, madam, done unintentionally.” “ Oh, pray don’t mention it,” replies the duchess of tender feet. Scarce turned your back, when you hear the following eulogium to console you for the accident. “ Poh ! the creature ought to study Chesterfield, before he makes his *debut* in public ; sure he’s hob-nails in his shoes—some journeyman tailor I *s’pose*,” cries the duchess of corns, “ Not at all unlikely,” replies a pert miss of sixteen. “ Bless me,” cries the duchess, “ what an extremely ugly coat.” When up steps some conceited fellow with an eyeglass, which he holds cocked to his eye, “ tail too long by four inches and a half ; pon honour mem, ’tis true ; I’m quite a connoisseur in this way : ” and off he struts like some cock upon a dunghill. You at last get seated after you have committed about twenty trifling accidents : when you happen to raise your eyes and cast them round the company, *black looks, sly whispers, nods with meanings, and titlers with no meanings at all*, all of course are intended for the *unfortunate corn treader* : and this is the delight of an introduction. Oh ! fashion, fashion ! keep me from thy claws !

On the other side, mankind are benefited by this absurd custom ; it is useful only in this view. What would become of the innumerable tradespeople, whose very existence hangs upon the ebbing of this tide ; (for so I’ll call it) merchants, nay every individual derives some advantage from this tedious thing. But I

F 3

shall conclude the subject with saying, that there is no truly convenient, and at the same time serviceable custom, without some ridiculousness and absurdity attached to it. F. C. N.

IMPROMPTU.

ON a certain poetess sealing a letter with two emblematic roses—and the motto, “ *we bloom to day—to-morrow die.* ”

“ We bloom to day—to-morrow die ; ”

This truth your seal discloses ;

A moral we may all apply,

Even from these sculptured roses.

Fair poetess ! while thus you bloom,

Let your remembrance cherish ;

That virtue, lives, beyond the tomb ;

And genius, ne’er can perish.

CHILDHOOD.

CHILDHOOD is as a sweet perfume,

Wasted quick hence by ev’ry breath of day,

A gathered flow’r’s fast fading bloom ;

Vain as near morn’s approach, the glow-worm’s glist’ning ray.

A gem upon a desert sand,

A smile upon a brow of care,

A crystal drop on parched land,

Vain as in tiger’s den the piteous prayer.

Save that when sorrow’s ranking dart,—

Strikes low in dust our drooping soul,

Its sweet remembrance cheers the heart,—

Sweet soothing for a time as Bacchus’ joyous bowl.

Grateful remembrance of my childhood’s days—

(Vain is thy view, their joys will ne’er return)

Yet that sweet transient view almost repays,—

My soul for cares and grief, that leave me nought but the sad silent urn.

P. Y. T.

GRIEF.

(For the Mirror.)

I’ve lost the girl my bosom loved,

I’ve felt misfortune’s deadly blight—

O’er the cold grave of friendship wept,

And chided death his distant flight.

I’ve gazed upon my griefs until

I’ve half forgot to feel their power ;

Or rather till that power would seem

The lodestar of each lonely hour.

Oh ! I have mourn’d o’er parted joys

Till the dark scowl that throned my brow

Has changed its nature, and become

Complacency, for such ’tis now.

Yes—that once dark and frowning brow,

Has now grown calm ’mid all its fears—

So Sol’s bright orb oft sets in smiles,

That saw its morning dawn in tears.

ALPHEUS.

MOZART'S REQUIEM.

MOZART, the celebrated composer, was much addicted to melancholy, which at length became habitual. He fancied that his life was fast drawing to a close, and he beheld the prospect with horror.

One day, being plunged in his melancholy reveries, he heard a carriage stop at his door—a stranger was announced who desired to speak with him. He was requested to walk in. He was a man of a certain age, and had all the appearance of a person of distinction. "I am charged," said the unknown, "by a person of rank to come and seek you." "Who is he?" interrupted Mozart—"He does not wish that to be known." "Very well, what is his pleasure?" "He has lost a lady who was extremely dear to him, and whose memory will be eternally so. He wishes to celebrate her loss every year by a solemn service, and he wishes you to compose a requiem for this service." Mozart felt deeply affected by this discourse, the grave tone in which it was pronounced—the air of mystery which was spread over the adventure—the disposition of his soul strengthened the impression—he promised to compose the *requiem*. The stranger continued, "apply to the work all the powers of your genius, you labour for a connoisseur in music." "So much the better." "How long do you require?" "A month." "Very well, I will return in a month. At what price do you estimate your labour?" "One hundred ducats." The stranger counted the amount on the table and disappeared. Mozart remained for a few moments absorbed in thought, then asked for pen ink and paper, and in spite of his wife's remonstrances began to write with an ardour that was insensible to pain and fatigue; he composed night and day with an enthusiasm which seemed to increase as he proceeded, till at length he fell motionless off his seat, owing to extreme fatigue and lassitude; this compelled him to suspend his labour some days. His wife endeavouring to dispel the sombre ideas which occupied his brain, Mozart said to her hastily, "Yes, it is certain it is for myself that I am composing this requiem, it will be for my own funeral service." Nothing could eradicate this idea from his mind, he continued to labour at his requiem as Raphael did at the picture of the Transfiguration, equally struck with the idea of his death.

Mozart felt his strength gradually decay, his requiem proceeded slowly, the period he had asked was elapsed. The stranger returned. "I have found it im-

possible," said Mozart, "to keep my word." "Don't let that trouble you," replied the stranger, "how much longer time do you wish?" "A month; the work has inspired me with more interest than I expected it would, and I have extended it much further than I intended." "In that case it is necessary to augment your compliment, there are fifty ducats more." "Sir," said Mozart, still more astonished, "who are you then?" "That has nothing to do with the business; I will return in a month." Mozart sent one of his servants after the stranger, to discover where he went to, but he returned only to inform him, that he had lost sight of the stranger, and could not find him again.

Poor Mozart took it into his head that this stranger was no ordinary being, that he certainly had some connection with the other world, and that he was sent to advertise him of his approaching end. He now laboured with more ardour at his requiem, which he regarded as the most durable monument of his talent. He fainted away several times, and was with difficulty recovered. At length the work was finished before the end of the month. The stranger returned at the time agreed upon—Mozart was no more!

All Germany account this requiem as the *chef d'œuvre* of the composer.

SAUID.

EVENING CONTEMPLATION.

How dear to me the evening hour,
When sun-beams melt and shadows paint the ground;
When silence, with resistless power,
Confers a hallow'd charm on all around.
How sweet in solitary silence to repose
On mossy banks beneath the cooling shade,
To view the varied landscape as it glows;
To see its borrow'd colours quickly fade.
The golden beams and glittering glories die,
So fade the hopes that once as brightly shone,
And gentle mem'ry breathes her vesper sigh
O'er dreams of youthful bliss long flown.
The sun again shall gild the azure skies,
And with his beam expiring nature cheer;
Reviving hopes in every bosom rise,
And joyous smiles arrest the starting tear.

BELINDA.

THE HAPPY PAIR.

"Felicis ter et amplius,
Quos irrupta tenet copula."

HORACE.

That's happy is a married life,
As sages gravely say,
With mutual aid when man and wife,
Agree to draw one way!

Then honest Ned, who keeps the Bear,
 And rosy Kate his spouse,
 Must be allow'd a happy pair;
 Both *draw*—and both *carouse*.
 When Ned's awake, he seldom rests,
 But drinks, and 'tends the tap;
 And Kate will *draw*, and pledge the guests,
 Whilst landlord takes his nap.
 Thus partners, both in joy and care,
 The load of life moves quicker;
 Then Ned and Kate both *draw* their share,
 And *drink* their share of liquor.

JACOBUS.

WRITTEN IN A QUAKER'S GARDEN.

Fare from the proud, the pompous, and the vain,
 How simply neat, and elegantly plain,
 Thy rural villa lifts its modest head,
 Where fair convenience reigns in fashion's stead,
 Where sober plenty does its bliss impart,
 And cheers thine hospitable, honest heart;
 Mirth without vice, and rapture without noise,
 And all the decent, all the manly joys!
 Beneath a shady bowser, the summer's pride,
 (Thy dearest daughter sitting by my side,
 Where light and shade in various scenes display,
 A contrast sweet, like friendly *yea* and *nay*,
 My hand, the secretary of my mind,
 Left thee these lines upon the poplar's rind.

EXPLANATION OF THE MONEY
OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

PREVIOUS to the correcting orders issued by Governor Macquarie in 1816, the produce of several plentiful harvests had been purchased and paid for by promissory notes, issued by numerous individuals, almost every one in business sending forth his own notes, which, if presented for payment, were paid for in property. In 1816, the Governor made it illegal to issue or draw any note, except with the description of sterling attached to it. The good effects of this measure were soon visible, the market being cleared of all the trumpery paper, and a bank being established, the colony, up to the end of 1821, was supplied with the best circulation of any part. At that time there was the paper of the Bank of New South Wales (a corporation); against which was that of the Lachlan and Waterloo Mill Company, a large flour concern, of which the issues were considerable, and yet only tended to keep within some bounds the other, which had the support of Government. One essential result was, that Sydney did exchange with England at par, the commissary exchanging and consolidating the store receipts, bank notes and all. During this period small change was attained by Spanish dollars, stamped by Government, which were deemed legal payment at 5s. each; and the piece called a dump passed for 1s. 3d., leaving a good profit to Government, and affording an excellent circulating medium.

Both the dollar and the dump bore their value on their face. At the same time, by common consent, the Spanish dollar and the rupee were valued at 5s. and 2s. 6d., by which means a profit accrued to the importer of them. Things were in this state when our new commissary, William Wemyss, Esq. offended with the bank for not conforming to all the difficulties of keeping books to tally with his own, purchased a large quantity of dollars, which he issued *unstamped* at 5s. a piece; and when they were presented again, refused to consolidate them at more than their intrinsic value in silver. The bank immediately curtail their discounts; the commissary gives receipts in dollars; and other persons, in defiance of the law, issue dollar notes; prosecutions were on the point of commencing when the governor rescinds the government and general order of 1816, and a complete state of confusion is the consequence.

The commissary now advertises, that, for the limited amount of bills which he can spare by the time of the Shipley's departure, he will receive the dollar at 5s. and require 2½ per cent. premium, which identical end might have been accomplished without this circuitous mode, and much ill blood prevented. The worst effect of all this has been, that the bank having so very suddenly withdrawn their discount, the market has no purchasers in comparison with the great plenty of previous competitors.

There is a view of all the causes and effects which have produced this stir, that has not been taken. Exchange must naturally be in favour of the country that exports; or, in few words, the buyer is pretty sure to be in debt to the seller. This is a great exporting country, inasmuch as the distinction between exporting beef, mutton, and flour into the sides of a ship, or into the stomachs of the prisoners, if England pays for it, cannot be allowed to constitute a difference; therefore, until the advancing luxury of this colony makes her the greater purchaser, the natural exchange must be against England, and ready as I am to believe in the longevity of folly and its wilful deafness to the roaring voice of experience, I should hope it would not be deemed good policy to check the growth of a customer, even by folly's dearest friends, strong as circumstances are! This colony is thought expensive; but the convicts must be fed somewhere, and those who supply them are becoming better and better customers. One thing is to be observed, that from some former injudicious restrictions on its commerce, this colony has been manufacturing very prematurely; but from

the difficulties under which those labour at home who pay the taxes, New South Wales has been enabled to maintain and even extend her manufactures. The cloth made at Parramatta is thick and coarse, but warm, and is preferred, as more pleasant and durable than English cloth: the same sort is made all over the colony, here and there, by individuals who find a ready sale, although there are no dyers. Nails, also, are made in every town at least, and are greatly preferred to English nails, which will not stand the shingles, which are of the Shea oak, or beef wood, which our chief constable tells me, he sold at home most enormously; so that goods are generally forwarded to England in thick packages of this wood, which renders them more valuable.

A.

My Common-Place Book.

No. VII.

A FEW GRUNTS FROM TIPPER-KIN, TOUCHING SUNDRY HYDROUS ENORMITIES.

I HAVE long made up my mind that the world and the inhabitants thereof, are not sufficiently alive to my merits, and therefore think that there is nothing so becoming a rational and immortal being as to *growl* from morning to night systematically, both summer and winter.

1st. I am utterly discontented with ministers, because the world is at peace, and there is no element for stirring blades to bustle about in, and I am morally certain they are at the bottom of it. Moreover because my sagacious hints have been shamefully neglected, and also because I have neither a place nor pension.

Both the Universities are the peculiar objects of my spleen and constant vituperation, for they send loose upon society a pack of rips, pretty respectably up in Latin, Greek, Mathematics, &c. &c. but fearfully down as far as moral character is concerned. It is a roaring-black-burning-shame that shoals of the most nefarious scamps should have a right and title to take orders in the church, yes, in our glorious establishment, simply because they have been enabled to shuffle through their examinations, or could command sufficient interest to get their ignorance as well as their rascallity winked at. I will put it to the common sense of any, the veriest stick that ever crawled through life upon two legs, whether it be not at least as necessary for a man to be a decent moral and religious character, as to be crammed even to repletion with logic or the classics?

The perfectability of the human mind! verily this must be the age in which that most desirable consummation was to take place. Man's immortal immaterial soul is getting irresistible, and all by the force of steam! By the Hamiltonian system, a man can learn Latin, Greek, German, French, Italian, &c. &c. admirably in the space of a twelvemonth as to be perfectly fit to *teach* others, and if he should perchance travel to one of our Universities, of course he will be able to prove to a demonstration that they, even the big wigs, are all asses, to a man, to put the examining masters to the blush in the schools, to make the very black gowns of the gownsmen turn red for very shame! Reader, the said system is a lamentable hum, *crede experto*.

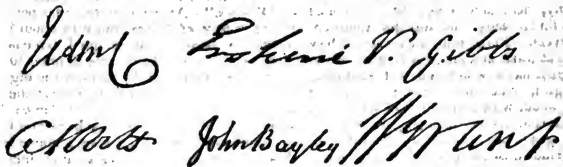
Elegant new churches now a days! O, that they would strive to introduce preachers worthy of them! To enter a splendid structure and go therefrom with your eyes feasted but your mind unimproved, is a scandal. Why not make the churches rather plainer, less expensive, and more of them? Again, I vote the pew openers, a most especial public nuisance, and as such they should be both prosecuted and persecuted without mercy. Go into All Soul's Church, or into any church, old or new, it matters not, and catch them giving you a seat, (especially if the nap happens to be a little worn from your coat,) unless you introduce them to the most intimate acquaintance with a lily-white piece of silver. The church is in danger, Sirs, I repeat it, the church is in danger. Seeing that the church of England-people and pew openers are alike uncivil and unaccommodating, one must go to the dissenting chapels where things are on that score as they ought to be. If you go to Irving's they will give accommodation as long as they have it to give, even to their own annoyance, and the man can give you, when he is in the vein, something worth listening to; but you must stand in our magnificent churches till you are sick, for no earthly purpose but to be disgusted with the learned Vicar "twanging through his nose," and deceiving you with common-place morality that you would be much more pleased than edified with in the garb of Plato or Socrates.

My patience is exhausted when I think of the odiosities which crowd around me for flagellation—when I think on any man defending the conduct of K—, eulogising M— F—, keeping any kind of terms with C— B—, or palliating the atrocities of people who might be expected to know better, "In deed, indeed, I'm very, very sick."

Autographs, with Biographical Notices.

No. IV.

AUTOGRAPHS.



Adam Erskine
John Scott
John B. Erskine

"I want to see Mrs. Jago's hand writing, that I may judge of her temper."—SHENSTONE.

A VARIETY of causes have prevented us from resuming our collection of autographs; which we shall now, however, give frequently; and invite contributions from our readers of original letters and signatures of distinguished persons in their possession.

We this week present the autographs of six distinguished lawyers, four of whom are living, and the other two, not having been long dead, must be fresh in the recollection of many of our readers. The first is

THE EARL OF ELDON, Lord High Chancellor of England. John Scott, Lord Eldon, is the son of a coalfitter at Newcastle-upon-Tyne; he was born about the year 1751, and when of a proper age, was sent to the University of Oxford. In 1772, he was admitted a student of the Middle Temple, and after devoting himself wholly to his profession, was called to the bar in due time: he was for some time without a brief; at length, however, he was employed as counsel, when he so distinguished himself, as to lay the foundation of his future fame and fortune: his rise was now rapid; in 1783, we find him enjoying a patent of presidency which entitled him to all the honours of king's counsel; five years after saw him solicitor-general, with the honour of knighthood; in 1793, he was made attorney-general, and conducted the prosecutions for high treason in 1794, against Horne Tooke, Hardy, Thelwall, and others. In 1799, he was made chief justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and created a peer under the title of Baron Eldon. In 1801, he was appointed lord chancellor, and held this high and important office until the year 1806, when on the accession of the Whigs to power, he gave place to

Lord Erskine; the fall of this short-lived administration, however, led to Lord Eldon's restoration in 1807, and he still fills the office of lord high chancellor of England, an office in which he never was exceeded for close application to business, an unwearied spirit of investigation, great acuteness of observation, and correctness of decision. In 1821, his lordship was created Earl of Eldon and Viscount Encombe.

LORD ERSKINE.—Intending, at no very distant period, to give a detailed memoir of the life of Lord Erskine, our present notice shall be brief.* Thomas, Lord Erskine, was the third son of Henry David, Earl of Buchan, and was born about the year 1753; he served both in the army and navy, and afterwards studied the law, entering himself as a fellow commoner of Trinity College, Cambridge, and a student of Lincoln's Inn at the same time. In the trinity term of 1778, Mr. Erskine was called to the bar; he did not remain long without a brief; for in November, of that year, we find him astonishing the Court of King's Bench by his courage, and making Westminster Hall ring with his eloquence. From this period he became the most powerful and popular pleader of the age—we might, perhaps, say, of his country—and one of the staunchest advocates of that great palladium of freedom, the liberty of the press, and the trial by jury. To his zeal, acuteness, and eloquence, Horne Tooke and his colleagues owed their acquittal, and to him has the British senate and the courts of law been indebted, for some of their noblest bursts of eloquence. Lord Erskine, as already stated, filled the office

* We may in the mean time refer to a collection of his lordship's poems, with a memoir and portrait, which is published at a price which places it within the reach of all.

of Lord Chancellor during the administration of the whigs; his Lordship died in Scotland in 1823.

SIR VICARY GIBBS, whose autograph follows that of Lord Erskine, was his lordship's colleague in the memorable state trials of 1794. This gentleman was the son of an apothecary at Exeter, where he was born in 1752; he was educated at Eton, whence he removed to King's College, Cambridge, where he was distinguished by his classical attainments. He entered as student of Lincoln's Inn, was in due time called to the bar, and soon attained eminence as a counsel, particularly on the occasion we have mentioned. He successively filled the offices of recorder of Bristol, chief justice of Chester, solicitor and attorney-general, with the honour of knighthood: in 1813 he was appointed purser, and the next year chief justice of the Common Pleas. Ill health compelled him to resign the office in 1818, and two years afterwards he died.

The other three autographs are those of Sir Charles Abbott, the present lord chief justice of the Court of King's Bench; Sir John Bayley, the next judge in rank in the same court; and Sir William Grant, late master of the rolls.

MANNERS OF THE PEOPLE OF LANCASHIRE.

In the early part of their history, the manners of the people of Lancashire were very homely, and Strype, in his *Annals*, speaking of the inhabitants, designates them as "the rude people of Lancashire." A hundred years afterwards, Fuller writes of them in more courteous terms, "the ayre of Lancashire," says he, "is subtil and piercing, and the effects thereof are found in the fair complexions and fine constitutions of the natives therein, whose bodies are as able as their minds, willing for any laborious employment." I believe that the God of Nature having given fair complexions to the women in this country, art may save her pains (not to say her sinnes) in endeavouring to better them." John de Breatford, in his black-letter book in the Bodleian Library, printed in 1602, says, "The manners of the inhabitants of Lancashire, are similar to those of the neighbouring counties, except the men always eat with prong forks. The men are masculine, and in general, well made; they ride out and hunt as in most southern parts, but not with that grace, owing to the whip being carried in the left hand. The women are mostly hand-

some, their eyes brown, black, hazel, blue, and grey; their noses, if not inclined to the aqualine, are mostly of the Grecian form, which gives a most beautiful archness to the countenance, such, indeed, as is not easy to be described. Their fascinating manners have long procured them the name of the "*Lancashire Witches*." At present the manners of the gentry of Lancashire very much resemble those of the neighbouring counties: they are frank, hospitable, and polite; the mercantile body, are many of them men of comprehensive minds and of ardent enterprise; the employers in the manufacturing classes have less enlargement of mind but more circumspection than the merchants; they are industrious, ingenious, and prudent; the operative, as the Scotch designate the work-people, employed in the manufactories, are laborious and intelligent, but addicted to intemperance, except when that vice is corrected by religious association, of which there is a great deal in this county. In times of distress they are great politicians, but in seasons of prosperity they do not trouble themselves much with state affairs. The dialect of the vulgar is remarkably broad, and the *Lancashire* of their Saxon ancestry is still spoken on the south and south-eastern borders of the county in great perfection. It is a prevailing opinion that the *Factory System*, by which the sexes are often congregated together in large bodies, has done much to injure public morals and impair the public health; and it must be confessed, that the domestic system where the heads of families could watch over the health and morals of their youth was much to be preferred: but from certain circumstances of counteraction, the mischief has been less than might have been anticipated; education has been diffused by means of Sunday Schools and the British and Madras Systems. Men have run to and fro in the earth disseminating useful periodical publications, and knowledge has been increased—religious instruction has been widely extended, and it is a matter of fair calculation whether these causes have not preserved the morals of the people from any material decay. As to the public health it has been already shown, that it is as good here, as in other parts of the kingdom, or at least, that life is prolonged to an equal duration. *Baines' Directory.*

Reminiscences.

No. X.

"Fat paunches make lean pates, and dainty bits

Make rich the ribs, but banker out the wits."

It has been very much the fashion amongst a class of persons to attribute to Sir W. C. certain bulls (which would be more in place from an alderman of Dublin), and also a vulgarity and ignorance of speech which are by no means consistent with his character and conduct. The worthy and hospitable baronet has a rapid mode of speech, but it is always correct; and although some eccentricities are mixed up in his composition, he is highly honourable, and has been a very useful member of society, particularly to his London constituents. Among other absurdities he is charged with having given, at public dinners, the following toasts:—"The British tars of Old England." "A speedy peace, and soon." "The three C's—Cox, King, and Curtis." At a school dinner, "The three R's—Reading, Writing, and Rithmetic." "The female ladies of London." And at a dinner which was attended by two royal brothers, and at which the "Adelphi" was given in compliment to them as a toast, he is charged with having said, "Well, gentlemen, as you are toasting public buildings, I'll give you the *Man-sion-House*!"

It is, however, very certain, that at a city festival some years ago, having indulged very freely, he fell asleep, when some wag, choosing to consider him dead, wrote his epitaph, which was found next morning pinned to the baronet's dress coat:—

"Here lies the great Curtis,
Of London, Lord Mayor;
He's left this here world,
And gone to that there."

DR. PARR.

EVERY anecdote, however trifling, respecting this giant in literature must be interesting. It is well known that the learned Grecian smokes tobacco, and that every day, whether at home or abroad, he indulges in this his favourite weed; and when Dr. P. had the honour of dining at Carlton-Palace, his Majesty was so condescending as to give him a smoking-room, and the company of Col. —, in order that he might suffer no inconvenience. "I don't like to be smoked myself, doctor," said the royal wit, "but I am anxious that your pipe should not be put out."—One day Dr. Parr was to dine at the house of Mr. —, who informed his lady of the circumstance,

and of the doctor's passion for a pipe. The lady was much mortified and inflamed by this intimation, and with some warmth she said, "I tell you what, Mr. —, I don't care a fig for Dr. P.'s Greek; he shan't smoke here." "My dear," replied the husband, "he must smoke; he is allowed to do so every where." "Excuse me, Mr. —, he shall not smoke here; leave it to me, my dear, I'll manage it." The doctor came; a splendid dinner ensued; the Grecian was very brilliant: this was one of his happy days, for there was no *Heath** to look black upon him, no *Glass*† to cast a reflection, no *Burney*‡ to inflame him. After dinner the doctor called for "pipes." "Pipes," screamed the lady, "pipes, for what purpose?" "Why, to smoke, madam!" "Oh! my dear doctor, I can't have pipes here; you'll spoil my place; my curtains will smell of tobacco for a week." "Not smoke!" exclaimed the astonished and offended Grecian; "why, madam, I have smoked in better houses." "Perhaps so, sir," replied the lady with dignity; and she added with firmness, "I shall be most happy, doctor, to show you the rights of hospitality; but you cannot be allowed to smoke." "Then," said Dr. Parr, looking at her ample person, "then, madam, I must say, madam—" "Sir, sir, are you going to be rude?" "I must say, madam," he continued, "that you are the greatest tobacco-stopper in all England."

"Porson," said the doctor to the professor, "you are the first Grecian in the world—Dr. Burney is the third." He meant Porson to fill up the interregnum.

A coxcomb at table asked the doctor to take wine in these words:—"I shall be happy, doctor, to take a glass of *Nic, hac, hock*, with you." The doctor heard, but did not take any apparent notice; the request was repeated, naming the wine only. "Drink a glass of hock with you, sir?" said Parr; "oh, with pleasure; but before I thought you declined it."

The learned doctor was one day pronouncing in company a discourse upon the duties of master and scholar, and particularly upon the awful and dignified character of the one, and the necessity there was for respectful submission in the other. "In my opinion," said Porson, who was present, "the difference between them is told in a few words. The difference, doctor, between a master and a

* There were two masters of this name, one with a very dark person, and the other a severe flagellator. The first was called *Blackheath*, and the other *Asot Heath*.

† See Dr. Glasse's controversy with Dr. Parr.
‡ Dr. Burney, a celebrated Grecian.

scholar is this, that the one *whips tops*, and the other *whips bottoms*." ††

Select Biography.

No. XXI.

MR. LISTON.

MR. LISTON, the comedian, is stated in the *London Magazine*, whence our memoir is derived, to be lineally descended from Johan de L'Estonne, who came over with the Norman William, and had lands awarded him at Lupton Magna, in Kent. The more immediate ancestors of Mr. Liston were puritans, and his father, Habakuk, was an Anabaptist minister on the patrimonial soil of his ancestors, where John Liston the present popular actor, was born on the 5th of December, 1780. At the age of nine we find young Liston under the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Goodenough (his father's health not permitting him probably to instruct him himself), by whom he was inducted into a competent portion of Latin and Greek, with some mathematics, till the death of Mr. Goodenough, in his own seventieth, and Master Liston's eleventh year, put a stop for the present to his classical progress.

We have heard our hero with emotions, which do his heart honour, describe the awful circumstances attending the decease of this worthy old gentleman. It seems they had been walking out together, master and pupil, in a fine sunset, to the distance of three quarters of a mile west of Lupton, when a sudden curiosity took Mr. Goodenough to look down upon a chasm, where a shaft had been lately sunk in a mining speculation (then projecting, but abandoned soon after, as not answering the promised success, by Sir Ralph Shepperton, Knight, and member for the county). The old clergyman leaning over, either with incaution, or sudden giddiness (probably a mixture of both), suddenly lost his footing, and, to use Mr. Liston's phrase, disappeared; and was doubtless broken into a thousand pieces. The sound of his head, &c., dashing successively upon the projecting masses of the chasm, had such an effect upon the child, that a serious sickness ensued, and even for many years after his recovery he was not once seen so much as to smile.

The joint death of both his parents, which happened not many months after this disastrous accident, and were probably (one or both of them) accelerated by it, threw our youth upon the protection of his maternal great aunt, Mrs. Sittingbourn. Of this aunt we have never heard

him speak but with expressions amounting almost to reverence. To the influence of her early counsels and manners, he has always attributed the firmness with which, in maturer years, thrown upon a way of life, commonly not the best adapted to gravity and self-retirement, he has been able to maintain a serious character, untinged with the levities incident to his profession. Ann Sittingbourn (we have seen her portrait by Hudson) was stately, stiff, and tall, with a cast of features strikingly resembling the subject of this memoir. Her estate in Kent was spacious and well wooded; the house, one of those venerable old mansions which are so impressive in childhood, and so hardly forgotten in succeeding years. In the venerable solitudes of Charnwood, among thick shades of the oak and beech (this last his favourite tree), the young Liston cultivated those contemplative habits which have never entirely deserted him in after years. Here he was commonly in the summer months to be met with, with a book in his hand—not a play-book—meditating. Boyle's *Reflections* was at one time the darling volume, which in its turn was superseded by Young's *Night Thoughts*, which has continued its hold upon him through life. He carries it always about him; and it is no uncommon thing for him to be seen, in the refreshing intervals of his occupation, leaning against a side scene, in a sort of Herbert of Cherbury posture, turning over a pocket edition of his favourite author.

But the solitudes of Charnwood were not destined always to obscure the path of our young hero. The premature death of Mrs. Sittingbourn, at the age of seventy, occasioned by incautiously burning a pot of charcoal in her sleeping chamber, left him in his nineteenth year nearly without resources. That the stage at all should have presented itself as an eligible scope for his talents, and, in particular, that he should have chosen a line so foreign to what appears to have been his turn of mind, may require some explanation.

At Charnwood then we behold him thoughtful, grave, ascetic. From his cradle averse to flesh meats, and strong drink; abstemious even beyond the genius of the place; and almost in spite of the remonstrances of his great aunt, who, though strict, was not rigid; water was his habitual drink, and his food little beyond the mast, and beech nuts of his favourite groves. It is a medical fact, that this kind of diet, however favourable to the contemplative powers of the primitive hermits, &c., is but ill adapted to the less robust minds and bodies of a later generation. Hypochondria

almost constantly ensues. It was so in the case of the young Liston. He was subject to sights, and had visions. Those arid beech nuts, distilled by a complexion naturally adust, mounted into an occiput, already prepared to kindle by long seclusion, and the fervour of strict Calvinistic notions. In the glooms of Charnwood he was assailed by illusions, similar in kind to those which are related of the famous Anthony of Padua. Wild antic faces would ever and anon protrude themselves upon his *sensorium*. Whether he shut his eyes, or kept them open, the same illusion operated. The darker and more profound were his cogitations, the droller and more whimsical became the apparitions. They buzzed about him thick as flies, flapping at him, flouting him, hooting in his ear, yet with such comic appendages, that what at first was his bane, became at length his solace; and he desired no better society than that of his merry phantasmata. We shall presently find in what way this remarkable phenomenon influenced his future destiny.

On the death of Mrs. Sittingbourn, we find him received into the family of Mr. Willoughby, an eminent Turkey merchant, resident in Birchin-lane, London. We lose a little while here the chain of his history; by what inducements this gentleman was determined to make him an inmate of his house. Probably he had some personal kindness for Mrs. Sittingbourn formerly; but however it was, the young man was here treated more like a son than a clerk, though he was nominally but the latter. Different avocations, the change of scene, with that alternation of business and recreation, which in its greatest perfection is to be had only in London, appear to have weaned him in a short time from the hypochondriacal affections which had beset him at Charnwood. In the three years which followed his removal to Birchin-lane, we find him making more than one voyage to the Levant, as chief factor for Mr. Willoughby, at the Porte. We could easily fill our biography with the pleasant passages which we have heard him relate as having happened to him at Constantinople, such as his having been taken up on suspicion of a design of penetrating the seraglio, &c.; but with the deepest conviction of this gentleman's own veracity, we think that some of the stories are of that whimsical, and others of that romantic nature, which, however diverting, would be out of place in a narrative of this kind, which aims not only at strict truth, but at avoiding the very appearance of the contrary.

We will now bring him over the seas again and suppose him in the counting-house in Birchin-lane, his protector satisfied with the returns of his factorage, and all going on so smoothly that we may expect to find Mr. Liston at last an opulent merchant upon 'Change as it is called. But see the turns of destiny! Upon a summer's excursion into Norfolk, in the year 1801, the accidental sight of pretty Sally Parker, as she was called (then in the Norwich company), diverted his inclinations at once from commerce; and he became, in the language of commonplace biography, stage-struck. Happy for the lovers of mirth was it, that our hero took this turn; he might else have been to this hour that unenterprising character, a plodding London merchant.

We accordingly find him shortly after making his *debut*, as it is called, upon the Norwich boards, in the season of that year, being then in the twenty-second year of his age. Having a natural bent to tragedy, he chose the part of Pyrrhus in the Distressed Mother, to Sally Parker's Hermione. We find him afterwards as Barnwell, Altamont, Chamont, &c.; but, as if nature had destined him to the sock, an unavoidable infirmity absolutely discapacitated him for tragedy. His person at this latter period, of which I have been speaking, was graceful, and even commanding; his countenance set to gravity; he had the power of arresting the attention of an audience at first sight almost beyond any other tragic actor. But he could not hold it. To understand this obstacle we must go back a few years to those appalling reveries at Charnwood. Those illusions, which had vanished before the dissipation of a less recluse life, and more free society, now in his solitary tragic studies, and amid the intense calls upon feeling incident to tragic acting, came back upon him with tenfold vividness. In the midst of some most pathetic passages, the parting of Jaffier with his dying friend, for instance, he would suddenly be surprised with a fit of violent horse laughter. While the spectators were all sobbing before him with emotion, suddenly one of those grotesque faces would peep out upon him, and he could not resist the impulse. A timely excuse once or twice served his purpose, but no audience could be expected to bear repeatedly this violation of the continuity of feeling. He describes them (the illusions) as so many demons haunting him, and paralysing every effect. Even now, I am told, he cannot recite the famous soliloquy in Hamlet, even in private, without immoderate bursts of laughter. However, what he had not force of reason

sufficient to overcome, he had good sense enough to turn into emolument, and determined to make a commodity of his distemper. He prudently exchanged the buskin for the sock, and the illusions instantly ceased; or, if they occurred for a short season, by their very co-operation added a zest to his comic vein; some of his most catching faces being (as he expresses it) little more than transcripts and copies of those extraordinary phantasms.

We have now drawn our hero's existence to the period when he was about to meet for the first time the sympathies of a London audience. The particulars of his success since have been too much before our eyes to render a circumstantial detail of them expedient. I shall only mention that Mr. Willoughby, his resentments having had time to subside, is at present one of the fastest friends of his old renegade factor; and that Mr. Liston's hopes of Miss Parker vanishing along with his unsuccessful suit to Melpomene, in the autumn of 1811, he married his present lady, by whom he has been blest with one son, Philip; and two daughters, Ann, and Augustina.

The Selector;

OR,
CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM
NEW WORKS.

MANNERS OF THE PORTUGUESE.

THE Portuguese have an amiable custom of saluting every stranger who passes them either in walking or riding—the upper classes bow courteously, and the lower generally exclaim, “Viva!” which kind wish is often accompanied by a bright and friendly smile; this is beginning to decline, however, in the near neighbourhood of the metropolis. The peasantry seem remarkably civil in their manner to those above them, without any exhibition of crouching servility; a muletter, an almocreve, or a postilion who happens to meet you in a narrow pass, will almost always take care to annoy you as little as possible; still, I am sorry to add, that in Lisbon, they behave by no means so well. The women now and then ran out of their cottages after us, making friendly signs, and beckoning with the two middle fingers, in a manner peculiar to all the Portuguese of whatever rank; this action simply means to express, “How do you do?” some among them know as much English as to exclaim, “How do do?” of which acquirement they appear very

proud. My little boy excites much good will from all he passes upon the road; they call out, “Bonito, muito bonito,” (pretty, very pretty!) and frequently attempt to caress him; indeed, I have once or twice been obliged to prevent them from taking him up before them upon their burinhos, as they ride to market. Three or four ancient beggars, clad in weeds of every variety of colours, and with long pastoral staves in their hands, usually spend their time, basking in the sun, upon a low stone wall in front of our hotel; when I mounted my burinho this morning, my boy remained for a few minutes in the house, not being quite ready to join me; upon which these hoary sires inquired, with much appearance of disappointment, “where the little one was?”—I have met with few beggars in this neighbourhood, and those have never been troublesome or importunate; in Lisbon, however, they swarm about the door of every shop, watching the coming out of the purchaser, whom they have followed thither for the purpose of ascertaining that he has furnished himself with small change; they then assail him like mosquitos or hornets, and are hardly to be repulsed till they have obtained what they request. The manners of women toward each other, are remarkably *caressante*; the servant girl of the hotel at Buenos Ayres *kissed* my maid upon our first arrival, as a matter of course, and the abigail of a *aenhora* now staying at Cintra, in the same house with ourselves, never meets her, that she does not take hold of both her hands, repeatedly kissing her upon her cheek. The laundress we employ is a Moor; her dark skin and rolling eyes have a striking effect, half veiled in the ample white handkerchief which she has adopted in compliance with the native women in her class: upon being first introduced to me as her employer, I was in bed, and she gravely walked up to me, bowing in a courteous manner, and kissed my hand, saying, in good English, that she should take pleasure in serving my family; this custom is universal; all the servants of the house kiss the hand of the *patrona* (mistress), after every little absence on either side; and children in some families, do the same to their parents, even upon quitting them for half an hour, repeating the same ceremony upon their return; there is a sort of patriarchal simplicity and cordiality in this, which is very attaching. The general honesty of the inhabitants of Cintra deserves mention; we are assured by persons who have resided forty years here, that an instance of house-breaking has not been known among them, and the inhabitants of the

surrounding quintas hardly think it necessary to fasten their doors at night; with all this, however, they take free license to cheat and impose in the way of buying and selling; considering such proceedings as mere *peccadinhos* (trifling faults). The children in Portugal, at least those that I have seen, are usually pretty, from the age of one to four years, and most amongst the lower classes have the countenance, as well as the complexion, of gipseys.

I met an interesting couple this morning in my walk. Passing through the shady lane which leads from hence to the Marialva, I perceived a young soldier seated upon the stone bench by the road side, with one of the prettiest peasant girls I had ever seen; they appeared heated and fatigued, yet were chattering and laughing with much cheerfulness over a large water-melon, which the man was cutting, and of which he had just given her a share as I came up to them. I have hardly ever beheld a finer couple! Stopping to observe the beauty of the girl nearly, I pretended to admire the glass buttons which ornamented her jacket; upon which she pointed to a gold cross which I wore, and made me comprehend that she also admired my taste in decoration. The soldier, in the mean time, had cut another slice of the refreshing fruit, and offered it to my acceptance, with a respectful goodwill which was really graceful. I asked if the young person was his wife? To which he replied in broken English, with great animation, "Yes, minha Senhora, she my wife; much good for me!" I could not forbear (and wherefore should I have forborne?) gratifying him by saying, as I took my leave, "She is very pretty!" and I heard him telling her, after I had passed on, that I meant "muito bonita," which seemed to make her laugh heartily. I never saw more ingenuous countenances than those of both these rustics, and I am determined, from the innocent expression of her lovely features, to believe, that she was indeed a wife. Those persons who form their ideas of beauty from mere red and white, would not perhaps have admired her style; and those who have never seen Spanish or Portuguese eyes, may talk as much as they please of the charms of blue or grey orbs; nay, the very ancients may rave about their eyes of Venus, which I believe they asserted to be of an indefinite colour, wavering between violet and brown; but certain I am, that all such must "pale their ineffectual fire," if placed in comparison with these sable diamonds, these living stars."

"I lately heard a droll anecdote of the

village poet here, who frequently comes to drink of the same salubrious waters; whether they answer his purpose as well as those of Helicon, I know not; but I have experienced the *cacoëthes scribendi* in a greater degree than usual, since I have accustomed myself to their use; you shall have one of my reveries in rhyme, by this letter; but first I must go on with my anecdote respecting the bard of Cintra, for whom I have often been on the watch, expecting to see him wandering about, (as I then supposed,) like melancholy Jaques, pondering by the mossy brink of the fountain, or muttering his wayward fancies to the woods and rocks; but my interest is now quite extinct; for I have heard that he is so far unlike a true son of the Muse, (who should live chiefly upon air,) as to be a great glutton, and more particularly fond of plum-pudding. Poetry and pudding! what a horrible alliteration! they ought always to be kept "far as the poles asunder." This personage is rather a *mauvais sujet*, and has of late fallen into fresh disgrace, upon account of a little bourgeoisie from Lisbon, who is staying for her health, under the hospitable protection of a Scotch catholic family, now resident in Cintra. With this little monkey, (for although forward enough in some respects, her age does not reach fourteen,) he had struck up a fierce flirtation, which went on unheeded by the family, for some time; but it was now and then remarked, that the sweetmeats, fruit, cakes, and other dainties, vanished from the pantry, in a most unaccountable way; at length, the secret was unravelled, by the house-keeper, one luckless morning, at peep of dawn, who pounced upon the young lady, just as she was dismissing the poet from the door of the house, after a tender farewell embrace, who on his part had his mouth (not his heart) too full to reply to this pathetic demonstration of affection! in his hand were the last remains of a fried plum-pudding, which had been missed, as usual, the night before. The sequel may easily be imagined. The damsel is to be sent back to Lisbon, the poet has returned to his accustomed slender fare, and the pantry has been padlocked ever since.

Since the peninsular war it is scarcely possible for a traveller to enter Portugal without hearing, and consequently writing something respecting the greatest captain of the age. In the present instance we find him in the kitchen, not cooking, but catching, and perhaps reading a great moral lesson to the finny tribe.

The estates of the A—— family are numerous, and the principal seat, near Coimbra, is, we are assured, one of the

wonders of Portugal, and here there has been likewise introduced a degree of comfort as well as magnificence, which assimilates very nearly with English taste and ideas.

The kitchen of this place is a great curiosity; of immense dimensions, and most superbly appointed. A river flows through the midst of it, from which it is the common practice of the cooks to catch the fish, which a few moments afterwards are prepared for the table. The Duke of Wellington is said to have amused himself by fishing here, during the time that he was so hospitably and enthusiastically received by the family.

Baillie's Lisbon.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

It is a common remark, that many of the Scotch and Irish, in conversation and writing, use *will* instead of *shall*; and nothing can more clearly point out this error than the following sentence:—"I *will* be drowned, and nobody *shall* save me."

IN a country town, near Lincoln, some years ago, there lived a sort of apothecary and man-midwife, who had a board up in front of his house, on which was painted, in large characters,

"A RIDLEY,

"Man-midwife.—Ladies delivered on the shortest notice, and on moderate terms.—Such ladies as wish to be delivered decently, my wife attends,

A. R."

A WARM RECEPTION.

RUSTICUS wrote a letter to his love, And fill'd it full of warm and keen desire:

He hoped to *raise a flame*; and so he did.

The lady put his nonsense in the fire.

††

EPITAPH

In *Bevody church-yard, Worcestershire.*

Low beneath this greensward, oh!

Lies the wife of Thomas Rowe;

Her body's here, her soul's in heaven,

17 hundred 67.

THE INCURIOUS.

THREE years in London Bobadil had been, Yet nor the lions nor the tombs had seen;

I cannot tell the cause without a smile—
The rogue had been in Newgate all the while.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

HERE lies a spotless child—profane one smile,

For him—but for yourself let sorrow flow,

For had he liv'd he might have been as vile.

He might have been as profligate as you.

EPIGRAM.

LOUD bray'd an ass—cried Kate, to jeer
Her spouse.—with giddy carriage,

"One of your relatives I hear;"

"Yes, love," said he, "by marriage."

A RESPECTABLE glass-cutter, carrying along the Strand an elegant argand lamp in each hand, accidentally let one of them fall; a friend, an incorrigible punster, who was passing at the moment, immediately exclaimed, "My dear fellow, how I lament to see you reduced to the unfortunate state of being a *lamp-lighter*."

R. B.

AN Irishman went into an apothecary's shop a few miles from London, and asked for a few *leeches*; the shopman replied, that they had not any left. "Well then," said the *Hibernian*, "I will wait till you make half-a-dozen."

"WHY do you not pay me that six and eightpence, Mr. Mulrooney?" said an attorney to an Irishman, who replied, "Why, faith, because I do not owe you that same." "Not owe it me, yes you do; it's for the opinion you had of me." "That's a good one indeed," rejoined Pat, "when I never had any opinion of you in all my life."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The equality of the *Seas* advocated, by *Janet*; The *Solar System*; *Clavis*; A *Stone Mason*; R. W.; *Barker*; P. T. W.; J. L. C.; *Brief Survey of the Universe*; *Clericus*; P. C. B.; *Edward*, are intended for early insertion.

The articles alluded to by *Jacobus* are intended for insertion.

The Epigram on Mr. Kean is indelicate, and therefore inadmissible.

The Lines on the Writer attaining the age of Twenty-one, are not of sufficiently general interest.

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The Mirror

OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CXXVI.]

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[PRICE 2d.]

Lambeth Palace.



THE archi-episcopal Palace of Lambeth, of which the above is a view, is a large irregular pile of building, divided into a great variety of parts, and of which it is difficult to convey a distinct idea. The most interesting to a stranger are, the magnificent brick entrance, built by Archbishop Morton; the chapel, the vestry, the great or Lollards' Tower, the gallery, the cloisters, and library above them, the hall, and the guard-chamber; though there are, besides, many fine rooms, and other erections of later date well deserving notice. The whole of these buildings, with the park and gardens, occupy a plot of ground of nearly thirteen acres, which at a distance more resembles a town than a single residence. The chapel adjoins the cloisters, of which it forms the northern side, and is bounded to the west by the Lollards' Tower, to the south by the gardens, and to the east by the gallery and other parts of the palace. A place for the celebration of divine worship is concluded to have existed as a necessary appendage to the archiepiscopal residence from its first foundation; and the present building bears sufficient evidence of high an-

tiquity, to warrant an opinion of its being coeval, or nearly so, with that remote period. It has three windows on a side, and a larger one at the east and west ends. These windows are lancet-shaped, and bear a near resemblance to those in the choir of the Temple church. The chapel has a flat panelled ceiling, painted in compartments—the work of Archbishop Laud, whose arms are painted over the communion-table in eight different places. This edifice having been totally despoiled during the time Lambeth Palace was possessed by Colonel Scott, the present elegant wainscoting and fittings-up were most probably owing to the munificence of Juxon:—they consist of a handsome range of pews on each side, for the officers of the archbishop's household, with seats beneath for the inferior domestics; a screen, which divides the two chapels (an inner and an outer one); the altar-piece; a gallery beneath the west window, containing a sort of reading-desk in front, but from its situation apparently built for an organ-loft; the pulpit, and some other decorations. Most of these are very beautifully carved,—the screen is elaborately so, as

well as the archbishop's seat, which adjoins the inner side of it, and which is handsomely furnished: the floor, which is raised a step for the communion-table, is railed in, and neatly carpeted, and above are the words "SURSUM CORDA." On the south side is a plain movable pulpit, and immediately opposite, a pew, with curtains, &c., for his grace's family. Notwithstanding the present handsome appearance of this chapel, it was undoubtedly more splendid in the Romish times. An organ was here in the time of Parker and Laud, as they both mention it in their wills; it is therefore remarkable that the chapel should at present be unfurnished with this decent appendage. But the greatest beauty of this religious edifice, before the civil wars, was the painted glass of its windows: the subject was the History of Man, from the creation to the day of judgment. Archbishop Laud at his coming to Lambeth, found these windows "shameful to look on, all diversely patched, like a poor beggar's coat" (as his words are) and repaired them. This laudable action of the prelate, formed in that narrow age of puritanical bigotry the subject of a criminal charge, it being alleged against him on his trial, "that he did repair the story of those windows by their like in the mass-book;" but this he utterly denied, and affirmed that he and his secretary made out the story as well as they could by the remains that were unbroken. These beautiful windows were all defaced by our outrageous reformers in the last century, who, under pretence of abhorring idols, made no scruple of committing sacrilege. (Ducarel's Lambeth). It does not appear that any interments have taken place here, except Archbishop Parker. He died in 1575, aged seventy-two, and desired by his will to lie here; at his death his bowels were put in an urn, and deposited in the Duke's (Norfolk) chapel in Lambeth-church. The vestry adjoins the east end of the chapel, and contains amongst other pictures, those of Dr. Whichcote, Mr. L. E. Dupin, and Williams, Bishop of Winchester, with the date, 1694—a small painting on board of Cardinal Pole, Archbishop Tillotson, 1694, Gardiner, Bishop of Lincoln, &c. &c. At the top of the Lollards' tower, is a small room, about twelve feet long, and nine broad, which constant tradition has identified as the prison of the ancient religious sect called Lollards, and which, indeed, bears horrid evidences of such a destination. The first thing which arrests the attention on entering, is, the large iron rings fastened to the wainscot, which lines the walls. There

are eight of these rings still firmly fixed, about breast high. It has two very small windows, narrowing outwards, one to the west, the other to the north. A small chimney is on the north part, and upon the sides are various scratches, half sentences, names, and other memorials, cut out with a knife, (by the prisoners who are supposed to have been confined here,) which may, with some difficulty be traced. The exterior of the Lollards' tower has a fine venerable appearance, and is the only part of the palace remaining that is built entirely of stone. It consists of a large tower fronting the Thames, and a smaller square projection on the south side; the whole building is five stories high. The large tower has in front a number of fine windows, which give light to the several apartments it contains, now devoted to various purposes, as lodgings, &c., the smaller one, (at the top of which is the prison) is plainer and more massy in its appearance. Between the two windows of the third story of the principal tower, is the beautiful niche, in which originally stood the statue of St. Thomas à Becket, the sculpture of the upper part of which is still fresh and sharp. The lower stories of these towers are now used as cellars. The whole is finely shaded by the venerable trees of what is called the "Bishop's Walk." The long gallery claims particular notice for the fine collection of portraits of primates and prelates, with which it is decorated; among the rest that of its reputed founder (Pole) himself. The most curious pictures in this room, besides the above, are the heads of Arundel (27 Hen. IV.), a copy from a very valuable portrait of that prelate preserved in the Penshurst collection, among the pictures of the constables of Queenborough Castle, of which the archbishop it seems was one. The fine portrait of Warham (the boast of this gallery) was painted by Holbein, and by him presented to that prelate, together with the head of Erasmus. These two pictures passed by the will of Warham and his successors till they came to Laud, after whose death they were missing till the time of Sancroft, who fortunately recovered the present portrait by the interference of Sir William Dugdale: that of Erasmus was lost. These two pictures in Parker's time was valued at 6*l*.! Archbishop Parker, an original, painted in 1572, another of the same prelate, said to be by Holbein, and presented to Archbishop Potter, by Benjamin West, Esq., the late president of the royal society. Martin Luther, a small head on board: but whether original or not is unknown. A singular portrait of Catherine Parr has

found a place here : it is a three-quarter length, painted on board : the dress is scarlet and gold, uncommonly rich. Archbishop Abbott is a fine picture, bearing date 1610 ; but is eclipsed by the capital portrait of his successor, Laud, most admirably done by Vandyke. The windows of this apartment are enriched with beautiful stained glass, containing the arms of many of the primates : in the bow window are the arms of all the protestant archbishops, from Cramner to Cornwallis. The library occupies the four galleries over the cloisters : the number of printed books deposited there at the present time, is estimated at upwards of 25,000 volumes—(they were valued at 2,500*l.*). There are likewise some paintings here, amongst which are some neat views of this palace, as also a fine south view of Canterbury Cathedral ; an original impression of the large scarce plan of London, by Ralph Aggas, a valuable set of prints of all the Archbishops of Canterbury from 1504 ; and a series of the most eminent reformers and fathers of the protestant church. Near the chimney hangs a singular curiosity—the shell of a land tortoise—which the inscription on it informs us lived to the age of 120 years, and might have lived much longer, had it not been killed by the negligence of the gardener.

The hall in Lambeth Palace was no doubt an appendage to it from its first foundation, but when, or by whom, originally built, does not appear. It was repaired or refounded by Chichele. In the years 1570 and 1571, Archbishop Parker “covered the great hall of Lambeth with shingles,” which hall was destroyed in 1648. The present hall stands precisely on the site of the old one. It was ordered by its founder, Juxon, to be built to resemble the ancient model as near as possible ; nor could all the persuasions of men versed in architecture, and his friends, induce him to rebuild it in the modern way, and unite it to the library, though it would have cost less money. It was not finished at his death ; but he left the following provision in his will : “If I happen to die before the hall at Lambeth be finished, my executor to be at the charge of finishing it according to the model made of it, if my successor shall give leave.” It cost £10,500. This noble room measures in length ninety-three feet, in breadth thirty-eight, and in height upwards of fifty feet. The roof on the outside is slated, and in the centre rises a lofty and elegant lantern, at the top of which are the arms of the See of Canterbury, quartered with those of Juxon, and surmounted with the archi-

episcopal mitre. The interior is profusely ornamented : the roof, (considering the age in which it was built) may be called a fine piece of workmanship. It is entirely composed of oak ; the arms of Juxon are carved on many parts, on others those of the See of Canterbury, and in other parts a mitre between four negroes’ heads. In the large north window the arms of the founder are again seen in stained glass ; the date MDCLXIII appears over the hall door. The reason why such large halls were built in the houses of ancient nobility and gentry was, that there might be room to exercise the generous hospitality which prevailed among our ancestors, and which was, without doubt, duly exercised by most of the possessors of this mansion, though not particularly recorded. What great hospitality Cramner maintained, we may judge of by the following authentic list of his household ; viz. “steward, treasurer, comptroller, gamators, clerk of the kitchen, caterer, clerk of the spicery, yeoman of ewry, bakers, pantlers, yeomen of the horse, ushers, butlers of wine and ale, larderers, squilleries, ushers of the hall, porter, ushers of the chamber, daily waiters in the great chamber, gentlemen ushers, yeomen of the chamber, carver, sewer, cup-bearer, grooms of the chamber, marshal, groom-ushers, almoner, cooks, chandler, butchers, master of the horse, yeomen of the wardrobe, and harbingers.” Pole had a patent from Philip and Mary to retain one hundred servants ; which affords some idea of his hospitality and grandeur.

The presence chamber is a fine ancient room, thirty feet by nineteen. The precise time of the erection of this part of the palace is not known. This room is at present only remarkable for the stained glass in the windows. Two of these contain portraits of St. Jerome* and St. Gregory,† with the following verses :—

ST. HIERONIMUS.

“Devout his life, his volumes learned be,
The sacred writt’s interpreter was he ;
And none the doctors of the church amonge
Is found his equal in the Hebrew tonge.”

On the second window :—

GREGORIUS.

“More holy or more learned since his tyme
Was none that wore the triple diadem ;
And by his paynfull studies he is one
Amonge the chiefeest Latin fathers knowne.”

In this room many causes relating to Merton and All Soul’s colleges have been decided in presence of the archbishops as visitors. The great dining-room measures

* He lived in the time of Pope Damasus, A.D. 376.

† He lived about the year of our Lord 594.

English characteristics. The men-creatures here do not condescend, like the luxurious Ottoman, to tarnish their reputation by treating us as mere commodity; whose very creed presumptuously maintains, that we are created but for voluptuous dalliance, disallowing one spark of ethereal fire to be the inmate of our bosoms:—a species whose brains, if they possess any, clouded by the fumes of the noisome weed, or drugged by the yet more pernicious soporific opium, become obfuscated and impervious to the sparkling and soul-inspiring witchery of female intellect. The very sight of such libels on humanity, must rather operate like a spell on the finer qualities of our nature, than tend to call them into exercise.

If we possess faculties in unison with their own, capable of improvement by our culture, and the fact is partially admitted, by the limited degree of accomplishment the softer sex are by them permitted to attain, what mortal is there that shall dare affirm the veracity of that boasted and invidious distinction they so proudly and absurdly cling to? No; reason, candour, justice, every manly sentiment must combine in the admission, that perfect equality (we ask no more) of rights and privileges are due on either hand.

But I am interrupted.—Brother Archy has just been at my elbow, slily muttering *ne sutor*—ending it with something that sounded like a word he is sadly familiar with—I am afraid to write it, and hardly dare look behind me, lest the old gentleman should be there. He has got such a wicked habit of swearing, that I wish one of your correspondents would read him a lecture about it. “La! Archy,” said I, “I’m not suitoring” (for he knows I write to you sometimes) “he’s suitoring me; and as for your saying he don’t care for me, look at that,” said I, shewing him at the same time your polite note: he smiled, and turned on his heel. He always teases me with his Latin and Greek, to prevent my getting the last word; but I am even with him at that sometimes. By the bye, dear Mr. Editor, how *could* you be so imprudent as to publish my letter to all the world—for putting it into the MIRROR amounts nearly to the same thing. I could almost find it in my heart to scold you. I was nearly ready to sink with confusion when I discovered it. Fie! fie! Sir;—you should have been more prudent;—and then to give it that odious title. Take all the blame to yourself, Sir. What, let me ask, would you have said, had I temporized with your feelings so long? But to return to my subject.—I think little need be said to prove that our sex are en-

titled to the utmost freedom of thought and action, it being clearly apparent that the trammels of restraint degrade and absorb the nobler faculties of the soul, and debar it from participating in that free interchange of sentiment and flow of imagination which, when mutually exercised, form the most delightful source of pleasure and instruction.

Now, although skillful domestic management constitutes the most important duty of woman-kind, it demands no such exclusive attention as to prohibit their rendering themselves estimable in other valuable qualities. Such minor details are usually discussed for the day ere the leisure of the drawing-room commences. It is here that elegant refinement of manners and intelligent converse is to exercise its magical influence. And if the men folk, by their robust habits, are better fitted for more intricate pursuits, and by ardent application are enabled exclusively to gain the road to wealth and distinction, it is but fair and proper that they who, by their soothing tendernesses and quick perception, anticipate what may be required at their hands, in seclusion from the busy world, should enjoy all the deference and respect which such considerate affection demands.

Life hardly affords a more delightful picture of felicity than a well-informed and mutually-attached couple presents: their ideas attuned by discretion on all important points, thus influenced, tend to amiable discussion. Alternating in the interchange of intelligent remark, conciliating, frank-confiding. This condition realizes a paradise on earth, and paves the otherwise thorny path to the enduring happiness of eternity.

JANET.

NEW CHURCHES IN LONDON.

MR. EDITOR,—I am in the habit of looking in the *Mirror* once a week, and now proceed to give you the *reflections* occasioned thereby, in a brief remark on the Amateur Critic, on “Camden New Church,” from a contemporary journal, in the pages of a late number, which are generally occupied by selections both amusing and instructing; I therefore feel induced to point out a *woeful error* in the aforesaid *architectural disquisition*, but I have not yet seen the subject of it; and, therefore, confine myself to the observation as to the *capitals of the Ionic columns* to the porticos of Langham-place, and Regent-street chapels, which runs, “the latter appears to us to be copied from some of the worst examples, of the *debased Roman or Ita-*

lian Ionic," (Query, where?) Now any one of my workmen can inform the writer, they are not of the *Roman or Italian order*, but manifestly a study from some admirable specimen of *Grecian* design, and in consequence I have ascertained from good authority, that the said capitals are produced from an example in the confused heap of the ruins of the Temple of Minerva Polias, at Priene; the volutes of the most beautiful contour, and (in my opinion) very judiciously introduced in the portico of that chapel, which is doubtless an ornament to the parish of St. George.

The capitals of the columns in Langham-place, certainly appear encumbered with the festoons from the eyes of the angular volutes, but an authority exists in St. Peter's of the Vatican, at the church of the Roman college, which have graceful festoons of sculptured laurel, and I therefore presume the above is in part an imitation of them. The Grecian temples were commonly decorated in a similar, but temporary manner, with flowers, &c. on days of festivity or public solemnity.

Your constant reader,

A STONE MASON.

TO MATILDA, SLEEPING.

AWAKE, my Matilda, awake from thy dreaming,
And view the bright glories of morn that are beaming;

The shadows of night have pass'd swiftly away,
And Aurora with blushes leads in the fair day.

Young zephyrs their pinions are gaily adorning,
By snatching bright tints from the rays of the morning;

Then fleetly to bowers of roses repair,
And waft their ambrosial perfumes through the air.

The beams of the sun on the streamlet are playing,
And the light clouds across the blue heav'ns are straying;

The earth and the sea and the sky are serene,
And want but thy smiles, love, to perfect the scene.

Then wake, my Matilda, awake from thy dreaming,
And view the bright glories of morn that are beaming;

The shadows of night have pass'd swiftly away,
And Aurora with blushes leads in the fair day.

MARY J. COULTART.

THE CHOICE.

"Utrum horum mavis accipe."

AWAY, with your mirrors that give to the eye
No more than this perishing clay,
That shew us a floweret born but to die,
A rainbow that fadeth away.

Since nought to the bosom such bliss can impart,
As virtue with knowledge entwined,
Oh! give me the MIRROR that betters the heart,
By throwing new light on the mind.
Norwich, Jan. 18, 1825. R. W. BARKER.

STATISTICAL CALCULATIONS.

In Great Britain, the number of people capable of rising in arms, *en masse*, from fifteen to sixty years of age, is 2,744,847.

There are about 98,030 marriages yearly, and of sixty-three marriages, three only are observed to be without offspring.

In Great Britain there die every year, about 332,708; every month, about 25,592; every week, 6,398; every day, 914; and every hour, about 40.

Among 115 deaths, there may be reckoned one woman in childhood, but only one in 400 dies in labour.

The proportion of the deaths of women to that of men, is 50 to 54.

Married women live longer than those who are not married.

In country places, there is on an average, four children born of each marriage. In cities, the proportion is seven to every two marriages.

The married women are to all the female inhabitants of a country as one to three, and the married men to all the males, as three to five.

The number of widows is to that of widowers, as three to one; but that of widows who re-marry, to that of widowers, as seven to four.

More people live to a greater age in elevated situations, than in those which are lower.

Half of all that are born, die before they attain the age of 17 years.

The number of twins is to that of single births as one to 65.

According to the observations of Boerhaave, the healthiest children are born in January, February, and March.

From calculations founded on Bills of mortality, only one out of 3,126 reaches 100 years.

From the population abstract of 1801, published by order of the House of Commons, the following results are obtained; the other statements are from Davenant, and the most indisputable authorities.

The total number of inhabited houses in England in 1801, was 1,474,740. In 1690, the number was 1,319,215, which shows an increase in 111 years of 274,492 houses. In 1759, the surveyors of the house and window duties, returned 986,482—and in 1781, 1,005,810.

In 1801, there were in England, five and 2-3rds. persons to a house—in Wales

five—in England and Wales five 3-5ths.
—in Scotland five 2-5ths—and in Great
Britain five 5-9ths.

The proportion of males born to that
of females is as 96 to 25.

A BEGINNING.

(For the Mirror.)

I've seiz'd my pen—*est periculum*—you
Have doubtless felt how hard 'tis to begin;
'Tis hard to read a long dull quarto through;
'Tis hard at cards to lose, and hard to win;
'Tis hard to find out any thing that's new;
Hard to be out of favour, or be in;
But 'tis more hard than all these added, when
A youthful bard takes up his maiden pen.

"'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in
print,"

(So Byron sings, so most young author's know.)

"A book's a book, although there's nothing in't;"

And one, at least, will ample praise bestow—

A father loves his child—he ne'er will stint

His praises, but a hundred beauties shew,

Where any other, following reason's laws,

Look as he will, can find out only flaws.

The present is a prologue to the play.

A bill of fare sent in before the feast;

And if the sample's liked, perchance I may

Go ambling through some fifty at the least;

Perhaps my Pegasus may break away,

From the grave "letter-writer's" bit releas'd;

Yet in his gambols, shan't forget what's due

Both to the time and place, and readers too.

His frolics shall most strictly be confin'd

Within the limits of the modern taste;

It never shall leave common sense behind,

Though all the scenes in fairy lands were plac'd,

(In fancy's flights a moral oft you'll find

That never can in history's page be trac'd.)

Or in the rural shade, or camp, or court,

Or where love dwells, or wisdom doth resort.

Your old friend, P. T. W.,* too oft

Plods in a road M'Adamised along,

(Dry in hot days, in rainy much too soft,

Made up of little bits, nor right nor wrong;)

From other writers I will keep aloft,

Nor ever slyly steal another's song;

Edgar, and Alpheus, Jacobus, L. D.

Have each their style, but give this style to me.

But I have done; if you accept, 'tis well,

(For me at least;) if you reject, well too:

To kick against the pricks, is to compel

The passive spike-heads to run into you;

The reed bows to the tempest, and the dell

The sun-beams gild not ere the mountain's brow.

Let, then, this week decide, if you have more

Than this (*Epistle First*) from

THEODORE.

* We can assure Theodore that a host of our
readers are very partial to the communications
of P. T. W. for their accuracy and laborious re-
search.—Ed.

ARITHMETICAL TERMS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—As a constant reader of your valu-
able periodical publication, I have ob-
served with pleasure the excellent com-
munications of "Jacobus," respecting
arithmetic, which demands from all your
readers particular attention; at the same
time, while the learned and experienced
derive amusement, the juvenile reader
has an opportunity of gaining knowledge,
which would in any other manner cost
him double the number of pounds. As
"Jacobus" has kindly given the deriva-
tions of the different branches which he
touched upon, I beg to forward to you the
derivations of all the arithmetical terms
now in use; which, if you think them
worthy of your attention and insertion,
for the benefit of my fellow-readers, will
oblige your's, respectfully,

J. W. ADAMS.

Deptford, Nov. 15, 1824.

Arithmetic—*αριθμος* and *μετρεω*, from
the Greek and Latin *Arithmetica*; the
art of numbering.

Axiom—*Axioma*, Latin; a self-evident
speculative truth.

Average—*Averagium*, Latin.

Alligation—*Alligo*, Latin; to bind, to
tie, to fasten.

Aliquot—Latin; some or few.

Addition—*Add et Addo*, Latin; to add.

Corollaries—*Corollarium*, Latin, from
Corolla; are subjoined to Theorems or
Problems.

Cent—*Centum*, Latin; Cent, French; an
hundred.

Cloff—*Clough*, Saxon; an allowance
to citizens.

Commission—*Commissio*, Latin, low;
setting together.

Cube—from *Kyβος*, Greek; a die.

Demonstration—*Demonstratio*, Latin;
to prove.

Division—*Divisio*, Latin; a division
severing distribution.

Divisor—Latin; distributor.

Dividend—*Divido*, Latin; to cut off,
to break, &c.

Dividual—*Dividuus*, Latin.

Denominator—Latin; he that names.

Decimals—*Decimus*, Latin; the tenth.

Definition—*Definitio*, Latin; a limit-
ing or bounding.

Evolution—*Evolutus*, Latin; unfolded,
turned out.

Equation—*Æquatio*, Latin; a laying
even.

Equal—*Æquis*, Latin; agreeing.

Factorage—*Fracteur*, French; factor.

Fraction—French; broken number.

Gross—French; all together.

Involution—*Involutio*, Latin; an un-
folding.

Lemma—Latin; supposition. Also Greek; a proposition presumed.

Mathematics—*μαθηματική*, Greek; originally signified discipline or learning, *μαθησις*.

Minorand—Minor, Latin; the number to be subtracted.

Minus—Latin; less.

Multiple—Multiplex, Latin; a number produced by multiplication.

Multiplication—Multiplicatio, Latin; a multiplication.

Multiplicand—Multiplicandus, Latin; to be multiplied.

Numerator—Latin; a numberer.

Number—Nombre, French.

Notation—Notatio, Latin; a marking.

Numeration—French.

Net—Net, French; clear.

Practice—*πρᾶξις*, Greek.

Problem—*Πρόβλημα*, Latin; a proposition.

Per—Latin; by.

Product—Productus, Latin; produced, set forth.

Plus—Latin; more.

Postulate—Postulatum, Latin; is a self-evident practical proposition.

Quantity—Quantitas, Latin; Quantity, French.

Quotient—Quoties, Latin; as often as, &c.

Resolvend—Resolvo, Latin; to divide, to reduce.

Reduction—Reductio, Latin; Reduction, French; bringing back.

Ratio—Latin; terms proposed.

Remainder—Remaneo, Latin; to remain, to continue.

Sub-multiple—from Sub, and multiple, Latin, part.

Scholiums—Scholia, Latin; remarks occasionally made to explain whatever may appear intricate.

Sum—Summa, Latin; whole.

Subtraction—Subtractio, from the verb Subtraho, Latin; to take away.

Subducing—Subduco, Latin; a number from which another is taken.

Square root—from Ysgwar, Welsh; or Quadratus, Latin; and Rot, Swedish.

Theorem—Theorema, Latin; a position set down as an acknowledged truth.

Tare—Teeren, Dutch; allowance.

Trel—perhaps from Tritus, Latin; waste, &c.

Unity—Unitas, Latin; agreeing, &c.

Co-efficients—Con and Efficiens, Latin.

some, the enjoyment it occasions. He joins with the song of the lark, as it welcomes Aurora in the eastern sky, and delights to trace the power of him, who swells the notes of the vocal Philomela. He watches the trees as they begin to display their foliage, and loves to mark the progress of the hedge rose. The modest daisy opens her bosom to the genial rays of the sun, and the light breeze wafts around the fragrance of the primrose. The violet, which like some lovely maiden banished from her home, was an exile under the iron sceptre of winter, now is recalled! for the wintry blast is over and gone, and the sun-beams re-kindle the earth of the valley. Man, too, has his spring, and like it, is covered with youthful exuberance.

The lover of nature discovers the approach of summer, and in her train fresh beauties. It is now he sees maturity. That same bud which he beheld in infancy, is now expanded and arrived at perfection. The embryo flower which promised to reward his care, now, by its beauty, repays his fondest solicitude. The rose blossoms with perennial grace in his garden, and the jessamine overshadows his parlour window. The summer evening walk—how beautiful! He forgets for a moment the busy hum of men, and wanders amid the cool recesses of the grove; or, perhaps, seated on some verdant bank, with the cheerest contemplation, listens to the feathered songsters chanting their farewell to the setting sun; he hears the meandering of the stream by his side, and loses himself in the contemplation of such beauties. The evening bells call him back again to earth, and he sympathises with the poet as he involuntary exclaims,

Those evening bells, those evening bells,
How many a tale their music tells,
Of love, and hope, and that dear time,
When last I heard their tuneful chime.

Those happy hours have pass'd away,
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
Nor ever hears those evening bells!

Man has his summer; like the fruits of the earth, he arrives at maturity; like them his beauties are unfolded, and he stands the object of universal admiration; but the prouder beauties of the summer months give way to the brown tints of autumn; the voice of the reaper is heard in the glen, and the noise of the sickle in the valley. The harvest plain proclaims the goodness of the Deity, and shows he is not unmindful of the wants of his creatures. The winged emigrants finding no longer a home they once enjoyed, retreat to warmer and more congenial climes; they soar above the Atlantic surge, and

THE SEASONS.

WHAT is more interesting to the lover of nature than the seasons? He delights amid the vernal beauties of spring, and appreciates with a feeling unknown to

wing their way over the vast profound : instinct is their only pilot, which guides their way by the friendly beacon's light, and brings them at last to the desired haven. Thus often the soul seeks for brighter skies beyond the wave, and leaving the chilling confines of this wintry region, flies to a warmer and a better country. Man, too, has his autumn ; he arrives at the evening of his existence. Those beauties which once adorned him, begin to discover the autumnal tint ; here and there a leaf forsakes its parent branch ; his joys and delights emigrate to another country ; wing their way over the sea of time, and take possession of a more benignant region. Winter presents many beauties to the lover of nature. When late and slowly the morning opens her pale eye, in what a curious disguise is nature dressed : the icicles jagged and uneven, hang pendant from the eaves, and a whitish film encrusts the windows, where mimic landscapes rise, and fancied figures swell. The fluid paths become a solid road, and where the finny shoals were wont to rove, the sportive youths slide, or, with rapid motion, skate along the crystal pavement. But, notwithstanding, winter has something which renders it dreary and forlorn. The trees are naked and exposed, and the fragile stem on which but yesterday a floweret bloomed, now with drooping head mourns under the austerity of winter. Man, too, has his winter : the cold wind whistles around his frail tenement ; all his prospective is gloomy and forlorn ; and the streams of vitality are congealed with the ice of chilling old age. *To-day* man is like the stately poplar, rising majestically to the heavens ! *To-morrow*, fallen on the ground, shorn of all his beauty ! The youthful prospect is bedecked with the verdure of spring, and the scenery of the matured mind, often displays the beautiful placidity of summer. But the advanced in years can discover the brown tints of autumn, proclaiming themselves the harbingers of winter. The wintry sky at length is discerned, and man mingles with the clods of the valley.

AMOR NATURE.

THE WASHERWOMAN'S COMPLAINT.

(For the Mirror.)

No more the cheerful firing smokes,
The tea-pot's unemploy'd,
Nor are the tubs, with water full,
By dirt and suds alloy'd.

Poor washerwomen ! every one,
How sorrowful ye seem !
Because we used to wash in smoke,
But now we wash by steam.

I. J. M.

OLD GRIPUS THE MISER.

RECITATIVE.

WHEN poor old Thomas lay and gasp'd for breath,

With eyes bedimm'd, and face as pale as death,
Then hoarding Gripus hasten'd to his bed,
To watch his fleeting breath, to see him fairly dead :

For Gripus had a god that held him in control,
A god to whom he'd sell his body and his soul ;
His god was made of gold, to which he'd pray
With fervent heart and zeal, both night and day ;
E'en Israel's children never had by half
The zeal of Gripus when they made their call,
For he his relatives and dearest friends would leave,

And for his golden god 'tis known would even
thieve.

SONG.

TUNE—I made love to Kate.

THUS when poor Thomas died,
His body scarcely cold,
From out his old inexpressibles
Old Gripus claw'd his gold ;
Then as a cat would search,
When watching for a mouse,
He ransack'd every secret place,
And corner in the house.

No wretch, though nearly perishing
With hunger and in pain,
So eagerly would search for food
As Gripus did for gain :
Old hats and coats, old bottles, jugs,
And every dirty rag,
Old Gripus eagerly did seize,
And cram within his bag.

Old frying-pans and fire-grates,
With worn and rusty bars,
Old broken dishes, pots, and plates,
And pickle-cabbage jars ;
These articles he carried off,
Or sold without delay,
For Gripus was executor,
And had the debts to pay.

But did old Gripus pay the debts ?
A question well to know ;
Or did the tradesmen from his door
With rueful faces go ?
With rueful faces from his door
The tradesmen went away,
For Gripus said that he was poor,
And *part* could only pay.

The man, he solemnly affirm'd,
" Had died in greatest need,
And that he had no money-bag,
"Twas true, it was indeed."
And when the tradesmen threaten'd law,
Said Gripus, do your best,
For I am an executor,
And one you can't arrest.

QUIZ.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

LET us take a survey of our system, the only one accessible to us. We know that our system contains twenty-eight plane-

tary bodies, perpetually making their periodical revolutions round their centre, including their satellites, viz. *Mercury*, *Venus*, *our earth* and its moon, *Mars*, *Pallas*, *Juno*, *Vesta*, *Jupiter* and his four moons, *Saturn* and his seven, and *Herschel* with his six. Whether there are any more we cannot decidedly determine. *Mercury* the nearest to the source of heat and light is little known, as he seems almost immersed in the body of that luminary, although he is 32,000,000 of miles distant from it. He is a small planet and performs his revolution about the sun in 88 days. *Venus* which comes next in succession, is that very bright planet, which is called the *evening*, and sometimes the *morning* star. She is an inferior planet like *Mercury*, being within the orbit of our earth; her size nearly equals that of the earth, and her light and heat somewhat similar; her distance from the Sun's centre is 59,000,000 of miles, and she performs her revolution round him in 225 days. Our earth which comes next in succession is placed, it is supposed, at a very convenient distance from the Sun, which was above mentioned. The diameter of her globe is 7,970 miles, and performs her revolutions round the Sun in the well known time of 365 days, 5 hours, and 48 minutes. *Mars* is a small planet and is distinguished in the heavens by his fiery hue; his orbit is beyond the Earth's, and is therefore called a superior planet; he is placed at the distance of 123,000,000 of miles from the Sun's centre, and performs his revolution in 1 year and 322 days. Those three newly discovered small globes, viz. *Pallas*, *Juno*, and *Vesta* are but little known; they are placed between the orbs of *Mars* and *Jupiter*. *Jupiter* is a very large globe, being 1,000 times larger than the Earth; he is also remarkable for his belts: considerable changes have appeared in him, as if the ocean were overflowing the land, and again leaving it dry by its retreat. He is 424,000,000 of miles from the Sun, and moves round him in 11 years and 319 days. *Saturn* is likewise a wonderful orb, besides his seven satellites, he has a luminous ring: he is 777,000,000 miles from the Sun, and goes round him in 29 years and 138 days. *Herschel*, the remotest of the whole system, does not perform his revolution till the elapse of 89 of our years; therefore our globe revolves round the luminary 80 times while he merely goes once

JEAN.

TO FLORENCE.

DEEP in my bosom's inmost cell
Thy sacred image lies enshrined,
O'er which remembrance loves to dwell,
And think of hopes for e'er resign'd.

There, where no worldly thoughts intrude
Thy holy visions to destroy,
I think of thee with grief subdued,
And almost wake awhile to joy.

But, ah! such thoughts, such dreams are vain,
Though dearer far than words can tell,
For e'en their pleasure thrills with pain,
They live alone in memory's cell

And like the lamp within a tomb,
Whose rays a dreary light impart,
They only serve to shew the gloom,
The hopeless darkness of my heart.

LADNAR.

CURIOUS DESCRIPTION OF MAN.

The following poetical description of the uses of the different parts of the human body we have quoted from the works of the celebrated Francis Quarles, preserving the obsolete spelling:—

"MAN's body's like a house, his greater bones
Are the main timber; and the lesser ones
Are smaller spoints: his ribs are laths daub'd
o're
Plaster'd with flesh and blood: his mouth's the
door,
His throat's the narrow entry, and his Heart
Is the great chamber, full of curious art:
His midriff is a large partition-wall
'Twixt the great chamber and the spacious hall;
His stomach is the kitchen, where the meat
Is often but half sod for want of heat:
His spleen's a vessel nature doth allot
To take the skum that rises from the pot:
His lungs are like the bellows, that respire
In every office, quickning every fire:
His nose the chimney is, whereby are vented
Such fumes as with the bellows are augmented:
His bowels are the sink, whose parts to drain
All noisom filth, and keep the kitchen clean:
His eyes are christal windows, clear and bright;
Let in the object, and let out the sight.
And as the timber is, or great or small,
Or strong, or weak, 'tis apt to stand or fall:
Yet is the likeliest building sometimes known
To fall by obvious chances; overthrow
Of times by tempests, by the full-mouth'd blasts
Of heaven; sometimes by fire; sometimes it
wasts
Through unadvis'd neglect: put case the stuff
Were ruin-proof, by nature strong enough
To conquer time and age; put case it should
Nere know an end, alas, our leases would;
What hast thou, then, proud flesh and blood, to
boast?
Thy daies are evil, at best; but few, at most;
But sad, at merriest; and but weak, at strongest;
Unsure, at surest; and but short, at longest."

Reminiscences.

No. XI.

GARRICK.

A FRIEND gave Garrick a case, containing a razor and other shaving utensils, telling him at the same time, he would find "some other pretty little things in it." "I hope," said Garrick, "that one of them is a *pretty little barber*."

A person just returned from London, told him he had attended an execution at Tyburn, and had seen Jack Ketch dressed very shabbily. "Do you not think, Sir," said he, "that a public officer ought to wear a gown?" "By all means," replied Garrick, "but be sure to let him have *hanging sleeves* to it."

When Alderman Treacher, who was a brewer, was knighted, Garrick said, "His Majesty should have made him a knight of *Malta*."

There are two remarkably generous traits of Mr. Garrick, which are so well authenticated, that it would be an act of injustice to his memory to conceal them from the world. A gentleman of fashion, and a man universally beloved and esteemed, borrowed five hundred pounds of Mr. Garrick, for which he gave his note of hand. By some vicissitudes of fortune, the affairs of this gentleman were greatly distressed; his friends and relations who loved him, were determined to free him from uneasiness, by satisfying his creditors. A day of meeting for the purpose was appointed, on which they were to be very cheerful. Mr. Garrick heard of it, and instead of taking advantage of the information to put in his claim, he enclosed a note of hand for five hundred pounds in a letter, in which, also, he told the gentleman, that he had been informed that a jovial meeting was to take place between him and his friends, and that it was to be a bon-fire day; he therefore desired he would consign the note to the flames!!

The other anecdote is still more to his honour. He was very intimate with an eminent surgeon, who died several years since, a very amiable man, who often dined and supped with Mr. and Mrs. Garrick. One day, after dinner, the gentleman declared, that without the assistance of a friend, who would lend him a thousand pounds, he should be at a loss what to do. "A thousand pounds!" said Mr. Garrick, "that's a large sum. Well now, pray what security can you give for that money?" "Upon my word," replied the surgeon, "no other than my own." "Here's a pretty fel-

low," said Roscius, turning to Mrs. Garrick, "he wants to borrow a thousand pounds upon his personal security. Well, come, I'll tell you one thing for your comfort; I think I know a man that will lend you a thousand pounds." He immediately drew upon his banker for that sum, and gave the draft to his friend. Mr. Garrick never asked for, or received a shilling of it.

AMICUS.

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM
NEW WORKS.

FESTIVALS OF TUSCANY.

ACCORDING to the natural order of things, the year ought to commence with the spring, since the four seasons of the year are symbols of the four ages of human life, and that one year is born of another as generation succeeds generation. Instinct, in accord with reason, leads us involuntarily to celebrate the beauty of spring. The month of May was to our savage ancestors, the Gauls, the season of great military assemblies. To the Tuscans it is the signal for beginning their festivals and pleasures, and the songs of May have acquired, by long and pleasant usage, a sacred character. The whole of Tuscany takes part in these festivals: children eagerly give way to the sports of their age; families unite together at banquets, seasoned by songs, where the softness of the language rivals the sweetness of the music: it is an universal concert. All the people are mixed up, without distinction, at these festivals. The shops of tailors and shoemakers re-echo the sounds which arise from all quarters. At evening, and during the night, wandering orchestras fill the streets, and spread every where gaiety and song. The Italians prefer stringed instruments to every other sort: wind instruments are left to theatres and concerts. Boys of twelve or fourteen years of age, with paper caps and helmets, armed with wooden swords, run through the streets in the earlier days of May, stopping in the public places and squares, where they strike up military songs, mixed sometimes with appropriate dialogue of their own. The children, daughters, wives, and mothers of prisoners, assemble before the windows of the prison which look into the streets, and join before their unhappy relatives in songs of hope and freedom. They sympathize in vulgar couplets, written to national airs, in the misery of the pri-

soners, who cannot join with them in celebrating the month of May. These scenes usually end with a repast, in which the prisoners have a share, as their relatives are permitted to supply them on such occasions with meat and wine from without.

Still it is not the month of May which takes the lead in reviving the natural world in southern Italy. It is April, *il bel Aprile*, which brings on the beautiful days of sweet enjoyment in the country of Naples, whilst May is devoted to pleasure and song in Tuscany.

The *Fête Dieu*, or *Corpus Domini*, is celebrated in the ensuing month with a solemnity, a zeal, and a happiness which cheeks and redoubles the beauty of the season. The clergy, the ornaments, the altars covered with flowers, the rich canopies, imposing ceremonies, music, and bells, all enliven this festival. At Pisa, the large *dalles* (flag-stones) which form the pavement of the streets, are covered with flowers and verdure, arranged in characters, religious or political. The numerous processions, and the priests bearing sacred symbols, march on a large carpet of various brilliant colours. At day-break, the owners of the different houses decorate them with *bouquets*, curiously arranged, and suspend from the windows tapestry and white cloths, having inscribed on them verses from the psalms and canticles. The air is loaded with the perfumes of rose, thyme, mignonette, orange, and a thousand other Italian plants. The warmth of the sun seems to inspire the populace. From the tops of the church towers burst forth the sounds of bands of music, in response to the chimes of the bells, the notes of the instruments in the streets beneath, and the voices of the singers. This is, perhaps, of all the Italian festivals, the most splendid: earth, air, women of all ages, men and boys, are all more gay and animated. Humanity wears a more exalted character, and aspires to heaven. There is nothing which has more electrical effect upon the hearts of men than a great public religious festival. Happy, indeed, are the inhabitants of those delicious climates which permit the celebration of these solemn and brilliant ceremonies. How should I rejoice to participate every year in the religious festivals of Rome. Vain wishes!—but, at least, I can solace myself with the recollections of that high festival, that glorious sky, that divine music, that all-pervading harmony.—But to return to more terrestrial objects.

On St. Lawrence's eve, the Tuscans invite their friends to make parties in gathering nuts during the night, and, on

the next day, each one asks of his neighbour if he has been successful: they who have, make presents to all their acquaintance of the branches of the tree. In these cases, he who has gathered the greatest quantity is considered by the ladies to be the best workman, and the different parties and assemblies on that day abound in all sorts of pleasantries.

The most famous festival at Pisa is the *giorno del Ponte*. It is not a religious one, and is kept in June. It is a battle between the two divisions of the town, St. Mary, and St. Anthony, which takes place on the marble bridge over the Arno, and that party is considered triumphant which throws the greatest number of its opponents into the river. The preparations for these fêtes are very great, and occupy the preceding month of May. The illuminations last for several nights, and sometimes they are extended even into the day. All the principal streets are filled with scaffolds and amphitheatres, rising nearly to the roofs of the houses. The citizens are divided into parties, with distinct chiefs and uniforms, and they are constantly occupied in exercising themselves. The various quarters of the town re-echo with the sounds of drums and music. The people of St. Mary choose a commander-in-chief; those of St. Anthony a general. The fictitious hostility is often excited into a real enmity, and members of the same family residing in the two quarters refuse to see or hold any communication with each other. They enter with great earnestness into the cause of their respective fraternities, and maintain their superior bravery, address, and honour, at all hazards. The higher classes are not without some portion of this feeling, which breaks out amongst the lower orders into the most furious invectives. The grand day at last arrives. The companies and battalions form themselves in military array. The colour of St. Mary is blue, of St. Anthony, red. The two generals, richly habited, sword in hand, harangue their armies. They are heard with attention, and their discourses end amidst the liveliest enthusiasm. Brandishing their arms, the two divisions march to battle. The aides-de-camp fly from one part of the field to another with the most exemplary celerity. The streets and quays are crowded with spectators, some of whom have come twenty or thirty leagues to be present at the spectacle. The windows, roofs, and scaffolding, covered with tapestries, and ornamented with flowers, are thronged with persons of every sex and age. The columns defile along the quays, and the avant-guards approach each other at the

opposite ends of the bridge. Then burst forth cries of enthusiastic eagerness for battle. The signal is given. The bridge is covered with combatants. The gauntlets and maces are heard sounding on the shields—and all the movements of real war are mimicked with great success. The cries of the combatants are echoed by those of thousands of spectators, giving spirit and animation to their favourite parties. In order to postpone the result as much as possible, the generals avoid encountering each other. After some time, the fight becomes more irregular, and, instead of division attacking division, it is individual fighting individual. This is the beginning of the real conflict, for now play is given to the passions, and old grudges find an opportunity of gaining satisfaction. Each tries to throw his antagonist into the river, where they are finally picked up by boats stationed for the purpose, and carried on shore half drowned and entirely disgraced. It is an amusing sight to the spectator to witness the address of the different combatants, and with what agility and skill they contrive to send each other over the parapets of the bridge. The strongest and most active men on each side are placed in front of the array, and at last the battle terminates by victory siding with one side or the other. Then arise the most astonishing shouts and *vivas* from the conquerors, whilst the conquered retreat, discomfited and silent. Their partisans, instead of sympathizing in their misfortune, cover them with reproaches. Some are still furious to renew the conflict, but the municipal authorities proceed to the bridge in state and proclaim the victors. The bridge is soon cleared of the soldiery, and filled with carriages and promenaders, and every thing wears an aspect of gaiety and pleasure. Then commence the feasts and sports. The clergy of the two quarters, in full canonicals, march in processions to the bridge, and a reconciliation takes place, which is the third signal of a general peace. The taunts and reproaches, however, last for months afterwards, and accusations of treason and foul play are made in great abundance. The illuminations are extremely brilliant and beautiful. The situation and style of building of Pisa is singularly adapted to this kind of display. The city defrays the expense of lighting up the public offices, churches, theatres, &c.; whilst some of the wealthier proprietors spend from 600 to 2,400 francs in illuminating their houses. The population of Pisa, on ordinary occasions, is about 15,000; but, during the eight days of this festival, it has been known to average 200,000, collected together

from all parts of Tuscany. The quay of the Arno is indeed a splendid sight, forming as it does a crescent, the two ends of which, though more than a mile apart, are visible from the central points; and, when the houses on each side are studded with different coloured lamps, nothing can exceed its magnificence.

The origin of these sports is dated by the Pisans in a very remote age. The antiquaries maintain, that the first *ultramontane* nations which invaded Italy, introduced the custom of training up the young men in these simulated combats; and that the *giuochi del ponte* of Pisa are a relic of these antique usages. They still talk in lofty terms of the splendour with which they were celebrated in the year 1785, when the royal family of Sicily, and all the princes of Lombardy and Tuscany, were present. The Pisans dwell upon such recollections with great fondness; they are as proud of them as of their departed grandeur, glory, and wealth. It is all which remains of former splendour—the only consolation left them amidst the vicissitudes they have experienced.

Hermit in Italy.

The Novelist.

No. LXVII.

MARY MC'CLEOD.

* O'er thee the sacred shaft

That wastes at midnight, or the undreaded hour
Of noon, flies harmless; and that very voice,
Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,
With tongues of seraph whispers peace to thine!"

It was hardly possible to imagine the existence of a more amiable spirit than that which actuated the conduct of the charming Mary Mc'Cleod. The circle of friends which had assembled at the house of her uncle, at Lubec, in Danish Pomerania, was composed of rather a large family circle of the youth of both sexes, and they formed a constellation of no ordinary interest; for there was more than one youthful Tyro of the number, of acknowledged talents, and yet none whose acquired principles could render the fondest parent solicitous to prevent the object of its affections from being blasted by its contagious influence. Amid all their dancing and revelry—in the deepest warmth of sparkling disputation—Mary Mc'Cleod always held a foremost rank; and without intruding herself forward as the arbitress of any other person's opinion, she in reality gave a tone to that of the whole—for those, who could not be convinced by the strength of her rea-

soning, were always ready to admire the manner in which it was delivered, and were always willing to believe that her eyes said less than her other arguments.

Boasting, one evening, how little she was subject to the impressions of fear, it was resolved, by her thoughtless juvenile associates, that an attempt should be made to expose what they considered vanity in the extreme. With this view, after the consultation, they resolved to introduce into her bed a portion of a human skeleton, with its head reclining upon a pillow, imagining that, when the unfortunate subject of this memoir should undraw the curtains of her bed, an involuntary scream would expose that even her fears could be easily worked upon. They listened, when she had retired from the dance, with no ordinary silence; but for such an exclamation they listened in vain; no scream—not the least sound was heard; the light of the lamp, too, was extinguished, after a seemingly long interval, and all was apparently buried in a profound, uninterrupted silence. Concluding, therefore, that the fearless maiden had seen the skull, and removed it in silence; they retired, with some little disappointment, at the ill success of the plan they had laid to alarm her. In truth, Mary M'Cleod had not seen the horrid spectacle; she reposed in the same bed with a human skull, totally ignorant of the presence of so appalling a sight, and slept as sound as innocence always will, in peace, by its side. The moon, rising during the night, shed its rays through the window of her room, full upon the head of the skeleton, presenting an object barely visible to the eye, and, for that reason more horribly awful than language could attempt to describe; more especially as there were no objects distinctly present to the eye, which could dispel any dreadful illusion, which such a spectacle, under such circumstances, could give rise to. Upon this scene, arranged by an unfortunate concurrence of events, as if laid out by the hand of a demon, beamed the bright eye of Mary M'Cleod, as she awoke from a dream—fell like the sparkling eye of an angel hovering over chaos. The shock was too exquisitely horrible to be endured; her fine spirits could not withstand the blow; and but a few minutes sufficed to convert the soaring spirit of her, whose wit had lately abashed even the most presumptuous, into that wild horror stricken essence, which directed the wild motions of a beauteous, unfortunate maniac.

"Listen," said the wife of the worthy host, a physician of long practice in the

most benevolent of the sciences; "Listen to that curious, long-continued laugh! It is surely the laugh of your favourite, Mary M'Cleod!" In a few minutes, all the inmates of the house were assembled at the door of the room, which contained the beauteous form from whence this wild laughing emanated; it paused for a few moments, and then again proceeded—again it ceased, and all became silent as the grave. Again the laugh went on—no entreaties could stop it—all questions passed away unheeded. "It sounds," said one of the servants, "as if it was approaching the window." This suggestion roused the weeping energy of the worthy doctor; he hastily burst open the door, and rushed into the room; but his benevolence came too late, for the unfortunate subject of the story had precipitated herself to the ground, and was borne back by her agonized companions, more dead than alive. The doctor soon foresaw that the injury she had received would render all care useless—death had marked her for his own. The incessant care, however, which was bestowed upon her, brought her from a state of torpor to some little feeling. Her half-dead attendants had yet a hope for the best; but death came on apace—no balm could cure an injured frame, whose angelic spirit was, if possible, still more dreadfully wounded. Her days of suffering were therefore few; and on the morning, in which she fled into the field where folly never riots, the bright spark of reason returned to her yet once again—all powers of mind came back with renewed strength; and calling around her the weeping group, with whom she had parted but a few evenings before, she begged of them to forget her fate as completely as she forgave those who were the unintentional cause of her death. "Do not imagine," said the retiring angel—"do not, for one moment, believe that I am sorry that the period shall come when I shall be set free from a pilgrimage, which might, perhaps, have ended still more unfortunately, and might not have afforded so useful an example of the dangers of working upon the fears of any one; nor should I have been so tried, had not my vanity laid claim to what no one ever possessed—a total absence of all fear. In all future periods, amid the gay scenes of life, when anger shall prompt you, may you recollect to forgive others, as Mary M'Cleod forgave you; and, if ever my spirit shall be deputed again to visit the earth, I shall, perhaps, be that very attendant spirit, who, at that very moment, will bring back to your recollection the fate of Mary M'Cleod."

Miscellanies.

THE LITERARY BREAKFAST.

As lately a sage on a fine ham was repasting,
(Though for breakfast too savoury I ween)
He exclaimed to a friend, who sat silent and fasting,

"What a breakfast of learning is mine!"

"A breakfast of learning!" with wonder he cry'd,

And laugh'd, for he thought him mistaken;

"Why, what is it else?" the sage quickly reply'd,

"When I'm making large extracts from Bacon."

THE SPORTSMAN'S DISTRESS.

I've lost my friend, my dog, and wife,

Sav'd only horse and purse;

Yet when I think on human life,

Thank heaven it is no worse.

My friend was sickly, poor, and old,

Was peevish, blind, and crippled;

My wife was ugly and a scold,

I rather think she tripp'd.

My dog was faithful, fond, and true,

In sporting gave me pleasure;

I shou'dn't care for t'other two,

If I had sav'd this treasure.

THE HORSE DEALER AND HIS GROOM.

A HORSE-DEALER, famous for nags with long tails,

Of which he oft made pretty well by his sales,
Was once serv'd a trick by a rogue in the night,
Who broke into the stable, and then, without light,

Cut off every tail of the nags that were there,
To the horse-dealer's terror and utter despair—
Who came in the morning, and with him his groom,

Lamenting most sorely his sorrowful doom.

The groom was a wag, as this story will shew,
For when his poor master was weeping with woe,

He cried, "My good sir, prithee take this advice,
And then you'll get rid of your nags in a trice,
Sell them wholesale."—"How wholesale?" the master exclaim'd,

At this seeming impudence vastly inflam'd;

"Why, yes, Sir, 'tis best, since your first plan has fail'd,

For certain it is they can ne'er be retail'd!"

AN EPIGRAM.

FRANÇOIS, in company the other day,
Cries, "Curse your smoking, 'tis an odious way,

Fie gentlemen! in France they never smoke!"

John Bull replied—who dearly lov'd a joke—

"What's done in France, young Fop, we little care,

But, faith, we'll make 'em smoke if they come here!"

T. A—N C.

INGRATITUDE PUNISHED; OR, A HINT TO JOKERS FOUNDED ON FACT.

AN old coal-dealer, who had made a great deal of money by retailing coals, and living in a very penurious way, conceiving that he had at last sufficient to enable him to leave off business, and live like a gentleman, built himself a neat villa in the country, to which he retired. But such is the force of habit, that (to the great annoyance of his family, who wished him to "sink the shop") that he was *always unhappy unless in the cellar, measuring his own coals*. Among others, who had often expostulated with him on the impropriety of so doing, was a favourite nephew, to whom he had given a good education, and supported in the first style. One morning walking in his garden with this nephew, he said to him, "Henry, I want a motto, or something of that kind, to put up in front of my house; but I don't like your *Grove House—Prospect Place—this Villa, and t'other Lodge*. Come, you are a scholar, give me one, and let it be in Latin." "Well," replied the nephew, "what think you of—*Thus is industry rewarded?*" "The very thing," says the uncle, "if you'll only put it into Latin." The nephew then taking out a pencil, wrote on a slip of paper—*Otium sine dignitate*: which he gave his uncle, who read it thus—*Hottum-sinne dignitat*. "Aye, Henry," said the old man, "that'll do famously!" The next day he sent for a painter, who happened to know as little of the dead languages as himself, and the words were soon printed in large characters, in a conspicuous part of the house. On the Sunday following he happened to have a large party; and after dinner, as the company were strolling about the garden, to view his improvements, some read the words, but said nothing (not wishing probably to show their ignorance),—some said "they were prodigiously fine"—"so novel"—"so appropriate;" and to those who did not exactly happen to observe them, he was kind enough to point them out, and to explain the meaning, saying, "*Thus is industry rewarded*," and that "he was not ashamed of having gained a competency in trade." However, among the company there happened to be a Charter-house boy, who told the old gentleman that there must be some mistake, for they were the last words he should like to have put upon a house of his.—This brought about an explanation; and the poor old coal-dealer was so struck with the malice and ingratitude of his nephew, that he instantly destroyed a

codicil to his will, in which he had left him 5,000*l.*—took to his bed, and died in a fortnight.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff,"...*Wotton.*

EPIGRAMS.

OUR bodies are like shoes, which off we cast;
Physic their cobbler is, and Death the last.

WEAPONS in peace grow hungry, and will eat
Themselves with rust; but war allows them meat.

ON DR. DONNE.

TRY Muses gallantry doth far exceed
All ours, to whom thou art a Don indeed.

MILITARY PUN.

As officer, at a field-day, happened to be thrown from his horse; and as he lay sprawling on the ground, said to a friend (who ran to his assistance) "I thought I had improved in my riding, but I find I have fallen off."

THE BOMBAY MARINE.

It is usual among the military in India, to call empty bottles "Bombay Marines," from the officers in that service being obliged too often (owing to the slowness of promotion) to remain in it till nearly superannuated. One day at a party, a gentleman (not knowing any of the marine were present) taking hold of an empty claret bottle, said to his servant, "Here you clumsy mootoo! take away this Bombay Marine." An old officer of that service happened to be present, and hearing the remark, started up, and said, "What do you mean by that, Sir?" To which the gentleman, without the least hesitation or embarrassment, replied, "It has done its duty, Sir, and is ready to do it again." This well-timed and well-merited compliment appeased the old officer, and harmony was immediately restored.

THE LOVER.

I FOUND, said Mark, my nymph alone;
I knelt, and poured an earnest prayer,
Condemn me not through life to groan,—
Consign me not to fell despair.
I sigh'd—she wept—I kiss'd her tears,
And—bless me! how she box'd my ears.

ON SEEING A LADY'S GRACEFUL DISPLAY OF HER FAN.

"WHEN the cause is alike the effects are the same."—

Poh, poh! 'tis a logical jest;
For the Fan that can cool the fair Clymene's breast,

In the love-struck Myrtillos enkindles a flame.

Oxford, Jan. 6, 1785.

K—

* A frequent subject in the university for logical exercises.

MASTER'S YORK, TOO.

A Yorkshire man, and ostler still?
Ere this you might have been
(Had you employed your native skill)
Landlord, and kept the inn.
Ah! Sir (quoth John) here 'twill not do,
For dang it, *Meyster's Yorkshire too!*

A CURE FOR LOVE.

THE one end of a rope fasten over a beam,
And make a slip knot at the other extreme;
Then just underneath let a joint stool be set,
On which let the lover most manfully get;
Then over his head let the snicket be got,
And under one ear well arranged be the knot;
The joint stool kick'd down, let him take a fair swing,
And leave all the rest of the cure to the string.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Hannah Candid; J. W. E.; ††; Jacobus; F R—y; and Alpheus, in our next.
Archie has our best thanks, and shall have attention.

Will *Ocyne* mention the title of the article to which he alludes? We should feel much obliged by what he intended to offer us.

Alfred; Higgins; Jean; W. B.; E. A. J.; C. S.; A Ghost Story; Pasche; M. M. J., are intended for early insertion.

The *Lines on Cooper, Ellen's C. to the Tooth-ache*, and *William's Lines to a Young Lady*, are not sufficiently polished.

J. W. must complete the article before we can notice it.

J. S. is informed, that the numbers of the *MIRROR* he inquires for may be obtained through any bookseller.

Timothy Twist, Esq. won't do.

Printed and Published by J. TINDALL, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House), and sold by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CXXVII.]

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[PRICE 2d.]

The New Custom House.



THE Custom-House so recently erected has acquired a new and somewhat unfortunate celebrity, from the circumstance of its foundation having given way, and a part of the Long Room having actually fallen down. This building, which is at once elegant and commodious, was erected under the direction of Mr. David Laing, the architect. It is situated on the banks of the Thames, east of London bridge, and extends in length 489 feet, and in breadth 107 feet; the grand front facing the river, from which it is separated by a terrace, is of Portland stone. The centre is quite plain to the height of the ground floor of the building, but above the windows there is an entablature, divided into two compartments, ornamented with figures in *alto relievo*. In one compartment the commerce and industry of the country, and the arts and sciences connected with them, are allegorically represented; and in the other, the costume and character of the various nations with which we traffic are delineated. These groups are boldly executed; and the height of the figures being nearly five feet, they can easily be distinguished from the terrace.

VOL. V.

H

Between the entablatures is an inscription recording the date of the erection, surmounted by a large sun-dial, which is sustained by the two recumbent figures of Industry and Plenty.

Each wing has six columns of the Ionic order: these give a grandeur to the edifice which, on so extended a scale, might appear as carrying the simplicity of architecture too far. There is one great disadvantage in viewing the Custom-House from the terrace, because it is much too narrow to include the whole building in one *coup d'œil*; and it can only be seen to advantage from the river.

The interior of the building is admirably constructed. There are necessarily several entrances to this noble pile; the two principal ones are in Thames-street. They lead through halls rather commodious than large, to the grand staircase, which, by a double flight of steps, leads to lobbies at each end of the long room. This room which is in the centre is 190 feet in length, and 66 in width; it is divided into three quadrangular compartments, by eight piers, surmounted by three domes, through which the rooms are ventilated.

97

In addition to the long room, there are upwards of a hundred offices, appropriated to distinct branches of the business of the customs, as well as several private rooms. All the passages, lobbies, and the floor of the Long Room, except where the clerks sit, are of stone groined in brick. They are lighted by vertical lantern-lights; and the communication between the most important parts of the house is by iron doors, which slide into a groove in the wall, and are closed at night, when they afford a good barrier against accidental fire. The whole building is well ventilated, and in winter is warmed by means of air stoves.—Several fire-proof rooms have been constructed, into which books and most valuable papers are every night placed.

The first stone of the new Custom-House, which, exteriorly, is creditable to the architecture of the metropolis, and characteristic of the commerce of the country, was laid by the Earl of Liverpool, the first Lord of the Treasury, and the Right Hon. Nicholas Vansittart, Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the 25th of October, 1813; and the whole was finished, and opened for public business, on the 12th of May, 1817, at an expense of nearly 250,000*l*.

By consulting Mr. David Laing's architectural plans and descriptions of the new Custom-House, it appears that borings being taken about the site, the ground was found to consist of stratum of gravel, which it was at first designed to pile throughout the foundation. But this plan seems not to have been carried fully into effect—the piling being more partial than was originally intended. On this partial piling, in a soil by no means tenacious, the walls and piers, *footed on wood*, were founded, and the fabric reared up. But not long after it was finished, the floor of the long-room was perceived to settle, and continued to do so, until a few weeks ago it was thought necessary to support this floor by shoring under the groins of the arches in the cellars: but this precaution did not answer the desired purpose, for part of the floor of the long-room fell in, on the 26th of January. On examining the whole fabric with care and attention, it is perceived that the pillars in the cellars, under the Long-Room, have all settled, more or less. These pillars are, indeed, so narrow at the base, that they seem better calculated to stamp themselves into the earth, like a die into metal, than to be supported by the materials under them. This depression of the pillars has brought the weight of all the brick-work of the arches of both the cellar, King's warehouse, and the stone-floor of the long-room, 190 feet by

66 feet, upon the surrounding walls. The partition walls on the east and west ends of the long-room, being supported by the other parts of the building, have stood the pressure; but the south wall having no support, except its own weight, has perceptibly bulged out, and not only rent the arches next the south wall of both the cellars and king's warehouse, for a space of many feet, but it has also drawn out with it (most likely by the connection of the iron stay crossing under the long-room floor), the opposite wall, and made a rent in the floor of the long passage, which is on the same line as the long-room floor. It has also rent, for a number of yards, the corridors above. These effects are not entirely occasioned by the yielding of the piers and the pressure of the above-named arches, but increased by the weakness of the girders of the whole of the roofing over the long-room. These girders are by no means deficient in quantity of timber, but the manner and method of cutting, framing, and tying to the walls, does not give strength and support equal to the quantity of materials used. [See Laing's Architecture, pp. 22 and 23, plates 27 and 28.] Hence the framing, or girders, of the domes, have expanded literally, by the weight of timber, &c. above, so as to thrust outward, by the lateral pressure, both the front wall and the upper part of the back parapet-wall; the latter of which has opened at the end of the rafters, and shows a rent of half an inch in width, for 30 or 40 feet in length, on this light parapet-wall on the roof.

In the eastern quarter of the cellar, two of the pillars have settled several feet; the pillars above, and dependant on them, in the king's warehouse, have, of course, followed them in their descent, and brought down the arches, along with that part of the floor of the long-room that has fallen in. The side walls in the wings of the Custom-House (through which light is given to the ante-rooms that look into the wells), are all twisted a little, or bulged out, most likely from the less care that has been taken to found them, than to found the outer walls; but these courts or these well-walls, are in no danger at present, although the corridors adjoining them are a little rent. The north side of the building, and the gable-end walls, show no infirmity but what may have been original; nor does any other part of the building appear to have settled or given way in the least. The quay adjoining the river is also fair and firm.

Having thus described the building of the Custom-House, we shall proceed to

give an historical account of the customs—an important and lucrative branch of the public revenue:—

The whole produce of the customs, on the exports and imports of England, were for many years farmed at 20,000*l.*—in the year ending the 5th of January, 1823, they amounted to 10,662,874*l.*! Such has been the growth of British commerce during a period of less than two centuries and a half. The levying of duties on ships and merchandize is generally attributed to Ethelred, and is said to have been first resorted to by that King, in 979, when all vessels trading to London paid certain duties at Billingsgate, or Belin's gate, as it was then called.

The principles on which the revenue of the customs, which were originally on exports only, were vested in the king were—first, because the king was bound of common right to maintain and keep up the ports and havens, and to protect the merchants from pirates; and secondly, because he gave the subject leave to depart the kingdom, and to carry his goods along with him.

In 1274, the custom duties were sanctioned, as a source of revenue, by the parliament of Edward I., but the fees must have been very small for more than three centuries afterwards, for in the year 1590 Queen Elizabeth farmed them to one Thomas Smith, for 20,000*l.* a year. The queen was induced to do this in consequence of the representations of a person of the name of Carmarthen, to her majesty, that she had lost 96,720*l.* 3*s.* 7*d.* in the customs, during the preceding eight years. Smith, who had been a collector of the customs, well knew their value, for he gained upwards of 10,000*l.* by the contract.

In the year 1613 the customs amounted to 148,075*l.* 7*s.* 8*d.*, of which London alone paid 100,572*l.* 18*s.* 4*d.* In 1666 they were farmed at 390,000*l.*; and in 1692 they amounted to 897,551*l.* During the first half of the last century, the customs remained nearly stationary, although commerce had greatly increased: the late reign was one, however, in which great skill and ingenuity were displayed in inventing means to increase the revenue: and although the "official value of the goods" is still computed, with reference not to the prices they bear in the current year, but to a standard fixed so long ago as 1696, yet in 1798, a duty of two per cent. was levied on our exports, the value of which was taken not by the official standard, but by the declaration of the exporting merchants.

The first house for "the receipt of custom" in London, was built in 1385, by

2 H

John Churchman, one of the sheriffs. This building appears to have been succeeded by another, which was destroyed in the great fire of 1666; a new Custom-House on a large scale was erected, in 1668, at an expense of 10,000*l.*, which was also burnt down by fire, in Thames-street, in 1715. Three years afterwards another Custom-House, more spacious in its dimensions, and more regular in its structure, was raised, in which the business was conducted until a fire, which broke out on the morning of the 12th of February, 1814, laid the whole building in ashes, destroying several documents relating to the customs, as well as property to an immense amount. Two poor orphan girls, servants to the house-keeper, perished in the flames, and one man was killed by an explosion of some barrels of gunpowder in the vaults, which occasioned a shock similar to that of an earthquake.

The business of the customs is under the direction of thirteen commissioners, two of whom fill the offices of chairman and deputy chairman: a secretary, clerks, and a great number of officers.

THE EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE—CHEAP PERIODICALS.

"THAT the soul be without knowledge it is not good," is an axiom of scripture which the experience of all ages, and the history of every country, fully proves. States and kingdoms rise and perish, flourish and decay in proportion as the people are kept in ignorance or enlightened—and the glories of conquest, and the triumph of arms are fleeting and ephemeral compared with that permanent fame and happiness which are achieved by a due encouragement of literature and the arts.

In no country is knowledge more universally diffused than in England: a few centuries ago the whole learning was confined to the clergy, and although one of our monarchs said, an "unlearned king was but a crowned ass," yet it is certain that even the education of princes was much neglected; and many a baron bold, and sturdy knight, five centuries ago, were unable to write their names. Now we find our peasants and mechanics well educated and intelligent, and making their way to the highest honours. We might quote numerous instances of talents having emerged from humble life; but we shall merely allude to one—that of Dr. Lee, the present professor of Arabic, at the University of Cambridge, who is master of nearly all the living and dead languages. This gentleman was a working mechanic, and acquired his extensive learning by deep study in the intervals of

his labours. No doubt he rose early and sat up late, but his present distinguished situation, and rich harvest of fame are ample rewards.

We have been led to these remarks from the perusal of a well written pamphlet by Mr. Brougham, a gentleman distinguished both at the bar and in the senate, entitled "Practical Observations upon the Education of the People, addressed to the Working Classes and their Employers."

In this pamphlet Mr. Brougham very clearly shows the importance and advantages of educating the people, and gives some interesting statements of the progress knowledge is making in this country. In the course of his observations he pays a just tribute to cheap periodical literature, which, with honest pride we may say, was first rendered popular by the publication of the *MIRROR*. Several cheap periodicals had at various times been tried without success, but the commencement of the *MIRROR* formed a new era in periodical literature, and was immediately followed by a host of others, many of which, though very respectably conducted, have been consigned to "the tomb of all the Capulets." We have only room for one or two brief extracts from the pamphlet of Mr. Brougham:—

"But although the people," says Mr. Brougham, "must be the source and the instruments of their own improvement, they may be essentially aided in their efforts to instruct themselves. Impediments which might be sufficient to retard or wholly to obstruct their progress, may be removed; and efforts which, unassisted, might prove fruitless, arising perhaps from a transient, or only a partial enthusiasm for the attainment of knowledge, may, through judicious encouragement, become effectual, and settle into a lasting and an universal habit. A little attention to the difficulties that principally beset the working classes in their search after information, will lead us to the knowledge both of the direction in which their more affluent neighbours can lend them most valuable assistance, and of the part which must be borne by themselves.

"Their difficulties may all be classed under one or other of two heads—want of money, and want of time. To the first belongs the difficulty of obtaining those books and instructors which persons in easier circumstances can command; and to the second it is owing that the same books and instructors are not adapted to them, which suffice to teach persons who have leisure to go through the whole course of any given branch of science. In some lines of employment, there is a pe-

culiar difficulty in finding time for acquiring knowledge; as in those which require severe labour, or, though less severe, yet in the open air; for here the tendency to sleep immediately after it ceases, and the greater portion of sleep required, oppose very serious obstacles to instruction; on the other hand those occupations are less unfavourable to reflection, and have a considerable tendency to enlarge the mind.

"The first method, then, which suggests itself for promoting knowledge among the poor, is the encouragement of cheap publications; and in no country is this more wanted than in Great Britain, where with all our expertness in manufactures, we have never succeeded in printing books at so little as double the price required by our neighbours on the continent. A gown, which any where else would cost half a guinea, may be made in this country for half a crown; but a volume, fully as well or better printed, and on paper which, if not as fine, is quite fine enough, and far more agreeable to the eyes, than could be bought in London for half a guinea, costs only six francs, or less than five shillings at Paris. The high price of labour in a trade where so little can be done, or at least has been done by machinery, is one of the causes of this difference. But the direct tax upon paper is another; and the determination to print upon paper of a certain price is a third; and the aversion to crowd the page is a fourth. Now all of these, except the first, may be got over. The duty on paper is threepence a pound, which must increase the price of an octavo volume eightpence or ninepence; and this upon paper of every kind, and printing of every kind; so that if by whatever means the price of a book were reduced to the lowest, say to three or four shillings, about a fourth or a fifth must be added for the tax; and this book, brought as low as possible to accommodate the poor man, with the coarsest paper and most ordinary type, must pay exactly as much to government as the finest hot-pressed work of the same size. This tax ought therefore, by all means, to be given up; but though, from its being the same upon all paper used in printing, no part of it can be saved by using coarse paper, much of it may be saved by crowding the letter-press, and having a very narrow margin. This experiment has been tried of late in London upon a considerable scale; but it may easily be carried a great deal further.

"The method of publishing in Numbers is admirably suited to the circumstances of the classes whose income is derived from wages. Twopence is easily saved in a week

by almost any labourer; and by a mechanic sixpence in a week may without difficulty be laid by. Those who have not attended to such matters, would be astonished to find how substantial a meal of information may be had by twopenny-worths. Seven numbers, for fourteenpence, comprise Franklin's *Life and Essays*; four for eightpence, Bacon's *Essays*; and thirty-six for six shillings, the whole of the *Arabian Nights*. Cook's *Voyages*, in threepenny numbers, with many good engravings, may be had complete for seven shillings; and Plutarch's *Lives* for ten shillings, will soon be finished.* The MIRROR, a weekly publication, containing much matter of harmless and even improving amusement, selected with very considerable taste, has besides, in almost every number, information of a most instructive kind. Its great circulation must prove highly beneficial to the bulk of the people. I understand, that of some parts upwards of eighty thousand were printed, and there can be no doubt that the entertainment which is derived from reading the lighter essays, may be made the means of conveying knowledge of a more solid and useful description—a consideration which I trust the conductor will always bear in mind."

We thank Mr. Brougham, and trust we shall never forget that ours is not only a MIRROR of *Literature and Amusement*, but of *INSTRUCTION* also.

* Limbird's Classics.

ON THE PRESENT STATE OF PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

(For the Mirror.)

"I consider the human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shews none of its inherent qualities, till the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein that runs through the body of it."

ADDISON.

It is a distinguishing and highly honourable characteristic of the age in which we live, and which more particularly appertains to our own country, that the universal diffusion of knowledge should, in so short a period have triumphed over the prejudices of the illiberal, (for I can use no milder term) and contributed so largely to the well being of a very considerable proportion of our fellow beings. The utility of periodical literature can never admit of doubt in the minds of the candid; and the present mode of supplying these publications has ever struck me as the best calculated to impart pleasure and profit to the community. Magazines and Reviews are a species of publication

which from their superiority of embellishment, and other causes, naturally augment their price, and place them beyond the means of the humbler classes of society; not that I would be supposed to depreciate this department of our periodical literature, far from it, but in looking for a method which I conceive better calculated to be generally useful, with a feeling of pride and satisfaction, I behold the time arrived when the vast encyclopedia of knowledge flows in all the various channels to an anxious public—when standard works are published in every possible form, and at so easy a rate, that those whose earnings are the most scanty, need but reserve a *very few pence* from their pittance, to be furnished with such editions of the works of the British bards, historians, and essayists, as they most value for present perusal or future reference. Let us but for a moment consider the advantage in this light. Many had the inclination, but few possessed the means of obtaining information—who could possibly part with two or three weeks remuneration for his labour, perhaps, to the prejudice of his family to purchase an edition of a single work? Very little facility was afforded him of obtaining what he desired even by the prices of the last century; but, now, how widely different is the case; the mechanic imbibes a taste for reading, and this inclines him to lay out his superabundant resources in works of utility and merit, rather than waste his time and means in the ale-house: he remembers that with the collections of permanent value he is forming, his children are materially benefitting—he bequeaths them not only his literary legacy—but his *example* with it. In the present happy disposition of things, merit cannot long remain in obscurity; the road to preferment is open to all, and he, however humble his sphere in life, is certain of making his way in the world, and of "achieving greatness," if he but possess the talent requisite; the times are luckily passed when the mathematician and the poet were associated with garrets, and their genius obscured by their poverty, and the prevailing taste of the age; Gray, in his inimitable elegy, observes,

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear,
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness in the desert air."

There is a class of speculative reasoners who deprecate any thing in the way of improvement in the mental condition of their humbler fellow creatures; education (say they) places them in too exalted a situation, it gives them ideas ill adapted to their station, and incapacitates them

from pursuing with credit the paths of industry which they have heretofore trod. Did there appear a shadow of reason in what is thus advanced against the diffusion of knowledge, and were these surmises followed by some striking instances, it might not be entirely devoid of utility to pursue the argument, but that the "privileged few" are to monopolize the standard commodity, and that men are to remain in gothic ignorance, because fortune has not smiled upon them, is not less a libel upon common sense, than a scandal to that religion which teaches us to "do unto others as we wish to be done unto," and an insult to that God who has endowed both rich and poor with equal capacities for cultivation—and that divine precept, which says, "that the soul be without knowledge, it is not good."

W. C.—R.

SONNET.

BY JOHN MAYNE, ESQ.

Author of the "Poems of Glasgow," and the "Siller Gun."

O! how I love the prattling of that child,
Prisking so blithely in the nurse's hand!
Fair as her face who first in Eden smit'd,
Ere blissful innocence had left the land!

Thy dimpled cheeks remind me of the time
When first I ventured on life's thorny way;
May no false joys consume thy early prime—
No fiend mislead thee, and no friend betray!

Thy bark, like mine, is on a rocky sea
For life's a voyage far from shore to shore,
No resting-place, unless thine anchor be
The hope of glory when the course is o'er.

Blest hope for thee, just opening into bloom,
Thrice blessed hope for me, fast hast'ning to
the top.

STRAY EPISTLES.*

(For the Mirror.)

EPISTLE II.

As some poor juggler at a country fair,
Tries by all arts to draw the common stare;
So I, enlisted in your weekly corps,
Must hope for notice but by ranting more.
Like me his voice is lost in ceaseless din,
Drums, trumpets, cymbals, join "walk in,
walk in;"

New roaring beasts alarm the neighbourhood
round,

New their loud screams the louder showmen
drown'd;

A giant here, or dwarf of little size,
While shows o'er shows in long succession rise.
In vain he grins, or blundering strikes his head,
Or drinks "their honour's health" in melted lead;

* Such ought to have been the title of the
"Beginning" in our last, which must be con-
sidered as the first Epistle. —ED.

Caught by some gaudier sight the clowns pass
on,
And leave his pockets empty, and hopes gone.

Such is my case; I must expect to find
The common fate of all the rhyming kind.
What frenzy told me poetry to choose?
A rhyme must bring a prison or a noose;
I fear—but hold, or 'twill be yours to fear
Digressing verse must ever stain your ear.
But mum, dear Sir; though when first intro-
duc'd,

We use the greeting by all others used;
"Your humble servant," with a formal bow,
"Rain threatens, Sir,"—"Yes, Sir, 'tis raining
now,"

But when acquaintance freeing forms has
thaw'd,—

"Been yet to Tattersal's, what news abroad?"
Deep in the subject then they plunge at once,
And leave the weather to a bore or dance.

I grant I have no stated theme, but pen
Thoughts as they rise, nor mind the how or
when;

That now I turn to this, and now to that,
And wind and double like a hunted rat.
Yet soon my muse shall strike a loftier string,
Some chosen theme in worthier strains to sing;
And I, my two or three first letters o'er,
Will mind my essay and digress no more.
Thus where the Nile in Afric takes its rise,
A trifling spring the parent stream supplies;
Winding it runs, and every little hill,
Or rocky fragment turns the creeping rill:
But when augmented by descending rains,
And mountain torrents, rolling through the
plains,
The mighty flood flows with majestic force,
And rocks and hills in vain oppose its course.

I and the reader now will take our rest,
For short epistles suit your journal best.

THEODORE.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

(For the Mirror.)

"Societatis humane vinculum sunt ratio atque
oratio." Cicero, Off. l. i. cap. 17.

Reason and speech are the bond of human so-
ciety.

SPEECH, the prominent distinction be-
tween the rational and brute creation, is
a faculty of such inestimable value, as to
render mankind conversible with each
other; by which means, the natural en-
dowments, remarks, experience, or ac-
quirements of individuals, may be mu-
tually communicated for the general benefit
of society: yet these advantages (how-
ever excellent) must have been prescribed
within exceedingly narrow limits, but for
the invention of letters; which, not con-
fining us to the small circle of neighbour-
hood or contemporaries, enable us to
become acquainted with the sentiments
and acquirements of the ablest men in
every age and nation.

*Phœnices primi, famesi creditur, ausi
Mansuram radibus vocem signare figuris.
Lucan's Pharsalia.

Phœnicians first, if truth in fame be found,
The airy voice, in marks imperfect, bound.

In short, words are the channels of conveying knowledge to the mind ; and hence it is obvious, that a right use of them by the speaker or writer, and a correct apprehension of their significance on the part of the hearer or reader, are indispensable ; for, if words be taken in a wrong sense, we form an erroneous notion of the author's meaning : hence, it should be the primary object of all writers, to make their discourses *perspicuous*, rather than abounding with rhetorical flourishes ; bearing in mind the precept of Quintilian, "to express themselves in such a manner, not that they *may be understood*, but so that they cannot *possibly be misunderstood*."

Without further extending any remarks upon this point (which being already sufficiently obvious, might seem tedious), I shall endeavour to sketch a brief account of the causes and various mutations that have been made from time to time in our native language, which is a compound of several others ; yet this, so far from depreciating its worth, has rendered it a happy conjunction of their merits, and a careful freedom from many defects.

Although the general causes for change in language may be numerous, the following are, I think, the most prominent :

1. Conquests, by which there happens a gradual coalition of the language spoken by the conquered with the conquerors.

2. Commerce, by which are introduced titles, offices, and dignities, together with the names of commodities, chiefly derived from the nation from whom we procure them.

3. Emigration, by which foreigners coming to a country, either for protection or employment, have, from time to time, introduced some parts of their respective languages within their immediate residence, which having been new modelled according to the genius of our own, were finally adopted by the community at large.

4. Imitation of another language, from an esteem for some valuable properties, as being more expressive, copious, or elegant than our own.

Thus much for the chief causes of change in language. I now submit the application thereof to our native language, by a few remarks upon each division ; which, by reference to our history, it appears has undergone more alteration from the first of these reasons (*conquest*), than from either of the others.

With respect to ancient Britain, all the

historians agree that we have but an imperfect account of it much before the Christian era ; though its language is generally admitted to have been the ancient Gaulic, of which there are now scarce any remains, except in Wales. Both Cæsar and Tacitus have affirmed it was peopled from Gallia ; in support of which assertion, they have given some strong conclusive arguments ; such as similarity of religion, manners, customs, amusements, &c. and the proximity of situation. Assuming, then, according to the best authority, Welch to have been the original language of this country ; it appears that the Roman invasion occasioned the first great mutation. About half a century before the birth of our Saviour, Julius Cæsar made a descent upon Britain, which he, however, did not entirely subjugate, but compelled the nation to acknowledge his prowess, by paying an annual tribute, and delivering hostages for its due performance. During the reign of Claudian, about A.D. 45, Caracacus, their leader, being taken in triumph to Rome, the southern parts of Britain were made a Roman province, and a colony planted near Malden, in Essex. Finally, the whole island was entirely conquered in the time of Domitian, under Julius Agricola ; a small portion of the natives took themselves across the mountains to the west, and settling themselves in Wales, thus preserved themselves and their native language unmolested.

Thus Britain continued for near four hundred years a Roman province, although governed by native chiefs as viceroys under the Roman emperors ; and it may naturally be concluded, that as a great many Romans, composing their legions, &c., must have lived in Britain, and by their being governed by laws written in Latin, a mixture of languages would take place ; and so it continued, a medley of Welch and provincial Latin, till about the year 433, when the Roman forces being recalled home, on account of intestine troubles, the English became dreadfully harassed by their northern neighbours, the Picts and Scots ; and in order to repress them, solicited the aid of the Saxons, a powerful German tribe. These, about the year 450, under the command of Hengist and Horsa, routed the Picts in a sanguinary battle near Stamford, in Lincolnshire, and obtained the Isle of Thanet from Vortigern, the British king, as a reward for their services, who afterwards marrying the daughter of Hengist, settled the county of Kent upon his father-in-law, from whence the Saxons never could be removed ; for they, sensible of the

fruitfulness of Britain, invited a host of their countrymen over to partake of their good fortune; and by finally succeeding to grasp the whole power of the kingdom, parcelled it out into seven divisions, well known as the Saxon Heptarchy. So that the native language, composed of Welch and Latin, became nearly extinct, and the Saxon usurped its stead; and so continued till 800, when the Danes began to infest the north and east parts, and after a rigorous struggle of nearly 200 years, arrived at the sole government, which, however, they did not maintain above half a century; and, therefore, the Anglo-Saxon made no considerable alteration, more especially when it is considered that both the Saxon and Danish sprung from one common parent, the Gothic.

Thus the language became a mixture of Welch, provincial Latin, Gothic, Anglo-Saxon, and Danish; till, in 1067, it was invaded by William, Duke of Normandy, and remained under the Norman yoke for 350 years. The Normans did all in their power to change the native language, by compelling the English to teach their children nothing but Norman French in their schools; in which tongue all laws were promulgated, and law-suits, &c. rigorously ordered to be managed: but the English had strong antipathies to their new haughty masters; and although many phrases must have been thus introduced, still the Saxon language maintained the precedence, and formed the foundation of our present structure. Thus much may, perhaps, suffice to account for the alterations by conquest.

With respect to commerce, it is well known that we have long been distinguished as a trading nation, more especially since the reign of Henry VII., who did all in his power to promote it. Now, as it generally happens in such cases, we have had a large stock of words introduced by this means, principally through the medium of the Italian, as Venice was the chief mart for trade nearly three centuries; and, besides, as England was for so long a period under subjection to the see of Rome, in ecclesiastical matters, a great many Italians coming here to manage the Pope's affairs, and several natives going there, an account of suits in canon law, church dignities, priesthoods, abbeys, bishoprics, &c., it follows that many Italian phrases must unavoidably have been brought among us.

Thirdly, with respect to emigration, we have shewn under the first head what numbers of foreigners were continually pouring in upon us for upwards of a thousand years; and, added to this, even in more settled times, many of our kings

selected their court favourites among foreigners, who, no doubt, brought many more in their train. Much alteration must have, therefore, been made on this account.

Lastly, as to imitation, our language has received no trifling mutation, or rather amendment; the learned have adopted almost all technical terms of arts and sciences from the Greek and Latin, for the sake of neatness and elegance; the ingenious and fashionable have imported occasional supplies from the French, Spanish, Italian, and German, chiefly gleaned during their travels; and courtiers, who are apt to dislike every thing common, or the product of their native country, preferring what is foreign, have framed many words of complaisance and address. Lastly, the connections which we have long maintained through the medium of governments and ambassadors, have also made many additions to our language.

Since the invention of that inestimable art, printing, the English language has gained continual accessions, till it finally acquired such a degree of copiousness and strength, as to render it susceptible of that polished refinement, which has been manifested in writings of taste and genius during the last three centuries.

October, 1824.

JACOBUS.

TRIBUTES TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS.*

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—It gave me great pleasure (as it did no doubt many others of your numerous readers) to read the short but accurate account in No. 72, of the Bard, and the monument erected to his memory by his grateful countrymen. What such a genius as Burns might have accomplished, had he lived longer, and in circumstances which would have afforded him more leisure for such pursuits, it would be difficult and in vain to conjecture. The time occupied in writing the principal portion of his poems, he was compelled to borrow from labour, anxiety, and sickness. Suffice it to say, that what he has written will be read and admired as long as tenderness, sublimity, and humour, shall continue to be known.

I subjoin three poems, the two first are upon the Anniversary of his Birth Day, the last an Eulogy on the poet, hoping they will find a place in your interesting publication.

FREDERICK.

* This letter and the poems it enclosed have been in our possession nearly twelve months; they could however scarcely appear more opportunely than when the newspapers are giving accounts of the celebration of Burns's birth-day.

THE BIRTH-DAY OF BURNS.—A SONG.

Sung at the Anniversary, on January 25, 1822.

Let the miser's delight be to brood o'er his gold,
And the lover to dote on the charms of his fair;
Let the warrior boast of the battles of old,
And the dangers he braved with a mind free
as air.

Far nobler the feelings we cherish to night,
And dear to our hearts is the day that returns;
When in friendship we meet—and with joy and
delight

Though in silence we drink to the memory of
Burns.

Politicians may club their vile idols to praise,
And unite in the time serving sycophant's
smile;

But these tax-scheming statesmen, no pleasure
can raise

In the heart, like the strains of the minstrel of
Kyle.

Yes, pride of his country! his name shall be dear,
And honoured by all, as his birth-day returns;
Though his harp now is mute, and no more
charms the ear,

Yet a tribute, all pay to the genius of Burns.

Though like the pure diamond, when hid in the
mine,

Long rough, and unpolished, neglected he lay,
Yet, her wreath, when the muse of his country
did twine

On his brows, he shone forth like the bright
king of day.

Come then, ye choice few, while our bosoms beat
high,

At the name of the poet, when Scotia mourns,
A bumper let's fill, and with rapturous joy,
We'll drink on his birth-day, the memory of
Burns. ANON.

VERSES

Composed for the Anniversary of Robert Burns' Birth-day, celebrated at Sheffield, 1820.

What bird in beauty, sight, or song,
Can with the bard compare
Who sung as sweet, and soar'd as strong,
As ever child of air?

His plume, his form, could Burns,
For whim or pleasure change;
He was not one, but all by turns,
With transmigration strange.

The blackbird, oracle of spring,
When flow'd his moral lay;
The swallow, wheeling on the wing,
Capriciously at play.

The humming bird, from bloom to bloom,
Inhaling heavenly balm;
The raven, in the tempest gloom;
The halcyon in the calm.

In "Auld Kirk Alloway" the owl
At witching time of night;
By "Bonnie Doon" the earliest fowl
That carol'd to the light.

He was the wren amidst the grove
When in his homely vein;
At "Bannock Burn" the bird of Jove,
With thunder in his train.

The woodlark in his mournful hours;
The goldfinch in his mirth;
The thrush a spendthrift of his powers,
Enrapt'ring heaven and earth.

The swan in majesty and grace
Contemplative and still;
But rous'd,—no falcon in the chase
Could, like his satire, kill.

The linnet in simplicity;
In tenderness the dove;
But, more than all beside, was he
The nightingale in love.

Oh! had he never stoop'd to shame,
Nor lent a charm to vice;
How had devotion lov'd to name
That bird of Paradise.

Peace to the dead! in Scotia's choir
Of minstrels, great and small,
He springs from his spontaneous fire,
The phoenix of them all!

MONTGOMERY.

EULOGY ON BURNS THE POET.

REMEMBER the bard, though mute is his lyre,
And wither'd for ever the hands that he fing'
O'er its chords, while with more than a patriot's
fire,
He the triumphs of freedom and bravery sung.

He had strings too for beauty, love, virtue, and
truth,
That shone ever bright, and as free from
decay,
As those lines which the Easterns beheld in their
youth,
And gaz'd on in age, as their souls fled away.*

Remember the bard, like the Huma sublime,†
He ne'er sinks to the earth, so exalted his
sight;
But winging his way through sweet poetry's
clime,
O'er his dear native land pours his heaven-
drawn light.

Oh! Caledon, guard thou his ashes with awe;
For thy poetic world was deserted and dim
Till he rose on thy darkness, and Scotia then
saw
That world of the muse all illumin'd by him.

In the Island of Paros,‡ a marble was plac'd,
On its rugged and desolate sea-beaten shore,
Where nought could be seen, but the blue ocean's
waste,
And nought could be heard but the sea's deaf-
ning roar.

* The lines on the mountain recorded in
Oriental tales, and said to last for ever.

† An eastern bird, that hovers continually in
the air, and never touches the earth.

‡ The tomb of Archilocus was placed on the
sea shore, in the Island of Paros, and the poets
feigned, that in the cavities of the stone, worn

Should a stranger but fail in respect to the tomb,
(As many all heartless would fearlessly dare,)
Swift a race of avengers would spring from its
gloom

And punish his crime, as he flies in despair.

Thus Scotia protect thy lov'd poet, whose name,
Should be bless'd by each child, with its infantine
breath;

And should critics presume e'en to sully his fame,
Burst forth from his tomb, and quickly sting
them to death.

Yet stay!—let the drivellers, from death, be re-
deem'd,

It were giving them honours from which
they're exempt,

'Twere declaring their venom too highly es-
teem'd,

So leave them to die, of neglect and contempt.

RYAN'S POEMS.

The following inscription was sent engraved on
a silver snuffer-tray to the widow of Burns.

THE GIFT OF A FEW SCOTS IN SHEFFIELD
TO THE WIDOW OF BURNS.

He passed through life's tempestuous night,
A brilliant, trembling, northern light,
Though years to come, he shines from far,
A fixed, unsetting, Polar star.

ANONYMOUS.

ON THE STAGE.

(For the Mirror.)

THE Stage, to use the observation of
Shakspeare, is

"To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature,
To shew Virtue her own feature, Scorn her
own image,

And the very age and body of the Time, his
form and pressure."

Hence, in the more refined periods of the
world, the Stage has been regarded as a
grand vehicle of moral instruction—
cherished and cultivated as such—and
has uniformly attained a higher degree of
excellence, in proportion as the liberties
and genius of man have become improved
and exalted. In looking back into the
histories of Greece and Rome, we see the
stage raise itself to a higher rank and
consequence, with the civil and literary
improvements of those once great nations,
and at length give birth to those composi-
tions, which, in all subsequent ages,
have continued to be admired, as well for
correctness of sentiment as elegance of
diction. In proof of this may be adduced
the venerable names of Sophocles and
Euripides, of Terence and Plautus, with
many others, whose celebrated works

away by the waves, a swarm of wasps was con-
cealed, ready to avenge the least insult that
should be offered to it."—Vide *Notes to the Pur-
suits of Literature*.

have given to each a great and lasting name
in the pantheon of history. Even among
people destitute of those advantages en-
joyed by countries in a civilized state, pub-
lic representations of manners and events,
combined with morals, form a share of their
amusements; and we may fairly presume,
that the simple theatric spectacles of Ota-
heite, though wanting that dignity and con-
sequence which accompany the dramatic
representations of enlightened nations,
are not without their proportionate effect
on the minds of the gentle, though un-
polished, natives of those islands.

As the subject is one in which a large
portion of the public take an interest, it
may not be deemed unnecessary to consi-
der the era of the rise of dramatic litera-
ture in this island. In doing this, we must
be struck with considerable surprise, in
finding this important species of writing
to have had so late an origin, or at least,
so late a cultivation in this land of arts
and letters. But our surprise, on the
other hand, will be considerably lessened,
when we take into consideration the un-
bounded power of the priesthood, in an
age when England was covered with mo-
nasteries, and the mind of man slumbered
beneath the torpid influence of monkish
and superstitious gloom. As the power
of the priesthood lessened, knowledge
progressively advanced, and human rea-
son kept pace with its progress. By the
noble efforts of enlightened individuals,
both at home and abroad, the rancour of
an intemperate religious zeal subsided into
mildness and toleration; and the ideas of
man, as they became more free, became
enlarged and expanded, and gradually
laid open the way to a more improved
and polished literature. This, to use the
language of the poet, was the period

"When Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous
foes

First rear'd the Stage, immortal Shakspeare
rose."

From this era, therefore, we may date
the commencement of the regular drama
in our island. The public representa-
tions in England, previously to this time,
appear from writings on the subject, and
from the critical notes of Johnson,
Steevens, Malone, and other commenta-
tors upon Shakspeare, to have been little
beyond mere dumb shew, rope-dancing,
and other similar amusements, adapted
only to the taste of vacant, uninformed
minds, and destitute of every thing
which could convey the smallest degree
of intellectual delight and improvement.
It was reserved for Shakspeare, the fa-
vourite child of nature, to open a new
field of rational and dignified entertain-
ment to his countrymen, and to strike

out a species of literature, combined with public representation, which should be at once a source of entertainment, and a school of morality. Happy and useful talent, which could thus unite pleasure with mental improvement, and lead man, through the medium of his amusements, to the love and practice of the moral virtues! Even at that time the belief in demonology was the creed of the day, and was carried to so extraordinary a pitch of absurdity, mingled with cruelty, as to doom many innocent individuals to the flames, under the ridiculous accusation of witchcraft—the mere mention of which, in this enlightened age, excites only laughter and contempt. Most of these miserable victims to ignorance and superstition, were helpless, inoffensive old women, whose age and infirmities were deemed proofs of guilt, and made the plea for inflicting on them acts of the most wanton and relentless barbarity. This digression may be found not altogether unconnected with the subject of the stage.

The design and effect of the stage, on its true principles, is that of correcting and improving the manners and morals of mankind, and according to the opinion of the best critics, an imitation of that which really exists. It cannot, therefore, be denied, that in our age it has degenerated from its object, and it appears, on its present system, inefficient in producing this important end. The love of novelty so preponderates in the mind of man, as, in many cases, to supersede the exercise of his judgment and reason. Its offspring, *Fashion*, bears an equal sway, and, not confining itself to dress and manners alone, extends its predominating influence even over the productions of literature itself. From this source, the works of our modern dramatists may be said to derive their weak and unprofitable effects; and ceasing, as in the days of Shakspeare and his contemporaries, to be the scourge of vice, the stage has lost its energy and dignity of character, and has degenerated into a mere representation of the fashions and follies of the age.

A painful feature in the English drama, from which the eye of reason and liberality turns with equal sorrow and disgust, is the contempt thrown upon different religious persuasions in many of our comedies. Different religious sects are individually introduced upon the stage—sometimes under ludicrous, and sometimes under unamiable characters. Hence a torrent of popular ridicule and dislike is unjustly brought upon their respective bodies, which has often terminated, in other countries, in a most vindictive persecution. The fre-

quent representations of the "Hypocrite," and the injurious moral tendency of the "Beggar's Opera," are much to be lamented,—and it is to be lamented, that a regard to the morals and happiness of society should not have interposed a check to their representation, from those who are the delegated guardians and protectors of both.

It is not less just than it is pleasing, to notice, with deserved encomium, those of a better description, whose talents have been employed and exerted to repair the injuries occasioned by the unworthy and misapplied labours of the former.—Amongst the foremost of these stands Cumberland, whose dramatic pieces have tended in a considerable degree, to improve the moral and national character, and to assert the honour and reputation of the English drama. In all his dramatic productions he seems, purposely, to have introduced individuals of different countries and religions, under the most amiable and conciliating points of view, as a counteracting effect to such as other dramatists have rendered objects of ridicule and disgust. To this laudable end have his labours been uniformly directed, evincing the sincerity of his manly declaration, that "he would rather remove one prejudice from the breasts of Englishmen, than add another India to the possessions of the empire."

His well-drawn character of the gallant and generous-hearted O'Flaherty, disdaining every insinuation of baseness and dishonour, and nobly vindicating the cause of the oppressed and the unfortunate, has doubtless contributed to raise the Irish people in the respect and estimation of their British fellow-subjects. Equal merit is due to him for his character of the Jew, whom he has exhibited as possessing a soul glowing with the warmest benevolence, and conferring acts of the most exalted generosity, on those even who had despised and insulted him. He thus nobly and powerfully contributed to remove the prejudices entertained against, and the reproaches cast on, that unfortunate and persecuted tribe, whose errors are, perhaps, more attributable to society, than to any depravity peculiarly existing in themselves—spurned and excluded, as they have hitherto been, from the intercourse and fellowship of man, and deprived, almost universally, of the common rights and enjoyments of civilized life.

There is still another species of our comedy in as great a degree prejudicial to the morals, as those alluded to are to the manners of society. Such are the pieces of Farquhar, Hoadly, Congreve, and

others, whose representation is, on this account, a circumstance much to be deplored and reprehended. Their scenes of intrigue and gallantry, inasmuch as they are couched in elegant language, are doubly dangerous, and exhibiting, in fact, gross indecency and vice. The most prominent among these are the licentious pieces of Shadwell, Wycherly, and others, written in the licentious age of Charles II., with which it must indeed be allowed they are perfectly in unison. The general subjects of their plots are the amours and low intrigues, at one time of married, and at another unmarried, personages, assisted by the agency of footmen and chambermaids, whose merits and fidelity are appreciated by the extent of their vice, and by the degree wherein they successfully administer to the depraved pursuits of their patrons. Each gentleman has his obsequious valet, and each lady her useful and subservient Abigail. Upon this vitiating model are formed the greater part of our comedies or farces. In these exist the same spirit of low intrigue, with the same ribaldry of sentiment; and the feature which most strikingly marks them, is that pitiful attempt at *double-entendre*, to which a perverted taste bestows the unmerited appellation of wit. How forcibly and injuriously must they operate upon the mind, when brought into public representation,—especially on young minds, glowing with passion, and, at the same time, wanting the preserving aid of discretion.

F. R.—Y.

(To be concluded in our next.)

CLAIMS OF THE FEMALE SEX.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

MR. EDITOR,—It is with emotions of surprise and pleasure that I am now induced to address you—of surprise that the fair class of your readers have not been more spirited in contributing communications to your entertaining little journal—of pleasure that I have had the satisfaction of observing one of our sex sufficiently spirited and inclined to make an appeal to your numerous readers. It is said, the MIRROR is our favourite, therefore, why not converse with it, and exhibit, that which to some of the opposite sex may appear to be extinct, or never to have existed, female talents which are too much in obscurity. I, for one, must and will assert the prerogative of my sex, in consulting and discussing a multiplicity of subjects, which that motley creature, nian, appears to claim as a lawful and proverbial right and pri-

vilage which he may monopolize to his own individual interest and advantage.—Is this fair? Is it just? Methinks I hear justice condemning it—but, it is palpably evident that such a grievance exists, by the sex being almost entirely excluded from all public important discussion. I have no wish to colour my opinions with egotism, but it is allowable when our characters are injured by calumny—or, our quality by indifference or neglect—or, our nature and sex by false accusations, or traditional jargon; there is then a degree of one's merit to be produced merely for the purposes of vindication and self-defence. Mark the wonted plan of the learned counsel in pleading the cause of their client, what arguments that are eloquent, are not used—what words that are fluent, are not uttered—all to extol the virtues of the person in whose cause they are pleading. To be arranged on the list of barristers is not my wish or desire—had I been adapted or inclined to be one, you, yourself, are the only judge I should wish to address. I fear I have already trespassed far in the columns of your interesting journal: but may, perhaps, be allowed the pleasure of giving a few lines in verse, equally, in my opinion, calculated to counteract the share of self-confidence in the male sex. They were written in reply to a gentleman who vindicated his fraternity from the epithets of *Little world*, it begins thus,—

A little world I say again
Meets in the motley creature man,
His single species all explains
Earth, ocean, or the air contains.

The ape much in his youth appears,
The goat, the swine, or wolf in years;
Often the name of cur prevails,
For fawning at their patrons tails.

Yet thought some ocean monster when
We see a state leviathan;
Some are called cod's-heads wanting brains,
Some sharks, where gaming reigns.

But blackbirds when in pulpit zealous,
Horned owls, when husbands jealous,
And jays at court who spark it:
They're gulls when corporation glean,
Canary birds at change are seen,
And capons in Haymarket.

In proof of female talent I need not enumerate the illustrious of our sex, since their names must be familiar to most of your readers, and I sincerely hope to see in your future publication, productions of the fair sex, both in support of our ancient rights, and at the same time exhibiting indubitable proofs of female talent, as they have done on many occasions. To be candid, Sir, I must confess the MIRROR

in the form of its matter, possessing more variety, is more congenial to my taste than any work previously published of the kind that has hitherto come under my perusal; the talents of more than one of your correspondents it is not every one's destiny to obtain. I should not neglect, Mr. Editor, to congratulate you on your very superior taste as to engravings, another very becoming appendage of your works. I have now got far beyond the intended limits of the letter I purposed writing; but, sir, I give you one piece of friendly advice. Pursue your career in conducting the MIRROR, and you will not fail pleasing, I think, every person of true taste, even a Soame Jenyns, if in as good humour as he was when he wrote the art of dancing, though not perhaps in such a mood as he was when he wrote Dr. Johnson's epitaph. I have deviated far from my primitive subject, but I was bound by a kind of propensity to mention those subjects, by which my pen has been employed. I now come, sir, to a conclusion, feeling fully and decidedly convinced you may, with strict propriety, say with Prior, as I, and I hope all of my sex can do, and will,

Let them censure, what care I,
The herd of Critics I defy.
No, no, the fair, the gay, the young,
Govern the numbers of my song
All that they approve is sweet,
And all is scarce what they repeat.

Now, Sir, believe me to remain with great respect, your humble Servant,

HANNAH CANDID.*

[* Miss Candid was so discursive in remarks that we have been compelled to curtail her letter; of course we have not abridged the compliment to ourselves—that indeed would be high treason against Editorship.—Ed.]

SPRIT OF THE Public Journals.

STEAM.

— Magna velut cum flamma sonore
Virgea suggeritur costis undantis aheni,
Exultantque festu latites; furit intus aquæ vis,
Fumidus atque altè spumis exuberat amnis:
Nec jam se capit unda; volat vapor ater ad auræ.

A *Sors Virgiliiana*, drawn on board a Steam-boat, in the passage from Dover to Boulogne, in 1823.

NEVER did wight, in ancient days,
Of such sublime discoveries dream
As Watt:—be his, then, all the praise
Who taught us first the power of Steam.

The hundred-hand Briareus' power
To us no power at all would seem;
Watt's hundred-horse one, in an hour,
Can do the work of years with Steam.

Would Archimedes, or Alphonso
(Whose science led him to blaspheme)
So long with levers have gone on so,
If they had guess'd the strength of Steam?

Up comes a river from the mine,
Exhausted its obstructing stream,
And metals glow, and diamonds shine—
The rich and rare results of Steam.

On Delia's arm, on Chloe's breast,
Gems, cheap as Bristol stones, will beam;
O'erflowing be the miser's chest,
With gold produced, and coin'd by Steam.

Profoundest speculators puzzling,
Well might it cause surprise extreme
To learn that Hindoos wear our muslin,
Wove, and embroider'd too, by Steam.

To India in two months you'll sail,
Should not the world-contracting scheme,
For want of funds or fuel fail,
The *primum mobile* of Steam.

What did the awkward ancients know
Of navigation? Their Trirème
Three knots an hour could scarcely row:
A dozen we can run with Steam.

That Frenchmen vapour well we know;
But, in that faculty supreme,
We clearly our advantage shew,
By vapouring, as we do, with Steam.

Brunei performs his tasks with ease,
Though woefully his engines scream;
Iron and blocks he cuts like cheese—
Such wonders does he work with Steam!

Five hundred balls, per minute, shot,
Our foes in fight must kick the beam;
Let Perkins only boil his pot,
And he'll destroy them all by Steam.

But warlike arts now much less thought on,
Since those of peace we better deem:
We shall contend for silk and cotton,
And try who most can do by Steam.

Our fruits and flowers we need not owe
To sunshine; for, without a gleam,
Our fruits and flowers are made to grow
Luxuriant now by genial Steam.

All stoves and chimneys superseded
The aspect south, and solar beam,
To warm your house there's nothing needed
But circling tubes to spread your Steam.

The newspapers your breakfast bless:
No dinner-talk unless you see 'em:
Ten thousand, says the Times, our press
Strikes off in three short hours by Steam.

M'Adam, who such feats has done,
That we a statue should decree him,
Will see along our railways run
Stage-coaches hissing hot with Steam.

* Alphonso the Tenth, King of Castile and Leon, who said, "Give me matter and motion, and I'll make you a world."

The horse and ox we want not now
To furnish out a set or team,
For we shall travel, cart, and plow,
Faster, and cheaper far, by Steam.

Your linen you may wash and dry
In Surrey, somewhere near to Cheam:
The Washer-woman's Company
Perform the process there by Steam.

Tailors, no doubt, a cent will make,
As shoes are made without a seam;*
Five minutes hardly will it take,
If they should do the job by Steam.

Abridged will be your household cares;
You'll skim your milk, and churn your cream,
And mend, believe me, your affairs
With this your steady servant Steam.

And if a spendthrift you have been,
Your income soon you may redeem,
As, from your bills, it will be seen
How good a manager is Steam.

Instead of incubation, ovens
Th' Egyptians hold in great esteem;
But why not hatch (the added slovens!)
Their chicks, as we do ours, by Steam?

You've only to put on the pot,
You'll roast your pig, and boil your bream,
And have your dinner hot and hot;
So excellent a cook is Steam!

Physicians out of date will grow,
And you will rarely have to see 'em;
To Mahomet † at once you'll go,
Who'll set you all to rights by Steam.

Our debt and taxes will be paid,
(This seems indeed a case extreme.)
And all you wish and want be made:
By the omnipotence of Steam.

Dull as a post unless you be,
As Homer blind, or Polyphemus,
From what I've said, you'll clearly see
How much we owe to Watt and Steam.

No Muse have I had to invoke,
For so felicitous my theme,
That, certain as the piston's stroke,
Up comes some lucky rhyme to Steam.

My poem only fills a sheet,
Though I could spread it o'er a ream;
But keep my secret—be discreet—
*Tis manufactured all by Steam.

New Monthly Magazine.

* At Battersea Bridge. † At Brighton.

CELEBRATION OF BISHOP BLASE.

SAINTE BLASE, the patron saint of wool-combers, was Bishop of Sebasta, in Armenia, and suffered martyrdom in the year 316, under the persecution of Licinius, by command of Agricolaus, governor of Cappadocia, and the Lesser Armenia. Saint Blase's day is the third of February, which has been observed as a festival, in various ways, in different countries. In the holy

wars, the supposed relics of the saint were dispersed over the west, and great veneration excited for his memory.

Malcolm, in his "Anecdotes of London," gives a curious account of a procession of one hundred wool-combers, on March 3rd, 1730, the queen's birth-day. They wore woollen caps and shirts over their clothes, and proceeded to St. James' Palace, where a person on horseback, representing Bishop Blase, carried a wool-comb in one hand, and a prayer-book in the other. This leader addressed the king and queen, who appeared at a window, and thanked his majesty for the encouragement they had received, and entreated his future protection. The following account of the celebration of Blase's day at Bradford on the third inst. is copied from the *Leeds Mercury*:—

"The Septennial Festival, held in honour of Bishop Blase, and of the invention of wool-combing attributed to that personage, was on Thursday, February 3rd, celebrated at Bradford, in Yorkshire, with great gaiety and rejoicing. We cannot look upon this ceremonial as an unmeaning pageant; but rather feel it to be an interesting commemoration of the origin of that art, to which this country owes its staple manufacture, and a large portion of its wealth. The art of manufacturing wool into cloth is second only in importance to that of husbandry, and the inventor of wool-combing, whoever he may be, deserves to rank next to the inventor of the plough; he would, according to the custom of the ancients, merit at least the station of a demi-god after his death, and, though he has not attained this honour, he, or more probably his fictitious representative, has obtained the honour of being canonized in the grateful remembrance of those who have most profited by his invention. Bishop Blase, whom tradition reputes to have invented the art of combing wool, and thereby preparing it for being wrought into a beautiful and durable manufacture, was the Bishop of Sebasta, in Cappadocia, in the second and third centuries, and was beheaded under Dioclesian, after being whipped, and having his flesh torn with the iron combs of his own invention. His martyrdom has, doubtless, done much to enhance and preserve his fame, for it can scarcely be questioned that the art of wool-combing was known long before his time, though he probably made some improvement in it. His name, however, serves the purpose of commemorating the invention, and he has accordingly received the highest honours from his followers in this useful art.

"There is no place in the kingdom

where the bishop is so splendidly commemorated as at Bradford. This town, which has of late years increased in wealth and population at a rate nearly unparalleled, is the high seat of his pontificate; and, as the combers and manufacturers of long wool are more numerous here than in any other place, they hold it as almost a religious duty to manifest their gratitude and reverence for his memory. Accordingly, in 1810, 1811, and at previous septennial periods, the occasion has been celebrated with great pomp and festivity, each celebration surpassing the preceding ones in numbers and brilliance. The celebration of the last has eclipsed all hitherto seen, and it is most gratifying to know, that this is owing to the high prosperity of the worsted and woollen manufacturers, who are constantly adding fresh streets and suburban villages to the town. As both the masters and workmen in most of the trades immediately connected with the manufacture, join the procession that parades the streets, and dress themselves in ornamental attire, appropriate to the occasion, the pageant is long, lively, and interesting.

"The different trades began to assemble as early as eight o'clock in the morning, but it was near ten o'clock before they were all arranged in marching order in Westgate. The arrangements were actively superintended by Matthew Thompson, Esq. At this hour the morning was brilliantly beautiful: the preceding day and night had been marked by violent storms of wind and rain, which threatened to spoil the out-of-door festivities of Thursday; but in the morning the sky cleared up, and the wind, fresh and keen, blew off the clouds which came from the horizon. As early as seven o'clock strangers poured into Bradford from all the surrounding towns and villages, in such numbers as to line the roads in every direction; and almost all the vehicles within twenty miles were in requisition. Though we cannot form a probable conjecture as to the number of persons assembled, owing to their being dispersed through many streets, and never congregated in any one place large enough to allow a view of the whole, yet we understand that Bradford was never before known to be so crowded with strangers. Many thousands of individuals must have come to witness the scene. Fortunately, the weather continued, on the whole, fine throughout the day: a few showers of hail and snow fell at intervals, but produced no injury, and were succeeded by bright sunshine. About ten o'clock the procession was drawn up in the following order:—

Herald, bearing a Flag.
 Woolstaplers, on horseback, each horse caparisoned with a Fleece.
 Worsteds Spinners and Manufacturers on horseback, in white stuff waistcoats, with each a sliver over the shoulder, and a white stuff sash; the horses' necks covered with nets made of thick yarn.
 Merchants on horseback, with coloured sashes.
 3 Guards. Masters' Colours. 3 Guards. Apprentices and Masters' Sons, on horseback, with ornamented caps, scarlet stuff coats, white stuff waistcoats, and blue pantaloons.
 Bradford and Keileigh Bands. Mace-bearer, on foot.
 6 Guards. King. Queen. 6 Guards. Guards. Jason. Princess Medea. Guards. Bishop's Chaplain. Bishop.
 Shepherd and Shepherdess. Shepherd Swains.
 Woolsorters, on horseback, with ornamented caps, and various coloured slivers. Comb Makers. Charcoal Burner. Combers' Colours. Band.
 Woolcombers, with wool wigs, &c. Band.
 Dyers, with red cockades, blue aprons, and crossed slivers of red and blue.
 "The following were the numbers of the different bodies, as nearly as we could estimate:—24 woolstaplers, 33 spinners and manufacturers, 6 merchants, 56 apprentices and masters' sons, 160 woolsorters, 30 comb-makers, 470 woolcombers, and 40 dyers. The king on this occasion was an old man, named William Clough, of Darlington, who has filled the regal station at four previous celebrations. Jason (for the celebrated legend of the Golden Fleece of Colchis is interwoven with the commemoration of the Bishop) was personated by John Smith; and the fair Medea, to whom he was indebted for his spoils, rode by his side. The Bishop was a personage of very becoming gravity, also named John Smith; and we understand that he has enjoyed his pontificate several previous commemorations: his chaplain was James Beethon. The ornaments of the spinners and manufacturers had a neat and even elegant appearance, from the delicate and glossy whiteness of the finely-combed wool which they wore.
 Several appropriate flags were borne in the procession, representing the Bishop, Medea giving the golden fleece to Jason, &c.,

The Mirror

OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CXXVIII.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1825.

[Price 2d.]

St. Bride's Church.



ALTHOUGH little can be said in praise of the public buildings recently erected in the metropolis, yet a city that contains St. Paul's cathedral and upwards of fifty other churches, erected by that great master, Sir Christopher Wren, cannot be said to be deficient in architectural grandeur; and had not the too rigid economy, and a want of respect for works of arts rendered him concealed by other buildings, foreigners would not have spoken so slightly as they have done of our public buildings. A better taste is, however, beginning to diffuse itself, but even now we find many good structures erected in bad situations. Even the opening of Pall-Mall to St. Martin's Lane, which would have afforded

so fine a view of the church there, has unavoidably stopped short; and we have but a partial view of that fine structure.

The old church of St. Bride was destroyed by the great fire in 1666, and the present structure was erected by Sir Christopher Wren, and completed about the year 1680, at an expense of 11,430*l*. The spire, which is particularly fine, has suffered much by storms. On the 18th of June, 1764, about three o'clock in the afternoon, the steeple was much shattered by a storm of thunder and lightning; several stones were torn out, one of which fell into the church, and others were carried to some distance; the damages cost

3,000*l.* repairing. In 1805 a similar accident occurred, but it was then well repaired. For a more particular description of the church we shall quote the following account from the "Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London :"—

"The elevation of the west front will convey an accurate idea of the design and proportions of this spire. The base of the tower is carried up to a height of 60 feet, and crowned by a well-proportioned cornice; this supports a stylobate, or continued plinth, which sustains a cubical story of the Corinthian order (enclosing the belfry), having a large latticed window on each side, flanked by pilasters and columns: these are covered by circular-headed pediments, a blocking course, and a balustrade. At the angles of the latter are ornamental vases of good proportions. Within the balustrade is a circular plinth, forming the base of the spire, which consists of a series of four stories of different orders, the two lowermost being Tuscan, the third Ionic, the fourth Composite or Roman. Here vases are again judiciously introduced; and from the balls on the surmounting basement, the obelisk springs that terminates this fine example of architectural science. Before the spire was struck by lightning in 1764, its height from the ground was 234 feet;* but on its repair was reduced to 226 feet, which is still 24 feet higher than the Doric column called the monument, near London Bridge. There is no spire in the kingdom, designed after the Roman orders, that equals this in point of elevation; and except those of Salisbury, Norwich, and Lichfield cathedrals, there is, probably, no one in the pointed style that exceeds it in loftiness. That Sir Christopher Wren has not attained to the towering grandeur, the elegant fancy, and the exuberant richness of the pointed style, will be readily admitted: for the inimitable graces of that style cannot be reached by invention from other orders so dissimilar to itself, and in their principles so utterly at variance with steeple-like erections. He deserves, however, our every praise, as well for the boldness of his conceptions, as for the scientific skill by which he has carried them into effect. Considered as a whole, there is, probably, no other spire than that of Bow Church, which he ever designed deserving of greater commendation.

"The external design of this church is plain and uniform. The north and south sides are each pierced with three large

semicircular-headed windows and two circular ones: there are also two doorways on each side, each surmounted by an angular pediment resting on trusses. A cornice surrounds the building at the distance of a few feet below the parapet.

"On the west front are three square-headed and three circular windows: together with the principal entrance which opens into the basement story of the steeple. The door-case is of the Ionic order; it consists of a segment pediment, and an entablature supported by a half-column on each side: a seraph, and the words *Domus Dei*, are sculptured on the key-stone. Immediately within the entrance is a lofty semicircular arch; the soffit is ornamented with a double row of roses in enriched panels; and at the sides are small niches: a corresponding arch leads into the vestibule; and these, together with the intervening dome which springs from the great piers that support the steeple, form a well-proportioned and handsome porch; into which the light has been recently admitted from the tower, by means of a glazed horizontal opening in the centre of the dome. The vestibule is separated from the choir by a glazed screen; at the sides, westward, are staircases to the galleries; and to the north and south are rich doorways of the Composite order, forming the inner entrances from the burial-grounds.

"The architectural arrangements and decorations of the interior of this edifice produce an extremely grand and powerful effect; and this will be heightened into magnificence whenever the superb picture from Rubens's 'Descent from the Cross' shall be raised to its destined situation in the east window.† Five noble arches on each side, springing from Doric columns, coupled and placed transversely, separate the nave from the aisles; these support a lofty attic, which is lit by elliptical windows, and has an arched ceiling. The columns in every duplication rise from one plinth, and terminate in one impost: during the late repairs they were painted in imitation of porphyry, and the ornamental work of the arches were pleasingly varied by imitations of veined marbles. The key-stones are sculptured with cherubim, and the soffits are enriched by an arrangement of roses within panels in bold relief; and in place of a plain arris, the archi-vaults have been altered to correspond: the pilasters supporting the galleries are painted to imitate Sienna marble. A large expanded flower stuccoed, ornaments the middle of the ceiling, which is crossed by six arched ribs, terminating in shield-like brackets, with

* The upper part of the steeple of St. Bride's, then taken down, is, commendably preserved entire, on the premises of a mason in Old-street road, near St. Agnes to Clare.

† It has since been fixed in its place.—Ed.

scroll borderings, and being enriched in their soffites by panelled roses. The aisles are plainly groined: the impost cornices, from which the arches spring, are supported by cherubs.

"An altar-piece, designed by Mr. Dykes the architect, occupies the whole of the recess of the east end, and consists principally of two stories of the Ionic order, crowned by an entablature and a circular pediment; the respective pilasters and compartments of which are very tastefully decorated in imitation of *verde antique*, porphyry, Sienna and veined marbles, interspersed with, and relieved by, rich and massive gildings: large festoons, having the effect of solid gold, are introduced over the panels of the upper story. In the recessed division, beneath the window, and which includes an enriched entablature, supported by two half-and-three quarter columns of the Corinthian order, gilt, are the tables of the law; and on the panels, on each side, the Lord's prayer and the belief. The centre panel is embellished by a very effective, yet chastely coloured picture, by Willement, of the descending Dove, with the initials I. H. S. in resplendent stars. The soffite of the arch above the altar, and the large panelled roses which diversify it, correspond in decorative sumptuousness with the other parts. In the lower compartments of each of the side-returns is a spacious niche, painted in imitation of Sienna marble."

From this description most of our readers will regret that so fine a structure should be cooped up by lofty buildings erected on every side within a few yards of its base. One of those calamities which, though not unproductive of good, cannot but be regretted, has afforded an opportunity for opening a view of St. Bride's church to Fleet-street. A fire which occurred in this street on the 14th of November, 1824, and destroyed several houses, affords an opportunity to persons passing, of viewing the spire of St. Bride's, and many are struck with admiration.

It was then suggested in one of the daily papers, that the ground fendered vacant should be purchased, in order to retain the opening. A public meeting was held at the London Tavern, on Tuesday, January 4th, at which the Lord Mayor presided, when it was resolved to open a subscription for the purpose of purchasing the ground and erecting suitable buildings, so as to afford a full view of the steeple. Mr. Papworth exhibited a view of the proposed alteration which he had made. Its principal feature is the opening of an avenue with houses on both sides in a suitable style of architecture,

so as to appear to have been erected with the church, and to combine picturesquely with the spire.

The proposed plan will be fully understood by our engraving, which affords a very correct view of the spire of St. Bride's church. The proposed opening, exhibited in our view, forming an avenue to the church, will place the steeple in the most favourable point of view, and add to the healthfulness of the spot, by increasing the circulation of air about it. It also seems manifest from the design, that these great objects will be obtained at a very small comparative expense—for, by making the new habitations appear to have been erected with the church, so as to combine picturesquely with the spire, and seem devoted chiefly to that object, it does not become necessary to occupy more ground for the opening and buildings than is here exhibited, to afford a favourable and an ample view of the noble form immediately in the centre of it.

It is perhaps the best proof of an architect's ingenuity, at least, when he obtains so important an end by such simple means; and it tends to promote similar projects, as the public find they can be so cheaply and efficiently accomplished.

This spire would cost nearly 50,000*l.* to erect at this time, and it will be made available to the adornment of one of the first thoroughfares throughout London, after having been obscured from the day of its erection to the present moment, at a small expense, and a great improvement of local property, by the exertion of a few spirited individuals, and public liberality; which we trust will not suffer such an opportunity of benefitting the city to be lost.

THE POET'S VALENTINE.

(For the Mirror.)

LAST Valentine's Day,
Oh! ye Muses sublime,
I press'd to indite
An epistle in rhyme: *

Which humbly implo'd,
You would deign to bestow,
A benevolent smile
On your sutor below:

That my feeble attempts
You would kindly inspire,
And breathe o'er my numbers
The tones of your lyre!

But sadly I fear,
As the road is so long,
You never receiv'd
Your petitioner's song.

* For which, vide the MIRROR No. 72—page 133.

The postage unpaid
Might reception refuse—
That bards are so poor
To you is no news.

Again, then, your smiles
I humbly entreat;
To lofty Parnassus,
Oh! succour my feet.

If hobbling my verse,
How the critics will blame!
And to *Læte* consign
Effusions so lame.

Then kindly adopt,
Ye Divinities, mine!
The least in your train
For your own Valentine.

But, if still ye refuse,
(Like the fox) in despair,
I shall say—you cross jades,
I'll be whipt if I care.

Feb. 14, 1825.

JACOBUS.

BOW BELLS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—You having more than once given your readers interesting information on the subject of bells and bell-ringing, and particularly Bow Bells, I beg leave, through the medium of the MIRROR, to acquaint the inhabitants of the parish of St. Mary-le-Bow, with an imposition that has been practised upon them since the erection of the new spire.

It is well known that the practice of bell-ringing has been reduced to a science for many years past, and the art is now in great perfection; but this scientific mode is not allowed to be performed upon Bow Bells, the committee, or vestry gentlemen of the parish, having been informed, that it would have such an effect upon the tower as in all probability to cause the fall of the spire.

The fact is, the persons (with the exception of one) who now ring at Bow Church, are incapable of performing any of the scientific methods, and therefore imagine, that if any of them were to be rung there, the inhabitants would take a liking thereto, and they be deprived of the situation, the music of the scientific methods being so superior to that which they perform.

Now the method performed by the Bow ringers is a bastard one, called set changes, and is rung as follows:—Suppose the bells to be in their natural position, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0; the person who intends to call the changes generally begins with the hind-most bells, and therefore calls aloud 'eighth and ninth'—which means, that the eighth bell is to take the place of the ninth, and, *vice versa*, the bells will then

strike—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 8, 0. Having rung this change about twenty times, the sixth and seventh will be called, when the bells will run—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 6, 9, 8, 0; and after ringing about thirty of these changes, and repeating each twenty times, which will take half an hour, the peal is concluded; whereas, in the same space of time, ten persons who understand the scientific methods could perform 700 changes, and not one of them alike, and instead of changing only two bells at a time, as is above shewn, would reverse the whole each time they had struck once round.

With regard to scientific ringing being dangerous to the spire, or any other part of the steeple, I beg to say that it is decidedly the reverse; and if any method is at all so, it is *set changes*, because, in the course of ringing them, several of the bells will act in conjunction, or, in ringing terms, swing one way, which must certainly cause the building to rock very much, particularly as one change is repeated so many times. In support of my assertion I beg to say, that at St. Michael's, Cornhill, there is a peal of twelve bells, the tenor weighing 48 cwt.; the steeple is a mere shell compared with Bow, and the bells hang at least 30 feet higher than at the latter place, yet, whenever scientific ringing is performed, the steeple does not rock half so much as with set changes. Also at St. Saviour's, Southwark, there is a peal of twelve bells, the tenor weighing 52½ cwt. (Bow is 53 cwt.) This tower stands upon four pillars, which form arches as high as the church roof; the walls of the building where the men stand to ring are but four feet thick (Bow are seven): it is also several feet higher than Bow, and altogether the bells are much heavier and more elevated, yet the scientific methods are invariably performed. In short, where the men stand to ring at St. Michael's and St. Saviour's, is rather higher than that part of the tower in which Bow Bells hang—consequently the Bells at the two former churches are about 25 or 30 feet higher than at the latter. I could also name several places where these favourite methods are rung, and set changes actually prohibited, such as Christ Church, Spitalfields; St. Leonard's, Shoreditch; St. Bride's, Fleet-street; and St. Martin's-in-the-Fields; each of which have twelve bells also, several others having ten and eight.

There are now four societies in London practising the scientific methods—namely, the Senior and Junior Cumberland Societies, and the Senior and Junior College Societies, each of which have a

great desire to perform upon Bow bells, and have made several applications for permission so to do; but which have been refused, through the absurd notion that the spire will be in jeopardy.

The above societies have been established many years, and are governed by a master and stewards, subject to rules and articles similar to those of benefit societies, and therefore deserve every encouragement.

It is therefore hoped, that the parishioners of St. Mary-le-Bow will see the trick that has been played upon them, and give directions to the churchwardens to grant permission for the scientific methods to be performed whenever applied for.

If you think it would be gratifying to your readers to know something of the favourite methods of ringing, I will give every information, and furnish you with several peals for their perusal.

I am, Sir, your constant reader,
A Member of the Senior College Society.

STANZAS.

When Sol forgets to light the world,
And Cynthia hides her face;—
When ocean ne'er with storms is curl'd,
And torrents flow in peace;—
When brightest sparkling stars are gone,
And all is dark above thee;—
When day and midnight are as one,
Then I will cease to love thee.

When friendship casts its borrow'd name,
And acts a sincere part;—
When pain and pleasure are the same,
And pure is every heart;—
When fortune smiles on love and worth,
And time's at rest above thee;—
When joy'd is falsehood unto truth,
Then I will cease to love thee.

But these are fancies of the brain,
That ne'er will realize;
Then calm that fond inquiring pain,
And still those jealous sighs;
For, Emma! while I've life and breath,
I swear by all above thee,
From now until I meet with death,
I ne'er will cease to love thee!

W. G. B.

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

The waves in circles o'er him clos'd
In endless depths he sank;
Death came as if in sleep he drov'd,
When he the salt wave drank.
The water o'er his cold remains
Swift glides unconscious by;
For him was sung no solemn strains,
For him no funeral sigh.
His dirge was chaunted by the deep
In roaring bolst'rous tone,
While mournful winds in sighs did reef
A sad and hollow moan.

I 3

Hearts ached for him, yet never more
Would be his kind friends see,
He died at distance from all shore,
His grave is in the sea.

Where once the vessel gally swam
Is left no single trace,
And where the sailor met his doom
Is smooth as Heaven's face.

W. G. B.

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES
AT LAMBETH PALACE

LAMBETH PALACE, of which we gave a view and description in No. 126, has been honoured with the frequent presence of royalty. In 1513, during a visit, it is presumed, from Henry the Eighth to Archbishop Warham at this palace, Charles Somerset was created Earl of Worcester. In 1543, the same prince, though he did not enter within the walls of the palace, yet his benevolent visit to Lambeth-bridge to Archbishop Cramer, deserves to be noticed. The king came in his barge, designedly, one evening, and the archbishop standing at the stairs to pay his duty, his majesty called him into the barge, in order to put him in a way to frustrate the malicious contrivances of Bishop Gardiner and others to accomplish his ruin. Queen Mary is said to have completely furnished Lambeth palace for the reception of Cardinal Pole at her own expense, and to have frequently honoured him with her company. The visits of this queen are noticed in the churchwardens' accounts of the parish. "1555, 1557—Payde to the ryngers when the king and the quene came from Hampton Court to Greenwich; in moneth of August, 8d. To the ryngers when the quene's grace came from Westminster to Lambeth, in the moneth of July, 6d. To the ryngers Sept. ix. when the quene's grace came to Lambeth church, 4d." Elizabeth's visits are noticed in a similar manner. Queen Elizabeth was a frequent visitant to Archbishop Parker. On one occasion, when she had been treated with extraordinary magnificence, she is said, after having thanked the prelate for his hospitality, to have addressed Mrs. Parker in the following unprincely manner:—"And you, madam I may not call you, and mistress, I am ashamed to call you, so as I know not what to call you, but nevertheless I thank you." Archbishop Whitgift was honoured with many royal visits, both from Elizabeth and her successor, James. The former is reported to have been entertained by him fifteen different times, and she frequently stayed for two or three days together. Anno 1694, (October 3) Queen

Alary, honoured Archbishop Tillotson with a visit, as appears from an entry in the churchwardens' accounts of five shillings, paid to the ringers on that occasion. In the year 1697, Christopher Clarke, afterwards Archdeacon of Norwich, and prebendary of the fifth stall of Ely cathedral, was ordained priest in Lambeth chapel; when the ceremony was honoured with the presence of the Emperor, Peter the Great, Czar of Muscovy, who happened to be then in England.

The following most daring robbery was committed at this palace in the year 1783. His grace directed several repairs and alterations to be done in and about the palace, in which a number of workmen were employed. Among other things, a door leading to the strong closet, where the plate was kept, was ordered for the greater security to be bricked up. The person who acted as chief agent in that affair was one of the labourers, who resided near the palace. This man conducted himself so artfully as to be noticed by the steward (Mr. Sampson), who frequently observed him sitting on the stairs at meals and watering times, and admiring what he thought the man's sobriety, ordered the servants to give him a pint of ale each day. He had no suspicion of his real business, which it seems was all this time to make such observations as might be afterwards acted upon by the gang he was connected with. The robbery was discovered early in the morning, when it was found that great part of the new brick-work in the doorway had been removed. On searching the closet, plate was missed to the value of £3,000. This depredation of course making a considerable noise, strict search was made after the culprits. But notwithstanding all the exertions of the Bow-street officers, the matter remained for some time undiscovered. It was at last found out in a manner equally singular with the mode in which it had been perpetrated. Advertisements and other means had been tried in vain, and some months had now elapsed, when it happened that two lightermen, whose business lay near Blackfriars, having been kept up by the tides running late, thought they heard in an adjoining timber-yard an unusual noise or tinkling. They climbed the wall, and perceived two or three men hammering, and something glittering on the ground near them; it struck the lightermen that they were a gang of pewter-pot stealers; they went and armed themselves each with a cutlass and brace of pistols, with which they returned in a few minutes and scaled the wall. The whole party immediately disappeared, but they were fortunate enough

to catch one man at the entrance of a large drain, who being threatened, acknowledged the robbery, and was given by the lightermen into custody. The greater part of the plate was found concealed in this drain, black and disfigured with the tides. Some of it lay bruised near the entrance, and part was afterwards discovered at a melting-house in Thames-street. But upwards of three hundred pounds worth of the silver had been sold to different refiners in London. The person who was taken was the only one who suffered for this robbery. His companions made their escape to Holland, and though they were afterwards seen in London, and might have been secured, the archbishop having delivered up one criminal as an example to public justice, humanely forbore to prosecute. The loss sustained by this robbery, independent of the plate recovered, was estimated at £1,000. G. L. J.

WINTER.

(For the Mirror.)

"No mark of vegetable life is seen,
No bird to bird repeats its tuneful call,
Save the dark leaves of some rude evergreen,
Save the lone red breast on the moss-grown wall."
SCOTT.

WINTER (says a writer in the *Universal Magazine*, 1785,) has been defined to be that season of the year in which the days are shortest. It most properly commences on the 21st of December, which is called the winter solstice, being that day when the sun's distance from the zenith of the place is the greatest; and it ends on the 20th of March, when its distance is at a mean between the greatest and the least. But I shall only observe further, that notwithstanding the coldness of this season, it has been demonstrated by astronomers, that the sun is really nearer to the earth in winter than in summer. The principal cause of this difference is, that in winter the sun's rays fall so obliquely upon us, and have so large a portion of the atmosphere to pass through, that any given number of them is spread over a much greater portion of the earth's surface where we live; and, therefore, each point must then have fewer rays than in summer, or when the sun is at a greater height above the horizon. There comes, moreover, a greater degree of cold in the long winter nights, than can be compensated for by the return of heat in the short days; and, on both these accounts, the cold must necessarily increase. In summer, on the contrary, the rays of the sun fall more

perpendicularly upon us, and therefore come with greater force, and in greater numbers on the same place, than when they come more obliquely; and, by the longer continuance of the sun above the horizon than in winter, a much greater degree of heat is imparted by day than can fly off by night, so that the heat must increase.

The flakes of falling snow are various in their configuration and extremely beautiful, if examined with a microscope before they melt, which may easily be done by making the experiment in the open freezing air.—See “*Physica Sacrée, ou Histoire Naturelle de la Bible*,” par Jean Jacques Scheuchzer, for an engraving of the splendid forms of snow.*

The nakedness and asperity of the wintry world (says Dr. Johnson in the “*Rambler*,”) always fills the beholder with pensive and profound astonishment; as the variety of the scene is lessened, its grandeur is increased; and the mind is swelled at once by the mingled ideas of the present and the past, of the beauties which have vanished from the eyes, and the waste and desolation that are now before them.

But this dreary season has its beauties.

“Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,”
POPE.

pure and unspotted as the breath of heaven—here hang in crystallized clusters the wonderful treasures of the atmosphere—which when beheld by the contemplative mind, call to recollection the lines of Thomson.

“What art thou, frost? and whence are thy keen stores

Deriv’d, thou secret all invading power!
Whom ev’n th’ illusive fluid cannot fly;
Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
Myriads of little salts, or hook’d, or shap’d
Like double wedges, and diffus’d immense
Thro’ water, earth, and ether?”

* Likewise Hooke and Adams on the Microscope.

P. T. W.

MOONLIGHT EFFUSIONS.

PATIENCE is the art of waiting, time passes quickly with him who hopes for better days and lives for the morrow.

Hope has such efficacy that it can lead us to the end of life through an agreeable path, and even beyond life itself.

I have found that in my disquietudes resolution has furnished me with more resources than reason.

To do readily what we ought to do when we ought to do it, and as we ought to

do it, are the characteristics of wise and happy minds.

Vanity is a weed which takes root in every bosom, from the man who adds to the splendour of worldly aggrandisement the brightest intellectual qualities to him whose fortunes and mind alike grovel in the dust.

Aggression once committed, every restraint of reverence and shame is cast away.

Unchanging prosperity cloy by possession and the sated spirit looks round for new excitement, it is then that the passions and the appetites wander abroad in the stimulating search, and are easily tempted by forbidden paths.

No enterprise is great that is not morally good.

He that is head of a party is but a boat on a wave, that raises not itself, but is moved upward by the billow which it floats upon.

The Topographer.

No. VIII.

WHITE CONDUIT HOUSE.

WHITE CONDUIT HOUSE, a well-known tavern and tea-garden near London, derived its name from an old stone conduit yet remaining there, which was erected in 1641, and supplied the charter-house by means of a leaden pipe. The place, from its beautiful prospect towards Hampstead, Highgate, &c., and the neatness of its gardens, is much frequented as a tea-house. Here are also a bowling-green, skittle-grounds, &c.; and a neighbouring field was, about twenty years ago, used as a cricket-ground by a society of noblemen and gentlemen. This house and gardens were celebrated half a century ago as a place of great resort, not only for the lower orders of society, but for decent tradesmen and their families, on a Sunday afternoon, to drink tea, &c. A Poem, printed in the “*Gentleman’s Magazine*” for May, 1760, gives a lively picture of this place in its happiest time.

Upon the site of Dobney’s place, at the back of Penton-street, formerly stood an old house called D’Aubigny’s, having a bowling-green and tea-gardens similar to those at White Conduit House, where about fifty years ago one Price, an equestrian performer, exhibited feats of horsemanship; whilst an opponent, named Sampson, exhibited similar performances in a field behind the Old Hats. The jealousy between these rival heroes gave rise to a very singular stratagem. One

of the equestrians procured a female of dashing appearance and some personal attractions to witness the performances of his rival; she admired his abilities as he did her charms, and an intimate connexion was soon formed between them, which obliged the unfortunate equestrian to leave the field to his crafty competitor. These two persons are the first performers of equestrian feats that we read of in this country, being antecedent to those of Astley.

White Conduit House was, some years ago, kept by a Mr. Christopher Bartholomew, a person who, with a good fortune and every prospect of success and eminence in life, fell a victim to an unconquerable passion for gambling in the lottery. He was at one time worth 50,000*l.*, rented land to the amount of 2,000*l.* a-year in the neighbourhood, kept his carriage, and servants in livery. He had some fortunate hits in the lottery, and celebrated one of them by a public breakfast at his tea-gardens, "*to commemorate the smiles of fortune*," as it was expressed upon the tickets of admission to this *fête champêtre*. He has been known to spend upwards of two thousand guineas in a day for insurance, to raise which, stack after stack of his immense crops of hay have been cut down and hurried to market. He was at last obliged to part with his house from accumulated embarrassments, and passed the last thirteen years of his life in great poverty, subsisting by the charity of those who had known him in better days, and the emolument he received as a jurymen of the Sheriff's Court for the county. His propensity to be engaged in this ruinous pursuit never forsook him, and, in 1807, having fixed his mind on a particular number, he, conjointly with a friend, bought a sixteenth, which was fortunately drawn a prize of 20,000*l.* With his share he was prevailed on to purchase an annuity of 60*l.* per annum; but he soon sold it, and died in a two-pair of stairs room in Angel-court, Windmill-street, in March, 1809, aged 68.

It has been in contemplation to remove Smithfield market to some spot in this neighbourhood; but the Bills brought into Parliament for the purpose have hitherto been lost by small majorities in the House of Commons.

HIGHBURY.

The manor of Highbury, or Newington-Barrow, appears to have been called by the name of Tolentone in the Domesday Survey, at which time it was held of the king by one Ranolf, and the manorial rights were valued at 40*l.* per annum. It

was afterwards given to the Priory of St. John of Jerusalem, in England. The manor-house was destroyed in Wat Tyler's insurrection by Jack Straw, and, having made the spot a temporary station for himself and his followers, the place was afterwards called Jack Straw's Castle, a name which it retains to the present day.

Highbury House is believed to have been the *pratorium* of a Roman encampment.

At Highbury and its immediate neighbourhood there appears to have been several conduit heads belonging to the city.

Highbury Barn, a noted tavern and tea-gardens, was originally an ale and cake house, upon a very limited scale. Mr. Willoughby, its present proprietor, by laying out the grounds in a judicious manner, and by the excellent accommodations of the place, has increased the trade to a considerable extent, particularly in the summer months, when corporate bodies, clubs, &c., have their annual dinners at this place, as 1,500 or 2,000 persons can be accommodated. An association of *Protestant Dissenters*, formed in the reign of Queen Anne, hold their meetings at this house.

The Eel-Pie House, on the west bank of the river between Highbury and Hornsey-Wood House, is a place of great attraction in summer.

Highbury-place is a remarkably fine row of houses, and is distinguished by its having been the residence of the late Abraham Newland, cashier of the Bank of England.

EPIGRAM.

Two Irishmen were about to fight a duel, when one of them spoke openly of wife and family as to be considered, and the other was equally concerned for the delicate state of a daughter's health. The then Solicitor-General of Ireland honoured them with these lines:
"The heroes of Erin, unconscious of slaughter,
Improve on the Jewish command;
One honours his wife, and the other his daughter,
That their days may be long in the land."

EPITAPH ON JOHNNY HUXLEY.

In Eccleston church-yard, near Chester.

Poor Jack, he lies beneath this rood,

And sure he must be blest;

For if he could do nothing good,

He meant to do his best.

Think on your souls, ye guilty throng,

Who, knowing what is right, does wrong.

Masaniello, the Fisherman of Naples.



BEFORE this Number of the MIRROR reaches our readers, a new historical play will have been presented to the public, under the title of "*Masaniello, the Fisherman of Naples*." As the event on which the play is founded is one of the most singular recorded in history, we shall give a detailed narrative of it, to which we prefix a portrait of this truly extraordinary individual.

Tommaso Aniello, or, as he is more generally called, Masaniello, was the son of a fisherman of Amalfi, where he was born about the year 1623. He followed the occupation of his father, was clad in the meanest attire, went about barefoot, and gained a scanty livelihood by angling for fish, and hawking them about for sale. Who could have imagined that in this poor abject fisher-boy, the populace were to find the being destined to lead them on to one of the most extraordinary revolutions recorded in history? Yet so it was. No monarch ever had the glory of rising so suddenly to so lofty a pitch of power, as this barefooted Masaniello. Naples, the metropolis of many fertile provinces, the queen of many noble cities, the resort of princes, of cavaliers, and of heroes. Naples, inhabited by more than six hundred thousand souls, abounding in all kinds of resources, glorying in its strength. This proud city saw itself forced, in one short day, to yield to one

of its meanest sons, such obedience as in all its history it had never before shewn to the mightiest of its liege sovereigns. In a few hours the fisher-lad was at the head of one hundred and fifty thousand men; in a few hours there was no will in Naples but his; and, in a few hours it was freed from all sorts of taxes, and restored to all its ancient privileges. The fishing-wand was exchanged for the truncheon of command, the sea-boy's jacket for cloth of silver and gold. He made the town be entrenched; he placed sentinels to guard it against danger from without; and he established a system of police within, which awed the worst banditti in the world into fear. Armies passed in review before him; even fleets owned his sway.

During the viceroyship of the Duke of Arcos, the Neapolitans were much oppressed by heavy taxes on the necessities of life. At length, in 1647, the viceroy mortgaged, to certain merchants, the duty on fruit, at once the luxury and staple of life to the temperate Neapolitans.

Masaniello saw with grief his countrymen obliged to sell their beds, and even abandon their offspring, in order to pay the odious impost. At length his sense of the public misery was worked up to the utmost by an outrage on his own family. His wife was carrying a small quantity of contraband flour home for her children;

when she was seized and dragged to prison; nor was it until he was obliged to sell his furniture, and pay one hundred ducats, that he could obtain her release. He now resolved to rescue his country from slavery; he harangued the fruit-dealers in the market-place, urging them not to buy a single basket of the growers until the duty was taken off: he then assembled a number of boys, who went waiting through the streets, and calling out for redress. When remonstrated with by some of his neighbours, and jested with by others, he replied, "You may laugh at me now; but you shall soon see what the fool Masaniello can do: let me alone, and give me my way, and if I do not set you free from all your taxes, and from the slavery that now grinds you to death, may I be cursed and called a villain for ever!"

In the mean time Masaniello's army of boys amounted to five thousand, all active and docile youths, from the age of sixteen to that of nineteen. He armed each with a slender cane, and bade them meet him in the market-place next morning, Sunday, July 7, 1647, a day when a sort of mock fight and storming of a wooden tower used to take place between the Neapolitan youths, in the respective characters of Turks and Christians. It was during the confusion occasioned by this custom that Masaniello ran in among the children and the mob, and cried out, "No taxes! no taxes!"

In vain did the magistrates attempt to quell the mob; Masaniello armed his troops with the plunder of the tower, and harangued them.

"Rejoice," said he, "my dear companions and countrymen, give God thanks, and the most gracious Virgin of Carmine, that the hour of our redemption, and the time of our deliverance, draweth nigh. This poor fisherman, barefooted as he is, shall, like another Moses, who delivered the Israelites from the cruel rod of Pharaoh, the Egyptian king, free you from all gabels and impositions that were ever laid on you. It was a fisherman, I mean St. Peter, who redeemed the city of Rome from the slavery of the devil to the liberty of Christ; and the whole world followed that deliverance, and obtained their freedom from the same bondage. Now another fisherman, one Masaniello, I am the man, shall release the city of Naples, and with it a whole kingdom, from the cruel yoke of tolls and gabels. Shake off, therefore, from this moment the yoke. Be free, if you have but courage, from those intolerable oppressions under which you have hitherto groaned. To bring this glorious end about, I do not care for

myself, if I am torn to pieces, and dragged about the city of Naples, through all the kennels and gutters that belong to it; let all the blood in this body flow cheerfully out of these veins; let this head fly from these shoulders at the touch of the fatal steel, and be perched up over this market-place, on a pole to be gazed at, yet shall I die contented and glorious; it will be triumph and honour sufficient for me to think that my blood and life were sacrificed in so worthy a cause, and that I became the saviour of my country."

Masaniello ceased to speak, and the shouts of the multitude attested the spirit that his words had excited. The firing of the toll-house, with all the account-books that were kept there, and many commodities that belonged to the farmers of the customs, was a signal for a general conflagration of all that was rare, precious, and curious, throughout Naples. The houses of the nobility were ransacked; their fine furniture and valuable pictures, their libraries, wardrobes, jewels, and plate, were all brought forth into the streets, and thrown into immense fires, which were fed every moment by additions of the most costly fuel that luxury could supply. The house of a man who had originally carried bread up and down the streets of Naples, but becoming a favourite of the viceroy's had been enabled to acquire immense wealth by dealing in the funds, was sought out by the mob with peculiar eagerness. They assembled round his gates with lighted torches in their hands, forced an entrance, and, stripping the rooms as they went along, threw the furniture, books, papers, and every thing that they could lay their hands on out of the windows. Twenty-three large trunks were thus hurled into the streets, and being forced open by the violence of the fall, displayed the richest tissues and embroideries in gold and silver to the eyes of the beholders, who notwithstanding immediately consigned them to the flames, along with a cabinet full of oriental pearls; exclaiming, as they had done before, that they were wrung from the heart's blood of the people, and should perish in flames, as the extortioners themselves ought to do.

The viceroy became alarmed, and solicited an interview; Masaniello, in the mean time, organized his forces, which assumed all the appearance of a well-disciplined army, amounting to 114,000 men. While a negotiation was going on with the viceroy, an attempt was made to assassinate Masaniello by some of the viceroy's troops, who discharged a shower of musket-bullets at him, one of which singed the breast of his shirt.

Becoming distrustful by this act of treachery, Masaniello issued several sumptuary laws, making every person leave off wearing cloaks or long garments, under which daggers could be concealed. He demanded a treaty from the viceroy, to secure their liberties, which was granted.

The treaty was accordingly solemnly read in the cathedral church, amidst countless multitudes of people, and Masaniello afterwards went to pay his respects to the viceroy at his excellency's particular request. He would have gone in his mariner's dress, as usual, but at the persuasion of the archbishop he consented to lay it aside, and appeared on horseback, attired in a white habit, splendidly embroidered, a magnificent plume of feathers waved from his hat, and in his hand he carried a drawn sword; thus accoutred he rode in front of the archbishop's carriage. His brother, also richly habited, rode on his right hand, one of his colleagues, Arpaja, tribune of the commons, on the left, and the other, Julio Genevino, last; followed by a hundred and sixty companies of horse and foot, consisting in all of about fifty thousand men. All eyes were fixed on Masaniello as he passed, all hearts sprang towards him, all voices joined in pronouncing him "the Saviour of his country." The way before him was strewn by grateful hands with palm and olive branches, the balconies were hung with the richest silks to do him honour as he passed, and the ladies threw from them the choicest flowers and garlands, accompanying their homage with the most respectful and admiring obeisances. The air was filled with the sweetest music, and Naples, which for three days before was a scene of the most appalling anarchy and tumult, now presented nothing but images of peace and joy.

A day was fixed for ratifying the treaty in public; but that day saw a wonderful change in Masaniello; his incessant fatigue and anxiety, his want of rest, and neglect of food, were too much for a frame merely mortal, and his vigorous mind became affected. The viceroy took advantage of this circumstance, proclaimed his authority at an end, and promised a reward of ten thousand ducats to any one who should cause him to be destroyed. Naples was never deficient in assassins even without so large a bribe.

His disordered reason displayed itself in several acts of wanton cruelty, with which, till then, his power, absolute as it was, had never been sullied: he wandered about the streets in rags, without any thing on his head, and with only one stocking on; in this humiliating state he went to the viceroy, and complained of

hunger; a collation was ordered for him, but he declined waiting for it, and ordering his gondola, went on the water, probably to seek relief from his feverish sensations. Unfortunately thirst preyed upon him, and in the course of a few hours he drank twelve bottles of *Lachrymæ Christi*; an excess which, to one of his temperate habits and long privation, was enough in itself to bring on insanity; and which increased his disorder to so alarming a degree, that the next day he rode furiously up and down the streets, wounding every one he met with his drawn sword, summoning the nobles to kiss his naked feet, striking and insulting his colleagues, and committing every outrage and inconsistency.

Masaniello attended church on the festival of "our Lady of Carmine," July 16; here he told the archbishop that he was ready to resign his office and authority to the viceroy; the archbishop promised him every thing he desired, and with fatherly kindness commanded one of the monks to take him to the dormitory, and prevail upon him to refresh himself with a little sleep. Unfortunately his eminence left the church as soon as he saw his order executed; and scarcely was he gone when the assassins rushed in, calling out, "Long live the king of Spain, and death to those who obey Masaniello!" Few as the conspirators were, the cowardly people made no attempt to oppose them; but on the contrary, fell back for them to pass, and they went accordingly straight to the convent, searching every where for Masaniello. He, unhappy man, hearing himself loudly called, and thinking his presence was required on some public matter, started from the pallet on which he had thrown himself, and ran out to meet his murderers, crying, "Is it me you are looking for, my people? behold I am here;" but all the answer he received was the contents of four muskets at once, from the hands of his four detestable assassins: he instantly fell, and expired with the reproachful exclamation, "Ah, ungrateful traitors!" bursting from his dying lips. His murderers then cut off his head, and, fixing it on the top of a pike, carried it to the viceroy, after which it was thrown into one ditch, and his body into another, with numerous indignities bestowed upon it; whilst ten thousand of his late followers stood stupidly by, without making a single effort to redeem it from disgrace.

Thus fell Masaniello, after a reign of nine days, from the 7th to the 16th of July. It was a reign marked with some excesses, and with some traits of personal folly; yet as long as it is not an

every-day event for a fisher-boy to become a king, the story of Masaniello of Naples must be regarded with equal wonder and admiration, as exhibiting an astonishing instance of the genius to command existing in one of the humblest situations of life, and asserting its ascendancy with a rapidity of enterprize to which there is no parallel in history.

THE STAGE.

(Concluded from page 108.)

The extreme partiality of the present age for musical entertainment, has contributed to give to the comic opera, a celebrity and importance beyond the first productions of the tragic or comic muse; almost, indeed, to the exclusion of the more important and regular drama. The subject of these is, for the most part, that of *love*; at all times, it must be owned, an engaging one, and doubtless rendered still more so, when aided by the charms of music, which thus becomes a powerful medium of exciting and affecting the tender passion. The sentiments of the lover, expressed in a soft and soothing sonnet, are presumed to be irresistible, and to move the heart and affections of the most obdurate fair one. Such scenes and subjects are certainly pleasing, and perhaps in themselves, pure and harmless; nevertheless, yielding momentary impressions, they may, in some degree, tend to give a false bias to its views and sentiments, and by presenting it with imaginary pictures of perfect virtue, which unhappily has yet had no existence but in the fancy of the poet, to divert its attention from the pursuit of that which is only real and attainable. Man, from this circumstance, may be led more to *admire* virtue, than to *practise* it; and, like the dog in the fable, to lose the substance by grasping at the shadow.

According to the tastes and genius of their authors, some are founded on striking passages of history; some present us with superior traits of moral virtue; while others are made the vehicle of satire on the follies and vices of mankind. Among the two former of these, few deserve to rank higher, both for dignity of subject, excellence of sentiment, and the lessons which they respectively inculcate, than the *Surrender of Calais*, and the *Inkle and Yarico* of the younger Colman. His *Bustache de St. Pierre* is a fine picture of genuine patriotism, founded on the noble principle of self-sacrifice, for the preservation of his fellow-citizens; a conduct worthy a Roman soul, in the most exalted days of her republic. The character of *Yarico* is a chaste and beautiful

portrait of simple nature, unbiassed in sentiment by custom, and unrestrained in manners by art. Her sensibility and native innocence powerfully affect and interest the best feelings of the heart. In weeping over the sorrows of this gentle maid, we at once extend our sympathy to every injured and enslaved African, and are led indignantly to execrate a traffic, which at once violates the dearest rights of humanity, and sacrifices the noblest principles of the heart at the abject shrine of avarice.

From dramas such as these the mind retires with every best impression and moral improvement; and the approbation which it receives from an audience, is, at least, a pleasing proof that the generous principles of social benevolence are no strangers to the breasts of Englishmen. Music, in every age and country, we find to have constituted a portion of man's amusements, and though many be more useful, yet few can be more innocent. Pursuits of the most innocent nature may, notwithstanding, be carried to an excess, and this may be said to be realized, with respect to our operas.

Literary labour becomes more valuable in proportion as it is more generally useful; and the efforts of genius may be justly said to shine with brighter lustre, and to be entitled to the greater veneration of mankind, when employed in that which tends to promote the cause of virtue. To render the representation of a tragedy subservient to the purposes of moral instruction, and to give it the means of producing its due effect, the first care should be to divest it of every circumstance of fiction and improbability, and entirely to remove, not merely that which is opposite to, but even all that is not in the most perfect unison with the realities of life. It has justly been remarked, that "a play being the exhibition of a certain action, though it may not be an actual history, yet it should, in its invented parts, resemble nature as much as possible." The tragedy of the "Gamester," from its natural and pathetic incidents, and more especially from its speaking the simple language of nature, finds a much easier way to the avenues of the heart, and conveys a more forcible lesson of moral virtue than most tragedies on the English stage. The natural scenes and circumstances of domestic life, are here forcibly and affectingly portrayed by individual suffering; attaching itself solely to those instances of human woe, which life unhappily is continually furnishing, must soften the ruggedness of our nature, call forth the better affections of the mind, and predispose it, not less to commiserate

than to alleviate the distresses of our fellow-beings. Human life thus reflected before us, as by a mirror, excites the leading passions of the mind, "to wake the soul by tender strokes of art," to rouse and animate it to the exercise of great and virtuous actions, and to awaken its indignation and abhorrence of vice, by presenting it with striking pictures of human depravity.

But the page of history, and "the pomp and circumstance of war," have been the grand sources from which the materials of most of our tragedies have been drawn. The actions of great and celebrated men are thus borne down to us, along the stream of time, from the most remote ages; and, in the contemplation of their characters, we have the models by which to form and regulate our own.

As an uninterrupted state of prosperity is unfavourable to the exercise of virtuous sentiment, an occasional exhibition of the woes and sufferings of human life must be friendly to the cause, and conducive to the practice of the moral virtues. To feel for sorrow, the heart must itself be made acquainted with grief. The uses of adversity are often sweet and wholesome; and hence adversity has not improperly been termed the school of virtue. The mind also requires to be relieved from the attendant woes of life by occasional relaxation; and the smile which smoothes the wrinkled brow of care, without an injury to the feelings of another, may surely be indulged and promoted, as the effect and indication of innocent and virtuous gaiety. It is the perversion of the heart, and its consequent actions, which are eminently injurious to society, and it cannot be doubted that the moral laws of the drama, have an effect next after those conveyed from the pulpit, or promulgated in courts of justice. Mr. Burke, indeed, has gone so far as to observe, that "the theatre is a better school of moral sentiment than churches." How much then has the dramatist to answer for at the tribunal of virtue, whose works have a tendency to shake the foundations of virtuous principles, by giving to the world a false and vicious system of morals, under the specious colours of amiable sensibility!

Viewing the stage therefore as an object of the first consequence to the interests of society; it is of paramount importance, that it were divested of those errors, with which our present system of dramatic representations abound, for that to make man moral and good, through whatever medium it be effected, is to render him happy in the truest acceptation of the word.

F. R. M. Y.

The Selector;

OR, CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM

NEW WORKS.

LINES

Written by moonlight, on a Pillar of the Radsa of Rajmahal, in the East Indies.

HAIL, Stranger, hail! whose eye shall here survey
The paths of Time, where Ruler marks his way,
When sullen moans the solemn midnight bird,
And the gaunt Jackal's harsher cry is heard,
If thine the soul with sacred ardour fraught,
Rapt in the poet's dream, or sage's thought,
To thee these mould'ring walls a voice shall

raise,
And sadly tell how earthly pride decays;
How human hopes, like human works, depart,
And leave behind—the ruins of the heart.

Richardson's Poems.

THE LATE DR. TILLOCH.*

LET "storied urn" and "animated bust"
Proclaim the sepulchre of noble dust—
This humble stone records the name revered
Of TILLOCH, to humanity endeared:
Who, through protracted life, on Virtue's plan,
Adorned the native dignity of man—
By strict integrity, by warmth of heart,
And mild benevolence, devoid of art,
For all of suffering human kind—O thou
Who read'st, and soon shall be as he is now,
Live as he liv'd, improve each talent given,
Of pristine worth, and pass from earth to Heav'n!

Literary Chronicle.

* Dr. Tilloch, who died at his house in Barnesbury Street, Islington, on the 26th January, was long distinguished for his literary and scientific attainments. He was the editor of the *Philosophical Magazine* from its commencement; he was also one of the proprietors of the *Star*, evening newspaper; but on account of a severe indisposition during the last five years, he was quite incapacitated from taking any share in conducting that journal. At a future period we shall probably give a memoir of this gentleman.

VALENTINE GREATERAKES.

THIS singular person, according to Mr. Boyle, was of "great honesty and exemplary sobriety;" taking no gratuity for his performances, and curing a prodigious number of cases where King Charles II. had failed; as testified by Boyle, Cudworth, Bishop Wilkins, and the wisest of all surgeons, Surgeon Wiseman, who affirms that the king's touch had cured more in one year than all the surgeons in London had done in an age!—An hereditary race of Macdonalds, in Scotland, of the name of Macdonald, have subsequently performed the same operation, calling it Glacath, which is, handling the

part affected, and muttering certain words. They also were of "great honesty," and never accepted of a fee on any entreaty.

After the Restoration, great multitudes flocked to receive the benefit of the royal touch; insomuch, that "six or seven persons were crushed to death, pressing at the chironurgeon's doore for tickets."—*Evelyn's Journal*, vol. ii. p. 571. In 1632, the King touched 8,577; and Browne remarks, that notwithstanding the numbers were so great as to amount to a considerable portion of the whole nation, yet, upon any new declaration of healing, they came again as fast as if none had applied before; "a thing as monstrous as strange." Notwithstanding this, it began to decline. Oliver Cromwell tried in vain to exercise this royal prerogative; and in 1684, Thomas Rosewell was tried for high-treason, because he spoke with contempt of King Charles's pretensions to the cure of scrofula. Charles Bernard, who had made this touching the subject of raillery all his life-time, till he became serjeant-surgeon, and found it a good perquisite, solved all difficulties by saying with a jeer, "Really one could not have thought it, if one had not seen it."

The Hon. Daines Barrington, in his "Observations on our Ancient Statutes," p. 107, tells us of an old man, a witness in a cause, who averred, that when Queen Anne was at Oxford, she touched him, when a child, for the evil. Mr. Barrington, when he had finished his evidence, "asked him whether he was really cured?" Upon which he answered, with a significant smile, that he believed himself never to have had a complaint that deserved to be considered as the evil, but that his parents were poor, and had no objection to the bit of cold.

This new exploded royal gift is thus described by Shakespeare:—

Strangely visited people,
All swollen and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers."

MACBETH.

The obsolete practice of Greatrakes has in a degree appeared again in the shape of *friction*, and has revived in full force in the process of *thumbing* and *rubbing*, as applied by certain adepts to distortions, who have not the same scrupulous difficulties that Greatrakes and the Macdonald had about the *Honorarium*.

Valentine Greatrakes was a young, tall man, of a most respectable family. He verily believed in his power; and sometimes succeeded strangely enough.

Wadd's *Nugæ Chirurgicæ*.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

EPIGRAMS.

ON A STUDENT BEING PUT OUT OF COMMONS FOR MISSING CHAPEL.

To fast and pray we are by Scripture taught;
O could I do but either as I ought!
In both, alas! I err; my frailty such—
I pray too little, and I fast too much.

ON A PETIT-MAITRE PHYSICIAN.

WHEN P—nn—ngt—n for female ills indites,
Studying alone not what, but how he writes,
The ladies, as his graceful form they scan,
Cry—with ill omen'd rapture—"Killing man!"

ON THE MARRIAGE OF A VERY THIN COUPLE.

ST. PAUL has declared, that when persons,
though twain,
Are in wedlock united, one flesh they remain;
But had he been by, when, like Pharaoh's kine
pairing,
Dr. D—gl—s of B—n—t espoused Miss M—n—
w—r—ng,
The Apostle, no doubt, would have alter'd his
tone,
And have said, "These two splinters shall now
make one bone."

ANOTHER.

HAD thy spouse, Dr. Drumstick, been ta'en
from thy side,
In the same way that Eve became Adam's fair
bride,
And again by thy side on the bridal bed laid;
Though thou could'st not, like Adam, have gal-
lantly said,
"Thou art flesh of my flesh"—because flesh thou
hast none—
Thou with truth might'st have said, "Thou art
bone of my bone."

ON A VERY TINY ANGLE, ENCLOSED AND PLANTED WITH SHRUBS.

THIS little garden little Jowett made
And fenced it with a little palisade.
A little taste hath little Dr. Jowett;
This little garden doth a little shew it.

LATINE.

EXIGUUM hunc hortum fecit Jowettulus iste
Exiguus, vello et auriliit exiguo:
Exiguo hoc horto forsam Jowettulus iste
Exiguus mentem prodidit exiguum.

Blackwood's *Edinburgh Magazine*.

TYRE—LADY HESTER STAN- HOPE.

THE next morning, in company with
Mr. W. and a merchant of Aleppo, we
left Acre for Tyre. The way led for

some distance over the fine and extensive plain at the end of which the town is situated; it was varied, as we drew nearer the hills, by two or three châteaux of Turkish gentlemen amidst the trees, and about mid-day we halted at a rivulet, and made a pleasant repast. The merchant was a very unprincipled but agreeable fellow, and being a native of Aleppo, spoke Arabic and Turkish beautifully. We soon ascended a lofty hill, over which the path is exceedingly delightful and commanding. The plain of Acre was behind, and Tyre visible on the shore a considerable distance in advance; and the bold and craggy cliffs we were ascending repaid the toil of the way. Towards evening we came to a small and lonely khan, and resolved to make it our lodging for the night. Some Syrian peasants gathered round, and we took our evening meal under the rude corridor, while the moon shone splendidly on the bay and shore, close to which the khan stood. Such moments as these are full of vivid enjoyment. Before day-break we quitted this spot, and in a few hours arrived at Tyre. This town, by no means so desolate as it has been sometimes represented, contains nearly two thousand inhabitants, and is surrounded by a wall.

We put up at the Catholic convent, if it deserves the name,—some wretched small apartments in the side of a court; in the evening the fathers disturbed us by their nasal singing in the church, which is open to the winds of heaven, having scarcely any roof. There are a few good houses in the place, and, visiting two or three families, we were made welcome with a pipe, a cup of coffee, or other drink. The island on which the ancient city stood, has of course long since disappeared. The next morning we set out for Sidon; the weather was beautiful, and we enjoyed an agreeable ride. This town is very pleasantly situated, and surrounded with rich gardens. We took up our abode in some apartments belonging to the French consul, with naked walls and floor: the traveller here, as throughout the East, must bring his own utensils and bedding with him; but fatigue and novelty sweeten all things. In the evening we paid a visit to a merchant's family of Sidon; and some sweet Oriental dishes, prepared by a lady of the house, with some excellent wine, were served up. The gardens of Sidon were full of fruit, and the cottages of the peasants stood in the midst of them. At about an hour and a half's ride from the town is the residence of Lady H. S. It is situated on the top of a hill, and called Marilius, from the convent of that name

that formerly stood there, and out of part of which, with her own additions, she has constructed her present mansion. There are few trees round it, and it is very exposed; in the back-ground are ranges of barren hills; the prospect beneath of the gardens of Sidon, and the bay is magnificent. Having two letters of introduction to her ladyship, one from an intimate friend, I made sure of an interview; but, as ill-luck would have it, my servant in his haste left this letter in the apartment at Sidon, and the one which was presented would not avail me. In the small room where I was introduced was suspended an immense Arab lance. In a short time, the only English inmate, Miss W. brought a polite apology from her ladyship, intimating that she regretted she could not break her invariable rule not to see English travellers. Having afterwards understood from the consul that I possessed her friend's letter, she favoured me with two notes, saying that she should be happy to receive it and see the bearer if he came that way again; but, being then at a considerable distance from her residence, the pleasure of such an interview was never enjoyed. This extraordinary woman no longer possesses the daring and chivalric spirit which led her to Palmyra and other perilous parts of the East. She is now become very nervous, and has for some time put great faith in nativities, and the productions of a venerable Arabian, who passes for an astrologer or magician, and often visits Marilius. Her habits of life have long been not to retire to rest till five in the morning, and to rise at two in the afternoon, and eat scarcely any animal food; but her house contains a good store of choice wines, and the various conserves of the East. Although she sits on the floor, and eats with her fingers, her visitor is indulged with a table, knife and fork, and a variety of dishes. Her household consists of three and twenty Arab servants of both sexes, as her English ones have long since been dismissed. She scarcely ever rides now, although she has a stud of twelve fine Arabian horses. In conversation, as a friend of hers, who several times visited her, assured me, she is very agreeable, but it must be during the witching hours of night when her ladyship loves most to converse. Arabic she speaks pretty well, and with the natives and manners of the East she is of course thoroughly acquainted. Among Turkish women, she says, she has met many admirable and attractive characters, but among the Greeks not a single one. Woe be to the woman of her own nation, who should reside for a short time at Ma-

rius! she must expect to submit to all the seclusion of the land, as if any Sheikh or Turk comes to the house, she must not only shun their presence, but be sure not to let a glimpse of her face be seen: no infringement on Eastern etiquette can ever be allowed there. The influence this lady has over the surrounding pachas and governors is truly singular. A merchant of my acquaintance from Smyrna was returning from Damascus to Beirut with some camel loads of silk: they were stopped in the way by the Pacha of Acre, who intended to use no ceremony in making them his own. The merchant was in partnership in this concern with a rich Moor at Beirut, who was intimately known to her ladyship, and immediately wrote to her requesting her interference. She sent a note to the Pacha, and an order was speedily transmitted to his soldiers to set the camels and their cargo at liberty. Lady S. lived at Damascus for twelve months in a handsome house in the suburbs; and often, when she rode out in her Mamoluke dress, the people would flock around her in admiration. When on her "journey to Palmyra, she was pursued by a hostile tribe of Arabs for a whole day; and on the day when the Palmyrenes hailed her as the Queen of the ruined city, she felt, no doubt, vivid and undissembled pleasure, being the first lady who had ever achieved such a journey: and her excellent horsemanship and capability of enduring fatigue, soon made the deserts a home to her. The Orientals never speak of her but with the highest respect." It is certain that a belief is entertained of her being of the highest rank: some even say she is a queen. She distributes occasionally presents of rich arms to the chiefs; and when an Arab courser is sent her, frequently rewards the bearer with a thousand piastres. She is generous, hospitable, and undoubtedly of that superior and commanding mind, which is sure to gain an ascendancy among the Orientals. Yet it is difficult to discover any attractions in her present way of life at Marilius. The romance and delight of exploring the East, and seeing its natives bow down to her, have long since given place to timid and secluded habits and feelings, and the dreams of superstition. She is, however, firmly resolved never to return to her native country; her avowed contempt for her own sex, and their effeminate habits and feelings, is not likely to conciliate them. Although she refuses, from the real or supposed ill-treatment of one or two English travellers, to see any of her countrymen; she has more than once been

their benefactor. On one occasion she presented a traveller at Damascus with two thousand piastres, whose money had failed him in a journey from India. When an unfortunate Frenchman, a man of science, was shot by some Arabs from behind the rocks, as he was sketching a scene in some of the mountains in the interior at a considerable distance, she was at great expense in recovering his papers and books for his relations, and procuring for them every intelligence.

New Monthly Magazine.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—Wotton.

THE DEVIL'S CHOICE.

Qd. Honest Pat, if the Devil his choice could make,
Which of us d'ye suppose he first would take?

Ans. Why, 'tis me to be sure, he would carry away,
Your honour, he knows, he could have any day.

INVITATION TO TEA.

A YOUNG lady, named Taswell, returned the annexed reply to an invitation to "tea and cards;"—

"Your kind invitation I hail'd with much glee,
Will be true to the hour ne'er doubt it;
Play a rubber at whist; but as for the T,
I should surely be AS-WELL without it.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our table literally groans under the weight of communications from our numerous correspondents, although, to speak the truth, few of them are of a heavy nature. Our fair friend Janet, and our new correspondent Archie, shall have a place in our next MIRROR,—when we shall insert a chapter of *The Reminiscences of* ††: *Origins and Inventions, No. II.*; and some Extracts from *My Common Place Book*, which had been mislaid.

J. W. E., J. E. John, Oriso Calen, Cymro, Pasche, P. T. W., Clavis, Andrew, Clericus, Hypochondriacus, Ledger, shall have insertion as early as their claims and those of others will admit.

Communications from the following are under consideration:—Ellen; C. Y.; W. C. N.—at; J. M.; Hamilton; H. Y. W. E.; H. R.; W. J. H.; B. K.; C. H. B.; A. H. M.; Chris. D.; T. G. T.; J. H.; and Cellus.

We thank Eusebius for his suggestion.

A host of Valentines, Elegies without poetry, and Epigrams without point, are inadmissible.

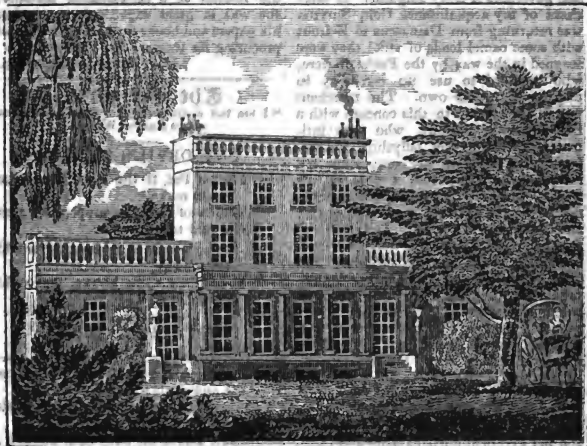
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The Mirror

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CXXIX.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1825. [PRICE 2d.]

Grove-Hill, Camberwell.



AND what of Grove-Hill, Camberwell? we think we hear some of our readers say. Why, in the first place, it is a very pleasant country house, situated in Camberwell Grove, Surrey, commanding an extensive prospect, including, of course, a view of the first city in the world: secondly, it was a favourite residence of one of the most amiable men, and best philanthropists of the age—the late Dr. Coakly Lettson, who possessing no other fortune than a few hundred slaves in Tortola, had the singular virtue to emancipate them, and at the age of twenty-three, found himself five hundred pounds worse than nothing! a singular instance of fortitude, virtue, and humanity. Lastly, Grove-Hill was the site where, seduced by the base artificers of an infamous woman, a youth added to his other crimes, that of murder. Yes, it was here that the tragic scene, which on the stage has drawn so many tears, was acted in fearful reality—here it was that George Barnwell, in order to gain money to squander on the abandoned Milwood, murdered his kind and unsuspecting uncle—a crime for which he afterwards suf-

VOL. V.

K

fered. It is not, we believe, generally known that George Barnwell was executed in St. Martin's Lane, near Heming's Row. Thus, then, it will be seen, that there are recollections and associations connected with Grove-Hill, well calculated to give it a permanent interest.

The tragedy of George Barnwell—one of the very few prose tragedies that has succeeded, was written by George Lillo, a London jeweller, and author of the "Fatal Curiosity," and "Arden of Feversham." Few plays, those of Shakespeare excepted, have kept such a permanent possession of the stage as George Barnwell.

The tragedy of George Barnwell is generally considered as one well calculated to act as a warning to youth; and with this view it is generally performed in London on holiday nights, when the attendance of young persons is the most numerous. It is also proudly referred to by the advocates of the drama, as having been once instrumental in saving a youth from a similar fate as Barnwell. The anecdote is related by Mr. Ross, and is as follows:

"In the year 1752, during the Christ-

129

mas holidays, I played George Barnwell, and the late Mrs. Pritchard played Milwood. Doctor Barrowby, physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, told me, he was sent for by a young gentleman, in Great St. Helen's, apprentice to a very capital merchant. He found him very ill with a slow fever, a heavy hammer pulse, that no medicine could touch. The nurse told him he sighed at times so very heavily, that she was sure something lay heavy on his mind. The doctor sent every one out of the room, and told his patient he was sure there was something that oppressed his mind, and lay so heavy on his spirits, that it would be in vain to order him medicine, unless he would open his mind freely. After much solicitation on the part of the doctor, the youth confessed there was something lay heavy at his heart; but that he would sooner die than divulge it, as it must be his ruin if it was known. The doctor assured him, if he would make him his confidant, he would by every means in his power serve him, and that the secret, if he desired it, should remain so to all the world, but to those who might be necessary to relieve him. After much conversation, he told the doctor, he was the second son to a gentleman of good fortune in Hertfordshire; that he had made an improper acquaintance with a kept mistress of a captain of an Indian ship, then abroad; that he was within a year of being out of his time, and had been intrusted with cash, drafts, and notes, which he had made free with, to the amount of two hundred pounds. That going two or three nights before to Drury Lane, to see Ross and Mrs. Pritchard, in their characters of George Barnwell and Milwood, he was so forcibly struck, that he had not enjoyed a moment's peace since, and wished to die, to avoid the shame he saw hanging over him. The doctor asked where his father was? He replied, he expected him there every minute, as he was sent for by his master upon his being taken so very ill. The doctor desired the young gentleman to make himself perfectly easy, as he would undertake his father should make all right; and, to get his patient in a promising way, assured him, if his father made the least hesitation, he should have the money of him. The father soon arrived—the doctor took him into another room, and, after explaining the whole cause of his son's illness, begged him to save the honour of his family, and the life of his son. The father, with tears in his eyes, gave him a thousand thanks, said he would step to his banker, and bring the money. While the father was gone, Doctor Barrowby went to his patient, and told him every

thing would be settled in a few minutes, to his case and satisfaction: that his father was gone to his banker for the money, and would soon return with peace and forgiveness, and never mention, or even think of it more. What is very extraordinary, the doctor told me, that in a few minutes after he communicated this news to his patient, upon feeling his pulse, without the help of any medicine, he was quite another creature. The father returned with notes to the amount of two hundred pounds, which he put into the son's hands—they wept, kissed, embraced. The son soon recovered, and lived to be a very eminent merchant. Doctor Barrowby never told me the name; but the story he mentioned often in the green-room of Drury Lane Theatre; and after telling it one night when I was standing by, he said to me, 'You have done some good in your profession, more, perhaps, than many a clergyman who preached last Sunday'—for the patient told the doctor, the play raised such horror and contrition in his soul, that he would, if it would please God to raise a friend to extricate him out of that distress, dedicate the rest of his life to religion and virtue. Though I never knew his name, or saw him to my knowledge, I had for nine or ten years, at my benefit, a note sealed up with ten guineas, and these words, *'A tribute of gratitude from one who was highly obliged, and saved from ruin, by seeing Mr. Ross's performance of Barnwell.'*

"I am, dear sir, your's truly,
"DAVID ROSS."

HINTS TO SECONDS IN DUELS.

WITH a little water, you must make some gunpowder into a fine paste; then roll it into balls, dry them, and rub them over with pencil, to give them the appearance of lead; these you must substitute for those brought by your principals. Remember, in ramming them down, to break them into dust. You should also take an opportunity of giving the hat of one of the combatants a hard pinch with a bullet-mould. After the parties have fired, you must shew the mark, and swear you saw the bullet strike, and with great warmth insist upon it, that the wearer must not only have heard the ball, but also have felt his hat shake. You must not allow him to deny it; if he should at first, which is very improbable, he will not do so long.

KING COLE.

ELEGY.

*Dedicated to * * * **

A PARODY ON GRAY.

(For the Mirror.)

The pealing clock proclaims the close of day,
Th' attorney's clerk goes slowly to his tea;
And mine begins to plod his weary way,
And leave my rooms to solitude and me.

Now fades the glitt'ring river on my sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness feels;
Save when the rake wheels round his rapid
flight,
And drowsy watchmen follow at his heels.

Save, that from yonder darkly shaded tow'r,
The mooping sage does solemnly complain
Of such, as wandering near his lonely door,
Molest his quiet unassuming reign.

Beneath those rugged elms that old tree's shade,
Where ancient seats in many a mould'ring
heap

Spread out; where in repose you may be laid
Most sweetly to enjoy the balm of sleep.

Whilst the mild beam which ev'ning does adorn,
The gay young student laughing at your head;
The Postman's bell, or th' echoing horn,
Rouse you no longer from your lowly bed.

For you, the blazing hearth ne'er does burn;
Or, busy housewife ply her ev'ning care;
Or children run to kiss their sire's return,
And climb your knees the coveted kiss to share.

But still thy juniors to thy learning yield,
When you put on the stately law peruke,
To prove their arguments are all afield,
And make them bow at your hard stroke.

Perhaps thy ambition mocks their arduous toil;
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
But, yet, let grandeur hear without a smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

But stay—the boast of heraldry and power,
And all that beauty—all that wealth e'er gave;
Await alike th' inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor do you, ye proud, whose happiness is grief,
If, of your merit, no trophies you can raise,
To push your fame in many a well-fee'd brief,
And swelling marks of vast increasing praise.

Repine at fate, or with rude passion's gust
Renounce the Law; because 'tis many a year,
Since thou'st been call'd, and yet 'tis with dis-
gust
Thou'st not a brief received, thy heart to cheer.

Perhaps, thus neglected thou hast laid,
Whose heart's so pregnant with celestial fire;
Who, if thou'dst been known, th' empero-
r might have away'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

Fair knowledge to thine eyes, her ample page,
Rich with the spells of time, may perhaps
unroll;

Thou' care hath yet repressed thy noble rage,
And froze the genial current of thy soul.

K 2

" Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bring
Full many a flow'r is born to bluish unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Perhaps thou may'st be he that hath with daunt-
less breast,
The petty tyrant of his school withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton thou may'st rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's
blood;

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise;
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read thy hist'ry in a nation's eyes.

Thy lot forbade, nor circumscribed alone,
Thy glowing virtues, but thy faults confin'd;
Forbade to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gate of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame;
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride,
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Perhaps, from the mad'ning crowds ennobled
strife,
Thy sober wishes may have learn'd to stray;
And midst the cool sequester'd vale of life,
Thou dost keep the noiseless tenor of thy way."

Yet donot think thy wig so sprucely deck'd,
Will ne'er entice a brief that's straying by;
Whose strange and uncouth words its nonsense
do protect,
And for it gain the tribute of a sigh.

Thy name, thy years, thy thin and wrinkled face,
Insure success: thy fame will thou'st simply
A stream of briefs, your fortune to replace,
And wealth, and peace, await you ere you die.

And you, whom dumb forgetfulness and care,
Th' anxiety and bitter want resigned;
Will hail with joyous look and altered air,
Th' increasing strength and vigour of your
mind.

And when at last thy soul at parting flies,
Some pious drops thy closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in thy ashes live thy wonted fires.

If thou, whom now I've fancied to be dead,
Perceiv'st that I thy tale do now relate;
If chance by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred lawyer should inquire thy fate.

Haply, some hoary-headed clerk may say,
" Oft have I seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty step the dew away,
To meet the sun upon the grassy lawn."

" There on the bench at yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic branch so high;
His listless length at ev'ning would he stretch,
And gaze upon the tide that's streaming by."

" Hard by you tree, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring old law forms he would often rove;
Now drooping, woful, win, like out forlorn,
Or crazed with care or cross'd in hopeless love."

"One eve I missed him at his wonted post,
Upon the bench and near his fav'rite tree;
Another came, I almost thought him lost,
Since on the lawn, not at the stream was he.

"The next with dirges slow, in sad array,
Duly to the grave we saw him borne;
Approach and read, for thou may'st read, the lay
In which his heirs have shown how much they
mourn."

EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A sage to fame and fortune not unknown;
Fair Science nursed him from his very birth,
But Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send;
He to his m'ry gave ev'ry thing but a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n every thing but a
friend.

EDWARD.

SMALL TALK.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

CONSISTENCY, dear Mr. Editor, however it may be upheld as the main-spring of the ordinary affairs of life, exercises no sovereignty over female minds. It gives weight to the sentiments of the lawyer, the merchant, and the sage, whose ideas, in their varied pursuits, need a basis whereon to found conjecture; with such, an opinion once accurately formed, becomes a legacy to posterity, and the accumulation of such opinions constitute the wisdom of the age. In the female world the case is widely different; were the Fair to become methodical and sententious in their imaginative excursions, what a vast range of tattle must they abandon—what a provoking restraint would it impose, to strive to check, whether in season or out of season, the natural tendency of our sweet voices, to clothe with insinuating grace the utterance of whatever ideas may assume the ascendant for the time being. Whatever, therefore, may be urged relative to the consistency of our sex, don't believe one word of it, Sir—it is incompatible with our natures; we should be the most monotonous insipid creatures breathing if we *pretended* to this equality, in *all* the little vicissitudes to which our tempers and dispositions are subjected. No one that has ever indulged the dear delightful spirit of contradiction, would for a moment tolerate the idea of perfect rationality—'tis absurd in the extreme, out of nature—a moping, listless state of existence, that would characterize us as the tamest creatures imaginable. Picture to yourself, Mr. Editor—though why need you do that, since you enjoy the reality almost to satiety—the

indescribable delight whilst enjoying the presidency of your own fire-side (which, by the bye, I think must be a little elysium), the pleasant chit-chat as to what is or is not eligible for insertion in your choice pages of amusement and instruction;—the fascinating, yet arduous task of selecting from a table, absolutely groaning with intellectual sweets, an heterogeneous mass of inconsistencies, touching upon almost every subject to which ingenious argument can be directed,—the trepidation consequent on breaking the seal, from a fair hand, of a packet, odorous with bergamot, and the natural avidity and laudable anxiety to master its contents, in preference to the every day *character* of ordinary scribblers; the only, but often richly-merited compliments of innumerable compliments of innumerable correspondents, presenting an inexhaustible olio, ever varying ever new, to your enraptured vision—combining grave with gay, and lively with severe, a diversity of pleasingly-varied compositions that task your discrimination to its utmost bent, to select judiciously, for the gratification of your innumerable readers. What a scope for taste and fancy to revel in! How delightful, to us correspondents, would a peep behind the scenes prove! This is *laudable* curiosity; and yet (I shudder to think of it) the indulgence to one of my slender pretensions might be too sad a shock to the nerves for endurance. Conceive the horror of hearing one's essay designated Balaam,—inserted, perhaps, out of complaisance, or, what is worse, wholly discarded as unfit to grace your truly-pleasing miscellany;—the bare thought half inclines me to commit my lucubration to the flames, feeling that I owe your gracious notice rather to politeness than to desert, as you must number such a host of eloquent contributors possessing much stronger claims on your complaisance.—No compliments, I beg, or I shall doubt your sincerity.

I scarcely know how to allude to my coadjutors the Misses Di. Dashwell and Candid, to whom you, Mr. Editor, have introduced your readers. For my own part, I like not 'omans with peards, and methinks I spy creat peards under their mufflers. Confess, my good Sir, are they not wolves in sheep's clothing? 'Tis kindly intentioned, I allow, in them, to court the display of *female* talent, in aid of a publication so pleasing and unexceptionable as the MIRROR,—urging it to the task of depicting the living manners as they rise, and giving free course to excursive fancy and glowing imagination: more particularly is it *due*, in

acknowledgment of the gallantry which you are ever on the alert to manifest in their behalf; and I hope and trust your future pages will present many instances of contrasted excellences in compliance with the suggestions of (dare I say) these pseudo logical damsels.

Feb. 14, 1825.

JANET.

ON SILENCE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—Among a variety of other schemes that have been devised by the legislature, with a view to restrain excess, we find many salutary laws, enacting a tax upon luxuries. It is rather singular, that impunity in the use of speech has been so long tolerated; and, that no act of parliament has yet been passed, in favour of silence; more particularly, when she has so great a majority of both houses on her side!

If age be so universally admitted honourable, and antiquity have a right to precedence, surely it will not be denied, that silence is far superior to vulgar speech, and all the empty flourishes of eloquence; which are but too often employed in the worst causes, and tend to pervert the judgment of the weak. The tongue is, indeed, a little mischievous member, and the propagator of scandal and falsehood; were its real use but rightly estimated, and its abuse properly checked—did men speak from their hearts, and not merely from their lips—then, indeed, malice and ill-nature would lose their venom, and your word merchants become, at least, *inoffensive*, if not *useful* members of the community:—but, as the case at present exists, *thinking* is not counted a requisite in speaking; your modern praters are but adventurers in a sort of verbal lottery, at the risk of an infinite number of words (mere blanks!) and take their chance for the meaning—(prizes extremely rare!)

The unrestrained motion of the tongue (I cannot term it *use*) has been productive of as much mischief as a mad bull in a fair; but, with your permission Mr. Editor, we will devise a plan to tame this turbulent engine, and render it as harmless as an uncharged gun, or a milk-sop beau!

Thus much in praise of silence;—and in proposing to enforce its practice by padlocking the mouths of the multitude, I hope for the forgiveness of your female readers in thus openly attacking “the privilege of the sex.” It is therefore projected to lay a *tax upon loquacity*, and to class the talkers as follows:—

1. Those who talk sense,
2. Those who talk nonsense,
3. Those who speak truth, and
4. Those who tell falsehoods.

Now, as to the first division, they might (*perhaps*) at one shilling per head, in the three kingdoms, average 5*l.* a year,—but this defalcation would be amply compensated by the second (*nonsense mongers*) who at the same rate would average as many millions!—The truth tellers; at half-a-crown each, might possibly produce 100*l.* per year; while the last class, (which includes a vast body of authors, historians; travellers, professionalists, and tradesmen of every sort), at only a pepper-corn each, would equal the revenue of the East Indies!

Thus, like counsellor *Mouse*, I have proposed to “*bell the cat* ;” but leave abler hands to fix it on—and for ascertaining the quantum of idle words, let every man be compelled to a *quarterly*, and every lady to a *daily* confession before Mr. Justice *Silence*, or any other magistrate, (as Falstaff says) “*fitting to be of the peace*.”

And now, sir, lest you may consider I have been already too *noisy* about *silence*, permit me, in concluding, to subscribe myself

Your obedient, humble servant,
29th Jan. 1825. JACOBUS.

ARCHIE, ON NUMBER CXXV. OF THE MIRROR.

MR. EDITOR.—Your sensible and valuable correspondent, *Tim Tobykin*, at the onset of a series of articles contributed under the title of *My Common-Place Book*, promised you, and himself too, no doubt, the timorous contributions of a *coterie* whom he had warmly interested in the success of your well-intended publication. *Tim* is a friend of mine, and (*entre nous*) looks with no unkindly eye on your fair and pleasing correspondent, *Janet*, so I prithee make use of the Baron of Bradwardine's motto, if you view the damsel with a *single eye*; but this is from the purpose of my present communication; “matter of much pith and moment” doth now engage his almost exclusive attention, but entering, as I do, most fully into his friendly wishes for the unsullied face of the MIRROR, I am induced to venture a few remarks that had not else stained the purity before me, though I must in candour assure you it is no easy task to decide upon the whereupon. The devotees of nature and “her great First Cause” have contributed their several quota. The “Sports of

Art" come kindly to us through the medium of your Editorial research; habits, manners, schemes, pictorial essays, have each in their turn amused and informed our ever-thirsting minds; where then can I hope successfully to venture my primary essay in your interesting columns? I have more than once thought of entering the lists "critically," and if there is one occasion more than another tending to facilitate such *entrées*, it is presented by Number 125, "the, public good doth stir us to the act," let no man take offence.

The topographical notice of *Stratford Bow*, is what it should be, drawn from authentic sources, and calculated, in conjunction with the correct idea conveyed by Mr. SEARS' well executed woodcut to fix the incidents and subject *availably* in the recollection. Would, Mr. Editor, I could say the *A. B. C.* as well. Doubtless the essay is well-intended, and far be the idea from me of nipping the budding flower; his quotations are proofs that with him memory is pagged by recollection, and thus becomes an estimable possession, but "pity 'tis 'tis true" it did not occur to him that in such fleeting notices of passing events as your publication admits, it is indispensably necessary to sketch the changes, "living as they rise;" still I am pleased with *A. B. C.* (who is not?) one word to him at parting, write freely but print discriminately, lest those who are friendly to him become D. E. F. (execrable pun!) to his actual pretensions. *C. J. D.* comes next to be shewn up, so far as his "*Spirited Ode*" goes, 'tis well, but let a friend to poetry that is worth remembrance, urge him in some early number of the MIRROR to give its readers the *better* half of his subject, I will venture a starting verse for him if he will deign to adopt it.

'Tis true I have written good humor'dly gay,

A spirited ode, and have done it inog:

But reversing the picture, there's as much to say
Against, as in favour of tipping the Grog.

"Fashion" comes next, the fashion of *F. C. N.* where and when came this annoying visitant upon him? surely it is the child of fancy, engendered on one of "the office attendances" he speaks of, "all on account of the delay of the Foreign Post;" truly, the Foreign Post has much to answer for; who ever heard of such a thing, (no one ever witnessed it) in polite society, as suffering your own dinner to cool (read spoil) that all might be served ere you ventured to form an opinion on the soup or fish which might, in this case, be vainly awaiting such courtesy.

Mozart's Requiem is one of those gems of biography, it is at all times desirable to find selected from the mass of tame and uninteresting writing with which such subjects are usually got up; a previous perusal of it (I think in the life of Mozart by M. Beyle, alias Stendhal) was attended with melancholy pleasure, the repetition has not lessened its interest, and *Suaid* is entitled to, and I doubt not has your readers thanks. *The Money of New South Wales* is arrant Balaam, and I pray you, good Mr. Editor, no more deteriorate my initial by such insertion, I have read the article attentively but it brings no conviction with it. The *Grunts of Tipperkin* follow, and lest it should be said of me "thy vision doth not reach thy friend's defects," I'll rate him too as he is now but seldom with us, those "few and far-between," should they not be higher tintured, filled with bright imaginations," thus recompensing us for their possible unavoidable scarcity, by brighter scintillations? You, Mr. Editor, cannot but answer in the affirmative, nor will the majority of your readers be behind-hand in the admission; why then will he attempt to satisfy us with this brief snatch, this luncheon as we may call it, when the head he has chosen for his lucubrations has all the attractiveness about it that the prelude to a handsome dinner possesses? but one excuse can be made for him, the temporary "inversion of his nature" as my kind hearted and amiable schoolmaster was wont to term it, when our urchin pranks had led him unwillingly to seek the key of the birch closet. Let us hope, aye and expect too, that as wintry glooms will in their uniform course pass from the face of our natural heaven, so his mental one will again burst from its "dark obscure" and the MIRROR's pages be allowed their full participation in a consummation so "devoutly to be wished." Surely *Tim* and the *Hero of the North* are not one and the same, I must confess I have my suspicions, for while the one is declaring in your pages that he is "very, very sick" the other no less pathetically appealed to our humanities for medicine, the last time I ventured my ribs at the Caledonian, "a nod to a blind horse," you can finish it Mr. Editor.

Your autographs are what they ought to be, (by the bye I may as well send you two, our late good king's, and those of Lord Nelson, previous and subsequent to the loss of his right arm,* the historical notice can but be a transcript from

* For these we sincerely thank our good friend *Archib.* and shall make the proper use of them.—Ed.

sources much more readily accessible to you than to myself.

Lancashire Manners are like all other manners, I presume, regulated by circumstances, and so does Mr. Baines think, for he gives us meagre satisfaction. *Reminiscences* are good. †† have good points. *Liston's Biography* is amusing from its very contradictoriness—Liston and Phantasmata! Nomus and Mumps, sounds nearly as conceivable, but I'll endeavour next time I see him to associate Charnwood with his name, and then 'tis ten to one but I may laugh more heartily at him than ever. The extract from *Mrs. Baillie's Lisbon*, is a delightful sketch, the pencil itself could not have brought it out more vividly. Your *Gatherer* has been laudably industrious, and the poetic relieves are very creditable. *The Evening Contemplation*, and *The Lines written in a Quaker's Garden* have something peculiarly attractive in them. Thus much for the 125th number of the MIRROR; nothing but the interest I take in the publication would have induced me thus freely to comment on its contents. What I have written is in good spirit and with the best of wishes for the MIRROR's brightness; the sentiments it contains are those of many of your admirers as well as of

ARCHIE.*

P. S. One of the best proofs of your discrimination is given in the extract from *Capt. Lyon's last Narrative*; numerous as are the traits of endurance and discipline in the character of British sailors, it is not possible to find one of a stamp so nearly approaching the sublime, combining as it does, extreme of danger with the most perfect resignation to its worst consequences when all human effort was found unavailing to extricate them.

* The length of *Archie's* friendly and excellent letter obliged us to curtail it; but as, we believe, we have omitted more praise than censure, we trust he will not feel offended at this exercise of our Editorial prerogative.—Ed.

STANZAS,

On hearing an ignorant person assert, that Henry Kirke White, did not merit the same his writings have acquired.

BY MRS. COENWELL BARON WILSON.

AND dost thou grudge the wreath of fame,
Upon the Minstrel's grave to lie?
And dost thou grudge the POET's name,
To him thus early doomed to die?
Alas!—the child of genius knows,
How dearly are such honours won;
By faded cheeks—by lost repose,—
By life extinguish'd ere begun!

Beside his lamp, at midnight's hour,
Learning's pale martyr sat and kept,
Vigils of soul-inspiring power,
While those less gifted slept;
'Twas then, he turn'd the classic page,
When favouring silence reign'd around;
Then, pored o'er many an ancient sage,
And trod on sacred ground!
Yes!—'twas in midnight's hallowing gloom,
Wasting life's dim and feeble fire;
The Poet dug his early tomb,
And 'woke his plaintive lyre!
Then, his heart burn'd o'er Homer's theme,
Or wept with Briton's matchless child,
By Avon's fairy-haunted stream,
Echoing his "wood notes wild!"
None, but the child of genius knows,
How dearly are such honours won;
By faded cheeks—by lost repose,—
By life extinguished ere begun!
Then, do not grudge the wreath of fame,
Upon her HENRY'S grave to lie;
Like Spring's first flowers the Poet came,
To blossom—and to die!

HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF COACHES.

(For the Mirror.)

AN able and ingenious author has treated the subject that gives a title to the present paper, (page 66, vol. 2.) in a manner so generally interesting, that it necessarily requires some apology for the following addition to it, but it is presumed to contain some few particulars that may have escaped the notice of that agreeable writer.

Julius Cæsar found chariots here eighteen hundred years ago; for all wheel-carriages which warriors rode and fought in, are fairly comprehended under that name. This method of fighting in chariots is very ancient: we have it noticed in Homer, and in the book of Exodus, and thence forward to the book of Kings and Chronicles. But this way of fighting was inconvenient, and the Saracens, who were once the best soldiers in the world in their days, used horses. These Saracens, it is probable, were descended from the ancient Parthians, who also fought on horseback, and used to fly, with an intention to betray into disorder the array of the enemy's battle.

From the Romans and Saracens, the nations of Europe might learn to reject the use of chariots in war (if they had not done it sooner), for almost all the nations of Europe sent great armies against them to recover the Holy Land.

Coaches are again found in England in the days of queen Elizabeth, when they were imported by the way of France, as our fashions commonly are; and it is most certain, that the judges rode on horseback to Westminster-Hall, in term time, all the reign of king James I., and possibly

a good deal later. At the Restoration, king Charles II. rode on horseback, between his two brothers, the dukes of York and Gloucester; and the whole cavalcade, which was very splendid, and consisted of a great number of persons, was performed on horseback.

Stowe says, when queen Elizabeth went to St. Paul's to return thanks for the defeat of the Armada, "she did come in a chariot-throne," the same being "drawn by two white horses;" and Wilson adds that "the rest crept in by degrees, as men at first venture to sea;" and that she in "her old age used reluctantly such an effeminate conveyance."

In the year 1672, at which period, throughout the kingdom, there were only six stage coaches constantly running, a pamphlet was written and published by Mr. John Cresset, of the Charter-house, urging their suppression, and amongst the grave reasons given against their continuance, the author says, "These stage coaches make gentlemen come to London on every small occasion, which otherwise they would not do, but upon urgent necessity; nay, the convenience of the passage makes their wives often come up, who, rather than come such long journeys on horseback, would stay at home. Then, when they come to town, they must presently be in the mode, get fine clothes, go to plays and treats, and by these means get such a habit of idleness and love of pleasure, as make them uneasy ever after."

One remarkable fact concerning the increase of coaches among us, is, that it is computed, that no less than 10,000 persons are daily on the road in stage coaches, in different parts of the kingdom; this, however astonishing, is not at all improbable, as may be seen on reference to page 447, vol. 2, of the MIRROR, where the amazing increase of this particular means of conveyance is noticed.

Our present number of hackney-coaches that ply in the streets of the metropolis, is 1,200, besides cabriolets, which, in imitation of the French vehicle, have so recently been introduced among us.

F. R.—Y.

THE SPANISH REFUGEES.

SPANIARDS of a worthier race
Than those that now your soil disgrace,
Hearts that burn with freedom's fire!
Souls that war with tyranny's ire;
Welcome to Britannia's Isle;
Welcome to sweet liberty's smile!
By the blood of patriot's slain!
By the minds that writhe in pain;
By the friends and kindred dear,
Left to breathe in dungeons drear,
Welcome to Britannia's Isle;
Welcome to sweet liberty's smile;

By the scars so bravely won!
By your deeds of valour done!
By the great and deathless cause,
Freedom's rights, and freedom's laws!
Welcome to Britannia's Isle;
Welcome to sweet liberty's smile!

By the tears from beauty's eyes!
By your wives and children's sighs!
By the battles glorious wrought,
(Where Mina and Quiroga fought!)
Welcome to Britannia's Isle;
Welcome to sweet liberty's smile!

UTOPIA.

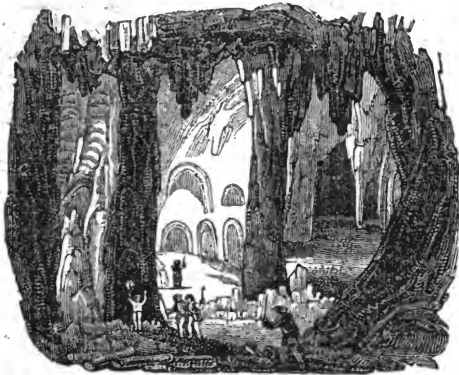
WOLVES.

SOME years ago, some gentlemen were travelling in one of the provinces bordering on the Wener, when, at some distance from the road-side, in the forest, they heard a dreadful howling, as of an immense number of wolves and other animals: but instead of alighting, to see what it was, they pushed on for the next post-house, at the door of which they found the post-master and his servants, listening to the uncommon noise. One of the travellers proposed that all present should arm themselves and go to the spot, but as none of the post-master's party would consent to that, they all retired into the house, but next morning arose very early, and went to the place where the howling had been heard the preceding evening; and found to their great surprise a number of dead wolves, some of them without any marks of violence upon them, and a small shred of a bear's skin, near the tree where the unfortunate animal had been sitting, when he had been attacked by the numerous bands of wolves, which had undoubtedly devoured him. Till that time it was not generally thought that wolves would attack bears, but that and some other instances of dauntless ferocity, plainly shews what wolves in a state of starvation will do.

A. F. M.

A CELEBRATED pleader, whilst examining some witnesses at the bar, heard an organ playing in the street. "I never hear an organ played well," said the noble Lord, but it quite sends me to heaven." "Arrah, please your Honour," said an Irishman who stood near him, "I think it would be well if your Honour was to get his Majesty's best organ-player to play you a tune on your death-bed, for I think your Honour will never get to heaven any other way." C. S.

Grotto of Antiparos.



ANTIPAROS is one of the Cyclades, and is situated in the Ægean Sea, or Grecian Archipelago. It is a small island, about sixteen miles in circumference, and lies two miles to the west of the celebrated Paros, from which circumstance it derives its name, *anti* in the Greek language signifying *opposite to*. Its singular and most interesting grotto, though so inferior in size to the cavern in Kentucky, has attracted the attention of an infinite number of travellers. The entrance to this superb grotto is on the side of a rock, and is a large arch, formed of craggy stones, overhung with brambles and creeping plants, which bestow on it a gloominess at once awful and agreeable. Having proceeded about thirty paces within it, the traveller enters a low narrow alley, surrounded on every side by stones, which, by the light of torches, glitter like diamonds; the whole being covered and lined throughout with small crystals, which give, by their different reflections, a variety of colours. At the end of this alley or passage, having a rope tied round his waist, he is led to the brink of an awful precipice, and is thence lowered into a deep abyss, the gloom pervading which makes him regret the "alley of diamonds" he has just quitted. He has not as yet, however, reached the grotto, but is led forward about forty paces, beneath a roof of rugged rocks, amid a scene of terrible darkness, and at a vast depth from the surface of the earth, to the brink of another precipice, much deeper and more awful than the former.

Having descended this precipice, which

is not accomplished without considerable difficulty, the traveller enters a passage, the grandeur and beauty of which can be but imperfectly described. It is one hundred and twenty feet in length, about nine feet high, and in width seven, with a bottom of a fine green glossy marble. The walls and arched roof are as smooth and polished as if they had been wrought by art, and are composed of a fine glittering red and white granite, supported at intervals by columns of a deep blood-red shining porphyry, which, by the reflection of the lights, presents an appearance inconceivably grand. At the extremity of this passage is a sloping wall, formed of a single mass of purple marble, studded with sprigs of rock crystal, which, from the glow of the purple behind, appear like a continued range of amethysts.

Another slanting passage, filled with petrifications, representing the figures of snakes and other animals, and having towards its extremity two pillars of beautiful yellow marble, which seem to support the roof, leads to the last precipice, which is descended by the means of a ladder. The traveller, who has descended to the depth of nearly one thousand five hundred feet beneath the surface, now enters the magnificent grotto, to procure a sight of which he has endured so much fatigue. It is in width three hundred and sixty feet; in length three hundred and forty; and in most places one hundred and eighty in height. By the aid of torchlight, he finds himself beneath an immense and finely-vaulted arch, overspread with icicles of white shining marble, many of

them ten feet in length, and of a proportionate thickness. Among these are suspended a thousand festoons of leaves and flowers, of the same substance, but so glittering as to dazzle the sight. The sides are planted with petrifications, also of white marble, representing trees; these rise in rows one above the other, and often enclose the points of the icicles. From them also hang festoons, tied as it were one to another in great abundance; and in some places rivers of marble seem to wind through them. In short, these petrifications, the result of the dripping of water for a long series of ages, nicely resemble trees and brooks turned to marble. The floor is paved with crystals of different colours, such as red, blue, green, and yellow, projecting from it, and rendering it rugged and uneven. These are again interspersed with icicles of white marble, which have apparently fallen from the roof, and are there fixed. To these the guides fasten their torches; and the glare of splendour and beauty which results from such an illumination, may be better conceived than described.

Dr. Clarke, who visited this celebrated grotto in 1802, thus describes it:—

“The mode of descent is by ropes, which, on the different declivities, are either held by the guides, or are joined to a cable which is fastened at the entrance around a stalactite pillar. In this manner, we were conducted, first down one declivity, and then down another, until we entered the spacious chambers of this truly enchanted grotto. The roof, the floor, the sides of a whole series of magnificent caverns, were entirely invested with a dazzling incrustation as white as snow. Columns, some of which were five-and-twenty feet in length, pended in fine icicle forms above our heads: fortunately some of them are so far above the reach of the numerous travellers, who, during many ages, have visited this place, that no one has been able to injure or to remove them. Others extended from the roof to the floor, with diameters equal to that of the mast of a first-rate ship of the line. The incrustations of the floor, caused by falling drops from the stalactites above, had grown up into dendritic and vegetable forms, which first suggested to Tournesfort the strange notion of his having here discovered the vegetation of stones. Vegetation itself has been considered as a species of crystallization; and as the process of crystallization is so surprisingly manifested by several phenomena in this grotto, some analogy may perhaps be allowed to exist between the plant and the stone; but it cannot be said, that a principle of life existing in

the former has been imparted to the latter. The last chamber into which we descended surprised us more by the grandeur of its exhibition than any other. Probably there are many other chambers below this, yet unexplored, for no attempt has been made to penetrate farther: and, if this be true, the new caverns, when opened, would appear in perfect splendour, un sullied, in any part of them, by the smoke of torches, or by the hands of intruders.”

Reminiscences.

No. XII.

SIR M. M. LOPEZ.

“Various religions, various tenets hold,
But all one God acknowledge, namely, gold.”

THERE are some persons, in whom the spirit of trade is so ingrafted that it seems part of their nature: they look at every thing through the magnifying glass of gain, and nothing in their estimation is worth the pursuit, unless certain profit be the result. Lord Byron called the love of money an old gentleman's vice; but I know a comparatively young man, whose passion for gold is as ardent as a lover's for his mistress, who seems to have studied three books only, “Cocker's Arithmetic,” “The Young Man's Best Companion,” and “How to grow Rich.” He dearly loves the funds, because, as he says, “*sleep as sound as you will, the interest is going on;*” and he thinks that the grand *summum bonum* of happiness is to heap up riches.—Sir M. M. L. seems as if this spirit was mixed up in his composition. Although he many years since quitted his profession, there hangs about him yet the atmosphere of a merchant, and it appears to be the air in which he finds the purest delight and the most solid comfort. A few anecdotes will confirm this. He lives in a magnificent house, to which is attached a fine garden, with conservatory, vinery, forcing-houses, and pinery. The best of the fruit, however, is sold; and dining one day at the house of —, he complimented that gentleman on the excellence of his fruit, and concluded by observing, that although he had been at a considerable expense in erecting houses, he never could obtain such pines.—“Indeed,” said the gentleman, “then your gardeners is a great rogue, and I should give him notice to quit immediately—*why, Sir, that very pine came out of your own garden.*”

A gentleman had shewn Sir M. some civility, and he was anxious to return it.

Having seen a very fine queen pine in the house, he desired it to be cut, and getting into his carriage, drove off to present it. In passing, however, a fruiterer's shop, he saw some pines exposed. He immediately alighted, and inquired the prices. "Here is one, Sir, said the fruiterer, at seven shillings." "Indeed," said Sir M., "then what do you think this is worth?" producing the queen pine from under his coat. "Why, Sir, that is worth half a guinea." "Very well," replied Sir M., "then you buy this of me, and I'll buy yours,"—which was accordingly done. *The seven-shilling pine was presented, and the three shillings and sixpence were with the utmost satisfaction deposited in the treasury of his pocket.*

Notwithstanding this peculiarity, Sir M. is generous; and, on particular occasions, he has shewn all the feelings of a tender heart, and all the traits of a really benevolent disposition. Many years since, an anecdote was related to me which does justice to his head and heart, and I regret exceedingly that my memory will not serve me in this particular. A recent anecdote, however, will suffice to shew, that the spirit of benevolence and the spirit of trade are still hovering around him. A respectable tradesman had experienced a severe affliction, and the neighbouring gentry had opened a subscription for him, at the head of which stood Sir M. M. L.—. When the payment was to be made, the tradesman presented himself, and Sir M. gave him a draft at twenty-one days on his banker, at the same time asking what was intended to be done with the draft.—"Why, Sir," replied the tradesman, "I want the money for present purposes, and therefore I must get it discounted." "*I'll discount it for you,*" returned the baronet, and strange to say, he immediately did so, deducting the interest. ††

My Common-Place Book.

No. VIII.

THE literary curiosities which might be collected from the various ancient churches and church-yards in our island, would fill a handsome volume, and form a work of considerable interest, inasmuch as the workings of the human heart, under the inevitable, but generally melancholy and touching privations of mortality, must be of importance to the observer of mankind, in all situations, and under all circumstances. I have always felt an anxiety to see collections of this sort, and have not unfrequently gone out of my way to make

them. "The character of a nation" (methinks Lord Bacon or some other great philosopher says) "may be gathered from its proverbs;" that of a country village, in some measure, may be gleaned from the epitaphs to be found in its church-yard. Nothing can be more disgusting than to see the *joke* sculptured on a stone, beneath which are festering, in humiliating putrefaction, the remains of one who lived, and was respected and beloved, at least in his or her own circle; but occasionally these quaintnesses are the result of ignorance which claims our pity, or peculiar to the times in which the departed lived. On the other hand, a few simple expressive lines, or a well-chosen text of scripture, may

"Point a moral or adorn a tale,"

not speedily to be erased from the memory of the individual who saunters (with whatever view he may be doing so) among the slumbering relics of mortality.

Having collected a few, which are not to be found among the usual articles of this kind, I have been induced to bring them together, and have the satisfaction of thinking that it has been my lot to rescue some of them at least from an unmerited oblivion. The quaint specimens will be introduced, only because I believe they are really to be found on the tombstones from which they profess to have been copied; and I shall commence with them:—

He died of a quinsy,
And was buried at Binsey.

To the memory of Father, Mother, and I,
Who all of us died in one year;
Father lies at Salisbury,
And Mother and I lies here.

Gentle reader, gentle reader,
Look on the spot where I do lie;
I was always a very good feeder,
But now the worms do feed on I.

But enough of this key: now for some epitaphs, such as they ought to be; and here is one copied from a marble slab, which I lament to say is much broken and dilapidated—not by time, but by the spirit of gratuitous and wilful mischief. It is in the church-yard of Hove, near Brightelmstone, and must be admired for its neat and pathetic detail by all readers of discernment:—

Sacred to the beloved MEMORY of
Margaret,
Wife of Charles Badham, M.D. F.R.S.

In her, not any virtue was wanting which conduces to the perfection of the female character, nor any grace that can

recommmend, adorn, and endear it; the bounty of nature had added to the most impressive beauty, all that is excellent in mind, and all that is engaging in manners.

Undismayed by the rapid approach of a disease full of suffering, she calmly witnessed from her chamber in the adjacent cottage, the signs of an advancing summer, of which, even her own delightful buoyancy of temper forbade her to expect the end: the green corn changed under her eye; she witnessed the decay of the last rose at her window; yet did no momentary expression of impatience disturb that serene disposition, for which, though life had many sources of endearment, death could be no object of alarm.

With the courage which piety and innocence inspire, she awaited the will of God; and on the first day of harvest, at the hour when the doubtful light of morning summoned the reapers to the field, her sufferings were gently terminated, and her meek spirit had arrived at the assured mansions of eternal rest; leaving to her afflicted husband the most hopeless of human griefs, together with six children of her love to witness, rather than share it.

On a Child, buried in Hove church-yard.

Yes, thou art fled, and saints a welcome sing,

Thine infant spirit soar'd on angel wing;
Our blind affection might have hop'd thy stay—

The voice of God has call'd his child away.

Like Samuel, early in the temple found,
Sweet rose of Sharon, plant of heavenly ground.

Oh! more than Samuel bless'd, to thee was given,

The God he serv'd on earth, to serve in heaven.

On an Ancient.

Gentle as pious, in thy death the same,
One parting sigh dissolv'd thine aged frame;

By faith supported, by misfortune tried,
The Christian rose to heaven, the mortal died.

How sweet a thing is death, to all who know

That all on earth is vanity and woe!

Who, taught by sickness, long have ceas'd to dread

The stroke that bears them to this peaceful bed!

Few are our days; yet while those days remain,

Our joys must yield to grief, our ease to pain.

Then tell me, weary pilgrim, which is best,
The toilsome journey, or the traveller's rest?

On Two Infants.

The storm that sweeps the wintry sky,
No more disturbs their deep repose,
The summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

To the memory of a beloved Wife.

A tender plant, borne from the fostering gales,

That breathe on Avon's margin, droop'd and died.

Yet time shall be, sweet plant, a gale divine

Shall thee restore. And thou, in health and youth,

By the pure streams of peace shall ever live,

And flourish in the Paradise of God!

On an only Son.

Away with the sigh and the tear,
Though he's gone and for ever away;
For he ne'er caus'd a sigh to us here—
He ne'er from his God went astray!

On an only and much lamented child.

Noe wonder that his mother wept,
Noe wonder that she sigh'd,
He never drew from her eye a tear,
Till the day on which hee dy'd.

To the memory of Lieut. —

Is it not sweet to see the western wave,
Bright burning with the rays of setting sun?

Is it not sweet, when twilight's come and gone,

And the day's toil is past, to sink at length

In gentle, peaceful sleep? It is, it is.
So, stranger, it is sweet for him whose faith

Rests on the Crucified, to fall asleep in death.

Faith is the dew that cools the burning brow,

Dries up the falling tear, composes decently

The drooping head, and softly turns the gaze

Unto thy heavenly hill, O Zion!

Thou who dost gaze, aread my lesson right;

And when thou enterest on the journey drear,

Thou shalt be calm anon, as I am calm—
Thy fetters burst—thy spirit with thy God!

On an Infant.

Just to her lips the cup of life she press'd,
Found the taste bitter, and refus'd the
rest ;

She felt averse to life's returning day,
And softly sigh'd her little soul away.

EDGAR.

Scientific Amusements.

No. VIII.

ARITHMETICAL RECREATIONS

RECREATION 1.

To tell beforehand the amount of a sum in addition, when the first row only is down, leaving it to your opponent to put what figures he pleases, with this proviso, that you place a row for each one of his.—You must first decide as to the number of lines or rows, say five; then a row being put down, ask to look at it, and without seeming to do so, copy it exactly, and add a 2 at the commencement (or a 3, if the sum consist of 7 rows); now tell your opponent, that let him put what figures he pleases, this shall be the product; which you must then deposit safe without its being seen; after he has placed the two next rows, without the appearance of so doing, you must observe them accurately, and put down such figures underneath as will make the units of each double row ten, and all the other columns nine. Should a cipher occur in the unit column, you must place a cipher likewise underneath, and make one double row of the next column ten; but if a cipher be in any other column, a 9 in course must be added to make the amount 9. An example will render this perspicuous.

Ex. 1. without

ciphers.
785346
463874
785127
536126
214873

2785346

Ex. 2. with

ciphers.
647954
514780
790469
485220
209531

2647954

RECREATION 2.

A person multiplying a given number by any amount he pleases, transposing the product, and leaving out a figure, to tell the amount left out.—Let the given amount consist of figures, which, on being added together, will make a certain number of nines without remainder; thus, 763218 make 27, which contain 3 nines without any remaining: now let the above, or any number so constituted, be multiplied by any amount, the product

will invariably possess the same quality; to find the figure left out, cast out the nines, and what the remainder wants of 9 is the number deficient; thus, 763218, multiplied by 364, amounts to 277811352, or 36, containing 4 nines; but transposed, and a figure deficient, might stand 11873272, or 31, 3 nines and 4 remaining, shewing 5 deficient. Should the amount be without remainder, then the deficiency must be a cipher, if any be actually left out, and the sum correct: any number of ciphers may be added to the given number, as they in course are not reckoned any thing.

RECREATION 3.

Any amount being named, by adding a figure to that amount, it shall be divisible by 9, without any remaining.—On the number being presented to you, add the different figures together, and casting out the nines, observe what remains; then what that figure is deficient of 9, is the number to be added to make the amount divisible by nine. Should it so happen, that the figures presented form an equal quantity of nines, then add a cipher: the figure or cipher may be placed between any of the figures.

RECREATION 4.

A person having written an even number on one card and an odd on another, and holding one in each hand, to tell which is the odd and which the even.—Desire him to multiply the number in his right hand by 3 (or any odd number), and that in his left by 4 (or any even number), and tell you if the sum of the products added together be odd or even. If it be even, the even number is in the right, but if odd, the even number is in the left hand.

RECREATION 5.

To find the difference between two numbers, the greatest of which is unknown.—Take as many nines as there are figures in the smallest number, and subtract that sum from the number of nines. Let another person add the difference to the largest number, and taking away the first figure of the amount, add it to the last figure, and that sum will be the difference of the two numbers.

For example: John, who is 22, tells Thomas, who is older, that he can discover the difference of their ages; he therefore privately deducts 22 from 99 (his age consisting of two figures, he of course takes two nines); the difference, which is 77, he tells Thomas to add to his age, and to take away the first figure from the amount, and add it to the last

figure, and that will be the difference of their ages; thus,

The difference between John's age
and 99 is - - - - - 77
To which Thomas adding his age - 35

The sum is - - - - - 112
Then by taking away the first figure
1, and adding it to the figure 2,
the sum is - - - - - 13
Which add to John's age - - - 22

Gives the age of Thomas - - - 35

RECREATION 6.

The Magical Century.—If the number 11 be multiplied by any one of the nine digits, the two figures of the product will always be similar to the digit used: thus, twice 11, 22, three times 11, 33, &c. &c.

Propose to any one to place a figure, and to add alternately a certain number, till it amounts to a hundred, but never to add more than 10 at a time. You tell him, moreover, that if you stake first, he shall never make the even century, but you will. In order to do which, you must first stake 1, and remembering the order of the above series, 11, 22, 33, 44, &c. &c. you constantly to what he stakes add as many as will make one more than the numbers of that series, that is, as will make 12, 23, 34, 45, &c. &c. till you come to 89; after which the other party cannot make the century himself, or prevent you from making it. If he stake first, you must endeavour to get possession of one of the above series.

Space required to write all the permutations of the Alphabet.—The permutations, or various ways in which the 24 letters of the alphabet can be written, appear almost incredible; yet on calculation they will be found to consist of 62,044,840,173,323,943,936,000. Supposing, therefore, each letter to be wrote so small, that not one should take up more space than the 1-100 part of a square inch, the inches in a square yard being 1,296, that number multiplied by 100, gives 129,000, which is the number of letters each square yard will contain; therefore, if the above sum be divided by 129,000, the quotient, which will be 478,741,050,720,092,160, will be the number of yards required. But as all the 24 letters are contained in every permutation, it will require a space 24 times as large, or 11,489,785,217,282,211,840 square yards; a surface 18,620 times as large as that of the whole earth, that containing only 617,197,435,008,000 square yards.

CLAVIS.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

PENSIVE STANZAS TO MISS M. A. TREE.

My Jasmine! my Myrtle! my Rose!
My pretty, my favourite Tree!
I shall give up the play, heaven knows!
If you give up its temple, and me!
What's *Clari* without you,—and what
Farmer Fawcett's old corn-yard?—I care
Not for *Home, sweet Home*, where you are not—
Nor a palace, if you are not there!

If I knew Mr. Bradshaw, I would
Remonstrate against your retreat!
Now Rosalind dies in the wood,
And Rosina must rot in the wheat!
Your marriage will consecrate two
With happiness, that I believe!
But what is the Public to do?

What the world—what must I do—but grieve?
Have you given us Piffities a thought?
Your earliest admirers, Miss Tree?
Is the love of a populace nought?
Is my happiness nothing to me?
Oh, think ere you enter the ring,
—The prize-ring when you are within it,
What voice will be left us to sing,—
What voice like thine own, little Linnet?

When you sing—when you speak—Lady-bird!
You are somehow so musical-sweet;
That one thinks your heart's echo is heard,
And one's own begins straightway to beat!
Your eye hath a music I swear!
And your step hath a melody too!
Oh! I think, on my life your whole air
Is an air—and the town thinks so too!

You remind me of dreams,—fairy-tales,—
Book fancies,—and poetry things;—
Your Psyche-like voice never fails
—To make my mind take to its wings!
You're the "singing Tree," that Fairy One,—
Which in pantomime now one may see?
You're the orange, *bee-lord*! in the sun!
A person alive,—yet a Tree!

Where will honest Will Shakespeare's old songs,—
Old songs of the heart,—find a tone
Fit to make mellow work of the wrongs
And the joys of true-love, when you're gone.
Oh! think, dear M. A. I ere you part,
What Orlando will do for a mate?
What a death-blow to Viola's heart?—
Do you think Mr. B. couldn't wait?

Other singers there may be,—there are—
Vestris, with the garb of a lad on;—
No musical voice has Miss Carr,
But that isn't the case with Miss Graddon.
Miss Hallande is charming, no doubt,
And Miss Povey sings sweetly 'tis true,
But not these, nor the Stephens, can rout
My remembrances, Myrtle! of you!

Mrs. Orger remains,—Mrs. Bunn,—
Mrs. West,—but then she has no voice!
Oh! I think not on them!—No! nor on
Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Harlowe, Miss Boyce!

E'en thy seniors I once could esteem !
 Every dear old autumnal delight !
 But my Davenport now is no dream !
 And my grove is gone out of my sight !

Miss Chester in fulness of bloom,
 Her sweetness may waste on the air ;
 Miss P. (Lady L.) in a room
 May warble, but I'm in despair !
 Miss Love may be merry, not wise,
 With her laugh, light and short as her gown ;
 Miss Foote, with her dangerous eyes,
 May return if she pleases, to town !—

But if you go,—I pack up my heart !
 Take a place, for some grove, by the stage,—
 And in silence, outside, I depart,—
 'To vent, in the forests, my rage !
 I'll read As you like It, and pine
 Over roots and remembrance :—And I
 Will, by Heaven ! as the June days decline,
 Cut your name on your namesake,—and die !
London Magazine.

Miscellanies.

GROWTH OF THE WILLOW.

VAN-HELMONT planted a willow-tree of five pounds weight in a tub, watered it with rain and distilled water, and to secure it from any other earth getting in, covered it with perforated tin ; five years after he weighed the tree, and found its weight to be 169 pounds three ounces, and the earth only diminished two ounces in its weight.—*Observation* : A willow is a thirsty tree, and in five years time must have taken in many tons of water ; in its interstices many particles of earth must have been carried and could have no exit, therefore have remained in the tree.

THE TROUBADOURS.

THE Troubadours (or inventors of poetical romance) composed songs, &c., which an inferior class called *jongleurs*, sung to the harp at feasts and solemnities. They sung of war and battles ; of the wonderful adventures of knights ; of the beauty and virtues of damsels. As they adorned those damsels with every possible grace and accomplishment, the poet sometimes fell in love with the creature of his own imagination, and continued to make sonnets and love-songs on women who existed no where else ; and if any of them afterwards met with a lady more interesting than usual, all the virtues and graces which he had collected in his sonnets, for the use of his ideal mistress, were applied to this real lady, whom, perhaps, he would continue to celebrate in his poems for years. Thus it

often happened among the troubadours, that instead of love making the poet, the poet made the love. Many have believed that this was the case with Petrarch. But, however that may be, the works of the troubadours came every day more into vogue. The profession was highly respected ; and the most distinguished of those who followed it were cherished in private society, and great favourites at the courts. They were even freed from taxes. Some sovereign princes became so intoxicated with the works of the troubadours, that they were vain of being enrolled in their number. The most eminent of these, was Richard the First of England. This prince had a passionate taste for poetry. He had composed some poetical romances, and was afterwards the subject of many ; particularly of one entitled, "The Romance of Richard Cœur de Lion," which, with added fictions, celebrates his warlike exploits during his crusade. From this poem Mr. Thomas Warton gives several extracts. In that which describes the duel between Richard and the soldan, at the siege of Babylon, it is said of the latter,

"A faucon brode in hende he bare,
 For he thought he wold thare
 Have slayne Richarde with treasowne."

The learned gentleman imagines, that by this faucon brode is meant a hawk ; and that the soldan is represented with the bird on his fist, to show his indifference or contempt for the adversary with whom he was going to fight. Mr. Warton supports this conjecture by mentioning a curious Gothic picture, the subject of which is supposed to be this same duel ; and some very old tapestry, on which heroes are represented on horseback with hawks on their fists. He adds, that in feudal times, no gentleman appeared on horseback, but with a hawk so placed. But with all due respect to the authority of the picture and tapestry, and all possible deference to Mr. Warton's opinion, I cannot help thinking that the faucon brode signified a broad faulchion which the soldan had in his hand, with which he certainly had a better chance of killing Richard than with a hawk on his fist ; unless, indeed, the soldan had reason to expect the same assistance from his hawk, that Valerius Corvus received from the crow, in his duel with the Gaul.

In the same poem we are informed that Richard carried a battle-axe from England, that made him more than a match for the soldan.

"King Richarde I understonde,
 Or he went out of Engelande,

Let him make an axe for the nones
To brake therewith the Saracyns bones;
The heed was wrought right well
Therein was twenty pounds of stele
And when he come into Cyprys londe
The axe took he in his honde,
All that he hytte he all to frapped
The Gryffons away fast rapped."

But nothing in this poem can give a higher notion of the terror with which Richard's prowess had struck the infidels than what is recorded, in plain prose, by Joinville, that when the Saracens were riding, and their horses started at any unusual object, they said to their horses, spurring them at the same time, "*Et cuides tu que ce soit le roy Richard?*"

What contributed, as much as the favour of princes, to prompt young men to become troubadours, was the great favour with which they were beheld by the ladies; many of whom were exceedingly solicitous to have those poets for their lovers, merely for the pleasure of being celebrated in their poems.

That the avowed passion of a troubadour, and his addressing love-sonnets to a lady, was not injurious to her reputation, or, at least, that many husbands were of this opinion, is evident, for the husbands in general were as vain of having a troubadour attached to their ladies, as the ladies themselves could be. It is highly probable, therefore, that this species of attachment of a troubadour to the married lady he chose for the theme of his poetry, laid the foundation for the ciceretism of modern Italy.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton*.

A CLERICAL PUN.

A POOR woman who about a twelve-month previous had lost her husband, a man of most excellent character, hearing that a person of very dissolute manners was to be buried close to him, went crying to the clergyman of the parish, saying her poor, dear husband would be *corrupted*. "Hold your tongue you foolish woman," replied the parson, "your husband's *corrupted* already."

EPIGRAM.

"A tongue I've for your supper got,
My dearest Tom," said Kate;
"Egad," cried Tom, "I'll touch it not,
I've had my share of late."

EPITAPH ON A DRUNKARD.

WEEP not for him, the warmest tear
that's shed,
Falls unavailing o'er th' unconscious
dead;
Take the advice these friendly lines would
give—
Live not to drink, but only drink to live.
C. J. WEBB.

EPIGRAM

[IMITATED FROM THE GREEK OF
HIEROCLES.]

Ha, ha, my good friend, why I saw you
last night,
In a dream, quoth the sapient Teak:
Excuse me, Sir, that I was so unpollite
As to meet you—*nor offer to speak*.
W. P.

(For the Mirror.)

A WITTY traveller, who stopped at an inn to dine, asked the landlady what he could have for his dinner, who replied, "Any thing in the world, Sir." "Oh! then," says he, "bring me a fine dolphin and flying fish sauce," upon which she stared with astonishment, and said, "it was impossible," "why madam," says he, "you said I could have any thing in the world," "yes," rejoined the smiling landlady, "but I meant any thing in reason and season."

P. T. W.

GROVE, THE TABLE DECKER.

OLD Mr. Grove, the table-decker at St. James's, used, as long as he was able, to walk round the park every day. Dr. Bernard, then a chaplain, met him accidentally in the Mall. "So, Master Grove," said he, "why you look vastly well; do you continue to take your usual walk?" "No, sir," replied the man; "I cannot do so much now; I cannot get round the park; but I will tell you what I do instead, I go half round and back."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To W. F. and Owyne, we return our best thanks: the drawings they have forwarded are in the hands of the engraver. We should like to see the *Scottish Ramble*, if not too long; it may be sent through the bookseller. Answers to our remaining correspondents in our next.

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[PRICE 2d

Milton's House at Chalfont.



WE believe no class of engravings is more acceptable to our readers than that which includes the birth-places and residences of men of genius. Several of these have already been given in our preceding volumes; and to these we now add a correct view of the house occupied by the immortal Milton, and in which he finished his poem of "Paradise Lost."

The town residence of Milton was in Bunhill Fields, but during the destructive plague which raged in London in the year 1666, the poet, like many others, left town to escape its fatal ravages. Milton sought refuge in the small village of Chalfont, St. Giles', in Buckinghamshire; here he put the finishing hand to his "Paradise Lost." Ellwood, the quaker, who had taken the house for him, on seeing a complete copy of the poem, and perusing it, said, "Thou hast said a great deal upon *Paradise Lost*; what hast thou to say upon *Paradise Found*?"

Milton took the hint, and produced his second poem, "*Paradise Regained*," which (as authors are seldom good judges of their own productions,) he thought superior to the "*Paradise Lost*."

VOL. V.

L

John Milton was of a good family, and descended from the proprietors of Milton in Oxfordshire; he was born at the house of his father, a scrivener, the Spread Eagle, in Bread Street, London, on the 9th of December, 1608; his education was very liberal; first under a private tutor, then at St. Paul's school, and afterwards at Christ College, Cambridge, which he entered on the 12th of February, 1624. His poetical powers developed themselves early, though he was not remarkable for precocious talent, and Dr. Johnson says truly, that "many have excelled Milton in their first essays, who never rose to works like '*Paradise Lost*.'" His first production of importance was "*The Masque of Comus*," which was presented at Ludlow, then the residence of the Lord President of Wales, in 1634, and had the honour of being acted by the Earl of Bridgewater's sons and daughters.

Milton resided for some time in Bride Lane, and afterwards, as we have stated, in Bunhill Fields. As a proof how little his genius or merits were estimated, it is sufficient to say, that for his inimitable poem of "*Paradise Lost*," he only got

145

eighteen pounds. Milton died on the 10th of November, 1674, and was buried in the chancel of St. Giles' Church, Cripplegate. During the latter years of his life he was blind.

Origins and Inventions.

No. II.

GEOMETRY.

THE ancient Egyptians (if we may believe tradition) were indebted to mathematics, particularly to that part called geometry, for the recovery of their lands after the inundations of the Nile. For the annual overflowing of this river, which happens about the beginning of the summer, made some art of measuring their lands necessary, that when the water returned to its usual channel, which it did about autumn, each person might have his own lands again, as all those bounds, landmarks, and fixtures, used in other countries, on account of the depth of the water, and the quantity of mud it brought with and left behind it, were of no service in Egypt; so that hereby each person was obliged to distinguish his own land by its particular figure, and to call in the aid of geometry to measure its quantity, and to plot it out again in its just dimensions and proportions.

TIDES.

THE exactness of the time at which they observed the recurrence of the swelling waters to take place, occasioned our Danish ancestors to give that overflow the designation of *time itself*, for *tid*, or *tide*, in their language, signifies *time*. So that even at the present day, a Dane, on inquiring the hour, exclaims, *Was Tid paa dagen ist?* What time of the day, or what o'clock is it? As there are every day two tides, so in every month, two courses of great tides and small, for seven days, about the change of the moon, are the great or *spring tides*, so called from the German *springen*, to rise; and the next ensuing seven are the small or *neap tides*, so called from the Saxon *neap*, low; which course of the sea is thus monthly renewed.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

PEOPLE who are ignorant of weights and measures fall upon odd shifts to supply the defect. Martyn's "Geography of China" says, "The reign of their third emperor is mentioned as the era of the invention of measures. A grain of millet was used to determine the dimensions of a line, or tenth of an inch, and ten inches made a foot; but as these grains are of an oval form, the various

methods of arranging them have introduced a diversity of measures in different provinces." Lord Kaimes says, "Howel Dha, prince of Wales, who died in the year 948, was their capital law-giver. One of his laws is, 'If any one kill or steal the cat that guards the prince's granary, he forfeits a milch ewe with her lamb; or as much wheat as will cover the cat when suspended by the tail, the head touching the ground.'" Some of the laws of this prince are by no means remarkable for delicacy, particularly those that relate to injuries done to the sex. In 1101, the measure of an ell or yard was fixed by Henry the First's arm; but the standard of weights and measures was not finally adopted till the year 1257.

CLOCKS AND WATCHES.

THE genius of the Germans appeared in the invention and improvement of many mechanical arts, especially clock work: they have exceeded all the world in the contrivance of variety of motions, to show, not only the course of the hours and minutes, but even of the sun, moon, and stars; wherefore the clocks at Strasbourg, Prague, and many other places all over Germany, are sufficient instances. Clock-makers were first introduced into England in 1368, when Edward III. granted a license for three artists to come over from Delft, in Holland, and practise their occupation in this country. It was in the year 1577, that pocket-watches were first brought from Germany. The Emperor Charles V. had a watch in the jewel of his ring; and in the Elector of Saxony's stables is to be seen a clock in the pommel of his saddle. Charles I. had a ring-dial, made by Delamaine, a mathematician, which that monarch valued so much, that on the morning before he was beheaded, he ordered it to be given to the Duke of York, with a book shewing its use. It is related that Albertus Magnus constructed a curious piece of mechanism, which sent forth distinct vocal sounds, when Thomas Aquinas was so much terrified at it, that he struck it with a stick, and to the great mortification of Albert, instantly was annihilated the curious labour of 30 years.

GLASS.

PLINY tells us the art of making glass was discovered in the following way:—"As some merchants were carrying nitre, they stopped near a river issuing from Mount Carmel. Not readily finding stones to rest their kettles on, they used some pieces of nitre for that purpose; the fire gradually dissolving the nitre, it mixed with the sand, and a transparent

matter flowed, which, in fact, was no other than glass." Chronology says that glass was invented in England by one Benalt, a monk, A.D. 664; and that it was first used in private houses in 1180. Lord Kaimes, however, observes:—"The art of making glass was imported from France into England anno 674, for the use of monasteries, and that glass windows in private houses were rare even in the twelfth century, and held to be a great luxury."

CALICO PRINTING.

It is understood that calico printing was introduced into Europe from the east; but it is not generally known that the art was practised by the ancient Egyptians; that such was the case, however, is clear, from the following passage in Pliny's "Natural History," lib. 36, c. 2:—

"Pingunt et vestes in Ægypto, mirabili genere; candida vela, postquam attrivere illinentes, non coloribus, sed colorem sorbentibus medicamentis. Hoc cum fecere, non apparet in vellis; sed in cortinam pigmenti ferventis mersa, post momentum extrahuntur picta. Mirumque cum sit unus in cortina color, ex illo alius atque alius fit in veste, accipientis medicamenti qualitate mutatus. Nec postea ablui potest."

Translation.—"In Egypt they produce coloured figures on garments in a remarkable manner. Having first rubbed into the white cloths a liquid application, not of colours, but of drugs, which absorb or fix colours. (Probably they did not use blocks, but applied their mordants by means of a brush or pencil.) When they have done this it does not show upon the cloths; but these being plunged into a cauldron of dye, in a boiling state, are immediately after taken out coloured, (i. e. with coloured figures or patterns upon them, as the word *pictus* always denotes, when applied to any article of dress). It is remarkable, that though there is only one colour in the vat or cauldron, it produces several different colours in the garment, being changed according to the properties of the drug which receives it: nor can it be afterwards removed by washing."

The Selector;

OR,
CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM
NEW WORKS.

THE INFERNAL MACHINE.

THE oratorio of the Creation of the World, by Haydn, was announced for the 24th of December, at the opera; all

I. 2

Paris was aware that the First Consul would be present, with his retinue. So profound was the perversity of the conspiracy that the agents of Georges deliberated whether it would not be more certain to station the infernal machine beneath the foundations of the opera pit, in such a manner as to blow up at the same time Bonaparte and the entire *élite* of his government. Whether it was the idea of so horrible a catastrophe, or the uncertainty of destroying the individual against whom such an outrage was designed, which caused the crime to be put off, I am incapable,—indeed, I tremble, to pronounce. Nevertheless an old officer of the marines, named Saint-Régent, assisted by Carbon, called Little Francis, a subaltern, was directed to station the fatal machine in the Rue Saint-Nicaise, which it was necessary for Bonaparte to pass, and to apply the match in time to blow up his carriage. The burning of the match, the effect of the powder and explosion, was all computed by the time which the coachman of the First Consul ordinarily employed in coming from the Tuilleries to that upper portion of the Rue Saint-Nicaise where the infernal machine was to be placed.

The Prefect of Police and myself were apprised, the evening before, that there was much whispering in certain clubs of a great blow that was to be struck on the following day. This information was very vague; besides, notices equally alarming were brought to us every day. The First Consul, however, was instantly apprised of it, by our diurnal reports. He at first appeared to exhibit some hesitation; but, on the report of the counter-police of the palace, that the opera-house had been inspected, and all kinds of precautionary measures taken, he called for his carriage and departed, accompanied by his aids-de-camp. On this occasion, as on so many others, it was Caesar accompanied by his fortune. It is well known that the hope of the conspirators was only baffled by a slight accident. The First Consul's coachman, being half intoxicated on that day, having driven his horses with more than usual celerity, the explosion, which was computed with rigorous precision, was retarded about two seconds, and that scarcely perceptible fraction of time, deducted from the preconceived time, sufficed to save the life of the First Consul and consolidate his power.

Without expressing any astonishment at the event, Bonaparte exclaimed, on hearing the report of the frightful explosion, "that is the infernal machine;" and, without desiring to retrograde or fly, he made his appearance at the opera.

The infernal machine did not accomplish its design, which was that of destroying the First Consul; but it caused the death of some twenty persons, and wounded fifty-six others, more or less severely. Medical assistance was given to the unfortunate wounded, according to the greater or less severity of their wounds. The *maximum* of that medical assistance was four thousand five-hundred francs, and the *minimum* twenty-five francs. The orphans and widows received pensions, as well as the children of those who perished; but only till they arrived at their majority; and then they were to receive two thousand francs for their fitting out.

Fouche's Memoirs.

PERUVIAN LADIES.

THE ladies have the full benefit of the various nunneries and establishments for instruction, which abound in this capital. They are generally endowed with great beauty, and their figures boast that rich fulness of person which is the truest symptom of health in a warm country. They have very small feet and ankles, and no means are resorted to, to produce this effect.* Their persons are shown to great advantage in the usual walking-dress, the *saya* and *manto*. The former is composed of an elastic silk petticoat, like a stocking, which is drawn over the head down to the ankles, and then fastened round the waist with a buckle;—this is the *saya*. It is usually worn of a deep blue, black, or cinnamon colour. Its elasticity makes it set perfectly tight, showing the contour of the person; and some ladies wear it so contracted at the ankles that they can scarcely step over the little streams which run down the streets. The *manto* is formed of a large square piece of black silk, which is first placed behind, and two strings attached to the corners are tied in front; it is then brought over the back of the head down to the waist, and held there by the arms, which are enveloped in it. One eye is alone visible, and generally the left. It appears at first impossible to recognise one's acquaintance in the street in this costume, but custom soon overcomes the difficulty. This is the walking-dress of all the respectable persons, indeed of every class above the menial slaves, and they may be seen occasionally with an old *saya* that does not fit them, which belonged to their mistress. An Englishman, who arrived at Lima during my stay there, observed a remarkably fine figure in the street, and determined to find out her abode. He

* Some of the most beautiful women in Lima are natives of Guayaquil.

followed her down several streets, and as she entered her house she threw back her *manto*, and to his great regret he discovered a black face. I am informed that the ladies wear, during the warm months, under the *saya* and *manto*, merely a shift finely ornamented with lace, and a neck-handkerchief. The ladies, when concealed in this dress, are termed *tapadas*, and the appearance of so many in the streets is not a little extraordinary.

In the house, the costume partakes more of the ordinary fashion of Spain than of France. The hair is ornamented with flowers, and a black veil is thrown back on the head. The manners of the ladies are extremely agreeable, and they are as kind and attentive to foreigners as the Spanish women every where show themselves. In their persons they are extremely cleanly, taking the cold bath several times a day, although it must be stated that they smoke a little, and occasionally take snuff. They get rid of the unpleasantness which attends the former operation by chewing paper. It is not unusual for them to smoke a little at the theatre, but they always choose small cigars, and, placing their fan before them, retire to the back of the box. This custom may be therefore considered on the wane. It proceeds, in a great measure, from the almost constant fogs which prevail in Lima, and from an idea, not without foundation, that it prevents stomach attacks. The habits of the people have generally a tropical turn in every thing. Dances are not so common as in Chile, nor any of those games so prevalent in that country. Cards, chess, and music, which require little exertion, and sitting tranquilly at the bull-ring, are the more usual enjoyments of Lima. The people of rank rise early, and their slaves bring them directly a light breakfast of chocolate and fruit; sometimes, it must be confessed, stewed meat is added. Dinner takes place about two o'clock, and consists of excellent fish, meat dressed in a variety of ways, and highly seasoned. The wine is either Peruvian or European. The *siesta* follows until six o'clock, and about nine o'clock, a cup of chocolate forms their supper. At evening parties, which are of constant occurrence, punch is the more usual beverage.

Caldoleugh's South America.

BARBER SURGEONS.

DE CASTRO was one of the first members of the Corporation of Surgeons after their separation from the barbers, in the year 1745; on which occasion Bonnel

Thornton suggested "*Tollite Barberum*" for their motto.

The barber-surgeons had a by-law, by which they levied ten pounds on any person who should dissect a body out of their hall without leave.

The separation did away this, and other impediments to the improvement of surgery in England, which previously had been chiefly cultivated in France. The barber-surgeon in those days was known by his pole, the reason of which is sought for by a querist in "the British Apollo," fol. Lond. 1708, No. 3.

'I'd know why he that selleth ale,
Hangs out a chequer'd part per pale;
And why a barber at port-hole,
Puts forth a party-colour'd pole.'

ANSWER.

In ancient Rome, when men lov'd fighting,
And wounds and scars took much delight in;
Man-menders then had noble pay,
Which we call *surgeons* to this day.
'Twas ordered, that a huge long pole,
With basin deck'd, should grace the hole,
To guide the wounded, who unlopt
Could walk, on stumps the other hopt:
But when they ended all their wars,
And even grew out of love with scars,
Their trade decaying; to keep swimming,
They joined the other trade of trimming,
And to their poles, to publish either,
Thus twisted both their trades together.

From "Brand's History of Newcastle," we find that there was a branch of the fraternity in that place, as, at a meeting, 1742, of the barber-chirurgeons, it was ordered, "that they should not shave on a Sunday, and that no brother shave John Robinson till he pays what he owes to Robert Shafts." Speaking of the "grosse ignorance of the barbers," a facetious author says, "This puts me in minde of a barber, who, after he had cupped me (as the physitian had prescribed) to turne away a catarrhe, asked me if I would be sacrificed.—'Sacrificed,' said I, 'did the physitian tell you any such thing?'—'No,' quoth he, 'but if I have sacrificed many, who have been the better for it.'—Then musing a little with myselfe, I told him, 'Surely, sir, you mistake yourself; you mean *scarified*.'—'O, sir, by your favour,' quoth he, 'I have ever heard it called *sacrificing*; and as for *scarifying*, I never heard of it before.'—In a word, I could by no means persuade him, but that it was the barber's office to sacrifice men, since which time I never saw any man in a barber's hands, but that *sacrificing* barber came into my mind."

Wadd's *Nugæ Chirurgicæ*.

ANECDOTE OF A CERTAIN TALE-TELLER, IN THE SERVICE OF MESSER ASSOLINO.

MESSER ASSOLINI was in the habit of listening to one of his *novellatori*, or story-tellers, previous to going to rest. It happened that one evening the *novellatore*, as well as his master, felt a great inclination to go to sleep, just as he was commanded to furnish one of his best stories. For want of a better, the weary fabulist began to relate the adventures of a certain grazier, who went to market with the whole of his earnings, about two hundred pieces, for the purpose of purchasing sheep, obtaining at least two for a single piece. Returning with his stock in the evening to his farm, he found the river he had crossed so swollen with the rains, that he was greatly puzzled in what way to get them across it. In this dilemma he observed not far off, a poor fisherman with a little boat, so small that it would only carry one sheep and the grazier at a passage. So he jumped in with a single fleece, and began to row with all his might. The river was broad, but he rowed and rowed away. Here the fabulist came to a full stop, and nodded. "Well, and what then?" cried his master; "Get on, sirrah; what next?" "Why," replied the drowsy story-teller, "let him get over the remainder of the sheep, and then I will proceed; for it will take him a year at least, and in the mean time your excellency may enjoy a very comfortable slumber." And again he nodded his head. *Roscoe's Italian Novelists.*

AN INGENIOUS EXPEDIENT OF MESSER SCAZZONE FOR OBTAINING A DINNER.

SCAZZONE, returning one day from Rome, found himself, when within a short distance of Sienna, without cash enough to purchase a dinner. But, resolving not to go without one if he could avoid it, he very quietly walked into the nearest inn, and, appearing quite a stranger, he demanded a room in which to dine alone. He next ordered whatever he considered most likely to prove agreeable to himself, without in the least sparing his purse, as the good host believed, and eat and drank every thing of the best. When he had at length finished his wine, and refreshed himself with a short nap, for his journey, he rang the bell, and with a very unconcerned air, asked the waiter for his bill. This being handed to him, "Waiter," he cried, "can you tell me any thing relating to the laws of this place?" "Oh, yes, signor,—I dare say;" for a waiter is

never at a loss. "For instance," continued Scacazzone, "what does a man forfeit by killing another?" "His life, signor, certainly," said the waiter. "But if he only wounds another badly, not mortally, what then?" "Then," returned the waiter, "as it may happen, according to the nature of the provocation and the injury." "And lastly," continued the guest, "if you only deal a fellow a sound box upon the ear, what do you pay for that?" "For that," echoed the waiter, "it is here about ten livres, signor; no more." "Then send your master to me," cried Scacazzone, "be quick, begone!" Upon the good host's appearance, his wily guest conducted himself in such a manner, uttering such accusations against extortion, such threats, and such vile aspersions upon his host's house, that, on Scacazzone purposely bringing their heads pretty close in contact, the landlord, unable longer to bear his taunts, lent him rather a severe cuff. "I am truly obliged to you," cried the happy Scacazzone, taking him by the hand, "this is all I wanted with you; truly obliged to you, my good host, and will thank you for the change. Your bill here is eight livres, and the fine upon your assault is ten; however, if you will have the goodness to pay the difference to the waiter, as I find I shall reach the city very pleasantly before evening, it will be quite right." *Ibid.*

MINERAL PHENOMENON.

HAYCLIFF mine, now no longer worked, was once the grand depository of that extraordinary phenomenon in the mineral world, provincially called slickensides. The external appearance of this curious species of Galena is well known wherever mineralogy has been studied. At the present time good specimens of it are extremely rare, and can only be met with in cabinets that have been long established. In those mines where it has most prevailed, it exhibits but little variety, either in form or character. An upright pillar of limestone rock, intermixed with calcareous spar, contains this exploding ore: the surface is thinly coated over with lead, which resembles a covering of plumbago, and it is extremely smooth, bright, and even. These rocky pillars have their polished faces opposite to each other: sometimes they nearly touch, sometimes they are farther apart, the intervening space being filled up with smaller portions and fragments of spar and particles of lead ore; and a number of narrow veins, of a whitish colour and

a powdery consistency, intersect and run in oblique directions amongst the mass.

The effects of this extraordinary mineral are not less singular than terrific. A blow with a hammer, a stroke or a scratch with a miner's pick, are sufficient to rend those rocks asunder with which it is united or embodied. The stroke is immediately succeeded by a crackling noise, accompanied with a sound not unlike the mingled hum of a swarm of bees: shortly afterwards, an explosion follows, so loud and appalling, that even the miners, though a hardy race of men, and little accustomed to fear, turn pale and tremble at the shock. This dangerous combination of matter must, consequently, be approached with caution. To avoid the use of the common implements of mining, a small hole is carefully bored, into which a little gunpowder is put, and exploded with a match; the workmen then withdraw to a place of safety, to wait the result of their operations. Sometimes not less than five or six successive explosions ensue at intervals of from two to ten or fifteen minutes, and occasionally they are so sublimely awful, that the earth has been violently shaken to the surface by the concussion, even when the discharge has taken place at the depth of more than one hundred fathoms.

When the Haycliff mine was open, a person of the name of Higginbottom, who was unused to the working of slickensides, and not much apprehensive of danger, was repeatedly cautioned not to use his pick in the getting of the ore. Unfortunately for himself, he paid little attention to the admonition of his fellow-miners. He struck the fatal stroke, that by an apparently electrical communication set the whole mass instantaneously in motion, shook the surrounding earth to its foundation, and with a noise as tremendous as thunder, scattered the rocky fragments in every direction, through the whole vacuity of Haycliff mine. Thick boards of ash, at the distance of twenty or thirty paces, were perforated by pieces of rock six inches diameter. The poor miner was dreadfully cut and lacerated, yet he escaped with life. The impression made on his mind by this incident determined him, on his recovery, to discontinue the dangerous trade of mining. He now resides at Manchester, still bearing the marks of his temerity about him.

Some attempts have been made to account for the wonderful properties of this fulminating ore, but hitherto with little success. A very intelligent miner, with whom I have conversed on the subject, supposes the exploding powder to reside

in the white powdery veins which fill up the fissures of the rocky substance that produces slickensides: a suggestion that may probably assist in the development of the strange qualities of this mineral phenomenon.

The loudest explosion remembered to have taken place in Haycliff mine has been mentioned by Whitehurst, in his Theory of the Formation of the Earth. It occurred in the year 1738, and he affirms that "the quantity of two hundred barrels of materials were blown out at one blast, each barrel being supposed to contain from three to four hundred pounds weight. During the explosion, (he adds) the ground was observed to shake as if by an earthquake." The accuracy of this statement can hardly be questioned; and, if correct, what an idea it conveys of the immense force required to dis sever, from a solid mass of internal rock, so formidable a weight.—*Rhodes' Peak Scenery.*

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### THE HEROINES OF GREECE.

ONE afternoon, I happened to pay my respects to Captain Panos at some moment of particular interest. I found him surrounded by his divan of shaggy officers and soldiers, seated and standing in every attitude, and loaded with arms; and moving among them, as if for contrast, I perceived with surprise, his very young and beautiful bride. Her light-hearted gaiety and gracefulness infused a singular sort of animation into the gloomy assembly.

Another lady of equal distinction, and more notoriety, assisted at this extraordinary council of war. Most people have heard of the heroine Bobolina: this important person was born at Hydra: but as her husband, to whose large property she has succeeded, was a native of Spezzia, her usual residence is in that island. She displayed much zeal in the beginning of the revolution, and equipped several vessels for the naval service; she directed, too, her attention towards the Morea; she formed an early connexion with Colocotroni, and shared, if she be not much belied, no trifling proportion of the plunder of Tripolizza. She certainly entered that city a few days after its capture, while its streets were yet reeking with blood, in a kind of triumph, on horseback, astride, after the manner of Orientals and Amazons. Since that period, she has married her pretty daughter to Captain Panos, thus strengthening her continental influence; while old Colocotroni obtained by the connexion the support of a considerable party in Spezzia.

Thus, then, is Bobolina, at the same time, an Islander and a *Capitana*.

Nothing is so dull and unpopular as truth: are we not educated in the flattering belief that heroines are a species distinctively valiant, generous, and disinterested—surpassingly beautiful, and of unfading youth? Such ought to be the heroine Bobolina; and it is not without reluctance that I am brought to confess that this warlike lady, the Hippolyta of the nineteenth century, is old, unmanly, ugly, fat, shapeless, and avaricious.

Some spirit of enterprise and speculation she most assuredly possesses, nor has she failed to turn it to a very profitable use. Two mints have been established under her auspices, at Spezzia and Napoli; the rapid depreciation of the Turkish piastre, and the little intrinsic value of the last gold coinage, have opened a lucrative field for forgery: the coinage has been imitated by the Greeks with great success, and large quantities of it have been privately imported as Turkish money, into various parts of Asia. Similar attempts were made to imitate the Spanish dollar, but not with the same success: in weight, indeed, the forged seldom falls short of the real dollar; but the indifference of the execution makes them instantly distinguishable. In the mean time, this false coinage has obtained very little circulation among the Greeks; that pecuniary people throws far too keen a regard of scrutiny on a dollar or a machmoodie, to be easily deceived as to its genuineness or value; all, too, are aware of the fraud which it is attempted to impose on them, and all are well acquainted with its heroic authoress—so well, that the very name which they always apply to a false coin is the name of the lady to whose ingenuity they feel obliged for it; and *Bobolina*, if she be destined to any sort of immortality, will descend to posterity as a bye-word.

There is yet one other "heroine, of whom justice and gallantry alike require

\* I afterwards heard still another well authenticated story of a heroine, but I am sorry to add that this lady was anonymous. A young Greek girl it seems, of extravagant beauty, marched with her brethren, in male attire, against Yussuf Pasha and the Lallioties; she was taken, and brought before the Pasha. Yussuf was struck by the appearance of his prisoner, and determined that so handsome a head should not be sent to Constantinople; he granted him life, and even ordered him admission among his own slaves. Here, however, whether from gratitude for the former favour, or disinclination to the latter, the young soldier discovered her sex; the Pasha, of course, became instantly enamoured: the captive was obdurate and inflexible; nor was



me to say something; her name is Mandó; she is of the distinguished Mavroyeni family, and is an inhabitant (if not native) of Miconi. She maintained many soldiers at the siege of Tripolizza, and has contributed liberally and zealously towards the success of the contest. She has reaped the rewards of disinterestedness: a house which she possessed near Napoli, and which contained much of her property, was very lately entered by a body of soldiers, plundered, and burnt; and all this was done, as far as I can learn, without any provocation, and with the most perfect impunity. She has now retired to Tripolizza, where her intimacy is said to be respectfully courted by Demetrius Ypsilanti. She is described to be a tall, thin, unattractive person, of about five-and-thirty.

#### *Waddington's Visit to Greece.*

It till after she had rejected many tempting, but exceptionable overtures, that she was at last admitted to the vacant sofa of his fourth wife.

#### A CIRCASSIAN VILLAGE.

MR. JACK had come along with some friendly Circassians on purpose to join us at Konstantinogorsk, and to conduct us to their houses. After a drive of about four versts, we reached their village at the foot of Beshtau. It was enclosed by a paling of basket work, which, after alighting, we entered by a wicket. A number of women, miserably dressed, made their escape, but the children, almost in a state of nudity, remained for a few minutes to gaze at us. One black-eyed girl, of a very dark complexion, with a few tattered clothes on her, and with a naked child in her arms, reminded us of the savages of America and India. The *Uzdeen*, or noble, who was well dressed, and very clean, conducted us past a number of wicker-work clay-plastered houses, one of which had been blown down the preceding night, an occurrence which is very common, and which is greatly facilitated by the lightness of the materials of which they consist, and by each standing separate from the others. Our host's wife had retreated to her own apartment, and no persuasion could induce him to present us to her. We saw and conversed, however, through Mr. Jack, with his mother, an old woman, who had a dignified deportment. We were shown into a small room, with the fire-place on one side, and a very low sofa, with cushions, on the other, the wall being hung, not with tapestry, but with woven straw, and covered with Circassian fire-arms, swords, and poniards. This noble wished to kill

a sheep for our entertainment, but as we refused to await its preparation, a small low round table, without table-cloth, knives, forks, or plates, was covered by millet boiled in milk, like pieces of pudding. In the centre was placed a wooden dish, containing pieces of new cheese, like curd, which had been toasted with butter and honey. At another table, his children, and some other girls, partook of the same fare, which they helped themselves to with their hands. They were all dressed in gaudy colours, and walked in high pattens. They were very fine girls, and most of them had beautiful features.

We gave our host, Soliman Abazkoief, a ten-rouble note, under the name of his eldest daughter. Another *Uzdeen*, or noble, Shora, who had also joined us at Konstantinogorsk, and accompanied us to the village, employs himself as a whip-maker, and from him we bought a number of Circassian whips, for four, ten, and even fifteen roubles; those at the last price having a small dagger in the handle. All of them were remarkably well made.

As we proceeded to Karass, we could not help being amused at the component parts of our party. A Scotch priest, mounted as among his native hills, and a Circassian noble and whip-maker, on his beautiful steed, rode side by side, or tried the speed of their horses against one another, as we were whirled along by the Russian *isvosichiks*, who sang with great animation. In the evening, Soliman, and another noble, a Nogay *mirza*, or prince, whose village was in an uproar, and who had been to complain to the military authorities at Konstantinogorsk, made us a visit, and were highly pleased with the presents we made them of English razors, as was also our faithful attendant Shora. The latter we found to be a clever intelligent man, who both spoke and wrote Russian very well; his occupation proclaimed that he was not rich, but yet he had a noble mind, and perhaps only awaits an opportunity to distinguish himself. Mr. Jack having informed us, that he had been at different times on the point of becoming a convert to the Christian religion, and once had consented to be baptized, and then relapsed into his Mahomedan ideas and opinions, I entered into a long conversation with him, and was equally surprised at his knowledge and his powerful mode of reasoning.

#### *Lyall's Travels in Russia.*

SAID Pat to his master one day,  
I'm so thirsty I fear I shall die;  
For when toddling about in the wet,  
Who can possibly help getting dry.

## Middle Temple Hall, London.



THE Temple, though anciently the residence of the famous Knights Templars, has long been known only as inns of court, called the Inner and the Middle Temple. In the former the church is an ancient and venerable Gothic building, erected in the time of Henry II.

The principal and only building of importance in the Middle Temple is the great hall (of which the above is a good view); though it contains several courts or squares filled with very handsome chambers, besides gardens, a fountain, &c.

The chief entrance is by Middle Temple-lane, a long narrow street, which reaches to the water-side, and divides the two houses. It has a front in the manner of Inigo Jones of brick, ornamented with four large stone pillars of the Ionic order, with a pediment, but is much too narrow, and being lofty, wants proportion: the passage to which it leads also, although designed for carriages, is crowded, inconvenient, and mean.

This gateway was erected in place of one destroyed by the great fire, and which is reported to have been built by Sir Amias Powlet, ancestor of the present Earl Powlet, on a singular occasion. It seems Sir Amias, about the year 1501, thought fit to put cardinal Wolsey, then parson of Lymington, into the stocks. This affront was not forgotten when the cardinal came into power; and in 1516, on account of that ancient grudge, he was sent for up to London, and commanded to await the favourite's orders. In consequence he was lodged five or six years in this gateway, which he rebuilt; and to pacify his eminence, he adorned the front with the cardinal's cap, badges,

cognizance, and other devices, "in a very glorious manner."

The Middle Temple Hall is the largest and finest room of the kind in any of the inns of court, being one hundred feet long, including the passage, forty-four feet wide, and in height upwards of sixty feet. The roof is venerably constructed of timber, and the other decorations of the interior are in a style of correspondent grandeur.

### SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

#### THE VIGOUR OF EARLY AGE.

MR. OPIC used to consider it as an error to suppose that an artist's first works were necessarily crude and raw, and that he went on regularly improving on them afterwards. On the contrary, he maintained that they had the advantage of being done "with all his heart, and soul, and might;" that they contained his best thoughts, those which his genius most eagerly prompted, and which he had matured and treasured up longest, from the first dawn of art and nature on his mind; and that his subsequent works were rather after-thoughts, and theavings and make-shifts of his invention. There is a great deal of truth in this view of the matter. *Poeta nascitur non fit*; that is, it is the strong character and impulse of the mind that forces out its way and stamps itself upon outward objects, not that elicited and laboriously raised into artificial importance by contrivance and study. An improving actor, artist, or

poet, never becomes a great one. I have known such in my time, who were always advancing by slow and sure steps to the height of their profession; but in the mean time some man of genius rose, and, passing them, at once seized on the top-most round of ambition's ladder, so that they still remained in the second class. A volcano does not give warning when it will break out, nor a thunderbolt send word of its approach. Mr. Kean stamped himself the first night in *Shylock*; he never did any better. Mr. Kemble is the only great and truly impressive actor I remember, who rose to his stately height by the interventions of art, and gradations of merit. A man of genius is *sui generis*—to be known he need only to be seen—you can no more dispute whether he is one, than you can dispute whether it is a panther that is shewn in a cage. Mrs. Siddons did not succeed the first time she appeared on the London boards; but then it was in Garrick's time, who sent her back to the country. He startled and put her out in some part she had to play with him, by the amazing vividness and intrepidity of his style of acting. Yet old Dr. Chauncey, who frequented Sir Joshua Reynolds's, said that he was not himself in his latter days, that he got to play harlequin's tricks, and was too much in the trammels of the stage, and was quite different from what he was when he came out at Goodman's Fields, when he surprised the town in *Richard*, as if he had dropped from the clouds, and his acting was all fire and air. Mrs. Siddons was hardly satisfied with the admiration of those who had only seen her latter performances, which were distinguished chiefly by their towering height and marble outline. She has been heard to exclaim, "You have seen me only in *Lady Macbeth* and *Queen Katherine*, and *Belvidera* and *Jane Shore*—you should have seen me when I played these characters alternately with *Juliet*, and *Desdemona*, and *Calista*, and the *Mourning Bride*, night after night, when I first came from Bath!" If she, indeed, filled these parts with a beauty and tenderness equal to the sublimity of her other performances, one had only to see her in them and die! Lord Byron says, that *Lady Macbeth* died when Mrs. Siddons left the stage. Could not even her acting help him to understand *Shakespeare*? Sir Joshua Reynolds at a late period saw some portraits he had done in early life, and lamented the little progress he had made. Yet he belonged to the laborious and climbing class. No one generation improves much upon another; no one individual improves much upon

himself. What we impart to others we have within us, and we have it almost from the first. The strongest insight we obtain into nature, is that which we receive from the broad light thrown upon it by the sudden development of our own faculties and feelings.

Even in science the greatest discoveries have been made at an early age. Sir Isaac Newton was not twenty when he saw the apple fall to the ground. Harvey, I believe, discovered the circulation of the blood at eighteen. Berkeley was only six-and-twenty when he published his *Essay on Vision*. Hartley's great principle was developed in an inaugural dissertation at college. Hume wrote his *Treatise on Human Nature* while he was yet quite a young man. Hobbes put forth his metaphysical system very soon after he quitted the service of Lord Bacon. I believe also that Galileo, Leibnitz, and Euler commenced their career of discovery quite young; and I think it is only then, before the mind becomes set in its own opinions or the dogmas of others, that it can have vigour or elasticity to throw off the load of prejudice and seize on new and extensive combinations of things. In exploring new and doubtful tracts of speculation, the mind strikes, out true and original views, as a drop of water hesitates at first what direction it shall take, but afterwards follows its own course.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

## OLD PAGES AND OLD TIMES.

"Here's Nestor,  
Instructed by the antiquary times,  
He must—he is—he cannot but be wise." *BRA*  
SHAKESPEARE.

WE have no great reverence for antiquity of any kind, simply considered as priority of production, for the world would have existed to very little purpose if it had not gone on pretty generally improving; and to be very old is only to be removed farther back from all that is enlightened, and nearer to all that is barbarous and ignorant. In books, indeed, we may admit some little qualification of this position, for an old work, provided it have been always common, have received successive new births or editions, which are so many honourable testimonies to the approbation of different ages: while one that has been suffered to become scarce, pronounces its own condemnation. Since the invention of printing, it may be confidently asserted, that no good book ever became rare; which is only saying, in other words, that the major part of the scarce works, which modern collectors ferret out of the dust with so much care

and cost, are little better than trash and rubbish. Intrinsic value, however, they no more regard, than the simpleton who gives a hundred pounds for a Queen Anne's farthing; nay, they even set a higher price upon copies which have been so utterly useless and despised as never to have had their leaves cut; or which have attained a perverse and fantastical estimation from their faults, misprints, and omissions. Who can help smiling when he hears an auctioneer impressing upon the company, that the edition he is offering of some "small rare volume, black, with tarnished gold" is the only *imperfect* one known? or avoid laughing outright, when he hears his neighbour bid an additional sum for an early copy of Shakspeare, because it wants Ben Jonson's verses on the portrait, the leaf containing Digges's "verses to Shakspeare's memoirs," and the list of actors? The Bibliomaniac has as much right to squander his money and ride his black-letter hobby, as any other lunatic who is not quite fatuous enough to claim the wardenship of the Lord Chancellor, but he should not dignify his paltry pursuit with the name of literature.

Although we feel quite as much disposed as ever Pope was before us to leave

"Rare monkish manuscripts to Hearne alone,  
And books to Mead, and butterflies to Sloane,"

yet we have access to a collection which will be duly estimated by the "black letter dogs," when we assure them that

"For Locke or Milton, 'tis in vain to look,  
These shelves admit not any modern book;"

and we are prepared for the full measure of their wrath, when we assure them that we shall pass over without notice such gems as "The Boke, called the Pype or Tonne of Perfection, by Richard Whytforde, 1532"—"The Visions of Piers Plowman"—"The Boke of Chivalrie, by Caxton," and his "Boke of Tulle of Old Age"—Wynkyn de Worde's "Orcharde of Syon"—Pynson's "Barclay's Ship of Foly's;" and even some beautiful vellum copies, where the text, to use the phrase of Ernesti, "*nata velut cyma in oceano*." These "*perrari*" and "*rarisimi*," which, as the catalogues say, "*in paucorum manibus versantur*," have been ransacked and analyzed *usque ad nauseam*; but there is still a description of old literature which has scarcely received its due share of attention, and which falls more peculiarly within the cognizance of a Magazine—we mean the periodical, from a small collection of which, mostly dating from the latter end of the century before the last, we purpose making occasional

extracts, restricting ourselves to such passages from old pages as may serve to illustrate old times.

Out of respect for the New Monthly, we shall begin our notices with a venerable predecessor, who in the career of Magazines, even took precedence of the superannuated Mr. Urban, and thus announces his intention to be periodical. "The first part of this undertaking I popped into the cautious world as a skilful angler does a new bait among wary fish who have often been pricked in their nibbling; and finding the public snapping at it with as much greediness as a news-monger at a Gazette, or a city politician at a new proclamation, makes me purpose to continue it monthly, as long as we shall find encouragement." The number with which we shall commence, bears the title of "The London Spy for the month of December, 1699. The second volume, part 2d. London, printed and sold by J. How, in the Ram-head-inn-yard, in Fanchurch-street, 1699;" and if it be curious to mark the contrast offered by the meagre contents of this tall sixteen-paged quarto, with the comprehensive copiousness of its modern successors, it is not less singular than instructive to observe the close resemblance which the popular infatuation of that day bears to the prevailing folly of the present. The above-mentioned number, indeed, has been selected on this account; and that the present era may be enabled to anticipate the future by seeing itself reflected in the past. Plague and pestilence were for a long time of periodical recurrence, and it seems as if certain moral diseases revisited us at stated periods. In the following passage we discover the first symptoms of that insatiable thirst and fear of gain, which became inflamed a few years after into the South-Sea bubble; and though the principal delusions of that day wore the form of lotteries, while the wild projects of our own time are all to turn out mines of gold, we think the observations of our shrewd ancestor, "The London Spy," are quite as applicable to the latter as to the former.

"We now returned back again to our buzzing metropolis, the city, where honesty and plain dealing were laid aside, to pursue the wonderful expectancies so many thousands had from a mixture of projectors' knavery and their own folly. The Gazette and Post-papers lay by neglected, and nothing was purr'd over in the coffee houses but the ticket-catalogues. No talking of the jubilee, the want of a current trade with France, or the Scotch settlement at Darien; nothing buzz'd about by the purblind trumpeters of state news but blank and benefit. People run-

pling up and down the streets in crowds and numbers, as if one end of the town was on fire, and the other running to help them off with their goods. One stream of coachmen, footmen, 'prentice-boys, and servant-wenches flowing one way, with wonderful hopes of getting an estate for three-pence!—Knights, esquires, gentlemen, and traders, married ladies, virgin madams, jilts, concubines, and strumpets, moving on foot, in sedans, chariots, and coaches another way, with a pleasing expectancy of getting six hundred a-year for a crown.

"Thus were all the fools in town so busily employed in running to one lottery or another, that it was as much as London could do to conjure together such numbers of knaves as might cheat 'em fast enough of their money. The unfortunate crying out as they went along—'Acheat! a cheat! a confounded cheat,—nothing of fairness in it!' The fortunate, in opposition to the other, crying—'Tis all fair! all fair! the fairest adventure that ever was drawn!' and thus every body, according to their success, expressing variously their sentiments. Though the losers, who may be said to be in the wrong of it to venture their money, were most right in their conception; and the gainers, who were in the right of it to venture their money, I am very apt to believe, were most wrong in their opinion of the matter: for I have much ado to forbear believing that luck in a bag is almost as honest as fortune in a wheel, or any other of the like projects. Truly, says my friend, I cannot conceive any extraordinary opinion of the fairness of any such lottery; for whenever such a number of fools fall into a knave's hand, he will make the most of them; and I think the Parliament could not have given the nation greater assurances of their especial regard to the welfare of the public than by suppressing all lotteries which only serve to buoy up the mistaken multitude with dreams of golden showers, to the expense of their money, which with hard labour they have earned; and often to the neglect of their business, which doubles the inconvenience. The gentry, indeed, might make it their diversion; but the common people make it a great part of their care and business, hoping thereby to relieve a necessitous life, instead of which they plunge themselves further into an ocean of difficulties."

After the lapse of above a century and a quarter, the Parliament seem once more to have adopted the same conviction; and it might not be amiss if they extended their suppression to some of these undermining projects, which are likely to prove

worse than lotteries, since the ultimate share-holders will get nothing but blanks, while the blowers of the bubble will have secured all the prizes. But let us continue company with the "London Spy" and his friend:

"Prythee, says my friend, let us go to Mercers' Chappel, and see how the crowd behave themselves there: ten to one but we may find something or other that shall prove diverting to ourselves, and worth rendering to the publick. Accordingly we directed ourselves thither, to which rendezvous of adventurers, as well as ourselves, abundance of fools from all parts of the town were flocking; none showing a despairing countenance, but all expressing as much hopes in their looks, as if every one had an assurance from a Moorfields' conjuror of having the great prize. Some being thoughtful how to improve it, should it so happen; some, how happily they'd enjoy it; women, what fine clothes they'd wear; maids, what handsome husbands they'd have; beaus, what fine wigs they'd wear; and sots, what rare wine they'd drink; the religious, what charitable works they'd do; and young libertines, what fine w—s they'd keep. With much ado we crowded into the hall, where young and old, rich and poor, gentle and simple, were mixed higgledy-dee-piggledy, all gaping for a benefit, like so many Fortune's minions, waiting for a windfall from the blind lady's golden pippin-tree; whilst the projector and the honourable trustees sat laughing in their sleeves, to see fair-play dealt out to the attentive assembly, whose avaricious hearts went pit-a-pat at the drawing of every ticket.

"My friend and I, having ventured nothing in their plausible piece of uncertainty, thought it not worth our while to spend any further time amongst them, but concluded to march about our business, and leave the numerous sons and daughters of Fortune to flatter themselves with the vain hopes of their mother's kindness; going, when we came out, to a neighbouring coffee-house, where we smoked a pipe, and consulted of some new measures to take in our next Spy; which having agreed on, we retired home; where I scribbled over the following lines, with which I shall conclude.

"What sundry projects the ingenious find  
To allure and cozen avaricious souls,  
And draw the common people, who are blind,  
In all their stratagems to be their tools!

"The hope of sudden wealth does most deceive  
When 'tis from labour and from danger free;  
Let but the hopes be plausible you give,  
And most men will with your designs agree.



"Thousands, 'tis plain, would soon have been undone,

Had the late act much longer been delay'd;  
Where many suffer to enrich but one,  
All such designs are in their nature bad.

"All loose, vain projects ought to be debar'd,  
Which are of evil to the public known,  
Wherein projectors have a large reward  
For doing what had better ne'er been done.

"This is enough to prove they hurtful are—  
Since amongst all the adventurers you meet,  
To one who has reason to believe 'em fair,  
A thousand shall cry out—A cheat! a cheat!

"He that projects or models the design,  
Like the box-keeper, certain is to win;  
In lotteries 'tis the same as 'tis in play—  
The knave's the vulture, and the fool's the prey."

*Ibid.*

## RELIGION OF THE YAKOOTS.

THE Yakoots are a numerous tribe of Siberians, amounting it is said, to between two and 300,000 souls, who tend their herds and flocks on both sides of the river Lena, from between the mouths of the Witim and the Olekma, on the west, and from the Aldan, on the east side of that river; extending along the arctic ocean, from the mouth of the Kow-nima as far as that of the Indigirka. The origin of these people is involved in the same obscurity as that of other nations; and as they possess neither written records nor oral tradition, on this point, we are left to draw our conjectures from their physiognomy and language alone.

The religion of these people is obviously founded on the old tenets of the Mongols, or Shamanism: but it has undergone so many changes, (owing to their being ignorant of writing, and therefore compelled to trust all their knowledge to oral tradition) and to their migratory life, that it presents now such a mass of confusion and absurdity, that it is difficult to discover any thing like a system in it. It would seem, however, that they believe in a creator, whom they name *Ar-toion* (gracious lord). His wife is called *Kjubei Khotun* (great lady), who, they believe, appeared to their ancestors under the form of a swan, for which reason many of them do not eat that bird. There is, moreover, a god, commanding thunder and lightning, called *Sajuga-toion* (hatchet-lord), and a giver of all good, such as children, cattle, and other property, who is named *Shess-jugai-toion*; and who has likewise a wife named *Aksrut*. They also believe in a sort of mediator, who receives their prayers and presents them to the divinity, and who is named *Akskit*. This personage is said

to assume various animal forms, such as those of a white mouthed, long-haired stallion, a crow, an eagle, &c., the flesh of all of which is in consequence excluded from their board. Their principal worship, however, is directed to the sun and fire; for they never take a meal without first throwing some of the best meat, and pouring some sour mare's milk, called *Kwi-muis*, into the flame. Indeed, they seem to believe that a being is contained in that element, which is able to punish them with sickness or death, or the destruction of their houses and property: and therefore offer sacrifice to it. The sun is, however, not so fortunate, because, as they think, he does no harm, it would be useless to sacrifice to him. It is in fact, the demons, or evil spirits, which, being the constant objects of their fears, are also the greatest sharers of their devotions: a superstition which seems so deeply rooted in them, that even when they have submitted to baptism (which is done by the greatest majority among them), they continue to pay court to those inveterate fiends. They have evidently an idea of the immortality of the soul, which appears from the formula they pronounce in taking an oath. This ceremony is performed in the presence of a shaman, who, placing his clothes and drum before the fire, and throwing melted butter on the embers, makes the person sworn declare, that he will lose all that is dear to man on earth, viz. his father, mother, wife, children, relations, and cattle, the light of the sun, and even his life, and that his soul shall go to *Mug-tar* (eternal pain), if he has sworn falsely. After which he steps over the shaman's clothes and drum, and, having inhaled some of the steam arising from the butter, he addresses himself to the sun, and bids him withdraw his light and warmth from him, if he swears falsely: after which he bows to the assembly. Sometimes the person who swears likewise gnaws a bear's head; implying thereby that the wise brute, which knows the import of the transaction, will tear him to pieces if he has not spoken the truth. Such oaths are administered in cases where suspicion of theft falls on a person, without there being witnesses to prove it. But previously, the parties are exhorted rather to make restitution than undergo so terrible a trial; and in most cases these exhortations have the desired effect. For besides the terrors which the ceremony itself is apt to inspire, the individual is in danger of being shunned and hated as a perjurer, and unworthy of credit in council or as a witness, if at a future period any misfortune should befall him. Yet, although they seem to dread a future

state, they appear to entertain no hopes from it; to which imperfect notions the laxity of their morals may perhaps be ascribed.—*Asiatic Journal.*

## The Novelist.

No. LXVIII.

### THE MENDICANT.—A TALE.

“Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;  
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
The short and simple annals of the poor.”

GRAY.

A FEW years have now elapsed since, as I was, one winter's evening, taking my accustomed walk along a sequestered lane, highly fenced on each side with a thorn hedge, and viewing with admiration the starry heavens glowing with living sapphires, and the moon shining with cloudless majesty, my attention was suddenly arrested by the sound of something proceeding from behind the hedge, on my right; which, on nearer approach, proved to be the sound of a human voice, uttering, in strains the most sorrowful, a long string of bitter complainings, which was concluded in the words of our far-famed poet:

“When shall I lay this weary head,  
And aching heart, beneath the soil,  
To slumber in that dreamless bed,  
From all my toil?”

Here the speaker paused; and I, afraid of being detected in the situation I was then in, boldly stepped across the hedge, and approached near to the person who had been thus speaking. He proved to be a venerable looking old man, with a fine open countenance, a long white beard, which flowed down upon his breast, and a bright piercing eye; whilst beside him lay a large stick, and a wallet, containing, what I supposed to be, provisions which had been given him by his more opulent neighbours. Having stammered out the best apology I was able, for thus intruding on his solitude, he observed, “I suppose you have overheard my complaining, and have been, no doubt, astonished at hearing me (who am, as you see, an old beggar) repeat that verse of poetry.” I replied, that it had excited my surprise, and that I should feel very much obliged to him if he would have the goodness to tell me how he had acquired the lines. “Well,” said he, “before I can tell you how I came to have an opportunity of seeing that beautiful poem which contains them, it will be necessary for me to relate to you

something concerning my past *unfortunate life*; which, if you will for awhile sit down beside me, I shall do in as brief a manner as possible.” According to the old man's request, I seated myself on his wallet, when he thus addressed me:

“Young man, the individual now seated beside you, clad in wretchedness, was born of parents possessing property, to the amount of several hundreds per annum, and was by them destined to fill an honourable situation in life. But, unfortunately for me, the very day which completed my eighteenth year, deprived me of my affectionate mother; and a few weeks afterwards, as if Heaven at once intended to complete my misfortunes, my father was taken suddenly ill, and, before he had time to arrange his worldly affairs, expired, leaving both me and my property to the keeping of a *dissipated uncle*, the whole of which, by his *intemperate mode of living*, in a very short time he was obliged to sell, in order to keep him from being immured in a prison; so that when I had reached my fourteenth year, I, who had been intended to fill an honourable and lucrative situation, was put an apprentice to a shoemaker residing in the village. Here I served out my apprenticeship as in duty bound; but as soon as it expired, I quitted the occupation in disgust, and entered his Majesty's service in the capacity of a *common soldier*.—Thirty-one years I served him, without ever having been raised to a higher post than that of a sergeant; and during that time was present at several engagements, in one of which I lost two fingers, and in the last in which I risked my life was severely wounded in the breast. (Here the veteran tore aside the tattered garments which covered him, and unfolded to me the scars he had received in the cause of his country.)

“I now expected to be sent home and pensioned; but alas, alas! as if hard fate intended to follow me until my dying day, before I could get off the field, I was taken prisoner by the enemy, and treated in a most shameful manner. As soon, however, as I recovered from my wounds, I contrived to escape, and once more I had the happiness of visiting my native country. As soon as I had reached Old England's shores, I applied for a reward for my long services, but could obtain nothing; and since that time, being now nearly five years, I, who have both fought and bled in the cause of my country, have been obliged to beg from door to door.

“It was in one of my excursions when I called at the house of a very respectable

person, with whom I had been intimately acquainted in the days of my youth, that I saw Montgomery's Poems lying on the table, which I took up, and was so charmed with the piece entitled "The Grave," that I committed the whole to memory. This is the way I came to be acquainted with that beautiful poetry."—Here the *old man* ceased, whilst the tears trickled down his furrowed cheeks. As soon as he was again able to speak, he exclaimed, "But I bless God I am convinced that this life will not last long; I hope shortly to close my eyes on wretchedness and misery, and enjoy that calm repose in the silent grave, which the poor seek for in vain in this world."

Having requested the *old man* to accompany me to my dwelling, he did so, and on the ensuing morning again commenced his wandering life, which for a few years he followed, and then left this transitory world, and now he lies where—

"The storms that wreck the winter's sky  
No more disturb his deep repose,  
Than summer's evening's latest sigh  
That shuts the rose."

*Imperial Magazine.*

## Useful Domestic Hints.

### ADULTERATION OF BREAD.

In a pamphlet recently published, Doctor Manning states that he never observed so much sickness as during the last seven months, and that having been induced to seek the cause, he is inclined to attribute it, in a great measure, to the adulteration of bread with unwholesome ingredients. He says that "these are in general—1. Bean meal.—2. Chalk.—3. Whiting.—4. Slacked lime.—5. Alum; and 6. Ashes of bones. All these may be discovered in the bread now commonly sold; and every miller and baker knows how to use them; but let them from this time forward fear a discovery and proof: this may be made easily; and the laws are open and severe. There is besides these a seventh ingredient used, of more-mischievous quality than any of them, and not so easily discovered; the physician will know what I mean, when I add that its quality is suffocation. To this I attribute so many sudden deaths after eating. I have separated this from bread within these few days, and may produce it before those who have power to punish, but shall be well excused from naming it lest I teach those who, with sufficient wickedness, are deficient in knowledge."

All these ingredients answer the mealman's dishonest purpose, as they increase the quantity; and they doubly answer the fraudulent bakers, for they not only make the less flour serve, but, the burnt bones in particular, take in more water than flour would; thus the bread is rendered heavier, and the baker boasts in his own mind that he has got the better of the magistrate's care, not considering the healths and lives of his customers. In consequence of this, bread, which has well been called the staff of life, becomes an arrow in the hand of death: men pine with diseases from it, or perish instantly; and infants are an universal sacrifice.

"There was no ingredient originally added to flour for the making of bread that had a purgative quality; but the bakers, more attentive to the consequences of their unjust practice than those who felt the effects of them, soon found that chalk and alum, burnt bones, and the rest, gave an astringent quality to their bread.

"I cannot favour these people so far as to think humanity influenced them upon this occasion, for that would have made them forbear the practice. The fear of being discovered—by this accident set them upon their guard; and this gave rise to a set of men more dangerous to the public than themselves, called *bread doctors*.

"These, who had gained their knowledge, perhaps, from the sweepings of an apothecary's shop, or, more probably, behind the counter of a retail chemist, engaged themselves to prevent all apparent ill effects, by adding medicines of another quality. Hence jalap has become an ingredient in our daily food; and as those indifferent judges compute the quantity, or as the careless servant to the baker mixes the ingredients, our bread becomes purgative, or astringent, or approaches, more or less, to the middle quality.

"That these ingredients are used in making bread, is certain, for I have separated all of them from it. The consequences are terrible, and it cannot be doubted but the legislature will take the public cause into consideration. The offence deserves no mercy, because it admits no excuse of accident, nor any temptation, except the highwayman's cause, the plunder of the people.

"If bread be browner than it ought, hard and crumbly, there is bean flour mixed with the wheat, and probably no other ingredient. This is, perhaps, the most desirable bread that can be had in a time of general adulteration."



"If it be white and crumbly, there is probably bean flour, whiting and alum.

"If it be white and heavy, there is reason to suspect slacked lime.

"If it be white, brittle, and close, mouldering into crumbs as it is touched, probably there are slacked lime and bone-ashes in it.

"If it be heavy and brittle, whiting is most likely to be the principal ingredient.

There is bread so loaded with this, that it will sink like a stone in water.

"If it be heavy, rough, and solid, there is reason to suspect jalap; for it is the quality of that drug to prevent lightness.

"These are the obvious marks of bad bread, and according to these, the mistakes of a family, the housekeeper, or a common servant, may judge of it, but this, though a rational conjecture, is no more than a conjecture. There are ways by which those, who are accustomed to the analysis of mixed bodies, may more certainly discover the fraud.

"The regular method to detect fraud is this:—Cut off the crust from a loaf, and setting that aside, cut the crumb into very thin slices; break these, but not very small, and put them into a glass cucurbit, with a large quantity of water; set this, without shaking, in a sand furnace, and let it stand with a moderate warmth four-and-twenty hours. The crumbs of the bread will, in this time, soften in all its parts, and the ingredients will separate from it. The alum will dissolve in the water, and may be extracted from it in the usual way. The jalap, if any have been used, will swim upon the top in a coarse film, and the other ingredients, being heavy, will sink quite to the bottom: these are the principal; and the pap being poured off, there will remain the chalk, bone-ashes, or whatsoever else was used, in a white powder at the bottom.

"This is the best and most regular method of finding the deceit; but as cucurbits and sand furnaces are not at hand in private families, there is a more familiar method.

"Let the crumb of a loaf be sliced as before directed, and put with a great deal of water into a large earthen pipkin. Let this be set over a very gentle fire, and kept a long time moderately hot, and the pap being poured off, the bone-ashes, or other ingredients will be found at the bottom."

## The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

### EPITAPH ON A TOMB-STONE IN GERMANY.

O quid tua te  
Be! bis? bin abit  
Ra Ra Ra  
Est et in  
Ram Ram Ram  
II  
et eris ut ego nunc

#### SOLUTION.

O superbe! quid superbis? tua superbia et superabit, terra est, et in terram ibis et eris ut ego nunc. G. H. W.

### A PURSUIT HAPPILY DEFINED.

THE young and amiable Prince of — pursuing in great haste a beautiful lady at court—"Your Highness is running very fast," observed the lady. "I am only following my inclination," he replied.

### IN BRIGHTON.

*On a Man and his Wife, who served the office of Sexton for thirty years.*

WHEN Barbara died, O Lord! cried I, Let me die too, and near her lie. The Lord was kind, and heard my prayer, And here we lie—a faithful pair.

"PRAY, Sir, do you sell pies?" said a gentleman, as he strolled into a pastry-cook's shop. "Oh, yes, Sir," replied the pastry-cook, "pies of all sorts."—"Why, then," said the gentleman, "let me have a mag-pie." "That is the only sort of pie in which I do not deal," replied the pastry-cook; "but you will find plenty of them as you go along—for birds of a feather will flock together they say."

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE space we have devoted in our present number to extracts from new and expensive works, as well as from public journals, has necessarily excluded many communications from Correspondents. These, however, shall have early attention, as well as the several letters received within the last ten days, though we are reluctantly compelled to defer acknowledging them in detail until next week.

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# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CXXXI.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.]

## City of Delft, Holland.



THE city of Delft, of which the above engraving is a very fine and spirited view, is situated on a canal in Holland, called the Schie, which runs into the river Meuse, at Schiedam and Delftshaven. The building of the city, which is of an oblong form, was commenced in the year 1075, when Godfrey de Bossu, Duke of Lorraine, had conquered Holland.

The country around Delft is pleasant, but so low, that if great care were not taken to keep the dikes and sluices in good repair, the whole neighbourhood would run great hazard of being overwhelmed with the waters, and, indeed, the late floods have done considerable damage here and in several parts of Holland.

Delft was formerly much celebrated for beer, of which it exported large quantities; as likewise for a peculiar kind of glazed earthenware, called delft, from the place of its manufacture or invention. The magistracy is composed of four burgo-masters and seven echevins jointly with the vroedschap, or common council, who name the escout for three years, and continue him, if they judge proper. The city holds a third rank in the states, and has

many handsome houses and grand buildings, among the rest the town house is much admired; on the front is the following distich:—

*"Hæc domus odit, amat, punit, conservat, honorat,  
Nequitiam, pacem, crimina, jura bonos."*

The streets are straight, and for the most part watered by a canal between two quays, bordered by rows of trees. There are three canals which run into each other. On the first is seen the court of the prince, which was formerly a convent and hospital; as likewise a large building which serves as the arsenal, filled with arms of all sorts necessary to supply an army of sixty or eighty thousand men. Near the second canal is a church with a beautiful tower, formerly dedicated to St. Bartholomew and St. Hypolitus, in which is seen the tomb of Admiral Tromp, with his effigies in white marble, lying on his side, in the midst of military trophies, and an epitaph to record his fame. On the third canal is the new church dedicated to the Virgin and Ste. Ursula. It has a large tower furnished with musical chimcs

composed of above a thousand bells, from the size of a man's head to that equal to the greatest in the country. In this church is the grand mausoleum of the Princes of Orange. The statue of Prince William, the founder of the Dutch republic, appears in the middle, ten pillars supporting four marble columns, against which are placed figures representing the four cardinal virtues. Beneath are the statues of Prince Maurice and Prince Frederic, his sons; and at his feet lies his favourite dog, which died for grief at the death of his master. This prince was assassinated the 10th of July, 1584, in the fifty-second year of his age. Delft has often experienced the calamities of war and unfortunate accidents. In the fourteenth century Albert de Bavaria, Comte of Holland, took the city after a siege of six weeks, dismantled and ruined the castle, and obliged the citizens to pay ten thousand crowns, because they had favoured the factions of the Honcks against the Cabillautins. In the year 1536, the city was reduced to ashes by a dreadful fire, during which a stork, not being able to save her young, was observed to precipitate herself into the flames. It was soon after built with greater magnificence. In the year 1654, it was again greatly damaged by a fire, which destroyed a magazine in which was stored a great quantity of gunpowder, and above five hundred houses; since which the powder-magazine is built at some distance from the town. Before the reformation Delft had ten religious houses, besides hospitals and chapels.

Delft contains a population of nearly 14,000 inhabitants; it is famed for having given birth to the celebrated Hugo Grotius, who was born here on the 10th of April, 1583. His father was a burgo-master of Delft, and his mother a lady of fine accomplishments and noble origin. Grotius afterwards, under Utenbogard, was sent to Leyden, where he had Francis Junius for his tutor. His works are well known.

Grotius having taken part in the political disputes which agitated his native country, Holland, in the early part of the seventeenth century, was condemned to imprisonment for life, in the castle of Louvestein. The malice of his persecutors was, however, fortunately disappointed by the ingenuity of his wife. Having obtained permission to remove some books from the prison, she sent a large chest for the purpose; but instead of books she deposited a more valuable treasure, the illustrious Grotius himself; and the gaoler having no suspicion, he was by this means enabled to make his escape.

Nothing more strongly marks the ge-

nius and fortitude of Grotius than the manner in which he employed his time during his imprisonment. It does honour to religion and to science, and eminently proves the consolations which are reserved for the philosopher. While in the prison of Louvestein he resumed his law studies, which other employments had interrupted. He gave a portion of his time to moral philosophy, which induced him to translate the ancient poets, collected by Stobæus, and the fragments of Menander and Philemon. Every Sunday was devoted to reading the Scriptures, and to writing his Commentaries on the New Testament. In the course of this work he fell ill, but as soon as he recovered his health, he composed his treatise in Dutch verse, on the Truth of the Christian Religion. Sacred and profane authors occupied him alternately. His only mode of refreshing his mind was to pass from one work to another; and although his talents produced so abundantly, his confinement was not more than two years. We may well exclaim, in a trite expression, that "his soul was not imprisoned."

#### THE BROKEN HEART.

(For the Mirror.)

THE winter blast, that sweeps along the plain,  
May shed a blight o'er Nature's joyous scene;  
But winds will hush, and spring will smile again,  
And Nature still will wear her robe of green.

The silver moon may screen her lucid ray  
Beneath the floating midnight clouds awhile;  
But night will wane, and clouds will pass away,  
And still her lamp will brightly, sweetly smile.

The vengeful storm may o'er dark ocean ride,  
And mountain waves come rushing to the shore;  
But calm the beacon glimmers o'er the tide,  
And still it glows till tempests rage no more.

And still will darkness yield to morning light,  
And still will spring its soothing breath impart,  
And still will fields be green, and skies be bright,  
But when shall smile again—the broken heart?  
K.

#### SMALL TALK.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

UPON my veracity, Mr. Editor, you are most provokingly satirical, in contrasting me with your intelligent correspondent, *Jacobus*, whose condemnation of loquacity is insinuated by you so slyly as almost to prohibit my taking you to task; but I may very fairly presume so far, for a typographical superfluity of words,\* expressing my allusion to "the oily com-

\* Mirror, No. CXXIX.

pliments of your correspondents," fairly blending me (when I might otherwise have passed in the crowd) with the second class of the Minister's *corps de reserve* for improving the revenue.

Ought not (I put it with deference) an essay on thoughtfulness, from J——'s admired pen, to have formed the prologue to his immature plan for controlling the human species in the exercise of what is too generally denominated "the unruly member?" I cannot think him serious in the surprise manifested at what he considers an oversight of the legislature, for he seems to be so much under the domination of the ruling passion, namely, the art of getting money, as to disregard his inversion of the order of things, or he never would have thought of imposing on the most sagacious, the *heaviest* penalty, for displaying the harvest of the mind; ought he not rather to have suggested a handsome *remuneration* (or bounty, I think grandpapa phrases it) to the sensible and scrupulously exact, from the ample fund he anticipates at the expense of the votaries of nonsense and falsehood, who he very naturally presumes would be the most lucrative source of profit?

It is apparent to all, that indiscriminate exercise of the faculty of speech on light, as well as on serious, matters, often produces the most baneful consequences, for from it most of the evils of society proceed; the discussion of this subject in its different bearings would doubtless be an important benefit to your numerous readers, for few can be said to exercise that degree of caution in their remarks on passing events, which the danger of misrepresentation should dictate, and with many, this sort of feeling is not wantonly, but thoughtlessly indulged in; it is much easier to talk sensibly than frivolously, provided the latter term be restricted in its meaning to harmless conversation, and in this sense only can it be justifiable.

The idea of a tax upon idle chatters and dealers in falsehood, I admit is reasonable enough, and this from me will appear an extraordinary stretch of candour; but to advocate the increasing of the penalty in proportion to individual desert cannot for one moment be tolerated; I am sure your correspondent will on giving this doubtful quality, silence, a little more consideration, abate the tone of admiration he now incautiously holds; it is a negative quality at best, and its predominance instead of benefitting, would paralyze every thing within its scope of operation. I greatly doubt, rational as he is, if he does not in his

lively mood cheerfully compromise sense for harmless levity; at least if not, I can assure him he is no favourite with the ladies, with whom even triflers exact some degree of consideration, devoid though they are of more solid recommendations.

The mind cannot ever be reined in by the curb of judgment, it must embrace all the elegances of the *menage* — the mettled caracole, the proud curvet, the graceful canter, and the bounding leap; if it would court universal admiration — a tribute which our sex, and perhaps the majority of the fellows, dearly prize; the amble will not at all times suffice, and a shy at any thing is intolerable; but simile is running away with me.

Is it not, let me ask, extremely unjust not merely to levy a penalty, but — monstrous idea! to oblige the culprits to convict themselves; the mere task of confession would, methinks, be punishment enough, it must inevitably be proportionate to the crime, but the following it up with arithmetical precision, poor human nature never could endure; but I am perhaps transgressing the rules of decorum in entering the lists with a stranger, and of prudence, being debarred from previously measuring weapons, it behoves me therefore to retreat from the field discreetly, for a grave subject delights me not, nor is it seemly to court wordy warfare with one intrenched in panoply so invulnerable.

In conclusion then I would observe, that there is but one lenient feature in your correspondent's programme, and you, Mr. Editor, will say; I must have a hawk's eye to find that out; it is his permission to the ladies to make a *daily* confession, whereas the gentlemen are to be taken to task only once in three months! so much in compassion for short memories, there is somewhat of malice pre-pense in this shew of liberality — an assumption of superiority that in these would-be Lords of the Creation, exhibits its cloven foot, do what we poor forlorn creatures may in reprehension of so gross an inconsistency.

My Lord Eldon himself has his doubts on this subject, for Pa' shewed me in the newspaper an observation made by him to that effect in court the other day; and if he is undecided, surely no one in the realm should presume to think for himself; I therefore humbly move, that the proposal of *Jacobus* to "bell the cat" be re-considered this day six months.\*

Feb. 26, 1825.

JANET.

\* Agreed. — Es.

## THE LATE PROFESSOR PORSON.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—In No. CVI. of your instructive work, (MIRROR) I observe you have mentioned a prominent feature in the character of Professor Porson, but there is a still more interesting circumstance relating to that *truly learned man*, and which contradicts the vulgar epithet of "*thick-skull*," or "*thick-head*," usually applied to persons that are not possessed of an overflow of brains, as it is well known that after the death of the Professor his head and body were opened, and he was found to have the thickest skull. He was born December 25, 1759, in East Ruston, in Norfolk, was sent to Eton; afterwards to Cambridge, in which University he became Professor of Greek, and was considered the first Greek scholar in the kingdom. He died the 25th of September, 1808. W. H. S.

## SONNET.

TO A LADY DESTROYING FLOWERS.

(For the Mirror.)

A CRUEL deed was never done by Love;  
His touch is tender as a mother's hand;  
His voice the savage beast cannot withstand;  
His heart is gentle as a tamed dove,  
And knows not Hate's dark thoughts and horrid wrath;  
Its blood is temperate as the rills which play  
In June's deep shades; his feet, which sometimes stray,  
Spare the low worm that crawls in his green path;  
Beauty his sister is, and should not be  
Less kind. Then, Lady, oh, forbear to cull  
(In the mere wilfulness of petted child)  
And scatter the hard paths with beautiful  
Young flowers and sweet, though world despised  
and wild—  
Nature, humane to us, deserveth our humanity.  
HYPOCHONDRIACUS.

## BOLIVAR, THE COLOMBIAN AND PERUVIAN LIBERATOR.

(For the Mirror.)

HAIL! intrepid warrior, hail!  
Spread your triumph wide and far;  
Madrid's sceptred wretch turns pale,  
Hail! illustrious Bolivar!

Washington's glory lives in thee,  
Lives, and lights Colombia's star:  
Friend of man and liberty,  
Hail! illustrious Bolivar!

Where is now Oppression's power?  
Dungeon chains, and Tyranny's bar?  
Broken, snapt in Freedom's hour!  
Hail! illustrious Bolivar!

Live, great Liberator, live!  
Ride supreme in Victory's car;  
Myriads shall the joy-strain give—  
"Hail! illustrious Bolivar!"

Myriads shall exulting cry—

"Nought can man's prerogative mar;

"Free we'll breathe, or free we'll die;

"Hail! illustrious Bolivar!"

Sound the trump of deathless fame;  
Glorious shines the *Southern star*!  
Liberty gilds the Patriot's name;  
Hail! illustrious Bolivar!

UTOPIA.

SPIRIT OF THE  
Public Journals.

## A LADY'S PARTING ADDRESS TO LONDON.

"Sed jumenta vocant, et sol inclinat, cundum est."

AND must we part! dear Town, adieu,  
Where every object still was new,  
Where days and nights so swiftly flew—  
Farewell, dear London!

No more thy bustle shall delight,  
No more thy shops shall glad my sight,  
With every ware and dainty dight—  
Farewell, dear London!

Where else such bargains can we buy?  
Where make so quick the money fly?  
And every wildest want supply,  
As in dear London?

Where can we gad the livelong day  
Amidst variety so gay?  
And then at night to see a play!  
O charming London!

O happy city, bless'd by fate!  
Where else do people dine so late,  
Lords, merchants, ministers of state,  
As in dear London?

How sweet at night, by hook or crook,  
To squeeze through crowds, and snatch a look,  
Elbowing bishop, lord, or duke,  
On stairs in London.

And oft at operas, balls, and plays,  
With *nouchebalance* affect to gaze  
At painted girls and men in stays,  
Who throng in London.

Alas! such joys are mine no more,  
I go to join my aunt—the bore!  
To rise at seven, and dine at four,  
Far, far from London.

How oft in tedious winter nights,  
When every gentler sound affrights,  
Shall I remember thy delights,  
Too charming London!

Nay, when the cypresses shall wave  
Their mournful branches o'er my grave,  
Oft shall my ghost escape, and have  
A peep at London.

New Monthly Magazine

**NARRATIVE OF THE DEATH  
OF BLANCHE OF BOURBON,  
WIFE TO PEDRO THE CRUEL,  
KING OF CASTILLE.**

THIS cruel king had conceived for Blanche of Bourbon, his wife, such a mortal aversion, that he put all things in practice to touch her life. The poison of which he made use to rid himself of her, had no effect; for knowing the design they had to make her die, she took the precautions necessary to preserve herself from being killed by poison. Maria de Padilla, mistress of Pedro, upon this, put it into the king's mind to remove her altogether from the court, and to give her an establishment in some province, in order that people might no longer see her, and that an absence, without hope of return, might produce the same effects which might have been looked for from her death. Pedro, much enamoured of that concubine, followed her counsel; he confined the queen in a very distant province; and gave her withal a certain appanage to support a queenly estate, not daring to irritate his people against him, by reducing her all at once to a private condition.

This domain which Blanche received for her portion, procured for her the homage of the vassals who held of that signiory. A rich Jew, it so fell, had lands comprised within the queen's territory; and he came to her court to acquit himself of his duty as her vassal; and, as at that time it was the custom in Spain that the vassal, in doing his homage, kissed respectfully the cheek of the lord, to shew forth the zeal and affection, which he promised, while life endured, to bear for his service; so this Jew drew near to the Queen Blanche, to salute her as his lady and his mistress. She could not avoid receiving from him this mark of his vassalage; but no sooner had he quitted her chamber than she expressed the horror she had for that absurd ceremonial, bitterly reproaching her servants for their little care, in that they had suffered that vile creature to approach her. She then commanded them to bring her hot water, and washed her mouth and her face diligently, as if to efface the stain which the kiss of the Jew had left upon her. But her indignation stopped not so; for, being sovereign in the place, she wished to inflict the last punishment for that temerity which the Jew had exhibited; and in the first moment of wrath, she designed to have him hanged. The Jew being informed of that to which the queen had condemned him, and that they were in search for him, to put him on the gibbet,

according to her command, immediately took to flight, and went to make his complaint to the King Pedro concerning the design which Queen Blanche harboured of making him suffer the punishment of a capital offence for a mere duty of ceremony, whereof he had taken the freedom to acquit himself. The king received him, under his protection, desiring him to fear nothing, and saying withal, that he saw well the queen had such hatred for all whom he favoured, that it would be no matter of scruple for her to attempt something against his own life, if she found a fit occasion; that for this cause he must needs get rid of her; but that it would be best to save appearances, and furnish her with no handle against himself.

The Jew, who burned with the desire of revenge, assured the king it would be an easy matter to slay her, without leaving on her body any mark of violence. Peter rejoiced when he heard this said, and declared, that great would be his obligation to the man, whosoever he might be, that should pull that thorn out of his foot. He in fine, permitted the Jew to execute the affair he had projected, without any noise or alarm. And this wretch, who thirsted to be avenged on that princess, was delighted when he had received the barbarous orders of Peter. He assembled a number of men of his nation, and marching all the night, came to the apartment of the queen suddenly with his associates. He penetrated even to her chamber, and knocking at the door, one of the queen's damsels refused to open it to him, saying, through the key-hole, that this was no hour for talking with her mistress, and asking on what business he had come thither. The Jew, that they might open to him, made answer, that he came with pleasant intelligence for the queen, since her husband, to show how entirely he was reconciled to her, designed to come immediately and sleep with her in her chamber. The damsel ran in hastily to tell this good news to the queen; but she, perceiving surely the peril in which she was, began to weep, knowing that she had but few hours more to live; for she understood well that the Jews, whose whole race hated her, would not have come thither in so great a number, and at an hour so unusual, without having some bloody order which they were zealous to execute. The lady of her chamber, upon this entering into the distresses of her mistress, cried out and wept, and said she would never open, unless the queen herself absolutely commanded her. But the queen made a sign to her that she must no longer dispute the entrance of the chamber against

the Jews, and at the same instant she lifted her eyes up to heaven, to recommend her soul to God for salvation, calling out that it was no pain for her to die in her innocence, and praying God to bless abundantly the Duke of Bourbon her brother, the Queen of France her sister, King Charles the Wise, and all the royal family. She had no sooner made an end of these words, than the Jews entered in a troop. They found that blessed princess lying on her bed, holding in one of her hands a Psalter, and in the other a lighted taper to read her prayers; and turning her eyes on those that entered, she asked what was their business, and who had sent them so late to speak with her. They answered her, that with great sorrow did they find themselves there, to announce to her the order of the king, and that forthwith she must prepare herself, since her last hour was come.

This discourse was interrupted by the cries of her damsels, who tore their hair, and sobbed aloud, saying one to the other, that an unjust death was come on the best lady in the world, and calling on heaven for vengeance on the authors of this cruelty. The poor queen commanded them to set bounds to their lamentations, and said, there was no need for so much grief, since she was about to die innocent, and that their sorrow and pity should rather be for Pedro her husband, who committed such barbarity by the malicious counsels of his concubine, who had for a long space thirsted after her blood.

The Jews, fearing lest the cries and tumult of these damsels of the queen might interrupt the execution of their mistress, and moreover, that they might reveal afterwards the murder, which they so much desired to keep in darkness, took them all by the hand, and dragging them out of the chamber, conveyed them into a cellar, where they strangled them, that so they might the more easily and secretly kill the Queen Blanche. These wretches delayed not the fulfilment of their purpose, for they dispatched her by letting a great beam tumble down upon her belly, that she might be deprived of breath, without any drop of blood appearing on her countenance or her body. When they had finished that accursed undertaking, they withdrew themselves speedily into a castle, situated on a high rock, which the king had pointed out to them as an asylum.

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

### DESTRUCTION.

See how that Giant, on his iron ear,  
With wheels of fury traverses the earth,  
Men, and the works of man, in bellish mirth,  
He treads and tramples down, eternal war  
With Order waging and Tranquillity:  
He riots in the tempest; on the land,  
And on the sea, the traces of his hand  
Are visible; and, to the wondering sky,  
Up from the bowels of the hills he throws  
Rocks, lava, and bitumen, in a stream;  
His breathing is the hurricane; a beam  
Of lightning is his eye-glance; round his brows  
Twine adders wreathed with hemlock: awful  
fame  
Is his—DESTRUCTION is the Giant's name.

*Ibid.*

### TWO STRINGS TO YOUR BOW.

As sappers and archers, who cunningly know  
The way to procure themselves merit,  
Will always provide them two strings to their  
bow,  
And manage their business with spirit:

So likewise the provident maiden should do,  
Who would make the best use of her beauty;  
If her mark she would hit, or her lesson play  
through,  
Two lovers must still be on duty.

Thus arm'd against chance, and secure of supply,  
Thus far our revenge we may carry:  
One spark for our sport, we may jilt and sit by,  
And t'other, poor soul, we may marry.

### ANSWER.

ACCEPT, prudent maiden, whoever you are,  
Our thanks for this honest confession:  
We'll try (and 'twill surely be nothing but fair)  
To borrow a hint from your lesson.

And should we pursue it, don't give yourself  
airs,  
Or say that from justice we wander;  
For we always should serve, as the proverb de-  
clares,  
One sauce for the goose and the gander.

Then as for your beaux, though the swain whom  
your choice  
Condemns still a Corleto to tarry,  
May call in his neighbours, and with them re-  
joice,  
Lord bless the "poor soul" whom you marry.  
*British Magazine.*

### NUBIAN GAME OF DRAUGHTS

A FAVOURITE pastime of the Negro Arabs in Nubia, and which is also known among the Arabs of Upper Egypt, is the *Syredge*, a kind of draughts. It is played upon sandy ground, on which they trace with the fingers chequers of forty-nine squares. The pieces with which they play are, on one side, round balls of camels' dung, picked up in the streets, and on the other similar pieces of goats' dung. It is an intricate game, and requires great



attention : the object is to take all the antagonist's pieces ; but the rules are very different from those of the Polish draughts. The people are uncommonly fond of this game ; two persons seldom sitting down together without immediately beginning to draw squares in the sand. The Mek himself will play with the lowest slave, if the latter is reputed a good player ; and it is remarkable, that if a by-stander assists one of the party, it gives no offence to the other.

*Asiatic Journal.*

### CURIOUS TRAIT IN THE CAMEL.

A CALCUTTA paper records the following extraordinary instance of stupidity in a camel : the authenticity of the fact is averred.

This camel belonged to a gentleman at Delhi, and was delivered of its first-born at the usual season. It happened, however, that after the birth, the young camel was taken from her, and the first object on which the dam cast her eyes, was a young man who had been sent to attend her during the delivery. The camel mistaking this youth for its own offspring, caressed him as if he were actually her offspring, and became so jealous of his moving from her, that he could never get away without throwing his outer garment round a person of his own size, and leaving him to keep his place till his return.

To add to the excessive stupidity of this animal in making so unnatural a mistake, it should be mentioned, that, when its own real offspring was brought to her, she rejected it entirely, and continued her maternal attentions to the young adopted son for months afterwards.

*Ibid.*

### NAZARETH.

ON the following day we arrived at Nazareth, which we could not perceive till we were at the top of the hill directly over it, as it stands on the foot and sides of a kind of amphitheatre. Its situation is very romantic ; the population amounts to about twelve hundred, who are mostly Christians. The Spanish Catholic convent, in which all travellers are accommodated, is a large and excellent mansion, though the number of monks is reduced to less than one half, on account of the poverty of the establishment, from the failure of remittances from Europe. The church of the convent is rich, and contains a fine organ. Below the floor, and entered by a flight of steps, is the cave or grotto where the angel Gabriel is said to have appeared to Mary : a granite column

was rent in twain by the appearance of the angel,—the lower part is quite gone, but the upper part, which passes through the roof, is suspended in the air. The priests tell you that it has no support from above, and that it is an everlasting miracle. There is a handsome altar in this grotto. We next visited a small apartment, which is shown as the workshop of Joseph : this stands at a short distance from the church ; part of it only remains, and is certainly kept very neat. Not far from this is the school where our Lord received his education, and which looks much like other schools ; but as curious a relic as any is a large piece of rock, rather soft, about four feet high, and four or five yards long, its form not quite circular. On this our Lord is said to have often dined with his disciples. About a mile and half down the valley is shown a high and perpendicular rock, as the very spot where our Lord, according to St. Luke, was taken by the people to be thrown over the precipice. About midway down in the face of the rock is the spot where his descent was arrested, and the marks of his hands and part of his form are shown, where he entered into the rock and disappeared. The good fathers do their cause little good by such sad tales. But of far higher interest than traditions and relics, is the scenery around Nazareth : it is of the kind in which one would imagine the Saviour of mankind delighted to wander and to withdraw himself when meditating on his great mission—deep and secluded dells, covered with a wild verdure, silent and solemn paths, where overhanging rocks shut out all intrusion.

No one can walk round Nazareth without feeling thoughts like these enter his mind, while gazing often on many a sweet spot traced perhaps by the Redeemer's footsteps, and embalmed by his prayers. The next day we rode to Mount Tabor, about six miles distant : it stands alone on the plain, and is a very small and beautiful mountain, rising gradually on every side : about the fourth part of the ascent towards the summit is covered with a luxuriance of wood. The top of Mount Tabor is flat, and not of large extent ; the view from its summit is most magnificent. At the foot is shown the village, amidst a few trees, that was the birth-place of Deborah the prophetess. Hermon stands in the plain about six miles off, and at its foot is the village of Nain. We next proceeded towards Cana, by a narrow and rocky path over the mountains. This village is pleasantly situated on a small eminence in a valley, and contains two or three hundred



inhabitants; the ruins of the house are still shown where the miracle of turning the water into wine was performed. The same kind of stone water-pots are certainly in use in the village, as we saw several of the women bearing them on their heads as they returned from the well: the young women of Cana are said to be handsome. As the light was fading we returned to the convent, and enjoyed our comfortable cell and repast. Here for the first time we ate the delicious fish caught in the lake of Tiberias: they are very much the colour and size of mullet. Being admitted to an audience of the superior, the old man bewailed bitterly the dreadful degeneracy of the age, and departure from the faith, as shewn particularly in the revolution of New Spain, whereby the revenues of the convent were so reduced: the Devil he said, was active and powerful beyond belief in the present day. What grieves the monks the most is, that they cannot live half so well as they used to do;—the wine was very bad;—however, I gave some comfort to one of the fathers, by buying at his own price a small piece, really scarcely visible, of the body of St. Francis, carefully secured in a small enclosure of glass.

*New Monthly Magazine.*

## Useful Domestic Hints.

### A PORTABLE ICE-HOUSE.

TAKE an iron-bound butt or puncheon, and knock out the head, cutting a very small hole in the bottom, about the size of a wine-cork. Place inside of it a wooden tub, shaped like a churn, resting it upon two pieces of wood, which are to raise it from touching the bottom. Fill the space round the inner tub with pounded charcoal; and fit to the tub a cover, with a convenient handle, having inside one or two small hooks, on which are to be hung the bottles; during the operation. Place on the lid a bag of charcoal, about two feet square; if the charcoal in this bag is pounded, it will answer better; and over all, place another cover, which must cover the head of the outer cask. When the apparatus is thus prepared, let it be placed in a cold cellar, and buried in the earth above four-fifths of its height; but, though cold, the cellar must be dry; wet ground will not answer, and a sandy soil is the best. Fill the inner tub, or nearly so, with pounded ice; or, if prepared in winter, with snow well pressed down, and the apparatus will be complete. Whenever it is wished to make

ices, take off the upper cover, then the sack or bag of pounded charcoal, and suspend the vessel containing the liquid to be frozen to the hooks inside of the inner cover: then close up the whole, as before, for half an hour, when the operation will be complete, provided proper care be taken to exclude external air.

### POLISH FOR GRANITE.

THE most suitable substance for giving a fine polish to granite is the powder of corundum. It is not mixed with wax, but with lac; and the greater the care taken in effecting the mixture, the finer and more durable is the polish. It is essential that the powder employed for this purpose should be extremely hard; and hence that of emery is preferred.

### GREEN COLOUR FROM COFFEE BERRIES.

A METHOD has lately been discovered at Venice, for composing a fine unchangeable emerald-green colour. A certain quality of coffee is boiled in river water: spoiled coffee (*café avarié*) is preferable. By means of a proportional quantity of pure soda, a green precipitate is obtained, which is suffered to dry for six or seven days upon polished marble, stirring it about occasionally, in order that every part of it may be in contact with atmospheric air, from which it receives a new vivacity of tint. The green obtained by this process has resisted the action of the acids, and even the influence of light and moisture.

### MECHANICAL ARM.

A YOUNG vine-dresser of the Canton de Vaud, having been maimed about three years back, by the bursting of a gun, was obliged to lose part of the left fore-arm. The ingenious contrivance of a clever Genevese mechanic, named Taillefer, enabled him to recover some of its functions, by artificial means. He adapted to the mutilated fore-arm a cylinder of iron, terminated by a strong screw, to which several instruments were adjusted, whereby the young man was enabled to dig, prune the vines, use his knife and fork at table, &c. The simplicity of the instrument is highly creditable to the inventor. The same artist had previously made an artificial leg, by means of which the person could walk, run, ascend and descend without support; and he is now working at an arm, the movements of which will be precisely those of nature.

## Autographs, with Biographical Notices.

No. V

Robert Southey Samuel Rogers  
 George Crabbe T. Campbell  
 S. T. Coleridge Wm I. Bowley

\* I want to see Mrs. Jago's hand writing, that I may judge of her temper."—SHENSTONE.

ABOVE are the autographs of six living poets of considerable eminence, the very list of whose writings would fill several pages of the MIRROR: first in voluminousness if not in point of talents, comes

ROBERT SOUTHEY, LL.D. and Poet Laureate.—This gentleman was born on the 13th of August, 1774, at Bristol, where his father carried on an extensive business as a wholesale Linen Draper: Mr. Southey was first educated under Mr. Foote, a Baptist minister of great talents; he was afterwards removed to Westminster school, and thence to Oxford, where he was entered a student of Balliol College, with a view to the church, to which, however, he was not at that time partial. In 1801, Mr. Southey was appointed Secretary to the Right Hon. Isaac Corry, Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland, but retired from office with his patron. In 1813, on the death of Mr. Pye, he succeeded to the office of Poet Laureate, but unlike his predecessors he does not give us an annual Birth-day Ode. Mr. Southey has distinguished himself in various walks of literature, as a poet in his "Joan of Arc," "Thalaba," and "Miscellaneous Pieces;" as a biographer, in his "Lives of Lord Nelson," "Henry Kirk White," &c.; as an historian in his "History of Brazil," and "The War in the Peninsula," "The Book of the Church," &c.; and as a critic by several articles in the *Quarterly Review*. Dr. Southey is also the author of "The Letters from England," published under the fictitious name of "Don Manuel Valasquez Escriella."

SAMUEL ROGERS, Esq.—Mr. Rogers is, we believe, the first poet that

ever was a banker. Born of wealthy parents and nursed in the lap of ease, he has combined his devotion to the muses with the lucrative profession of his father. Mr. Rogers' best production is the "Pleasures of Memory," which is certainly an exquisite poem. Though advanced in life, Mr. Rogers still courts the muses.

REV. GEORGE CRABBE, LL.B.—Mr. Crabbe deservedly ranks among the most distinguished poets of the present day; the subjects of his muse are generally taken from humble life, and no poet describes domestic scenes with more truth and nature. His first poem, the "Library," was published so far back as the year 1781, and within the last few years he published a Collection of Tales in verse.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq.—Mr. Campbell is a native of Glasgow, where he was born in the year 1777; he received his education at the grammar-school, and afterwards at the University in that flourishing city. When young he travelled on the continent, and afterwards on settling in London was for some time one of the Editors of the *Star Evening Newspaper*. Mr. Campbell's principal poem the "Pleasures of Hope," was published in 1790, and his "Gertrude of Wyoming" in 1800; from that time until within the last three years his muse appears to have been torpid. Mr. Campbell is now the Editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and lately published "Theodric and other Poems," in a small volume.

S. T. COLERIDGE, Esq.—This gentleman was born in the year 1773, at Ottery, St. Mary, in Devonshire, where his father, the Rev. John Coleridge, was

for many years Vicar. When of the proper age, he was admitted to Christ's Hospital, London, where he soon distinguished himself as a boy of acute parts and eccentric habits; Mr. Bowles's Sonnets first gave him a love for poetry, and he wrote some pieces of considerable merit when at school. At the age of nineteen he removed to Jesus College, Cambridge; and in 1794 published a small volume of his juvenile poems, which were very favourably received. When the late Sir Alexander Ball was appointed governor of Malta, Mr. Coleridge accompanied him as secretary; but this situation he did not long retain. His principal poems are "Christabel" and "Sybilline Leaves;" he has also written a tragedy, and several literary essays.

REV. WM. LISLE BOWLES.—Mr. Bowles, who has of late distinguished himself rather by a controversy on the poetical character of Pope, than by his own poetry, is of an ancient family in Wiltshire. He was educated at Eton, and Trinity College, Oxford, where he distinguished himself by obtaining the Chancellor's prize for a Latin poem on the siege of Gibraltar. His poetical fame rests principally on some exquisite sonnets, which are models of this species of composition.

#### CHATTERTON.

A CORRESPONDENT tells us, that he lately wrote to a fellow-citizen, who now resides in London, desiring him to ascertain, if possible, the precise spot in the burying-ground of Shoe-lane workhouse that covers the remains of this our lamented bard; and the following is an extract from his reply:—"I have paid a visit to Shoe-lane workhouse; but all endeavours to trace which had been the resting place of that unfortunate and ill-treated youth would be useless. A stone in the wall informs you, that in Anno Domini 18—, the bones of all the inmates of that burying-ground were collected, and thrown into one huge grave, which is in the centre of the ground. There, therefore, moulder his bones undistinguishable from the many."

*Bristol Mercury.*

A SURGEON and ACCOUCHEUR, who commenced business in Wapping, announced himself to the ladies in that neighbourhood as MAN-MIDWIFE from the Royal Navy.

### The Selector;

OR,

#### CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

##### ODE TO JOSEPH GRIMALDI, SENIOR.

"This fellow's wise enough to play the fool,  
And to do that well craves a kind of wit."

*Twelfth Night.*

JOSEPH! they say thou'st left the stage

To toddle down the hill of life,  
And taste the flannell'd ease of age,

Apart from pantomimic strife—

"Retir'd"—(for Young would call it so)—

"The world shut out"—in Pleasant Row!

And hast thou really wash'd at last

From each white cheek the red half moon!

And all thy public clownship east,

To play the private Pantaloon?

All youth—all ages—yet to be,

Shall have a heavy miss of thee!

Thou didst not preach to make us wise—

Thou hadst no finger in our schooling—

Thou didst not "lure us to the skies"—

Thy simple, simple trade was—Fooling!

And yet, Heav'n knows! we could—we can

Much "better spare a better man!"

Oh, had it pleas'd the gout to take

The reverend Croly from the stage,

Or Southey, for our quiet's sake,

Or Mr. Fletcher, Cupid's sage,

Or, damme! namby pamby Poole—

Or any other clown or fool!

Go, Dibdin—all that bear that name,

Go, Bveway Highway man! go! go!

Go, Skeffy—man of painted fame,

But leave thy partner, painted Joe!

I could bear Kirby on the wane,

Or Signor Paulo with a sprain!

Had Joseph Wilfred Parkins made

His grey hairs scarce in private peace—

Had Walthman sought a rural shade—

Or Cobbett taken a turnpike lease—

Or Lisle Bowles gone to Balaam Hill—

I think I could be cheerful still!

Had Medwin left off, to his praise,

Dead lion kicking, like—a friend!

Had long, long Irving gone his ways,

To muse on death at *Ponder's End*—

Or Lady Morgan taken leave

Of Letters—still I might not grieve!

But Joseph—every body's Jo!—

Is gone—and grieve I will and must!

As Hamlet did for Yorick, so

Will I for thee, (though not yet dust),

And talk as he did when he miss'd

The kissing crust that he had kiss'd!

Ah, where is now thy rolling head!

Thy winking, reeling, *drunken* eyes,

(As old Catullus would have said,)—

Thy oven-mouth, that swallow'd pies—

Enormous hunger—monstrous drowth—

Thy pockets greedy as thy mouth!

Ah, where thy ears, so often cuff'd!—  
Thy funny, flapping, flitching hands!—  
Thy partridge body, always stuff'd  
With wits, and strays, and contrabands!—  
Thy foot—like Berkeley's *Foot*—for why?  
'Twas often made to wipe an eye!

Ah, where thy legs—that witty pair!  
For “great wits jump”—and so did they!  
Lord! how they leap'd in lamp-light air!  
Caper'd, and bounce'd, and strode away!  
That years should tame the legs, alack!  
I've seen spring through an almanack!

But bounds will have their bound—the shocks  
Of Time will crimp the nimblest toes;  
And those that frisk'd in silken clocks  
May look to limp in fleecy hose—  
One only—(Champion of the ring)—  
Could ever make his Winter—Spring!

And gout, that owns no odds between  
The toe of Czar and toe of Clown,  
Will visit—but I did not mean  
To moralize, though I am grown  
Thus sad—Thy going seem'd to beat  
A muffled drum for Fun's retreat!

And, may be—'tis no time to smother  
A sigh, when two prime wags of London  
Are gone—then, Joseph, one—the other,  
A Joe!—“sic transit gloria *Munden*!”  
A third departure some insist on—  
Stage-apoplexy threatens Liston!

Nay, then, let Sleeping Beauty sleep  
With “ancient *Dozey*” to the dregs—  
Let Mother Goose wear mourning deep,  
And put a hatchment o'er her eggs!  
Let Farley weep—for Magic's man  
Is gone,—his Christmas Caliban!

Let Kemble, Forbes, and Willet ruin,  
As though they walk'd behind thy bier—  
For since thou wilt not play again,  
What matters,—if in heav'n or here!  
Or in thy grave, or in thy bed!—  
There's *Quick*,\* might just as well be dead!

Or, how wilt thy departure cloud  
The lamp-light of the little breast!  
The Christmas child will grieve aloud  
To miss his broadest friend and best;  
Poor urchin! what avails to him  
The cold New Monthly's *Ghost of Grimm*?

For who like thee could ever stride!  
Some dozen paces to the mile!—  
The motley, medley coach provide—  
Or like Joe Frankenstein compile  
The *vegetable man* complete!—  
A proper *Covent Garden* feat!

Oh, who like thee could ever drink,  
Or eat,—swill, swallow—bolt—and choke!  
Nod, weep, and hiccup—sneeze and wink?  
Thy very yawn was quite a joke!  
Though Joseph, junior, acts not ill,  
“There's no Fool like the old Fool!” still!

\* One of the old actors; still a performer (but in private) of Old Rapid.

Joseph, farewell! dear, funny Joe!  
—We met with mirth—we part in pain!  
For many a long, long year must go,  
Ere Fun can see thy like again—  
For Nature does not keep great stores  
Of perfect Clowns—that are not *bores*!  
*Odes and Addresses to Great People.*

### THE LAWYER AND SAWYER.

To fit up a village with tackle for tillage,  
Jack Carter he took to the saw;  
To pluck and to pillage the same little village,  
Tim Gordon he took to the law:  
Thus angled so pliant for rull and for client;  
As sharp as a weasel for rats;  
Till, what with their saw-dust and what with  
their law-dust,  
They blinded the eyes of the flats.  
Then hey for the sawyer, and hey for the lawyer,  
Make hay, for it's going to rain;  
And saw 'em and law 'em, and work 'em and  
quirk 'em,  
And at 'em again and again.

Jack brought to the people a bill for the steeple,  
They swore that they would not be bit;  
But out of a saw-pit is into a law-pit,  
Tim tickled them up with a writ.  
Cried Jack, the saw rasper, “I say, neighbour  
Grasper,  
We both of us buy in the Stocks,  
While I for my savings turn blocks into shavings,  
You lawyers are shaving the blocks.”  
Then hey, &c. &c.

Jack frolick'd in clover, and, when work was  
over,  
Got drunk at the George for a freak;  
But Timothy Gordon, he stood for churchwarden,  
And ate himself dead in a week.  
Jack made him a coffin, but Timothy off in  
A loud clap of thunder had flown;  
When lawyers lie level, be sure that the devil  
Looks sharp enough after his own.  
Then hey for the sawyer, &c. &c.  
*Westminster Hall.*

### THE LAW OF GIBBETS.

ONE was ordered by the judge of assize  
to be hanged in chains; the officers hung  
him in *privato solo*; the owner brought  
trespass; and, upon not guilty, the jury  
found for the defendant, and the court  
would not grant a new trial, it being done  
for convenience of place, and not to affront  
the owner.

Mich. 10 W. 3 per Holt, Chief Justice,  
—if a man be hung in chains upon my  
land, after the body is consumed, I shall  
have gibbet and chain,—said upon a mo-  
tion for a new trial.

*Ibid.*

### STANZAS.

On! breathe those thrilling notes again!  
They wake the tears of kindred pain,—  
Yet, like a mournful dream, control  
The withered heart—the darkened soul!

The hys that hope and mirth inspire,  
That once my raptured breast would fire,—  
Now, rising o'er my loved one's tomb,  
But mock my spirit's troubled gloom!

Oh! mark this now grief hallowed bower!  
Here Beauty proved her magic power,—  
Here the fair minstrel, sweetly coy,  
Would sweep the strings of love and joy.

Beneath its dark deserted shade  
The maiden's silent breast is laid;  
And sweetest here the notes that rise  
Like echoes to the mourner's sighs!

*Richardson's Poems.*

## Select Biography.

No. XXII.

### RHIGA, THE GREEK.

THE Greek Insurgents have raised their country into a new distinction before the eyes of Europe. The war has now lasted five years, and has exhibited a perseverance and a valour eminently honourable to the Grecian name. The original movers of the contest have nevertheless passed away, and their influence and popular impulses have passed away with them. Who now talks of the Ipsilantis? They were the touchwood that fell in the dry forest, and has been long burnt to ashes, while the vast conflagration has been spreading over branch and trunk—from mountain to mountain—throughout the land. In other revolutions, the struggle has been guided and fought out by some extraordinary person taking the lead by common acquiescence, and giving, in his pre-eminent talent, zeal, experience, and intrepidity, clear proof that he was the destined leader. But in Greece no man of this surpassing mental stature has stood forth—no name has been lifted up which Greece may follow as a conquering sign in the darkness and confusion of her battle.

And yet one man has appeared and passed away, whose memory ought not to be forgotten—the prophet, and almost the martyr of Grecian independence—destined, if there be gratitude in his nation, to be registered on the same marble with the heroes and patriots of her noblest age.

Rhiga was born in Thessaly about the middle of the last century. The Greek slave had no alternative but that of becoming a merchant, a sailor, or a priest; and Rhiga, a man of education and family, chose to be a merchant. He prospered, and with his prosperity his knowledge was enlarged. The habit of commercial correspondence naturally acquainted him with the superiority of foreign nations in literature, general

science, and political privilege. The abrupt and forlorn contrast of Greece struck with additional force upon the mind of this accomplished and intelligent man, and he gradually collected round himself a number of individuals chiefly engaged in commerce, and like him forced to make the comparison between the flourishing state of foreign nations, and the depression of Greece under the Turks. The French Revolution involving all Europe in a war of arms and opinions, gave a new impulse to Rhiga and his associates, and determined them to effect the overthrow of the Ottoman tyranny. But what in France was an infuriate and godless hatred against all law and liberty, was in Greece a solemn and courageous devotion of gallant lives and enlightened understandings to the cause of their fellow-men. The fiery burst that rose from the conflagration of the altar and the throne, was softened to a salutary and cheering light as it fell on the shadows and depths of the Greek dungeon.

To sustain and give a system to this honourable and expanding patriotism, Rhiga left Bucharest, and fixed himself at Vienna; from which city he kept up a more secure intercourse with the well-wishers to Greek freedom throughout the world. He now translated into modern Greek a series of works applicable to his purpose of invigorating and instructing the national spirit—"The Travels of Anacharsis," "A Treatise on Military Tactics," &c. But he signalised his genius and his zeal still more by the composition of a crowd of patriotic songs, poetical and animating in the highest degree, and which are still among the favourite war songs of the soldiery.

But this manly reformer did not limit his efforts to the excitement of popular passion. He appealed to the calmer knowledge and general interest of Europe, by publishing a twelve-sheet map of Greece, containing, in addition to the modern names, those of all the spots memorable in its ancient history. No other country on earth could produce a record so illustrious. This great and costly performance, which at once gave him a place among the literary men of Europe, and among the wisest and most generous champions of his own unhappy country, was produced at his own expense and that of a few of his friends.

But he lived in a dangerous time, and under a government jealous of such labours and virtues. The influence of the Porte was exerted, and it unhappily prevailed with the Austrian ministry. In 1798, Rhiga and his associates were denounced as conspirators infected with

French principles, and exciting a general revolution. Whether by the connivance of the government or by the activity of his friends, Rhiga was enabled to escape from Vienna; but he was arrested at Trieste, where, in horror of being delivered up to the Turks, he attempted to put an end to his life. He was finally, to the disgrace of Austria, abandoned with five of his fellow patriots, and given into the hands of the Turkish emissaries to be conveyed to Constantinople. The seizure of this living spirit of the insurrection extinguished it for the time; it had extended deep and far, and the Hospodar of Wallachia was to have taken up arms on the first signal from Greece. On the news of Rhiga's arrest, the Hospodar fled, and took refuge in France; the association broke up; and the day of retribution was delayed, perhaps only for a fiercer revenge.

The single entreaty of Rhiga and his unfortunate companions was, to be put to death on the spot, that they might escape the torments that awaited them at Constantinople. They were, however, conveyed across the frontier, and from that time little has been known of them. That they were put to death is not to be doubted, from the ferocity of the Porte; but the mode is variously told. One story states that they were beheaded in Belgrade; another gives them a more unexpected death in the Danube. It is said, that as the escort passed near Widdin, some appearance of tumult among the peasantry or the troops of Paswan Aglou, who was presumed to have been connected with the Greek cause, alarmed the guard, and in fear of a rescue they flung Rhiga and his fellow-prisoners into the river.

Thus perished this illustrious Patriot, in his forty-fifth year—an age in which the mental and bodily powers are in their fullest and most vigorous combination, and when Rhiga had undergone the course of experience and knowledge that might have made him the great leader and legislator of his country. But neither his life nor his untimely death have been in vain.

The Turks looked on this catastrophe as a national triumph, and compelled the Patriarch of Jerusalem to publish a "Paternal Circular to the Greeks," enjoining obedience. "This paper was printed at Constantinople. An answer speedily appeared, entitled "A Fraternal Circular to all the Greeks enslaved by the Ottomans." This address, which was worthy of the old eloquence of Greece, and was as bold as it was melancholy and unanswerable, declared, "that the name of the Patriarch had been abused for the purpose of degrading the national spirit;

that the indignation of the people against their oppressors was unextinguishable; that war would begin; and that, once begun, it would break the chain and the sceptre of the Ottomans."

## The Novelist.

No. LXIX.

### DANIEL O'ROURKE.\*

PEOPLE may have heard of the renowned adventures of Daniel O'Rourke; but how few are there who know that the cause of all his perils, above and below, was neither more nor less than his having slept under the walls of the Phooka's tower. I knew the man well: he lived at the bottom of Hungry Hill, just at the right hand side of the road as you go towards Bantry. An old man was he at the time that he told me the story, with grey hair, and a red nose; and it was on the 25th of June, 1813, that I heard it from his own lips, as he sat smoking his pipe under the old poplar tree, on as fine an evening as ever shone from the sky. I was going to visit the caves in Dursey Island, having spent the morning at Glengariff.

"I am often *axed* to tell it, sir," said he, "so that this is not the first time.—The master's son, you see, had come from beyond foreign parts in France and Spain, as young gentlemen used to go, before Bonaparte or any such was heard of; and sure enough there was a dinner given to all the people on the ground, gentle and simple, high and low, rich and poor. The *ould* gentlemen were the gentlemen, after all, saving your honour's presence. They'd swear at a body a little to be sure, and, may be, give one a cut of a whip now and then, but we were no losers by it in the end;—and they were so easy and civil, and kept such rattling houses, and thousands of welcomes; and there was no grinding for rent, and few agents; and there was hardly a tenant on the estate that did not taste of his landlord's bounty often and often in the year;—but now it's another thing; no matter for that, sir, for I'd better be telling you my story.

"Well, we had every thing of the best, and plenty of it; and we ate and we drank, and we danced, and the young master by the same token danced with Peggy Barry, from the Bohereen—a lovely young couple they were, though

\* Mathews makes an excellent use of this traditional tale of the South of Ireland, in one of his amusing entertainments.—Ed.

they are both low enough now. To make a long story short, I got, as a body may say, the same thing as tipsy almost, for I can't remember ever at all, no ways, how it was that I left the place: only I did leave it, that's certain. Well, I thought, for all that, to myself, I'd just step to Molly Cronahan's, the fairy woman, to speak a word about the bracket heifer what was bewitched; and so as I was crossing the stepping-stones of the ford of Ballyashenogh, and was looking up at the stars and blessing myself—for why? it was Lady-day—I missed my foot, and souse I fell into the water. 'Death alive!' thought I, 'I'll be drowned now!' However, I began swimming, swimming, swimming away for the dear life, till at last I got ashore, somehow or other, but never the one of me can tell how, upon a *dissolute* island.

"I wandered, and wandered about there, without knowing where I wandered, until at last I got into a big bog. The moon was shining as bright as day, or your fair lady's eyes, sir (with your pardon for mentioning her), and I looked east and west, and north and south, and every way, and nothing did I see but bog, bog, bog:—I could never find out how I got into it; and my heart grew cold with fear, for sure and certain I was that it would be my *berrin* place. So I set down upon a stone which, as good luck would have it, was close by me, and I began to scratch my head, and sing the *Ullagone*—when all of a sudden the moon grew black, and I looked up, and saw something for all the world as if it was moving down between me and it, and I could not tell what it was. Down it came with a pounce, and looked at me full in the face; and what was it but an eagle! as fine a one as ever flew from the kingdom of Kerry. So he looked at me in the face; and says he to me—'Daniel O'Rourke,' says he, 'how do you do?' 'Very well, I thank you, sir,' says I: 'I hope you're well; wondering out of my senses all the time how an eagle came to speak like a Christian. 'What brings you here, Dan?' says he. 'Nothing at all, sir,' says I, only I wish I was safe home again.' 'Is it out of the island you want to go, Dan?' says he. "'Tis sir,' says I: so I up and told him how I had taken a drop too much, and fell into the water; how I swam to the island, and how I got into the bog, and did not know my way out of it. 'Dan,' says he, after a minute's thought, 'though it was very improper for you to get drunk on Lady-day, yet as you are a decent, sober man, who tends mass well, and never flings stones at me or mine,

nor cries out after us in the fields, my life for your's,' says he; 'so get up on my back, and grip me well for fear you'd fall off, and I'll fly you out of the bog.' 'I am afraid,' says I, 'your honour's making game of me; for who ever heard of riding a horse-back on an eagle before?' 'Pon the honour of a gentleman,' says he, putting his right foot on his breast, 'I am quite in earnest; and so now either take my offer or starve in the bog;—besides, I see that your weight is sinking the stone.'

"It was true enough as he said, for I found the stone every minute going from under me. I had no choice; so thinks I to myself, faint heart never won fair lady; and this is fair persuadance: 'I thank your honour,' says I, 'for the loan of your civility; and I'll take your kind offer.' I therefore mounted upon the back of the eagle, and held him tight enough round the throat, and up he flew in the air like a lark. Little I knew the trick he was going to serve me. Up—up—up—God knows how far up he flew. 'Why, then,' said I to him—thinking he did not know the right road home—very civilly, because why?—I was in his power entirely;—'sir,' says I, 'please your honour's glory, and with humble submission to your better judgment, if you'd fly down a bit, you're now just over my cabin, and I could be put down there, and many thanks to your worship.'

"'Arrah, Dan,' said he, 'do you think me a fool? Look down in the next field, and don't you see two men and a gun? By my word it would be no joke to be shot this way, to oblige a drunken blackguard that I picked up off a *could* stone in a bog.' 'Bother you,' said I to myself, but I did not speak out; for where was the use? Well, Sir, up he kept flying, flying, and I asking him every minute to fly down, and all to no use. 'Where in the world are you going, Sir?' says I to him. 'Hold your tongue, Dan,' says he: 'mind your own business, and don't be interfering with the business of other people.' 'Faith, this is my business I think,' says I. 'Be quiet, Dan,' says he: so I said no more.

"At last, where should we come to but to the moon itself. Now you can't see it from this, but there is, or there was in my time, a reaping-hook sticking out of the side of the moon, this way (drawing the figure on the ground with the end of his stick.)

"'Dan,' said the eagle, 'I'm tired with this long fly; I had no notion 'twas so far.' 'And my lord, sir,' said I,

'who in the world *were* you to fly so far—was it I? did not I beg, and pray, and beseech you to stop half an hour ago? 'There's no use of talking, Dan,' said he; 'I'm tired bad enough, so you must get off, and sit down on the moon until I rest myself.' 'Is it sit down on the moon?' said I; 'is it upon that little round thing, then? why, then, sure I'd fall off in a minute, and be *kilt* and split, and smashed all to bits: you are a vile deceiver—so you are.' 'Not at all, Dan,' said he: 'you can catch fast hold of the reaping-hook that's sticking out of the side of the moon, and 'twill keep you up.' 'I won't, then,' said I. 'May be not,' said he, quite quiet. 'If you don't, my man, I shall just give you a shake, and one slap of my wing, and send you down to the ground, where every bone of your body will be smashed as small as a drop of dew on a cabbage-leaf in the morning.' 'Why, then, I'm in a fine way,' said I to myself, 'ever to have come along with the likes of you;' and so giving him a hearty curse in Irish, for fear he'd know what I said, I got off his back with a heavy heart, took hold of the reaping-hook, and sat down upon the moon, and a mighty cold seat it was, I can tell you that.

"When he had me there fairly landed, he turned about on me, and said, 'Good morning to you, Daniel O'Rourke,' said he; 'I think I've nicked you fairly now. You robbed my nest last year,' ('twas true enough for him, but how he found it out is hard to say), 'and in return you are freely welcome to cool your heels, dangling upon the moon like a cock-throw.'

"'Is that all, and is this the way you leave me, you brute, you?' says I. 'You ugly unnatural *baste*, and is this the way you serve me at last? Bad luck to yourself with your hook'd nose, and to all your breed, you blackguard!' 'Twas all to no manner of use; he spread out his great big wings, burst out a laughing, and flew away like lightning. I bawled after him to stop; but I might have called and bawled for ever, without his minding me. Away he went, and I never saw him from that day to this—sorrow fly away with him! You may be sure I was in a disconsolate condition, and kept roaring out for the bare grief, when all at once a door opened right in the middle of the moon, creaking on its hinges as if it had not been opened for a month before. I suppose they never thought of greasing 'em, and out there walks—who do you think but the man in the moon? I knew him by his bush.

"'Good morrow to you, Daniel O'Rourke,' said he: 'How do you do?'

'Very well; thank your honour,' said I. 'I hope your honour's well.' 'What brought you here Dan?' said he. So I told him how I was a little overtaken in liquor at the master's, and how I was cast on a *dissolute* island, and how I lost my way in the bog, and how the thief of an eagle promised to fly me out of it, and how instead of that he had fled me up to the moon.

"'Dan,' said the man in the moon, taking a pinch of snuff when I was done, 'you must not stay here.' 'Indeed, sir,' says I, 'tis much against my will I'm here at all; but how am I to go back?' 'That's your business,' said he, 'Dan: mine is to tell you that here you must not stay, so be off in less than no time.' 'I'm doing no harm,' says I, 'only holding on hard by the reaping-hook, lest I fall off.' 'That's what you must not do, Dan,' says he. 'Pray, sir,' says I, 'may I ask how many you are in family, that you would not give a poor traveller lodging: I'm sure 'tis not so often you're troubled with strangers coming to see you, for 'tis a long way.' 'I'm by myself,' Dan,' says he; 'but you'd better let go the reaping-hook.' 'Faith, and with your leave,' says I, 'I'll not let go the grip.' 'You had better, Dan,' says he again. 'Why, then, my little fellow,' says I, taking the whole weight of him with my eye from head to foot, 'there are two words to that bargain; and I'll not budge, but you may if you like.' 'We'll see how that is to be,' says he; and back he went, giving the door such a great bang after him (for it was plain that he was huffed), that I thought the moon and all would fall down with it.

"'Well, I was preparing myself to try strength with him, when back again he comes, with the kitchen cleaver in his hand, and without saying a word, he gave two bangs to the handle of the reaping-hook that was keeping me up, and *whap!* it came in two. 'Good morning to you, Dan,' says the spiteful little ould blackguard, when he saw me cleanly falling down with a bit of the handle in my hand: 'I thank you for your visit, and fair weather after you Daniel.' I had not time to make any answer to him, for I was tumbling over and over, and rolling and rolling at the rate of a fox-hunt. 'God help me,' says I, 'but this is a pretty pickle for a decent man to be seen in at this time of night: I am now sold fairly.' The word was not out of my mouth, when whiz! what should fly by close to my ear but a flock of wild geese; and the ould gander, who was their general, turning about his head, cried out to me, 'Is that you, Dan?' I was not a bit



daunted now at what he said, for I was by this time used to all kinds of *bedevilment*, and, besides, I knew him of *ould*. 'Good morrow to you,' says he, 'Daniel O'Rourke: how are you in health this morning?' 'Very well, sir,' says I, 'I thank you kindly,' drawing my breath, for I was mightily in want of some. 'I hope your honour's the same.' 'I think 'tis falling you are, Daniel,' says he. 'You may say that, sir,' says I. 'And where are you going all the way so fast?' said the gander. 'So I told him—how I had taken the drop, and how I came on the island, and how I lost my way in the bog, and how the thief of an eagle flew me up to the moon, and how the man in the moon turned me out.' 'Dan,' said he, 'I'll save you: put out your hand and catch me by the leg, and I'll fly you home.' 'Sweet is your hand in a pitcher of honey, my jewel,' says I, though all the time I thought in myself that I don't much trust you; but there was no help, so I caught the gander by the leg, and away I and the other geese flew after him as fast as hops.

'We flew, and we flew, and we flew, until we came right over the wide ocean. I knew it well, for I saw Cape Clear to my right-hand, sticking up out of the water. 'Ah! my lord,' said I to the goose, for I thought it best to keep a civil tongue in my head any way, 'fly to land if you please.' 'It is impossible; you see, Dan,' said he, 'for awhile, because you see we are going to Arabia.' 'To Arabia!' said I; 'that's surely some place in foreign parts, far away. Oh! Mr. Goose: why then, to be sure, I'm a man to be pitied among you.' 'Whist, whist, you fool,' said he, 'hold your tongue; I tell you Arabia is a very decent sort of place, as like West Carbery as one egg is like another, only there is a little more sand there.'

'Just as we were talking, a ship hove in sight, scudding so beautiful before the wind.' 'Ah! then, sir,' said I, 'will you drop me on the ship, if you please?' 'We are not fair over it,' said he. 'We are,' said I. 'We are not,' said he. 'If I dropped you now, you would go splash into the sea.' 'I would not,' says I; 'I know better than that, for it is just clean under us, so let me drop now at once.'

'If you must, you must,' said he. 'There, take your own way,' and he opened his claw, and faith he was right—sure enough I came down plump into the very bottom of the salt sea!—Down to the very bottom I went, and I gave myself up then for ever, when a whale walked up to me, scratching himself after his night's sleep, and looked me full in the

face, and never a word did he say, but lifting up his tail, he splashed me all over again with the cold salt water, till there wasn't a dry stitch upon my whole carcass; and I heard somebody saying—'twas a voice I knew too—'Get up, you drunken brute, off of that!' and with that I woke up, and there was Judy with a tub full of water, which she was splashing all over me:—for, rest her soul! though she was a good wife, she never could bear to see me in drink, and had a bitter hand of her own."

"Get up," said she again: "and of all places in the parish, would no place *serve* your turn to lie down upon but under the *ould* walls of Carrigaphooka? an uneasy resting I am sure you had of it." And sure enough I had; for I was fairly bothered out of my senses with eagles, and men of the moons, and flying ganders, and whales, driving me through bogs, and up to the moon, and down to the bottom of the great ocean. If I was in drink ten times over, long would it be before I'd lie down in the same spot again; I know that."

*Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland.*

### The Gatherer.

"I am but a gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

### REPARTEE.

*On seeing in the MIRROR a specimen of Oxonian Logic.*

"WHEN causes are different, the effects are the same."

Yes, yes, 'tis no logical jest;  
For the *fan*, indeed, cool'd the fair Clymene's breast,

But—'twas her eyes that enkindled the flame.

ALPHONSO.

\* I. e. also different.—A logical axiom

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Utopia, Gwilyn Sals, Jacobus, R. W. B., Contributor, Salopensis, Mr. Shoberl, F. R. S.*, with a few other old and some new correspondents, shall have a niche in our next Mirror.

*Præclens* as soon as the engraving can be got ready. The same remark will apply to Mr. Crisp and *Oxygene*.

Circumstances of a domestic nature reluctantly compel us to defer our acknowledging and pronouncing upon other communications; but we shall bring up our arrears in our next; till which time we bespeak the indulgence of our kind friends.

We fear the proposed communication of *Gwilyn Sals* would require us to get characters cut for it, and that at some inconvenience.

Printed and Published by J. LINBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) and sold by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

# The Mirror

OF

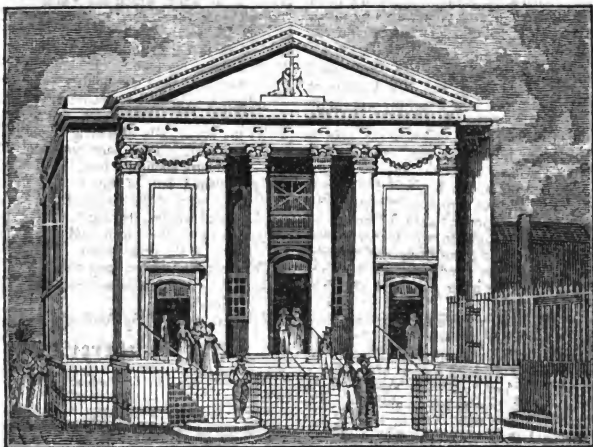
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CXXXII.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.]

## New Roman Catholic Chapel, Moorfields.



THERE is no place in the world in which such a variety of sects and religious denominations are to be met with as in London, where each has its chapels in almost every part of the town. Every year, as the metropolis extends, new temples for divine worship are required, and funds are almost immediately forthcoming to erect them. Some of these structures are very elegant, others as plain and unostentatious as possible. Those belonging to the Roman Catholics are remarkable for their interior decoration, particularly the chapel erected a few years ago in Moorfields, which is certainly very elegant; behind the altar, which is adorned with several fine marble columns, is a beautiful painting in fresco of the Crucifixion; and on the ceiling are represented the Virgin Mary, the Infant Jesus, and the four Evangelists, surrounded by paintings of the principal events in the life of our Saviour. The Duke of Norfolk was a munificent contributor to the decorations of this chapel; and the plate used in sacramental offices was presented by the late Pope.

This chapel had been long built and  
VOL. V. N

opened before the front was erected, which, indeed, was only finished a few weeks ago. The façade, of which the above is a correct view, is divided into five intercolumns by two columns and four pilasters of the Corinthian order: three of the intercolumns are open, and those of the extremities are closed, having a door, with a blank window or panel above it.

There is a lofty flight of steps, which lead up to the portico, and impart an air of great stateliness to the building. The general effect is good, though an improvement might certainly have been made in the principal door, which does not correspond with the rest of the building.

There are, however, many buildings in London less creditable to the skill and taste of the architect than the Chapel in Moorfields; indeed, although there never was such an opportunity for the display of talent in architecture since the great fire of London exercised the genius of Sir Christopher Wren, yet we regret to say, many of our public buildings will do no credit to the present age.

## ON CONTENTMENT.

IN a world where the smiles and frowns of fortune are so capriciously bestowed, where joy and grief, pleasure and pain, arise in alternate succession, what disposition of mind can be more conducive to happiness than contentment? Possessing this, the peasant of the cottage receives his portion with grateful satisfaction, and the monarch of the palace does no more. A species of equality is thus introduced, which, in some degree, assimilates all classes of men. And, since true felicity depends upon our mental and moral condition, not upon the external advantages of wealth and title, the purse-proud lordling has no greater chance of real happiness than the husbandman who tills his land.

Besides the complacency of mind that springs from habitual contentment, it also ameliorates the heart. It precludes us from drawing those invidious comparisons between our own circumstances and those of others, which rankle in the bosom, and too often produce the worst of passions, envy and hatred. It inspires fortitude; it gives birth to a constant equanimity; it prepares us equally for the soothing influences of joy, and the dispiriting effects of sorrow; and as in the hour of prosperity it is seldom intoxicated with delight, so, in the day of adversity it is never chilled into despair.

Such are the blessings that contentment brings with it. Is it not, then, a matter of surprise and regret that a quality of such practical importance should be confined to so limited a portion of mankind? But, alas! so it is. Few encounter even the common casualties of life without secretly repining. Few can survey the situation of their neighbours without heaving a sigh at the inferiority of their own. This spirit of discontent appears to proceed chiefly from the following causes:—

In the first place, from the want of due confidence in the superintending care of Providence, and of due resignation to its decrees.

"Happy the man who sees a God employ'd  
To all the good and ill that checks his life."

To such a being, the distresses that attend his earthly pilgrimage are but as salutary lessons, intended to wean his affections from this transitory world: to admonish him that his present state is a state of probation; that here there is no pleasure without pain, no rose without a thorn. From a thorough conviction of these important truths, he acquires a habit of patience under the pressure of existing misfortune, and his breast be-

comes the abode of calmness and contentment.

Secondly, In gratifying the propensity we feel to contrast our own condition with another's, we generally confine our comparison to those who are greater favourites of fortune than ourselves, and form a judgment respecting them solely from their external and visible appearance. These are both capital errors. There is scarcely an individual who could not, if he would, discover thousands of his fellow-creatures enduring severer privations than himself; thousands to whom his keenest distresses would be "trifles light as air," his least enjoyments almost a Paradise. But even though we limit our views to those who are basking in the sunshine of affluence, were we to reflect that wealth does not necessarily confer happiness, that freedom from pecuniary wants does not imply freedom from the afflictions of the heart; that riches, and honours, and power do but fetter us more firmly to this grovelling world: even then the contemplation of superior possessions would not always excite discontent, nor the absence of outward calamity be an infallible token of inward felicity. In conclusion, then, it may be observed, that a rational reliance on the dispensations of Heaven, with an impartial and comparative survey of our respective situations in life, are the only means of attaining that happiness which invariably results from perfect contentment.

Norwich, Feb. 22, 1825. R. W. B.

## SONNET.

(For the Mirror.)

'Tis a wise indulgence, in month of June,  
Close by some river clear, in shady nook,  
To lie in mood serene, with flute or book,  
When Phœbus mid-way stands in Heaven at noon.

(Like as that angel stood who would not brook  
Adam's re-entrance to lost Eden,) the tune of  
Various of bee and bird to listen and look  
Now vacant here, now there, around, about;  
And now upon the pale and jealous moon,  
At noon-day watching her light, amorous lord  
Closer than chaste nudes should; then let our  
shoon

To mark the merry reveller of the sword,  
And though we may not leap as light as he,  
Hope at our hearts to live as merrily.

HYPOCHONDRIACS.

## THE VIRGIN'S FIRST LOVE.

(For the Mirror.)

Let prudes and coquettes make of passion a  
jest,  
And sneer at a heaven-born flame;  
In the bosom of feeling that passion is blest,  
Which none but a lover can name.

Amphibious soft captures the sense doth impart,  
A flame of all others above;  
And O, when it once finds its way to the heart,  
How sweet is the *Virgin's first love*.

Warm blushes unnumbered be crimson the  
rosy cheek;

Whenever the object is near;  
While something that language, no language can

speech,  
In lovers' confusion appear.

When eyes in soft contact by accident meet,  
How true doth the incident prove,

As the heart's quick emotions incessantly beat,  
How sweet is the *Virgin's first love*.

The reason may check the effusions of bliss,  
Can it long the sweet transport control?

O, no!—for the charm of a lover's fond kiss,  
Concentrates its way in the soul!

There fix'd, it the power of wisdom defies,  
Which reason in vain would remove;

For the bliss of the heart tells too plainly the  
eyes,

How sweet is the *Virgin's first love*.

#### MARY.—A SONG.

BY WILLIAM SHORREL.

(For the Mirror.)

How sweet beneath the moon's pale beam  
To wander thro' the grove!

How doubly sweet those moments seem  
When blest'd with her I love!

O, in the stillly hour of eve,

My MARY's steps I trace;

She greets me with a tender smile,

Such smiles as beauty grace.

O Mary! by those heav'nly eyes,

That rival Luna's light,

My vows of love and constancy

To thee alone I plight!

No power on earth my faithful heart

From thy lov'd form can sever;

All other fair I may forget,

But as to thee, O never!

Nor time—nor absence—can remove

The love that thrills my breast;

Yet would I hear that one sweet word—

Tell me if I am blest!

She press'd my hand—her downcast eyes

The tender truth discovers;

Who shall th' ecstatic joys depict

That wait on constant lovers?

#### BELL-RINGING.—BOW BELLS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—As a constant reader and admirer of your excellent little work, I trust you will allow me, through its means, to offer my thanks to your correspondent who signs himself "A Member of the Senior College Society" in a former Number, for his paper on the subject of Bow bells

N 2

and bell-ringing; and to express a hope that he will favour your readers with a continuation of his observations, and further account of what I consider the pleasing, musical, and even scientific art of change-ringing, and of the improvements and beauties in the peals and methods which I know have of late years been made.

"In the days of my youth," for I am now old, I was an amateur ringer, (if I may be allowed the term; and why not, Mr. Editor, as well as an amateur fiddler or singer?) and can still listen with delight at the precise striking or compass kept in a well chosen and beautifully varied peal of changes, as they are frequently performed on several of the excellent bells of the metropolis, which your correspondent has enumerated.

I have often been surprised that on the fine deep-toned bells of Bow church I never heard any thing but that wretched stuff, "called or set changes," which I always attributed to the ignorance merely of the parish ringers, who are paid for jangling and making a noise on the bells on certain city feast days; but on reading what your correspondent says is the true reason why men capable of performing a really fine and highly systematic series of successive changes are prevented from doing so, I am indeed astonished at its absurdity. Nor could I have supposed, that in these days so much ignorance and prejudice could have existed, even in a set of city church-wardens! they even, I think, cast a great slur on Sir Christopher Wren, who did so much to ornament their city, by supposing he would build a steeple, which could not bear the shake of the twelve bells he knew it was to contain; and expose their own folly in fancying the motion of the bells can have a greater or worse effect on the building when moved by the hands of skill and judgment, than by those deficient in both these qualities. As well might the Dean and Chapter of the Abbey or of St. Paul's prefer an ignorant strutting fellow to play their organs, lest the fine scientific fingers of a Greatorex, an Attwood, or a Wesley, might burst their pipes, or shake the towers of the one, or the dome of the other.

Perhaps, Sir, your correspondent to whom I am appealing, can inform me if the work on the art of change-ringing, called "Clavis Campanalogia," written many years since, by (I believe) Blake-more, a native of Shropshire, is now extant, or if there is any other work on the science of a later date, and giving peals composed on newer and better principles. His answer to these queries, and a further

statement of whatever he may think worth remarking on the art, will, I doubt not, be acceptable to many of your readers, and may be useful to the profession itself; which, noble, healthy, and ancient as it is, I feared was falling into neglect for want of due encouragement and patronage.

That two *such* churches should recently have been built in two *such* parishes as Mary-la-bonne and Paneras, without a peal of bells in either, is not only indicative of a want of taste in those immediately connected with them, but reflects also what I think amounts nearly to a national disgrace."

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

SALOPENSIS.

Lambeth, Feb. 23, 1826.

### ON PSALMODY.

(For the Mirror.)

THE expression of our gratitude to our almighty and eternal Benefactor in songs of praise, is founded, as Dr. Burn\* observes, in the exordium to his Sermon on Psalmody, "in the nature of man, and consequently is as old as the creation;" but he traces it still higher, for it was, says he, "the employment of heaven before man was made, and will be so after the consummation of all things."

In considering the antiquity of this part of public worship, he has the following observations on the state of Psalmody under the Jewish dispensation:—

"David was a proficient in the knowledge of sounds, and was himself both a performer in the service, and composed the words, which were set to music by his chief musicians. He procured persons skilful in the art, at a royal expense; and gave all possible encouragement to the professors of it. He employed in his service no less than two hundred and fourscore and eight singers and musicians. It is, indeed, a loss to be lamented, that no footsteps of the ancient music are now to be found, whereby we might be enabled to form an adequate comparison between the ancient and modern music."

Dr. Burn remarks, with respect to languages, that the sounds in the Hebrew, above all other languages, correspond with the thing signified; and, that "therein it hath the most remarkable

\* This worthy character is more generally known by his publications as a lawyer, than in the character of a divine, but his selection of the sermons of the English Protestant divines of the last century, with others of his own composition (five in number) may be read with peculiar advantage by all who have a prevailing regard for manly sense, and plain truth, delivered in honest and blunt language.

signatures of the language of nature. Matters of grief are expressed by slow-sounding syllables; of rage, by harsh and difficult pronunciations; and matters of joy gently glide away in sounds of easy and delightful utterance. The expression in the Hebrew which signifieth, *Praise ye the Lord*, has nothing in it of that harshness which these words bear in English; and therefore the modern composers leave it untranslated; I mean, the term *Hallelujah*, which is a kind of *Gloria Patri* in miniature. There seems to be something enchanting in the very sound of it. So free it is from all ruggedness of accent, and plays upon the tongue with such liquid fluency, that when they have once taken it up, they know not how to leave it off. They toss it to and fro, and transfuse it through all the variety of melody, catching at every syllable, and every echo of a syllable, until at length, like an expiring taper, (as it were exhausted of its substance,) it languishes, trembles, and dies away."

In this discourse he shews that we are not enjoined, or bound by any human authority, in our obligation to follow the practice of psalm-singing, as an act of Christian worship; but that the practice is allowed, as conducive to edification; and he is an advocate for the expediency of the practice, on the following considerations, viz. That it habituates the people to a love of divine service; that every person approves the work in which he is himself employed; and that it is one of the excellences of our liturgy, that the people have a greater share in the service than hath been allowed in any other established form, or than is practised in any of the Dissenting congregations.

Dr. Burn gives us his observations concerning our conduct, in the execution of this part of our public devotions, which are not only just, but of the most useful tendency:—

"A good life, (says he,) above all other things, is the best handmaid to devotion, and is especially necessary for that branch of it which I have been speaking of. As a mind loaded with oppression is unfit for the triumphs of song, much more so is a conscience burdened with guilt. Alas! what hath he to do with singing, whose portion (unless he repenteth) shall be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. The voice of distress is always broken and inharmonious. Therefore, that we may sing well, we must live well."

F. R—Y.



## THE LEEK.

(For the Mirror.)

Gymry dewrion, medd y bardd,  
Gwisgwn heddyw genin hardd,  
Cenin gwyrddaf yn yr ardd,  
Ar wyl Dewi Sant.\*

IOAN TROYD.

ANY attempt to account for the wearing of the leek by the Welsh on St. David's day, might only add to the leaf of idle conjecture on the subject, suffice it, that common tradition has assigned the origin to a victory obtained over the Saxons, by *Cadwallawn* in the sixth century,—wherein the Welshmen, to distinguish themselves from their enemies, and the more readily to know each other, wore leeks.—The practice thus accounted for, is made the more probable from the circumstance of the leek, among other vegetables, having been held sacred by many of the ancient nations, particularly the *Egyptians* and *Phœnicians*, from the last of whom the *British Druids* are supposed to have derived some of their mysteries. Thus a religious idea being attached to the possession of the herb, will account for the preference having been given to it, and not as is generally said, because the battle was fought in or near a field of leeks. The issue of the conflict being in favour of those that had assumed the emblem, would, certainly not, diminish the veneration they might already have for it, and thus it has descended to our time. The leek is called by the Welsh, *centinen*.

Another version of the tradition gives to St. David the honour of command when this symbol was adopted, and name his festival as the day on which the encounter took place; the real state of the case is probably this:—the first of March is the day of St. David's canonization, and his zeal against the Saxons might be the inducement for considering him as the patron Saint of the Welsh: the emblem of Saxon discomfiture could hardly be exhibited at a better time than his feast.

It has been said that the *sefi*, or, as they are called by the English, *onions*, a herb after the nature of the leek, but smaller, was anciently the Welsh symbol; it is called *sefi-lan-gwy*, and *cenin sefi*, and may, certainly, have given place to the leek, from its similitude in name and form.

Yet, after all, the most ancient emblem of the Welsh is the oak; ever held in veneration by the *Druids*, and without

\* Thus Englished:—

Cambrian's brave, the bard commands,  
To wear leeks in glorious bands,  
Leeks the greenest in the lands,  
Upon Saint David's day.

which, it is probable, not a rite was performed.

Returning to the subject of the leek, the custom of wearing it, is somewhat on the decline. I find, by an old book on geography, that “the king of England, ever on the first of March, wears a leek in honour of his Welsh subjects;” a form I expect some time since forgotten; however, until these few years the Prince of Wales always attended to this, perhaps, necessary piece of policy.

Shakspeare has introduced the leek in his play of Henry V., where Fluellen (for *Llewelyn*) triumphantly makes Pistol eat his, because he had made game of it. He also speaks of the origin through *Fluellen*; “the Welshmen did good service where leeks did grow, wearing them in their Monmouth caps;” and afterwards he calls it through Gower, “an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour.”

The celebrated patron of Foote, Cadwaladr Apreece, Esq. once seeing this play acted, astonished the audience by bursting into the most extravagant joy at the scene of the leek triumphant.

GWILYM SAIS.

Caer Ludd, Feb. 21, 1825.

## GRAVITATION OF THE HEAVENLY BODIES.

(For the Mirror.)

By the universal law of gravity, all bodies are compelled to approach the centre. A stone thrown above the earth, descends with an accelerated force to the earth again, by the impulse of gravity, because all matter gravitates towards all matter.

It is owing to this great power, accompanied with a projectile motion, that the earth and all the planetary globes are suspended in infinite space, and preserved in an unalterable course. This may be explained by a stone jerked round in a sling by the motion of the hand in the following manner:—

The first motion communicated to the stone by the hand is projectile, viz. endeavouring to describe a straight line and fly from the string; but the hand obstructing that motion, by holding the string it endeavours to approach the hand, it being the axis of impulse; consequently, by the union of these two forces, it is obliged to describe a circle, which is called a centrifugal force.

The motion of the planets in their orbits arises from the same principles, demonstrated by Sir Isaac Newton; who conjectures the heavenly bodies received

at the beginning, an inconceivable projectile motion by the hand of the almighty. The sun, the body of system, being impressed at the same time with the laws of gravity, acts upon them by his power of attraction, similar to the hand holding the string, which keeps them from moving in a straight line, that would carry them from amongst the fixed stars. They, therefore, obey according to the laws of nature—these two motions—in proportion to their forces; consequently, they describe a circular orbit rather elliptical, as the projectile force is greater than the centrifugal. Thus the harmony of the universe is admirably upheld, and the heavenly bodies prescribed to bounds they cannot pass! Each one performing their periodical revolutions round their centre.

JEAN.

## EPITAPHS, &amp;c.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

IN the parish church of the village of Colnworth, Beds, is a very magnificent monument, erected in 1641, by Lady Dyer, in memory of her deceased husband, Sir William Dyer, Knight, upon which are inscribed the following quaint lines:

"My dearest dust, could not thy hasty day  
Afford thy drowsy patience leave to stay  
One hour longer, so that we might either  
Have sat up or gone to bed together?  
But since thy finished labour hath possessed  
Thy weary limbs with early rest,  
Thy well-belov'd and ever faithful bride,  
Shall soon repose her by thy slumbering  
side;  
Whose business now is only to prepare  
My nightly dress, and call to prayer.  
Mine eyes wax heavy, and the day grows  
old;  
The dew falls thick; my blood grows  
cold—  
Draw, draw the closed curtains, and make  
room,  
My dear, my dearest dust, I come, I  
come!"

IN the church of Flitton, in Bedfordshire, is the following.—To the memory of Thomas Hill, who was Receiver General to the Earl of Kent, and died 26th of May, 1601, aged one hundred and one—

"Aske how he lived, and you shall know  
his ende;  
He died a saint to God, to poore a friende.

These lines, men know, do truly of him  
story,  
Whom God hath called, and seated now  
in glory."

THE following beautiful epitaph, was written by Ben Jonson, upon the celebrated Mary, Countess of Pembroke:

"Underneath this marble hearse,  
Lies the subject of all verse;  
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,  
Death! ere thou hast slain another,  
Fair and wise and good as she,  
Time shall throw his dart at thee."

IN the church of Lorton church, Beds, was formerly the following inscription:

"Jesus Christ, most of myght,  
Have mercy on \*John de Wenlock  
Knight,  
And on his wife, Elizabeth,  
Who out of this world is past by death,  
Which founded this chapel here;  
Help them by your hearty prayer,  
That they may come to that place,  
Where ever is joy and solace."

IN the same church, the following imperfect inscription appears on a tomb, supposed to be that of William Wenlock, prebendary of Brownswood, in the Cathedral church of Saint Paul, and master of the hospital of Farleigh, who died 1392:

"In Wenlock brad I—  
In this town lordschipes had I;  
Her am I now fady—  
Christes moder help me lady.  
Under thes stones  
For a tim schal I reste my bones,  
Dey mot I ned ones,  
Myghtful God grant me thy wones."

ON a head-stone in the church yard of Soham, Cambridgeshire, is the following epitaph:—

"Anno Domini, 1641,  
Ætatis sue 125.  
"Here lies Doctor Ward, whom  
You knew well before;  
He was kind to his neighbour,  
Good to the poor." J. W. E.

\* John de Wenlock, was created Baron Wenlock in 1461.

## The Selector;

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM  
NEW WORKS.

WILLIAM HENRY WEST BETTY  
—THE YOUNG ROSCIUS.

SATURDAY the 1st of December, 1804,  
was the day distinguished by the first

performance in town of the *young Roscius*. As early as one o'clock the crowd began to assemble about Covent Garden theatre, filling the piazzas on one side of the house, and Bow Street on the other; at the proper time all the popular arts were practised to obtain admission. The utmost danger was apprehended, because those, who had ascertained that it was quite impossible for them to get in, by the dreadful pressure behind them, could not get back. At length, they themselves called for the soldiers, who, with their usual temper and firmness, soon cleared the fronts of the entrances, and then posting themselves properly, lined the passages, permitting any one to return, but none to enter. The pit was half filled by gentlemen who had sprung down from the boxes. The actual occupiers of the boxes by force retained them against the owners of the places, and the police officers, who attempted to be their ushers. All that the gallantry of the men would permit, was allowing ladies, in some cases, to occupy the front seat, while the remainder of the box was held by the strongest of all rights—possession.

The play was Dr. Brown's *Barbarossa*; a very good and spirited imitation of the *Merope* of Voltaire, in which Garrick had formerly acted *Achmet* to the tyrant of *Mossope*. On the present occasion the cast was as follows:—

|                              |                  |
|------------------------------|------------------|
| <i>Barbarossa</i> .....      | Mr. Hargrave,    |
| <i>Achmet, (Selim)</i> ..... | Master Betty,    |
| <i>Othman</i> .....          | Mr. Murray,      |
| <i>Sadi</i> .....            | Cresswell,       |
| <i>Aladin</i> .....          | Cory,            |
| <i>Zaphira</i> .....         | Mrs. Litchfield, |
| <i>Irene</i> .....           | H. Siddons.      |

An occasional address was intended, and Mr. C. Kemble attempted to speak it, but they would not have heard even the address of Dr. Johnson, unless Master Betty himself had delivered it; and this notion, Heaven knows how, I found of some quantity of barren spectators. The play proceeded through the first act with a tempest rather stronger than that which announces the first appearance of a pantomime.

At length *Barbarossa* ordered *Achmet* to be brought before him; "attention held them mute;" not even a whisper could be heard, till the highly honoured object of their curiosity stood in their presence. (What a moment for a youthful heart—and ambitious of fame too!—F. C. N.) Upon the abundance of applause that ensued he was not "much moved"—he bowed very respectfully, but, with amazing self-possession, in a few moments turned him to his work, with the intelligence of a

veteran; and the youthful passion that alone could have accomplished a task so arduous.

As a slave, he wore white linen pantaloons, a close and rather short russet jacket, trimmed with sables, and a turban hat.

What first struck me was, that his voice had considerable power; and a depth of tone beyond his apparent age; at the same time it appeared heavy and unvaried. His great fault grew out of the want of careful tuition in the outset. In the provincial way, he dismissed the aspirate; and, in closing syllables, ending in *m*, or *n*, he converted the vowel frequently into *e*, and sometimes more barbarously still, into *u*. Whether he obtained this from careless speakers in Ireland or England, I cannot be sure; but this inaccuracy I remember to have sometimes heard even from Miss O'Neill.

He was sometimes too rapid to be distinct, and at others too noisy for any thing but rant. I found no peculiarities that denoted minute and happy studies. He spoke the speeches as I had always heard them spoken, and was therefore only not wrong where he laid vehement emphasis. The wonder was how any boy, who had just completed his thirteenth year, could catch passion, meaning, cadence, action, expression, and the discipline of the stage, in ten very different and arduous characters, so as to give the kind of pleasure in them, that needed no indulgence, and which, from that very circumstance, heightened satisfaction into enthusiasm.

His admirers made him their Divinity!—when he was ill, he had all the beauties of England at his door, and a bulletin announced the degrees of his convalescence to a fevered and impatient public!!!

The patentees of Covent Garden theatre had hoped to keep him to themselves; but there seemed, in an engagement for a certain number of nights, no reason why he should not be at liberty to dispose, as his parents judged fit, of the remainder of his time. They would naturally husband his powers as much as was consistent with that first law in the exhibition of such ventures, namely, "to take the current while it served." This, I believe, was done; and in his youth an ample fortune secured for his maturity.

Covent Garden theatre was not quite so large as the Apollo, Drury; I, therefore, in citing his receipts for twenty-eight nights at the latter, show the utmost force of his attraction. I give, accurately, both first and second accounts, that so curious a

\* This word Mr. Boaden is very fond of applying to Mr. Kemble's manner of acting.

F. C. N.



detail may be publicly known. For his first three nights he received one hundred and fifty guineas, and after that one hundred guineas nightly!!

*Master Betty's nights, Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, Seasons 1804-5.*

|  |          |        |               | First                   | Second   | Total.   |
|--|----------|--------|---------------|-------------------------|----------|----------|
|  |          |        |               | Account.                | Account. |          |
|  | 1804.    | Day.   | Play.         | Farce.                  | £. s. d. | £. s. d. |
|  | Dec. 10. | Mon.   | Douglas.      | Citizen.                | 662 8 6  | 43 19 6  |
|  | 13.      | Thurs. | Do.           | Of Age To-morrow.       | 720 2 0  | 31 17 6  |
|  | 15.      | Satur. | Barbarossa.   | Spoiled Child.          | 584 19 6 | 33 7 0   |
|  | 1805.    |        |               |                         |          |          |
|  | Feb. 13. | Wed.   | Douglas.      | Deserter.               | 573 7 6  | 46 10 6  |
|  | 15.      | Frid.  | Barbarossa.   | High Life Below Stairs. | 558 7 0  | 46 7 8   |
|  | 19.      | Tuesd. | Lovers' Vows. | Citizen.                | 571 16 6 | 44 5 0   |
|  | 21.      | Thurs. | Douglas.      | Bon Ton.                | 652 3 6  | 36 13 6  |
|  | 23.      | Satur. | Tancred.      | Apprentice.             | 557 10 0 | 48 12 0  |
|  | 26.      | Tuesd. | Do.           | Bon Ton.                | 569 14 0 | 43 18 6  |
|  | 28.      | Thurs. | Lovers' Vows. | Wedding Day.            | 565 18 6 | 46 6 0   |
|  | Mar. 2.  | Satur. | Douglas.      | Devil to Pay.           | 605 13 0 | 41 8 0   |
|  | 4.       | Mon.   | Romeo.        | Irishman in London.     | 466 8 6  | 55 10 6  |
|  | 7.       | Thurs. | Do.           | Devil to Pay.           | 614 11 0 | 48 17 6  |
|  | 9.       | Satur. | Douglas.      | Of Age To-morrow.       | 626 16 6 | 43 11 0  |
|  | 11.      | Mon.   | Barbarossa.   | Anatomist.              | 553 3 6  | 50 13 6  |
|  | 16.      | Satur. | Hamlet.       | Lying Valet.            | 580 7 6  | 40 17 6  |
|  | 18.      | Mon.   | Do.           | Two Str. to your Bow.   | 482 15 6 | 45 9 0   |
|  | 21.      | Thurs. | Douglas.      | Citizen.                | 568 18 6 | 48 8 0   |
|  | 23.      | Satur. | Hamlet.       | Who's the Dupe.         | 565 19 0 | 46 6 6   |
|  | 25.      | Mon.   | Romeo.        | Virgin Unmask'd.        | 475 14 0 | 57 16 0  |
|  | 28.      | Thurs. | Douglas.      | Devil to Pay.           | 628 15 0 | 41 0 6   |
|  | 30.      | Satur. | Hamlet.       | Doctor & Apothecary.    | 511 10 0 | 44 16 6  |
|  | April 1. | Mon.   | Douglas.      | Bon Ton.                | 445 14 0 | 59 14 6  |
|  | 4.       | Thurs. | Hamlet.       | Liar.                   | 560 17 6 | 42 14 0  |
|  | 6.       | Satur. | Barbarossa.   | Cœur de Lion.           | 535 12 0 | 45 7 6   |
|  | 16.      | Tuesd. | Hamlet.       | Spoiled Child.          | 531 15 6 | 43 10 6  |
|  | 18.      | Thurs. | Douglas.      | Citizen.                | 586 6 0  | 44 17 0  |
|  | 22.      | Mon.   | Do.           | Of Age To-morrow.       | 462 16 6 | 62 12 6  |

Twenty-eight nights, in his first Town season, produced £17,210 11 0

Nightly average £614 13 3

Of part of this amazing influx the proprietors made the best possible use.

At Michaelmas, 1804, they owed the Duke of Bedford £ s. d.  
for rent ..... 2,296 16 11

They paid it all up; and the half year to lady-day, 1805 858 18 3

£3,155 15 2

Thus the reader has seen, in the accurate detail of the treasurer, that the sum taken by the house on his eight and twenty performances, was to the astonishing amount of 17,210*l.* 11*s.* sterling money. That this gives an average receipt nightly, of 614*l.* 13*s.* 3*d.* That the treasury paid him for these services no less than 2,782*l.* 10*s.* being

3 nights, at 50 guin. .... 157 10  
25 Do. 100 do. .... 2,625 0

£2,785 10!!!

This is independent of his benefits, which were *all free*, and of which he had four in the season; and these, with presents, must have been each worth one thousand guineas to him.

In the mean time, all the favouritism, and more than the innocence of former patronesses was lavished upon him. He might have chosen among our titled dames, the carriage he would honour with his person. The arts strove to perpetuate his countenance and his figure: Opie painted him on the Grampian Hills, as the shepherd Norval; Northcote exhibited him in a Vandyke costume, retiring from the altar of Shakspeare, as having borne thence, not stolen

"Jove's authentic Fire."

Heath engraved the latter picture, which the father published himself; and inscribed to H. R. H. the Duke of Clarence, a decided patron of the stage. Amidst all this adulation, all this desperate folly,

be it one consolation to his mature self, that he never lost the genuine modesty of his carriage, and that his temper at least was as steady as his diligence.

*Boaden's Life of J. P. Kemble.*

F. C. N.

### CHARACTER OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

If any one wish to know what manner of man he was, or what worship he had, or of how many lands he was the lord, we will describe him as we have known him: for we looked on him, and some while lived in his herd. King William was a very wise man; and very rich; more worshipful and strong than any of his foregaugers: he was mild to good men, who loved God; and stark, beyond all bounds, to those who withstood his will. On the very stede, where God gave him to win England, he reared a noble monastery, and set monks therein, and endowed it well. He was very worshipful. Thrice he bore his king-helmet every year, when he was in England; at Easter he bore it at Winchester; at Pentecost, at Westminster; and in mid-winter, at Gloucester. And then were with him all the rich men over England; archbishops, and diocesan bishops, abbotts and earls, thanes and knights. Moreover he was a very stark man; and very savage, so that no man durst do any thing against his will: he had earls in his bonds, who had done against his will; bishops he set off their bishopricks, abbotts off their abbotties, and thanes in prisons; and at last he did not spare his own brother, Odo; him he set in prison. Yet, among other things, we must not forget the good frith\* which he made in this land; so that a man, that was good for aught, might travel over the kingdom, with his bosom full of gold, without molestation; and no man durst slay another man, though he had suffered never so mickle evil from the other. He ruled over England; and by his cunning, he was so thoroughly acquainted with it, that there is not a hide of land, of which he did not know, both who had it and what it was worth; and that he set down in his writings. Wales was under his weald, and therein he wrought castles; and he wielded the Isle of Man withal; moreover he subdued Scotland by his mickle strength. Normandy was his by kinn; and over the earldom, called Mans, he ruled; and if he might have lived yet two years, he would have won Ireland by the fame of his power, and without any

\* Frith was the king's peace or protection, and the violation thereof subjected the offender to a heavy fine.

armament: yet truly in his time men had mickle suffering, and very many hardships. Castles he caused to be wrought, and poor men to be oppressed. He was so very stark, he took from his subjects many marks of gold, and many hundred pounds of silver; and that he took, some by right, and some by mickle might, for very little need. He had fallen into avarice, and greediness he loved withal. He let his lands to fine as dear as he could; then came some other, and bade more than the first had given, and the king let it to him who bade more: then came a third, and bid yet more, and the king let it into the hands of the man who bade the most. Nor did he reck how sinfully his reeves got money of poor men, or how many unlawful things they did; for the more men talked of right law, the more they did against the law. He also set many deer friths,† and he made laws therewith, that whosoever should slay hart or hind, him man should blind. As he forbade the slaying of harts, so also did he of boars; so much he loved the high deer, as if he had been their father. He also decreed about hares, that they should go free. His rich men moaned, and the poor men murmured; but he was so hard that he recked not the hatred of them all; for it was need they should follow the king's will withal, if they wished to live, or, to have lands, or goods, or his favour. Alas, that any man should be so moody, and should so puff up himself, and think himself above all other men! May almighty God have mercy on his soul, and grant him forgiveness of his sins.—*Saxon Chronicle.*

† Deer Friths were forests in which the deer were under the king's frith or protection.

### WILLIAM AND ELIZA.\*

From "Lines written for the benefit of the Inhabitants of the Island of Portland."

'Twas in a deep retiring vale, and meet,  
For rural pleasure's calm and safe retreat,  
The fair Eliza lived—of humblest birth—  
No fleeting dream of grandeur check'd her mirth;  
But as she laugh'd and sung, to all unknown,  
She deem'd life's brightest joys were all her own.  
Oft as she wander'd by the hill's green side,  
She'd ask her parent if o'er oceans tide  
He e'er had seen a vale so fair, so wide.

\* It is rarely that we offer a critical opinion on the merits of any work; we cannot, however, but recommend this poem, not only on account of its merits, but for the benevolence it has in view, that of aiding the subscription, in behalf of the inhabitants of the Isle of Portland who suffered during the late storm. We trust the appeal it makes to British charity will be answered by a liberal subscription.

If e'er his eyes had mark'd a clearer rill,  
More flowery meadows, or a prettier mill;  
And as he told of France or far Peru,  
She'd smile, half doubting if the tale were true.

Thus as she sported 'mong her own wild  
flowers,

And calm content led on youth's silken hours,  
Time slept not in his course,—but there she  
stood

In all the pride of perfect womanhood;  
While many a peasant group that saw her there,  
Prayed Heaven no frost might chill a flower so  
fair.

And now, her heart's own choice, young Wil-  
liam, led

The blushing maiden to the bridal bed;  
And all was fondest love—not such as some  
Call love, where, pillowed 'neath the gilded  
dome,

The lonely consort, on the couch of sleep,  
Is left a husband's faithless vows to weep.  
Ah! no—the love their faithful bosoms knew  
Was that of our first parents, pure and true!

And thus months, years roll'd on—one beau-  
teous boy,  
And one fair girl, her mother's darling joy,  
The rights of Hymen bless'd.

But now had come

The day her William was to quit his home  
And tempt the billowy deep; for he had heard  
Her father talk of ocean, and prefer'd  
A sailor's busy life, e'en though removed  
For many a dreary month from her he loved.  
He's gone—the vessel speeds—no tear was  
shed,—

But as around the surging ocean spread,  
As in a brief embrace her hand he prest,  
One sigh, one struggling sigh, her grief con-  
fess'd.

Calm was the dawning day, but ere the night  
Had own'd the glory of the moon's pale light,  
The rising tempest came—but who can find  
Words to express that tempest of her mind,  
Who but a few brief days ago was seen  
The happiest wife upon the village green,  
And now perchance the saddest!

The wild blast,  
Its fury spent, had ceased—the storm had pass'd  
But not its agents—many a heavy cloud  
Spread o'er the cold wan moon its vapoury  
shroud,

While many a sudden squall flint hurried by  
Seem'd to foretell her sailor's destiny.  
For, little heedful of her own frail form,  
Soon as had pass'd the zenith of the storm,  
With but her children, one in either hand  
Led on, she'd left her cottage for the strand,  
Where in the breeze of yester's orient day  
She saw her William's parting streamers play;  
Quick, quick, she hasten'd on, nor mark'd the  
rill—

A river now,—nor e'en her favourite mill—  
A floating ruin, other thoughts were now  
Upon her soul, and darken'd o'er her brow;  
For fear already—of dark fancy bred—  
Had shewn her shipwreck'd sailor cold and  
dead.

"There will he lie or ere the sands I reach,  
A stiffen'd corse, upon the pebbly beach.  
Oh! had we both but sailed, we then had  
slept

In peace together there," she said, and wept.  
"Yet no—my children!—Heaven forbid!—tis  
o'er—

I hear—I hear the murderous ocean roar!  
See! yes, it is the bay—what sudden fear  
Thus holds me back—I must, I will draw  
near;

Am I a sailor's wife, and dread the spray  
The sailor loves? vain fears, away, away!"

Thus spoke the wife, the mother, as she drew  
Near Weymouth's crescent shore; the night-  
winds blew

Hollow and sad, while o'er the surly rock  
The sullen wave in heavier surges broke:  
When, lo! a drifted boat, with sail and oar,  
She saw at distance on th' expanding shore!  
She gain'd the wreck—a lurking cloud o'ercaст  
The moon—she nearer drew—the hollow blast  
Swept by—the dark cloud parted—Heavens!  
what sight

Met her fixt eye, as, all unnerv'd, with light  
And trembling hand she slow uprais'd the  
sail!—

It was her own lost William—cold and pale  
Upon the shore he lay!

Ye who have known

What 'tis affection's mystic cares to own,  
To you I speak—Oh! say what feelings then  
Heav'd her fond breast!—again she look'd—  
again

Dropt the wet sail, and then again, as if  
'Twere but the phantom of her frenzied grief,  
Gas'd on his face once more.

No tear fell now,

Dry was her eye, and hectic was her brow,  
But there she sat—her young Eliza kept  
An awful silence; she alone had wept—  
Alone had power to weep;—the boy, he stood  
Fearless and frowning on the angry food,  
As if he thought, poor child! th' affrighted  
man

Would give his parted parent life again.  
Yes—there all faint beside that fearful wreck,  
Her head upon that weeping orphan's neck,  
She sat; no inward groan, no sound to tell  
If life or death were there; a fatal spell  
Had turn'd her form to marble!

William kneel'd

Upon the weedy sand, and as he felt,  
Unconscious felt, life's vital current play  
Fainter and fainter as it ebb'd away,  
A sudden flush her pallid brow came o'er,  
One sigh was heard—she too was now no more!

## COFFEE.

THE first notice which occurs of Coffee  
was to be found, before the Revolution,  
in an Arabian MSS. in the Royal Library  
at Paris (944), written by Schehabeddin  
Ben, as late as the fifteenth century.  
This author states, that Gemaheddin,  
Mufti of Aden, a city of Arabia Felix

(who lived not long before his own time), learned the use of coffee from some of his countrymen, while travelling in Persia; and having found much benefit from it, on his return home he recommended it to the Dervises as a certain means of preventing drowsiness, and keeping them awake during their nightly religious exercises.

Though the plant is a native of Arabia, its properties had not been known there before the time of Gemaleddin; but his patronage rapidly extended the use of the enticing beverage derived from it. From Aden it passed to Mecca, thence to Medina, and so onward to Grand Cairo. It was not long appropriated to religious purposes only, but it became the favourite drink of the idle and luxurious, as well as of the devout and the studious. Two private persons, Schems and Hekin, one coming from Damascus, the other from Aleppo, each opened a coffee-house in Constantinople, and sold the liquor in rooms, which were rendered otherwise attractive by accommodation for chess, games of chance, and various similar amusements.

In the same proportion that the coffee-houses were thronged the mosques became deserted, and the priests represented that no doubt the new drink was forbidden by the Koran, for that the roasted berry was certainly a kind of coal, and that all coals were food prohibited by the Prophet's law. The Mufti, on a petition to this effect, without hesitation, decided that coffee was coal; nevertheless, in spite of frequent enactments against it, the people continued to drink it. The exertions of the police were ineffectual, and the government at length was contented to restrain it only by rigid sumptuary laws. Coffee was taxed, and it was allowed to be drunk in secret.

But another Mufti arose, of a less anti-phlogistic turn; and he pronounced that coffee was not coal. All ranks, even the religious themselves, assumed the *dictum* as a license to drink coffee, and the Grand Vizier profited by the fashion to raise a considerable tax.

Mr. Daniel Edwards, a Turkey merchant, enjoys the reputation of having made coffee practically known in England. On his return from the East in 1657, he brought with him a Ragusian Greek servant, Pasqua Rosee, who was eminently skilled in the mysteries of this decoction, which he prepared every morning. The novelty at length drew so great a resort to the house of Mr. Edwards, that this unlucky merchant lost all the forepart of the day, and in self-defence he at length permitted the Greek, in partnership with

the coachman of his son-in-law, to set up a coffee-house in St. Michael's-alley, Cornhill. This was the first coffee-house in London. A second soon arose out of it, for the parties quarrelled, and the coachman established himself separately in St. Michael's-church-yard. Pasqua Rosee's original advertisement may still be seen in the British Museum. It is on a single half-sheet, and is headed, *The virtue of the coffee-drink first publickly made and sold in England by Pasqua Rosee; made and sold in St. Michael's-alley, in Cornhill, by P. R. at the signe of his own head.* Among the other excellences claimed for coffee by this bill, is one which we have not seen ascribed elsewhere, "it is very good to prevent miscarriages in childbearing women." The directions for drinking it are as follows: That about half a pint be taken at a time, the person who swallows it not being permitted to eat for either an hour before or an hour after his draught. It is to be drunk as hot as possible; and it is added, as a recommendation, "the which will never fetch the skin off the mouth, or raise any blister by reason of that heat."

*Encyclopædia Metropolitana.*

## DINING AT SEA IN ROUGH WEATHER.

THE ship's company often reap much amusement from the little accidents, the ridiculous tumbles, and the strange postures which the passengers are thrown into by the unsteady motion of the vessel; indeed, we now feel so little alarm during a gale, that we sometimes disregard its perils, and join in their smiles and jokes, at the ludicrous occurrences which happen among ourselves. Hogarth might have feasted upon them. In the confusion of motion, caused by the heavy seas, if we attempt to walk, we *fetch away*, and are tossed to the farthest side of the cabin, in all the odd and uncommon figures that can be imagined, and, often before we can regain our legs, the ship yields to another wave, and we are tumbled in the most ludicrous manner to the opposite side, kicking, struggling, or crawling, amidst a confusion of moving chairs, stools, boxes, and other furniture. Our dinner ceremony is often rendered a humorous scene: at this hour the cabin being the general rendezvous of the party, we must crawl, trembling, towards the table, and tie ourselves in the chairs. A tray is set before us, with deep holes cut in it for the dishes, plates, and glasses; the table and chairs are lashed to the deck; yet one or other frequently gives way, and upsets half the things in the cabin! Presently

enters the steward with soup, followed by his little slave with potatoes, and the servants with such other covers as there may chance to be. But scarcely are the things upon the table, and the servants stationed, clinging to the backs of our chairs, before a sudden lurch of the ship tumbles all into disorder. Away go steward, servants, and little Mungo, to the lee corner of the cabin; the soup salutes the lap of one of us; another receives a leg of pork; a third is presented with a piece of mutton or beef; a couple of chickens or ducks fly to another; the pudding jumps nearly into the mouth of the next; and the potatoes are tossed in all directions about the deck of the cabin. One saves his plate; another stops his knife and fork; some cling to the table, thinking only of saving their persons; one secures the bottle; another, half fallen, holds up his glass in one hand, and fixes himself fast to his chair with the other. Chaos is renewed! every thing is in motion; every thing is in disorder and confusion. At the next roll of the ship, the servants, staring with amazement, again fetch away, and, with extended arms, are tossed to the opposite side of the cabin, where they eling fast, and remain fixed as statues, afraid again to move; and although we are lashed in the chair ourselves, it is with some difficulty we can maintain our seats. Plates, dishes, knives, forks, and glasses clatter together in all the discord of the moment; the steward and his boy, crawling upon their hands and knees after the dancing potatoes, the flying fowls, or walking joints, are rolled over and over at our feet; and all is disorder and confusion. The ship now becomes steady for a moment; the scattered parts of the dinner are collected; and those who have escaped sickness again attempt to eat. Some foreseeing all these accidents, fix themselves in a corner upon the cabin-deck, and take the plate between their knees, fancying themselves in security; but quickly they are tumbled, in ridiculous postures, to the other side of the cabin, sprawling with outstretched limbs, like frightened crabs. Some, having no calls of appetite, join not in the feast, but lie swinging up and down in their cots or hammocks; others remain rolling from side to side in their births; some cry out with sore bruises; some from being wetted with the sprays; one calls for help; another relieves his stomach from sickness; while others, lamenting only their dinner, loudly bewail the soup, the meat, and the pudding; some abuse the helmsman, others the ship, and others the sea; while all join in a chorus of imprecations upon the wind.

*Pinckard's Notes.*

## SPIRIT OF THE

## Public Journals.

### OLD LONDON.

"I was passing, said Khidr, a populous city, and I asked one of the inhabitants, 'How long has this city been built?' but he said, 'this is an ancient city, we know not at what time it was built, neither we nor our fathers.' Then I passed by, after five hundred years, and not a trace of the city was to be seen; but I found a man gathering herbs, and I asked, 'How long has this city been destroyed?' but he said, 'The country has always been thus.' And I said, 'But there was a city here.' Then he said, 'We have seen no city here, nor have we heard of such from our fathers.' After five hundred years, I again passed that way, and found a lake, and met there a company of fishermen, and asked them, 'When did this land become a lake?' and they said, 'How can a man like you ask such a question? The place was never other than it is.' 'But heretofore,' said I, 'it was dry land;' and they said, 'We never saw it so, nor heard it from our fathers.' Then again, after five hundred years, I returned, and behold! the lake was dried up; and I met a solitary man, and said to him, 'When did this spot become dry land?' and he said, 'It was always thus.' 'But formerly,' I said, 'it was a lake;' and he said, 'We never saw it nor heard of it before.' And five hundred years afterwards I again passed by, and again found a populous and beautiful city, and finer than I had at first seen it; and I asked of one of the inhabitants, 'When was this city built?' and he said, 'Truly, it is an ancient place, we know not the date of its building, neither we nor our fathers.'"

*Translation of an Extract from Kasneini the Arabian Naturalist, in De Saeg's Chrestomathie Arabe, vol. iii. p. 417.*

If some Saint Leon or Wandering Jew, doomed a few thousand years ago to perpetual life, were to record the mutations of the site on which London now stands, we should doubtless perceive changes little less complete, although less imposing, than those described by the oriental naturalist. But without the assistance of such an awfully long-lived and veracious Khidr, we will endeavour to exhibit a few of the changes which have happened to the city from which we derive our name. We shall not, however, have occasion to go beyond one five hundred years to discover that hardly a

vestige of its ancient lineaments remains. The wall and broad ditch which belted it about, and the gardens and pleasure-grounds which ornamented its suburbs, have disappeared—the rivers which flowed through its streets have been all drunk up—the citizen can no longer enjoy a rural walk to Clerkenwell or the Mile's End—the precincts of the city are deserted by the nobility, whose trains once thronged its streets—and the merchants and traders, who grow warm in its bosom, are glad to escape from its smoke. But we are not going to cant over “the good old times;” for we had, spite of the asseverations of our ancient sires and grandfathers, rather view them through the perspective of five hundred years, and describe their peculiarities, than have lived within the sphere of their blessed influence. Let it not be supposed, however, that it is our intention to treat our readers with a wearisome “Walk round London;” we have no wish to employ any Jacob’s ladder to mount, or any Jacob’s staff to measure, its churches and monasteries, its battlements and towers of strength.

If we look, then, some five centuries back, we shall find that the covering of the ground has been almost entirely changed—that nearly all the old buildings have been succeeded by new, except the Tower, which seems, indeed, like the fortress in which Time has ensconced himself against that innovation whereto he has subjected all its vicinage: we seek in vain for the palaces and mansions of Old London; Tower Royal, called the Queen’s Wardrobe, where Richard II. and his mother lodged in the time of their trouble, retains no trace of regality but its name; Petty Wales, in Thames-street, the inn or lodging of the princes of that portion of the island, bears at present a more apt correspondence with its name; the Treasures of the Eastern Ind now load the site of Northumberland House, which formerly lorded it over the southern side of Fenchurch-street; Drapers’ Hall has arisen from the ashes of the spacious mansion of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex; Stationers’

Hall on the site of Pembroke Inn, afterwards called Abergavenny House; and Little Britain has become less since the Earls of Britain lived there. Warwick-lane, in which stood the Earl of Warwick’s house, is now a continuous butchery, an appropriation possibly suggested by the custom in that noble family’s household of frequently devouring six oxen to breakfast; or it may be from the famous Guy, who so skilfully performed the function of a butcher in slaying the terrible Dun Cow. The City Mansion House has succeeded the Stocks Market, the great emporium for fish and flesh; and the little cottage in which the public business of the city was transacted previously to 1400, has grown into the Guildhall.

But if trade has seized on the situations which fashion deserted, trade itself has had its migrations. The grass or herb market is no longer confined to Gracechurch or Grass-street; the chief, if not the only corn-merchant on the Cornhill, is the very erudite chiropedist, he who makes the lame to walk and the pained foot to dance for joy, the small shoe physician, the sole surgeon and king of corns; Birch-lane is denuded of drapery and drapers—the Poultry is no longer kept warm by its condimental neighbours, the pepperers of Bucklersbury; the noble army of quadrupedal martyrs no longer smokes daily along the whole line of East Cheap, once the seat of good cheer and the scene of immortal revelling; in Bread-street formerly the only market for the staff of life, we do not know that there is a single baker; the bullion of Lombard-street is by a facile sort of alchymy turned into paper; and the merchants, instead of meeting twice a day at that ancient bourse, now hardly congregate once on the Royal Exchange. Where do we find that too civil out-door solicitation to spend our money, which was formerly practised by all tradesmen who thought to thrive, but in Moorfields, where to be sure a no

22 foot ere my father heard thereof, no warning was given him, nor other answer (when he spoke to the surveyors of that work) but that their master, Sir Thomas, commanded them so to do; no man durst go to argue the matter, but each man lost his land. Thus much,” adds the antiquary, “of mine own knowledge have I thought good to note, that the sudden rising of some men causeth them to forget themselves.”

† So called from there having been stocks there.

‡ This wight dwells in Leadenhall-street, formerly part of Cornhill.

§ Grocers, so called, as to purveyors &c.

•• The Old Change was merely for the reception and coining of the king’s bullion.

A curious anecdote is related by Stow, of this personage’s regardlessness of the law of man and heaven. “This house being finished,” says he, “and having some reasonable plot of ground left for a garden, he caused the pales of the gardens adjoining to the north part thereof on a sudden to be taken down, 22 feet to be measured forthright into the north of every man’s ground, a line there to be drawn, a trench to be cast, a foundation laid, and a high brick wall to be builded. My father had a house there, and there was a house standing close to his south pale; this house they loosed from the ground and bare upon rowlers into my father’s garden

still a negative pregnant of a fresh invitation?

Ships were not always confined below London bridge, but rode gallantly through the drawbridge at the end of it to Queenhithe, formerly the chief mart for landing goods, a privilege which it first divided with Billingsgate, and afterwards, on the destruction of the drawbridge in 1553, lost altogether. It is a singular fact, that in 1114, the water was so dried up between the Tower and London Bridge, that not only men on horseback, but women and children, waded over the river on foot.

Nor is the alteration in the general aspect and size of the city less remarkable than in these minor particulars. The city itself, that is, so much as was enclosed by the wall, was of no great compass; this wall was in the form of a bow, the Thames forming the string, and was exclusive of the part adjoining the river, only about two miles and two hundred yards in length. It appears to have been built at a very early period. Fitz Stephen, who wrote in the reign of Henry II., remarks that "the wall was high and great, well towered on the north side with due distance between the towers;" and that "on the south side also the city was walled and towered, but the fishful river of Thames had long since subverted them." At this period, the city wall commenced from the White Tower in the East; but towards the close of the twelfth century it was broken down at that point for the purpose of the Tower being surrounded by a wall and ditch, a measure which was occasioned by the dissensions excited by Prince, afterwards King John. At a place still called the Iron Gate, stood a wall belonging to the Hospital of St. Katherine; and a little to the north, was a garden belonging to the same hospital, rented by the king at six marks or 2*l.* a year; both of which were required for the purposes of the Tower ditch. Our pious informer is greatly scandalized that no compensation was made to the poor brethren of St. Katherine's for this appropriation of their property; but the poor brethren, like most objects of superstitious or charitable bounty, had the faculty of long memories, and after one hundred and forty years' perseverance, obtained an indemnification for the loss of their ground. Tower Hill, to which the garden adjoined, was without the walls, and was occupied by noblemen's houses and gardens, and the northern part by a nunnery of the order of St. Clare, who had a farm there, and from whom the street was subsequently called the Minorites. After the construc-

tion of the Tower ditch, the city wall commenced at the postern adjoining it on the north-west part, and proceeded thence along the east side of Trinity-square up to Aldgate. From this gate, without the walls, commenced Portsoken Ward or Knighten Guild, so named from its having been granted to thirteen knights, on condition of certain knightly achievements which they very manfully performed; and just within the gate stood the church of the Holy Trinity, founded in the time of Henry I., who made a grant to that foundation of the Knighten Guild, in right of which, the prior of the church was admitted an alderman of the city, sat in the court, and accompanied the civic processions robed like the rest of the aldermen. On the dissolution of this priory, it was granted to Thomas, Lord Audley, who converted it into a mansion, and dwelt there during his life; after his death it became the property of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, by marriage with the Lord Audley's daughter, and thence received the name of Duke's-place; that name it still retains, but it has undergone a singular change in the use to which it is applied, and in the character of its inhabitants; from being the tripod of the Holy Trinity, it has become the sanctum of the High Priest of the Hebrews, and the retreat of Judaism.

From Aldgate, the wall ran on the west side of Houndsditch to Bishopsgate church. Houndsditch, the derivation of which is obvious enough, was originally applied to the whole of the city ditch; the part which still retains the name had then only a few detached cottages on its banks, inhabited by bed-ridden people, who were placed on beds in low windows that they might catch the eye of ambulatory charity, for it was then the custom of charitable persons of both sexes to lay up a store in heaven, by repairing to Houndsditch every Friday for the purpose of bestowing alms. On the east side of it was a fair field much frequented by the citizens for exercise and recreation. This street afterwards became the rookery of what were called usurers, and is now nearly all one large clothes warehouse. From Bishopsgate church the wall extended on the inside of Moorfields, a marsh which, when frozen, was the scene of many brutal feats, to Cripplegate, so named from the many beggars who there solicited charity; thence to Aldersgate-street, to Newgate, which, like most of the entrance gates of towns, was used as a prison; to Ludgate; and from this ancient monument of King Lud, to Fleet-bridge: and then turning down Bridge-street to the Thames. Such were the

narrow boundaries of the city; its liberties and wards, however, occupied a considerable space without the walls.

*London Magazine.*

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## Useful Domestic Hints.

### COMPOSITION FOR PRESERVING

#### EGGS.

*For which a patent was obtained by Mr. Wm. Jayne, of Sheffield.*

**TAKE** and put into a tub or vessel one bushel, Winchester measure, of quicklime, thirty-two ounces of salt, eight ounces of cream of tartar, and mix the same together with as much water as will reduce the composition, or mixture, to that consistence, that it will cause an egg, put into it, to swim with its top just above the liquid; then put and keep the eggs therein, which will preserve them sound for the space of two years at least.

### TO PRESERVE TURNIPS FROM FROST.

*By a Gentleman Farmer, of Suffolk.*

**TO** preserve this root for feeding cattle late in the spring, the best method appears to be thus:—After drawing your turnips in February, cut off the tops and tap-roots (which may be given to sheep), and let them lie a few days in the field, as no weather will then hurt them. Then, on a layer of straw next the ground, place a layer of turnips two feet thick, and then a layer of straw, and so on alternately, till you have brought the heap to a point. Care must be taken to turn up the edges of the layers of straw, to prevent the turnips from rolling out; cover the top well with long straw, and it will serve as a thatch for the whole. In this method, as the straw imbibes the moisture exhaled from the roots, all vegetation will be prevented, and the turnips will be nearly as good in May, as when drawn from the field. If straw be scarce, old haulm or stubble will answer the same purpose.

## Miscellaneous.

*(For the Mirror.)*

**ACIDALIUS VALENS**, an eminent critic and writer of Germany, of the sixteenth century, was falsely accused of writing a little work, which had for its object to prove that women were not of the human species. The fact was, that Acidalius happening to meet with the manuscript, and thinking it very whim-

sical, transcribed it, and gave it to a bookseller, by whom it was printed. The performance was highly censured, so that the bookseller, being seized, he discovered the person from whom he obtained the manuscript. A terrible outcry was raised against Acidalius; who, being one day to dine at the house of a friend, there happened to be several ladies at table, and supposing him to be the author, they were moved with so much indignation, that they threatened to throw their plates at his head. Acidalius, however, ingeniously diverted their wrath, by observing, that, in his opinion, the author was a very judicious person, *as the ladies were certainly more of the species of angels than of men.*

**ARIOSTO**, the celebrated Italian poet, began one of his comedies during his father's life-time, who rebuked him sharply for some great fault, but all the while he returned no answer. Soon after his brother began to scold on the same subject; but he easily refuted him, and with strong arguments justified his own conduct. "Why, then," said his brother, "did you not so satisfy your father?" "In truth," replied Ariosto, "I was just then thinking of a part of my comedy, and methought my father's speech to me was so suited to the part of an old man chiding his son, that I entirely forgot I was concerned in it myself, and considered it only as forming a part of my play."

**LORD BATHURST**, (father of the Chancellor,) until within a month of his death, in September, 1775, at the great age of 91, constantly rode on horseback two hours before dinner, and as regularly took his bottle of Claret or Madeira after. On having some friends at his seat at Cirencester, he was very loth to part with them one evening, when his son objected to their sitting up any longer, saying, that "health and long life were best secured by regularity." He was therefore permitted to retire; but as soon as he had departed, the cheerful father said, "Come, my good friends, now the OLD GENTLEMAN has gone to bed, I think we may venture to crack another bottle."

**ARISTIPPUS** being asked by a person what his son would be the better for being a scholar, replied, "If for nothing else, yet for this alone, that when he comes into the Theatre, one stone will not sit upon another."

**WHEN** a certain person recommended his son to Aristippus, he demanded five



hundred drachmas. "Why," said the father, "I could buy a slave for such a sum." "Do so," said Aristippus, "and then you will be master of a couple."

### CAOUTCHOUC, OR INDIAN RUBBER.

THIS singular substance is the inspissated juice of a tree, the *Jatropha elastica*, a native of different provinces of South America, and is prepared thus:—Incisions are made in the lower part of the trunk through the bark, and a milky fluid issues in great abundance: it is conveyed into a vessel prepared to receive it, by means of a tube or leaf fixed in the incision, and supported with clay: by exposure to the air, it gradually dries into a soft, reddish, elastic resin. The purest is that which separates spontaneously in close vessels; it is white, or of a light fawn colour. It is, however, imported into Europe in pear-shaped bottles, which are formed by the Indians of South America, by spreading the juice over a mould of clay; as soon as one layer is dry, another is added, till the bottle be of the thickness desired; it is then exposed to a thick dense smoke, or fire, which not only dries it thoroughly, but gives it the dark appearance. It is then ornamented with various figures by means of an iron instrument. When dry, the clay mould is crushed, the fragments extracted, and in this manner the spherical bottles are formed. Owing to its great elasticity and indestructibility, it is used for a variety of important purposes, such as tubes for conveying gases, catheters, &c. &c; among the latest applications is that of a flexible tube for introduction into the stomach, to which an apparatus is attached for the washing out any deleterious matter, such as poisons, &c. In Cayenne, and places where it is abundant, torches are made of it for the purpose of illumination. A solution of it in five times its weight of oil of turpentine, and this solution dissolved in eight times its weight of drying linseed oil, is said to form the varnish for balloons. Would not a solution of it be of service to leather, so as to render it water-proof, without destroying its elasticity?

CLAVIS.

### The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton*.

### PUNNING MOTTO'S

*Of some of the Corporation Guilds of London.*

**Salters.**—Sal sapit omnia. Salt savours

all things (or salt gives a relish to every thing).

**Glaziers.**—Da nobis lucem Domine.

Lord, give us light!

**Wheelwrights.**—God grant unity.

**Blacksmiths.**—By hammer and hand

All arts do stand.

**Frutellers.**—Arbor vitæ Christus,

Fructus per fidem gustamus. Christ is the tree of life: through faith we taste its fruits.

**Joiners.**—Join truth with truth.

**Butchers.**—Omnia subieciisti sub pedibus, oves et boves. Thou hast put all things under his feet (or subjected all things to his dominion), both sheep and oxen.

CRITO GALEN.

### GRAMMATICAL TAUTOLOGY.

I'll prove the word that I've made my theme

Is that that may be doubled without blame;

And that that *that*, thus trebled, I may use.

And that that *that* that critics may abuse  
May be correct. Farther—the dons do bother—

Five *thats* may closely follow one another!  
For be it known, that we may safely write

Or say, that that *that* that that man writ  
was right:—

Nay, e'en, that that *that* that *that* that  
follow'd

Through six repeats, the Grammar's rule  
has hallow'd;

And that that *that* (that *that* that *that*  
began)

Repeated seven times is right!—Deny't  
who can.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are again, though with extreme reluctance, compelled to omit our detailed answers to our numerous correspondents. We have, however, decided on a host of cases, and shall give judgment on all in our next.

F. C. N., on second thoughts, must perceive that we cannot answer his inquiry; and the *Constant Reader*, who inquires who is the author of an article in No. CXXIV. of the *MIRROR*, can scarcely expect that we should give to an unknown individual, what the author has no wish to make known—his name.

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# The Mirror

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CXXXIII.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1825.

[Price 2d.

## Diorama.—The Ruins of Holyrood Chapel.



Among the many exhibitions in the metropolis, there is not one which has excited more surprise, or has been more attractive than the *Diorama*. The novelty of the plan, and the singular illusion of the views took the town by surprise, and to one portion of the public, at least, it became a matter of dispute, whether they really were actually nothing more than paintings.

It was very difficult to convince many persons that, in the view of Trinity Chapel, Canterbury, the steps, the sleeping hod-men, and the beer cans were not really what they appeared to be.

In the view of *Sarnen*, who could doubt that, instead of being in a building limited by walls, there was a view before him distant—as Highgate and Hampstead; while the rill that trickled down to the valley seemed nothing less than real water. In the view of Brest Harbour, it was believed by thousands, that the little boy in the fore-ground, with his shoe down at the heel, was either a very quiet charity boy, or, at least, a suit of clothes stuffed, instead of the mere effect of the pencil; and in the view of the

cathedral of Chartres, every body saw, or at least fancied they saw, a real cobweb on the corner of the picture in the front. Such is the effect of pictorial illusion produced in the *Diorama*.

Another view has just been opened at the *Diorama*—that of the ruins of Holyrood chapel, Edinburgh, of which we are fortunately enabled to present our readers with a very correct engraving; and subjoin a description and an historical account of this celebrated ruin.

The abbey of Holyrood house is contiguous to the palace of the same name, and situate at the eastern extremity of the old town of Edinburgh. According to tradition, it was founded by David the First, in the year 1128.

The canons of Holyrood were of the order of St. Augustine, and came originally from St. Andrew's. Ample provision was made for their support, and succeeding kings, having extended the privileges of the abbey, it was considered the richest establishment of the kind in Scotland, its revenues, at the period of the reformation, amounting in money to 250*l.* sterling annually, and in kind to 442 bolls of wheat,

640 bolls of beer, 560 bolls of oats, 500 capons, two dozen of hens, two dozen of salmon, twelve loads of salt; and of swine, a number not precisely ascertained. The canons also, at the origin of the institution, were provided by David with a right to the trial by duel, and to the water and fire ordeals. Besides the abovementioned privileges, the canons had the right of finding out "noted witches and warlocks," and of determining controversies of every kind; and their abbey furnished an asylum to the guilty, whom it was accounted sacrilege to follow, except in the case of murder.

In the year 1177, a national council was held in the abbey, in consequence of a dispute between the English and Scottish clergy, as to the submission of the latter to the church of England, a legate having been sent by the Pope to take cognizance of it. In the years 1332 and 1335, it suffered from the devastations of the English. In 1457, Archibald Crawford, lord high treasurer of Scotland, was appointed abbot of Holyrood House. By him, the pointed style of architecture, which characterizes the present state of the abbey, was substituted for the Norman employed by David the First. When the earl of Hertford entered Scotland in the year 1544, this monastery was almost entirely consumed by his soldiers, the choir and transept of the church having been destroyed, and nothing preserved but the nave. It was then that Sir Richard Lea carried off the brazen font, in which the children of the royal family had been usually baptized, and after engraving an insolent inscription on it, presented it to the church of St. Alban's, in Hertfordshire. The inscription was in Latin, and may be thus translated:—"When Leith, a town of good account in Scotland, and Edinburgh, the principal city of that nation, were on fire, Sir Richard Lea, Knt. saved me out of the flames, and brought me into England; in gratitude to him for his kindness, I, who hitherto served only at the baptism of the children of kings, do now most willingly offer the same service to the meanest of the English nation. Lea, the conqueror, hath so commanded. Adieu. A.D. 1543, in the 36th year of king Henry VIII."

This font, in the time of Charles I., was sold for its weight of metal, and ignobly destroyed. After the battle of Pinky, the monks made their escape, and the church and palace were stripped of the lead which covered them, by the English, who also took down the bells. At the reformation, the monastery was dissolved, and the church completely despoiled: from a mistaken principle of

religious zeal and devotion, the earl of Glencairn laid waste the beautiful chapel, broke into pieces its valuable furniture, and laid the greater part of the statues and other ornaments in ruins. It was again fitted up by James the Seventh, in a very elegant manner, being paved with marble, and having many beautiful shields and armorial devices executed upon it; the king also erected a magnificent throne, and twelve stalls for the knights' companions of the order of St. Andrew, with a large and fine toned organ. Chosen workmen were sent from London, with directions to fill the twelve apostles in the best manner, to be placed in as many different compartments, or niches, along the interior of the building on the one side, and as many of the prophets for corresponding niches on the other. This design was most violently opposed by the bigotted populace, who alleged that the king intended to establish the popish rites and ceremonies, and that these statues were intended as objects of adoration, and consequently the whole of the workmanship was defaced, and the artizans compelled to desist from their undertaking. At the Restoration, Charles the Second completely repaired the church, and ordained that it should in future be set apart as a chapel royal, and be no longer used as the parochial church of Canongate. It was therefore prepared for this purpose in a very splendid manner; a throne was placed in it for the sovereign, and twelve stalls for the knights of the order of the Thistle: but, at the revolution, the populace were again roused by apprehensions of popery, and giving vent to their fury, set fire to the church, and reduced the interior to a state of ruin; they at the same time broke open the sepulchres of their sovereigns, opened the coffins, and left the bodies naked and exposed.

Arnot observes, that "these walls, which could withstand the fury of a mob, have since been brought to the ground through the extreme avarice or stupidity of an architect. As the roof of the church was becoming ruinous, the duke of Hamilton, heritable keeper of the palace, represented its condition to the barons of the exchequer about the year 1753, and craved that it might be repaired. To this effect an architect and mason were consulted. The walls of the church were already upwards of 600 years old, and were but in a crazy condition, yet did these men propose, instead of putting a slate roof on it, to cover it with flag stones. This new roof soon injured the fabric. A report was made to the barons by another architect in 1766, that the church would speedily become ruinous if the new roof

was not taken off, as the walls had never been intended for so vast a load. Nothing was done in consequence of this report, and the church fell on the 2nd of December, 1768; when we lately visited it, we saw in the middle of the chapel, the broken shafts of the columns which had been borne down by the weight of the roof. Upon looking into the vaults, the doors of which were found open, we found that what had escaped the fury of the mob at the Revolution, became a prey to the rapacity of the mob who ransacked the church after it fell. In 1776 we had seen the body of James the Fifth, and some others, in their leaden coffins. The coffins were now stolen. The head of queen Magdalene, which was then entire, and even beautiful, and the skull of Darnley were also stolen. His thigh bones, however, still remain, and are proofs of the vastness of his stature."

The chapel of Holyrood House in its pristine state, was a magnificent structure of the English or pointed style of architecture. Its west front has been compared with Melrose Abbey, Ely, and York, Cathedrals. The highly enriched windows which lighted the roof loft are universally admired. The columns, mouldings, and sculptures of the west door, are executed in the boldest style of *alto-relievo*, and exhibited various grotesque devices, the whole elegantly designed and executed. Immediately above the door is a small square stone, having this inscription:—

HE SHALL BUILD ANE HOUSE  
FOR MY NAME, AND I WILL  
STABLISH HIS THRONE  
FOR EVER.

—  
BASILICAM HANC EM  
RUTAM CAROLUS REX,  
OPTIMUS INSTRUAUIT.  
ANNO DOM.  
C19.1000XXIII.

The north side of the building is ornamented with buttresses, enriched with canopied niches and pinnacles; this was the work of abbot Crauford, in the time of James the Third. The south side of the church is likewise adorned with buttresses, but differing from those of the north. At the east end is the great window, the tracery of which was thrown down by a storm in 1795, but has since been replaced. The belfry is a small tower on the north-west corner of the abbey church, and contains a finely-executed statue of Lord Belhaven.

The view of Holyrood Chapel, just opened to the public at the *Diorama*, ap-

pears to us to surpass in beauty and gloomy grandeur any of the preceding paintings in this matchless exhibition. There is an apparent reality about this view, which makes us almost suspect that we are under some magical illusion which has brought before us distant objects. A Scotsman needs no artificial incitement to love of country on the view of Holyrood Chapel: associated as it is with the history of Scotia's glories, it would be sufficient to remind him of them. A stranger, who has never been in Edinburgh needs no great stretch of fancy on viewing this picture to believe himself in its very centre, with this splendid ruin before him.

The view of Holyrood Chapel, which is painted by M. Daguerre, is a moonlight scene. To the right is a colonnade of pillars, still remaining, which support the equilateral arches, and form the front of the first gallery and the basis of the upper one, whose pointed arches, united in pairs, fill up the space between the channelled pillars that form the colonnade we are describing. Through the arches are to be seen, the corner of the southern aisle, the windows which overlook the cloister, and an arcade of small pillars and pointed arches.

At the eastern extremity of this gallery, under the windows of the gable end, beyond which the moon rises and lightens a part of the picture, is the entry of the royal vaults of Roxburgh.

The window which lighted the chapel is of a curious form: we believe it to be of a modern structure, and built in the reign of James VI. It was repaired in 1816 with the materials found about the chapel. Time and a violent storm had considerably damaged it in 1795; and it was in order to give a more picturesque effect to the picture that the artist has here represented it in its unrepaired state.

In the middle of the picture are the remains of two pillars, which were the third and fourth, reckoning from the eastern wall. The part of the picture to the left of these broken pillars is in tolerable preservation, and the style of its architecture is elegant.

Several tombstones and monuments are in the part which is lighted by the moon: the most apparent are, the white stone nearest to the spectators, and which is in the middle of the picture, covers the burial place of Lord and Lady Rae.

It is actually impossible to convey by words any adequate idea of the fascination and perfect illusion of this magical picture. The scene itself is picturesque in the highest conceivable idea of architec-



tural representation ; far more so, indeed, from its dilapidated state (in which wild nature's vegetative power is beginning to re-assert her triumphs over the frail magnificence of art), than can possibly consist with any entireness, however accompanied, of the most complicated and magnificent edifice. But the poetry of the pencil hath touched with its inspirations the realities of the scene. Not only are the most favourable points of time, and the most favourable state of the atmosphere (moonlight, with a partial and incidental haze), selected for heightening the solemn grandeur of the objects, and giving them the most effective relief, a human and living interest is superadded to that which is awakened by the mouldering tombs that should chronicle the dead, by the introduction (episodically) of a beautiful figure in maiden mourning (white, with a zone of black) who

\* Held in holy passion still,  
Forgets herself to marble !\*

over a monumental pedestal, upon which burns a glimmering lamp, whose earthly and unsteady light (finely contrasted with the pale serenity of the lamps of heaven) quivers and undulates with alternately increasing and diminishing lustre (as if affected by the motions of the atmosphere) and gleams or glimmers on the projecting superficies of the votive altar upon which it rests ; and renders conspicuous in picturesque relief the pensive form that watches it. Nor is this all. The stars actually scintillate in their spheres, occasionally obscured and occasionally emerging from the misty clouds ; while the moon gently glides with scarcely perceptible motion, now through the hazy, now through the clearer air ; and the light reflected upon the walls and shafts, and shattered architrave, becomes dim or brilliant in proportion to the clearness or the obscurity of her course ; so that, if this be painting, however exquisite, it still is something more ; for the elements have their motions, though the objects they illuminate are fixed, and the ether hath its transparency, the stars their chrystalline, and the lamp its vital flame, though the ruin and its terrene accompaniments have their opaque solidity.

The whole picture is, perhaps, the greatest triumph ever achieved in the pictorial art.

#### EPIGRAM.

WHENCE comes it that in Clara's face,  
The lily only has a place ;  
Is it that the absent rose  
Is gone to paint her husband's nose ?

#### STANZAS

*Addressed to the Cambria Brig, on her arrival  
at Falmouth, on the 4th March, 1825.\**

(For the Mirror.)

THOU noble bark, of brightest fame,  
That bear'st proud Cambria's honour'd name,  
Right welcome home once more !  
Welcome thou gallant little sail,  
In England's name I bid thee hail !  
And welcome to her shore.

A conqueror's flag thou dost not bear—  
A conqueror's meed thou wilt not share,  
Yet honour waits thee here !  
No foeman's blood has stained thy deck,  
Thou hast not caused a foeman's wreck,  
But England holds thee dear.

A higher fate, for thee decreed,  
Propell'd thee in the hour of need  
To dread Biscaya's bay :  
Then did thy brave commander urge  
Thy bosom through the foaming surge,  
To where the wretched lay.

At sight of thee, how beam'd the eyes,  
With gratitude, hope, joy, surprise,  
Of those who begg'd thy aid !  
How felt they when all deaths were braved,  
That wives and children might be saved,  
For whose loved sakes they prayed !

Brave Cook ! thy well-earned glory needs  
A higher strain to sing thy deeds,  
And more exalted lays :  
Nor thou alone, but all thy crew :—  
"The sturdy Cornish miners," too,  
Are far above all praise.

And there one is whom all commend,  
My own—humanity's tried friend—  
The cool, the kind, the brave :  
'Twas good in Heaven to ordain  
That he, 'mid all his toil and pain,  
Should succour, soothe, and save !

O when once more, with sails unfur'd,  
Thou bear'st towards the western world,  
May gales propitious blow !  
Success reward the enterprise,  
The science, skill, and energies  
Of those who with thee go !

SALVATUS.

\* On the 1st of March, the Kent Indiaman, outward bound, caught fire while off the Bay of Biscay : she had on board a considerable number of troops. Fortunately, the Cambria, Capt. Cook, destined for Mexico, hove in sight, and, with a zeal and humanity above all praise, afforded every succour. By great exertions, nearly seven hundred persons were saved, and crowded on board the Cambria. It was supposed that ninety were lost ; but of these fourteen were afterwards found on some floating masts, and were picked up by another vessel.

#### ON LOQUACITY.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—I am terribly afraid that I have given offence to many of your fair readers,

by proposing a "*tax upon talking*," which you kindly inserted in No. 129 of the MIRROR. "What," (methinks I hear one of them exclaim in a pet,) "does he really mean to tie up a lady's tongue?"—"Well, indeed, might he first apologize to us for this invasion of our privilege," says a second; "Only mark, (cries a third,) the wish to compel us to a *daily* confession; while, for the *self-styled* lords of the creation, once a *quarter* is considered sufficient!"

Well, ladies! pray forgive me.—In order to make an atonement for my offence, I will (with Mr. Editor's permission,) write my recantation; and play the game—disputant, by taking the opposite side of the question.—An *encomium upon loquacity*!

1. It is indisputably admitted, that we differ in nothing from the brute creation so much, as in the gift of speech; hence, it is plain, that we can in no way so fully evince the distinction, as by continually exercising this privilege. Should any cavalier dare affirm, "Reason is a more prominent mark than talking," it may be answered, that the former is a faculty to which many of the brutes approximate extremely close, and that it is evident some brutes exhibit more sense, than some men.

2. Excepting its abuse, can there then be a greater negative crime, than an avaricious parsimony of speech? Is not this same silence most justly deserving our highest censure? and since we find that talking is the most convincing proof of our ranking as human creatures, surely our taciturnity will give consent to our want of it;—it will be taken for granted, that those who say nothing, know nothing, think nothing; consequently, can have nothing to say; and ought, therefore, to be classed among the *irrational*s.

3. Among other arguments in favour of loquacity, the following is unanswerable: that, of all the parts of the human frame, the *tongue* alone is indefatigable; with labour, the hands become feeble; with violent walking, the feet will tire; by continually poring at objects, the eyes grow dim; in short, every other sense may be satiated; except that invulnerable weapon, the organ of speech. To what end then has dame Nature bestowed this invincible energy, unless she fully intended it for perpetual motion, and incessant use?

4. The pleasures, and even business and improvements of life, arise chiefly through the medium of conversation; those therefore who negotiate the largest portion of this *verbal* traffic, are (particularly in

this commercial empire,) the worthiest candidates for public patronage.

Thus far, is a panegyric upon loquacity in general. Now for a few hints upon this topic, to the ladies in *particular*.

First, It is generally confessed, that they have much less to answer for on the score of silence, than the men; and, indeed, if omission of this necessary exercise of speech be enhanced in magnitude of offence, according to the natural endowments of those gifted with articulation, they would, if less talkative, have a very heavy charge against them; because their tongues are hung upon a more pliant swivel, and are better calculated for nimbleness, clearness, and audibility, than men's.

Next, all persons excel most in those pursuits for which they are best qualified. Since, then, *oratory* is nothing more than the art of speaking, and mainly depends on the exercise of the tongue, (in which the ladies, as has been above shewn, stand pre-eminent,) it follows, therefore, that the ladies, would they attempt the rhetorical arts, must succeed far beyond their would-be masters—is becoming action requisite, whose deportment so graceful? Is beautiful pronunciation admirable; whose voices so harmonious? Is to be audible necessary; whose accents so distinctly intelligible? Accordingly we find, in the Roman historians, that the mother of the Gracchii was not only herself the *best speaker*, but also had instructed the most *successful orators* of her time; again, look to our good Queen Bess; instructing her senators, and animating her soldiers with the pathos of Cicero, and the energy of Demosthenes.

There, ladies, I hope you are satisfied.

I am, sir,

Your's, most respectfully,  
March, 1825. JACOBUS.

#### THE EXCISEMAN OUTWITTED; OR, THE BITER BIT.

AN Exciseman once taking his round,  
Called in at a friend's for a *whet*;  
After chatting awhile, he soon found  
What he thought would prove *fish to his net*.

It appears the good dame had let out  
(The biter she thought should be bit)  
That her cellar was half-full of *liquor*,  
Which came there without a *permit*.

The Exciseman, without more ado,  
To make his day's journey the shorter,  
Groping down to the cellar his way,  
Sous'd up to the middle in water!

Having fish'd his way out as he could,  
Perhaps it is needless to say—  
He did not feel greatly inclined  
To carry the liquor away.

CRITO GALEN.

## A SUMMER EVENING.

'Twas one of those ambrosial eyes  
A day of storm so often leaves  
At its calm sun-set—when the west  
Opens her golden bowers of rest,  
And a moist radiance from the skies  
Shoots trembling down, as from the eyes  
Of some meek penitent, whose last  
Bright hours atone for dark ones past—  
And whose sweet tears, o'er wrong forgiven,  
Shine as they fall, with light from Heaven!

## EMMA'S FUNERAL.

(For the Mirror.)

"Death claims his victim, Love implores in vain—

Not e'en the smile on Beauty's hectic cheek  
Availe to turn the tyrant from his purpose."

ANON.

WHAT means that sad, that sorrowing throng,  
In snowy vestments clad, that slow  
Wind you green church-yard path along?—  
What that convulsive throes?

Some maiden's corse, perchance betroth'd  
To him that weeps:—It is—it is!  
Ah! how in grief each feature clothed,  
Tells of life's transient bliss!

Yes, hapless youth! the promised day  
With lingering step at last had come:  
Yet, meteor-like, but lent its ray  
To gild his Emma's tomb.

Dost ask if she was fair and young?  
Say, is the unsullied lily fair!  
And as for youth, scarce yet had sprang  
Up life's spring flow'ers there.

It is not beauty—'tis not youth  
Can add to life one single hour:  
'Tis madness—nay, 'tis worse in truth,  
To strive 'gainst Fate's stern power.

Heem! at thou relentless Death will spare  
Thy form, tho' Beauty's?—Spare he now?  
Ah! no; the canker-worm of care  
Feeds on the fairest brow.

I pluck'd you rose but yesterday,  
Twin-sister of as fair a flower;  
To-day I sought it—there it lay,  
All-withered 'neath the bower.

"And thus with Men it is," I said,  
And sighed—"thus is he left alone,  
Alike to perish, and be laid  
Beneath the cold, cold stone."

ALPHEUS.

## ON BOTANY.

How the fair flower by zephyr woo'd, unfurls  
Its panting leaves, and waves its azure curls,  
Or spreads in gay undress its lucid form  
To meet the sun, and shuts it to the storm,  
While in green veins impassioned eddies move,  
And beauty kindles into life and love.

*Devhurst Bishborough's Address to Dr. Darwin  
on Publishing his Zoonomia.*

O, FOR the pen of an Isaac Walton to  
describe in sweet summer jaunting probe,

O 3

the delights of herbonizing, and its rainbow-painted sister botany, then would I take you gentle reader by the hand, first to the spot where Culpepper of old, the very quintessence of botanical and herbaceous knowledge, once resided, to moralize a few moments over the mutability of all earthly pursuits. His mansion still remains, though but the shadow of its former glory. At the corner of Red-Lion Court, Spitalfields, you may still observe the public house, known by the sign of the Red Lion, that is all the remains of Culpepper's, now almost buried beneath the surrounding buildings, which have gradually, since his time, obscured it from observation, surrounded as it then was by the garden of his own creating, arranged in all the right-angled nicety of the olden days, systematically, no doubt, and agreeable to the virtues of the different herbs and flowers, from the most weak and inefficient, to the highest magical influence of those possessing powers from other systems than our own. How often do I picture to myself the philosopher embosomed in the importance of his avocations, perhaps explaining to the wondering citizens and fair damsels of his time, all the virtues and absorbing qualities of the surrounding family of plants; all has passed away; and the good citizens can no longer issue from behind the ancient barrier to enjoy a pleasant ambulation to the garden of delights, then away from the smoke and in the centre of the delightful fields of Spital; yet he has left us a sweet smelling savour not easily to be forgotten. I know of no study equal to botany in its healthful invigorating incitements, the endless variety of amusement it offers, and above all, the great utility to be derived from a right understanding of dispensing the medical properties of plants in the numerous list of diseases that "frail flesh is heir to."

H.

## Origins and Intentions.

## No. III.

## NEWSPAPERS.

ALTHOUGH the Romans had their *Acta Diurna*, yet in modern times we are indebted to the Italians for the idea of newspapers. The title of their *gazettes* being derived from a small coin peculiar to the city of Venice, called gazetta, which was the common price of their newspapers. It has, also, been said to be derived from the Latin *gaza*, which would colloquially lengthen into *gazetta*, and signify a little treasure of news. The first paper was a Venetian one, and that only monthly; but it was the newspaper

of the government only. Other governments afterwards adopted the Venetian plan of a newspaper, with the Venetian name to it; and from one solitary government gazette, we see what an inundation of newspapers has burst upon us in this country. "A jealous government," says Chalmers, in his *Life of Ruddiman* did not allow a printed newspaper; and the Venetian Gazette continued long after the invention of printing, to the close of the sixteenth century, and even to our own days, to be distributed in *manuscript*." In the Magliabechian library, at Florence, are thirty volumes of Venetian Gazettes, all in manuscript. "It may gratify national pride," continues the above writer, "to be told that mankind are indebted to the wisdom of Elizabeth, and the prudence of Burleigh, for the first newspaper in England." In the British Museum are several newspapers, which had been printed while the Spanish fleet was in the English Channel, during the year 1588. The earliest newspaper is entitled, "*The English Mercurie*," which, by authority, was printed at London, by her highness's printer, 1588. These, however, were only extraordinary gazettes, and not regularly published; and, it appears, that even in this obscure origin they were skilfully directed by the policy of that great statesman, Burleigh, who, to inflame the national feeling, gives an extract of a letter from Madrid, which speaks of putting Elizabeth to death, and describes the instruments of torture on board the Spanish fleet. The first newspaper in the collection at the British Museum, is marked No. 50, and is in Roman, not in black-letter. It contains the usual articles of news, like the *London Gazette* of the present day. In that curious paper there is intelligence, dated from Whitehall, on the 23d of July, 1588. Under the date of July 26th, there is the following notice:—"Yesterday, the Scots' ambassador being introduced to Sir Francis Walsingham, had a private audience of her Majesty, to whom he delivered a letter from the King his master, containing the most cordial assurances of his resolution to adhere to her majesty's interests, and to those of the protestant religion." In the reign of Queen Anne, there was but one daily paper, the others were weekly. After which Steele, Addison, and others, attempted to introduce literary subjects, and other topics of more general speculation, which, more or less, have been continued to the present time.

## GUNS.

THE invention of guns is indisputably

the Germans, which was produced by an accident, in this manner:—One Barthoe Schwartz, a friar, in making chemical experiments, mixed some salt-petre and brimstone with other ingredients, and set them upon the fire in a crucible, but a spark getting in, the pot suddenly broke with great violence and noise: which unexpected event, surprised him at first, but he repeated the experiment, and finding the effect constant, set himself at work to improve it: to which purpose he caused an iron pipe to be made with a small hole at the lower end to fire it at, and putting in some of his new ingredients, together with some small stones, set fire to it, and found it answered his expectation, in penetrating all before it. This happened about the year 1330, and was soon improved to the making of great ordnance, &c.

## CANADA AND LUCONIA.

CANADA is said to have derived its name from the Spaniards, when they landed in that quarter; repeating the words, "*acana*," "nothing here," (meaning there was no gold to be found,) of which the Indians caught the sound. Some similar occurrence appears to have occasioned the name of Lucon. When Magellan's party first went on shore, they found one of the native women beating rice, as is usual at the present time, in a mortar hollowed from the trunk of a tree; and, finding herself surrounded by strange men, she held up to them the large wooden pestle, calling out *Looson*, which is the native term for it; and this becoming a by-word among the Spaniards, they named the island Lucon, which has been modernized into Luconia.

## HATS.

In the reign of Elizabeth the wearing of hats was considered a kind of luxury, or that assumption of superiority, which rendered those who had so far stepped out of their rank, liable to a fine; for by the statute of 13th Elizabeth, every person above the age of seven years, and under a certain degree, was obliged, on Sunday and holidays, to wear a woollen cap, made in England, and finished by some of the fraternity of cappers, under the penalty of 3s. 4d. for every day's neglect. Repealed 39th Elizabeth. In the churchwarden's accounts of the parish of Fulham, is the following curious item:—"1578. Paid for the discharge of the parish of Fulham, for wearing hats contrary to the statute, 5s. 2d." These, it appears, were a species of hat imported from Geneva.

F. R—Y.



## NUMERAL LETTERS. PHOSPHORUS.

THE first obvious mode of reckoning, Pasquin supposes in his *Recherches de la France*, to have been upon the fingers, each finger standing for 1, and representable by an upright stroke, so that the number 4 was represented by IIII, but there being no more fingers on one hand, wherewith to continue the account, the number 5 was considered as formed by the first finger and thumb, which when the hand is displayed has something of the V-like figure. The representation of 5 having been thus fixed on, its double, or 10 was produced by joining together two V's at their points, which formed a figure like an X. The letter C anciently written [ ] being the initial letter of the Latin word *Centum*, was a very natural and obvious abbreviation of the number 100, and the ancient letter being divided into two horizontally, each half was a kind of L. That letter was therefore adopted to signify 50, and for the like reason the letter M, the initial letter of the Latin word *Mille*, signifying 1,000, is made to stand for that sum: being divided down the middle, it split into two letters, each resembling a D and a D accordingly, is the numeral letter for 500, or half 1,000.

## EARLY PRINTING.

WHEN first the art of printing was discovered they only made use of one side of a page: they had not yet found out the expediency of impressing the other. When their editions were intended to be curious, they omitted to print the first letter of a chapter, for which they left a blank space, that it might be painted or illuminated, at the option of the purchaser. Several ancient volumes of these early times have been found, where these letters are wanting, as they neglected to have them painted. When the art of printing was first established, it was the glory of the learned to be correctors of the press to the eminent printers. Physicians, Lawyers, and Bishops themselves, occupied this department. The printers then added frequently to their names those of the correctors of the press, and editions were then valued according to the abilities of the corrector.

To let their fame  
Live registered in our printed books.

SHAKESPEARE.

The first book printed in the English tongue was *The Recuyel of the History of Troy*, and is dated Sept. 19, 1471, at Cologne. *The Game of Chess*, dated in 1474 is allowed; to have been the first specimen of the art among us.

T. A—N: C.

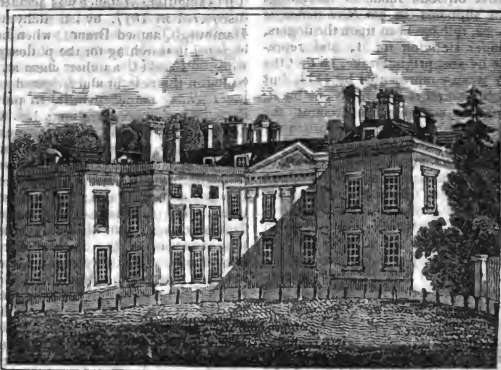
THIS singular substance was accidentally discovered in 1677, by an alchymist of Hamburgh, named Brandt, when he was engaged in searching for the philosopher's stone. Kunkel, another chemist, who had seen the new product, joined one of his friends, named Krafft, to purchase the secret of its preparation; but Krafft, deceiving his friend, made the purchase for himself, and refused to communicate it. Kunkel, who at this time knew nothing farther of its preparation than that it was obtained by certain processes from urine, undertook the task and succeeded. It is on this account that this substance long went under the name of Kunkel's phosphorus. Mr. Bayle is also considered as one of the discoverers of phosphorus. He communicated the secret to the Royal Society of London, in 1680; and the process to Godfrey Hankwitz, an apothecary, who for many years supplied Europe with phosphorus. In the year 1737, a stranger having sold to the French Government a process for making phosphorus, the Academy of Sciences charged Dufay, Duhamel, and Hellot, to superintend it, and an account of the success of the experiment was published. In 1743, Margraf made a great improvement in the process; but still it continued to be obtained with difficulty, and in a very small quantity. In the year 1774, the Swedish chemists, Gahn and Scheele, made the important discovery, that phosphorus is contained in the bones of animals; and they improved the processes for procuring it.

## THE ENGLISHMAN IN FRANCE.

"A FRENCHMAN seeing, as he walk'd,  
A friend of his across the street,  
Cried 'Hem!' exactly as there stalk'd  
An Englishman along the road,  
One of those Johnny Bulls we meet  
In every sea-port town abroad,  
Prepared to take and give offence,  
Partly, perhaps, because they speak  
About as much of French as Greek,  
And partly from the want of sense!

"The Briton thought this exclamation  
Meant some reflection on his nation;  
So bustling to the Frenchman's side,  
'Mounseer Jack Frog,' he fiercely cried,  
'Pourquoi vous faire 'Hem!' quand moi  
passe?'  
Eyeing the querist with his glass.  
The Gaul replied, 'Monsieur God-dam,  
Pourquoi vous passe quand moi faire  
'Hem?'"

# Althorp, in Northamptonshire.



ALTHORP, in Northamptonshire, of which the above is a good view, is the seat of Earl Spencer, one of the most munificent patrons of literature in this country. This mansion is situated in the parish of Brington (locally pronounced Brighton), about six miles west of Northampton; and is a large pile of building, occupying three sides of a quadrangle. Mr. Gough states that the property of Althorp "has belonged to the Spencers ever since the reign of Henry VII." In Bridges' History of Northamptonshire, it is recorded that "Queen Anne, consort of James I., with the prince her son, rested at Althorp for some days, on their journey from Scotland to London, in the year 1603. During their stay, a masque composed by Ben Jonson, was exhibited for their entertainment." The present structure was erected by the Earl of Sunderland, about the year 1688, and was originally encompassed upon three sides by a moat now filled up, and levelled with the fine lawns immediately contiguous to the mansion. The extensive park has an inequality of surface, greatly conducive to the picturesque, and is adorned by large masses of forest trees.

It is observed by a recent writer, "that, as an example of domestic architecture, the house of Althorp does not present the least claims to beauty, grandeur, or symmetry. The contents of the mansion are, however, highly interesting and valuable; in its large and fine collection of pictures, and vast library of choice books. In the latter article Earl Spencer is laudably emulous of possessing the

most enlarged and select collection in England, and it is generally admitted that he has succeeded. The books at Althorp fill three or four apartments. The pictures here are also numerous, and many of them of the first class."

At this polished and hospitable mansion Mr. Garrick was a frequent guest; and he was invited to pass here the Christmas of 1778. Although languishing under a severe oppression of disease, he ventured to repair to the abode promising so much rational delight; but the energy of his mind struggled in vain against the growing infirmities of his bodily frame. Society had lost its charm. However attractive the mode in which it was offered, he quitted the cup of pleasure, untasted; and, from the estrangement of his sick chamber, returned to London—to die! He arrived at his house in the Adelphi, on the 15th of January, 1779; and his dissolution took place on the 20th day of the same month.

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### FRENCH LAW AGAINST SACRILEGE.

WITHIN the last few days, a law has been enacted in France, worthy only of the darkest ages of papal tyranny—a law which is written in characters of blood. By this fiend-like law, whoever insults or treats indecently the sacramental wafer is

to be punished with death. Even this did not satisfy some of the Draconian legislators of France, for the clause in the *projet de loi*, which enacted that the defender should, previously to execution, be punished with cutting off his hand, was only negatived by a majority of one! The following are some of the provisions of this inhuman law:—

“Article 4.—The profanation of the sacred vessels shall be punished with death, if it has been accompanied by the two following circumstances:—

“1st.—If the sacred vessels contained at the moment of the crime, the consecrated elements.

“2nd.—If the profanation is committed publicly—when it is committed in a public place, and in presence of several persons.

“Art. 5.—The profanation of the sacred vessels shall be punished by perpetual hard labour, when not accompanied by one of the two circumstances stated in the preceding article.

“Art. 6.—The profanation of the consecrated elements committed publicly, shall be punished with death. The execution shall be preceded by the *amende honorable* of the condemned person, before the principal church of the place where the crime shall have been committed, or of the place where the court of assize sits.”

The amendment, proposed by the Comte de Bastard, and seconded by the Viscount de Chateaubriand, and which was rejected by a majority of 108 voices against 104, was as follows:—

“The profanation of the sacred vessels is punished by hard labour for a limited time.

“The profanation of the sacred elements is punished by hard labour for life.”

By the “consecrated elements,” in the Papal church, is meant the real body and blood of Christ; which real body the Catholics say, appears to human sense like a bit of wafer, and which real blood seems like, and drinks like, the fruit of the grape; and from these absurdities springs the sanguinary law.

Woe to the poor wretch, that violates this decree, for his fate then is inevitable, and the law will be as rigidly enforced as it was in former times. How severe that was, the following account of the execution of M. de la Barre will show; it is contained in a letter addressed by M. Favart, to Mr. Garrick, and dated July 24, 1790:—

“A young man called M. Lefebvre de la Barre was condemned to have his head cut off and his body burnt, for having

insulted an image of Christ. On the day of the execution, when the sentence was read according to the usual practice, he calmly listened to it, and then burst into laughter. The confessor was admitted to him, but the young man discoursed with him, until the dinner hour arrived, on nothing but light and humorous subjects. They sat down to table, and after they had abundantly dined, M. de la Barre asked the doctor if he might not be allowed to take coffee. ‘I see no objection to it,’ replied the priest.—‘You are right,’ rejoined the unfortunate man, in a gay tone of voice; ‘it will neither trouble my digestion nor prevent me from sleeping.’ The officers came to lead him to execution, but he still displayed the same tranquillity of soul; on setting his foot upon the scaffold, however, a slight change in his countenance was visible. ‘Ah! you are then afraid of death,’ exclaimed the priest.—‘Not in the least; but I observe with indignation, several of my enemies among the crowd, who have come to feast their eyes with the spectacle of my death: look, do you not see them here, and also there? Good God! to what an extent are the hatred and animosity of men carried.’

“The doctor was desirous of taking advantage of this moment, in order to speak to him of the formidable transition from life to death. ‘Ah! M. Curé,’ said the young man, ‘in an instant or two I shall know as much and more than you upon this matter.—What is that piece of paper dancing at the end of a cord?’ asked he.—‘It is the effigy of your unfortunate accomplice,’ a reply which again excited the laughter of M. de la Barre. He then observed, in a more reflecting tone, ‘that man ought really to be hanged for his honour; he has fled like a poltroon.’—Gazing on the other side, at one corner of the scaffold, he perceived seven well-dressed gentlemen, and he inquired who they were.—The answer was, that they were the executioners. ‘What! seven executioners for me alone! really, that is droll enough!’ He beckoned to one of them to approach. ‘You are then an executioner, sir?’ ‘Yes, sir, from Paris: I have that honour.’ ‘Was it you who beheaded M. de Lali?’ ‘Yes, sir, I had that honour likewise.’ ‘Mark, then, friend, it is said you went very clumsily to work; that you missed your aim.’ ‘True, sir; but it was not my fault, for he would not have the complaisance to fix himself properly.’ ‘Well! tell me how I must hold myself; I confess I am not acquainted with the mode, as this is the first time I have been prepared to

have my head chopped off; place me yourself." "Most willingly, my dear sir." The executioner placed himself in a certain situation; but the culprit having moved a little, without being aware of it, he heard the executioner say to the priest, in a low tone of voice, "He holds himself badly." He immediately turned to the operator and exclaimed, "Zounds and the devil! place me better then; it is your business; if you miss me, you will again lay the fault on me." He was placed a second time. "Am I right?" The executioner replied by a stroke with the sword, which made the head fly off. The body was afterwards thrown upon the pile, and the *Philosophical Dictionary*, because M. Lefebvre de la Barre had boasted that he had read it."—*Literary Chronicle*.

### OLD LONDON.

(Concluded from our last.)

THERE is not, perhaps, a more striking alteration in the aspect of the city, than in the disappearance of the streams which flowed through different parts of it; for it was watered by other streams besides the Thames. In the east was the brook or bourne called Lang Bourne, from its length, it is said; but it was probably christened by some long-headed person, who had no very clear conception of distance; for, although John Stow, our great authority on this occasion, describes it as "a great stream," it seems to have had its source in the fenny ground of Fenchurch-street; it took its course down that street along Lombard-street, and then turning south, broke into small rills down Sherborne or Sharebourne-lane, and thence flowed into the Thames. Lang-bourne Ward derives its name from this stream. Another very considerable stream was that of Wall-brook (so called from its flowing through the city wall), which had several bridges over it, and divided the city north and south. Wall-brook entered the city wall (before there was any ditch) on the North side near Moorfields, and wound its serpentine way through Lothbury and Bucclersbury on the back of Wall-brook, and down Elbow-lane into the Thames. This must have been a considerable body of water, since it is related that barges were rowed up at the back of Wall-brook to Barge-House, now called Barge-Yard, in Bucclersbury: some idea of its force may be formed from an accident which is recorded to have happened in it; it was on one occasion, after a heavy rain, so rapid that a youth, eighteen years of age, in attempting to leap across it, was washed away, and

drowned before any assistance could be rendered him. It was afterwards arched over and made level with the street, and being thus put *au secret* we must terminate our history of it.

A little more westerly, but without the walls, flowed the River of Wells, so called from several wells or springs falling into it. Another stream in the west suburbs, called Old-bourne (Holborn), was also tributary to it. The River of Wells appears to have taken its rise at a considerable distance from the city; it ran under Oldbourne bridge down Fleet-market, and under Fleet-bridge into the Thames, and from the following record was, one may suppose, a much larger stream than either of the others. In the year 1305, Henry Earl of Lincoln complained to Parliament "that in times past the course of water running at London, under Oldbourne-bridge and Fleet-bridge into the Thames, had been of such breadth and depth, that ten or twelve ships, navies, at once, with merchandizes, were wont to come to the aforesaid bridge of Fleet; and some of them unto Oldbourne-bridge;" but that the same was then decayed by filth, wharfs, mills, &c. In consequence of this representation, the river was cleaned for three miles. The encroachments upon it afterwards became greater and more numerous; it lost the name of river, and became a brook, under the denomination of Turn-mill or Tree-mill brook, from the mills erected upon it; from a brook it dwindled into a ditch, and from a ditch to nothing.

Besides these waters there was, in almost every lane or street, a well for supplying the inhabitants with water. But the supply being considerably diminished by buildings erected upon the banks of and over the streams, and by heightening the ground, it became necessary to seek for supplies elsewhere; in 1236, therefore, Henry III. granted to the citizens the liberty of conveying water in leaden pipes from Tyburn. The first cistern "castellated with stone" was the Great Conduit in West-Cheap, (Cheapside), which was commenced in 1235; then followed the Tun in Cornhill, and conduits in different parts of the city. At length (in 1532) Thames water was conveyed into the city from London-bridge by means of a forcer, and a few years afterwards another forcer was constructed on Broken-wharf for the purpose of supplying the west end, that is, about St. Paul's church-yard. Then followed, in 1608, the New-river, by which Sir Hugh Middleton distinguished himself.

Nor has the change in the manners and habits of our citizens been less re-



markable; we have nothing so primitive as the practice of the citizens issuing from the gate to recreate themselves beside the fair well of sweet water high Clerk-enwell; or as the "brave 'prentices" exercising themselves in the evening at their masters' doors with their "wasters and bucklers;" or as the maidens dancing for garlands hung across the street, or capering round the great may-pole in Cornhill, which was higher than the church near which it stood. One of the exercises of the citizens which they performed in the streets was "running the quintin," which continued to be practised until the reign of James I. The quintin was a mark in shape resembling the head of a battle-axe fixed upon a pole and turning on a pivot; the narrow end had a sand-bag appended to it; and the game consisted in running a tilt on horse-back at the broad end; he that did not hit it, or, hitting it, did not escape with sufficient celerity to prevent a sound bang on the back of the neck from the sand-bag, was well laughed at for his pains; but he that hit and got away without this sportful salutation was entitled to the prize. Sometimes, however, the citizens made distant migrations to such places as the Mile's end for the exercises of leaping, dancing, shooting, and wrestling, and on May-day they probably performed a journey to Stepney-wood. "On May-day morning," says the imaginative Stow, "every man, except impediment, would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the harmony of birds;" a practice in which they were sanctioned by that mild promoter of hilarity, Henry VIII.; his attachment to May games and Maying is recorded by Hall, who particularly mentions, that in the seventh year of his reign, he with his Queen rode a Maying to Shooter's-hill, where 200 tall yeomen, clothed in green, with a Robin Hood for their leader, shot with bows and arrows before them. But "evil May-day" came, and Maying and May games ceased, the May garlands withered, and the May-poles never rose again. This evil May-day derived its name from a riot on that day in the year 1517, occasioned by the apprentices and others who were jealous of the commercial prosperity of the alien merchants, and endeavoured to drive them from the city. The history of the May-pole of Cornhill is quite eventful: after partly giving name to the church of St. Andrew Undershaft (the tower being lower than the shaft), it was in consequence of the riot suspended on hooks in front of a row

of neighbouring houses, where it remained for thirty-two years, until its peaceful retirement was invaded by one Sir Stephen, a hot-headed zealot, who denounced it at Paul's cross as an idol, probably conceiving it to be one of Satan's walking-sticks, though by no means so awful a one as that which Milton gives him. Such was the potency of Sir Stephen's eloquence, that on that very day (a Sunday too), the good people in front of whose houses this horrible instrument of the evil one was hung up, attacked and with great labour forced it off the hooks, sawed it in pieces, and notwithstanding it savoured of Satan, each of them took so much as had been on his premises, and thus made a compromise between heaven and hell. The citizens, however, still retained the pageantry of the night-watches, which continued until 1539. The following curious account of them is extracted from Stow:—

"On the vigil of Saint John Baptist, and on Saint Peter and Paul the Apostles, every man's door being shadowed with green Birch, long Fennel, Saint John's wort, orpin, white Lillies and such like, garnished upon with garlands of beautiful flowers, and also lamps of glass, with oile burning in them all night; some hung out branches of iron curiously wrought, containing hundreds of Lamps lighted at once, which made a goodly shew, namely, in New Fish-street, Thames-street, &c. Then had ye besides the standing watches, all in bright harness, in every ward and street of this city and suburbs, a marching watch, that passed through the principall streets thereof, to wit, from the little Conduit by Paul's gate, through West Cheap, by the Stocks, through Cornhill, by Leadenhall to Aldgate, then back down Fenchurch-street by Grasse Church, about Grasse Church conduit and up Grass Church-street into Cornhill, and through it into West Cheap again, and so broke up, the whole way ordered for this marching watch extended to 3,200 Taylors' yards of assize, for the furniture whereof with lights, there were appointed 700 Cressets, 500 of them being found by the Companies, the other 200 by the Chamber of London. Besides the which lights, every Constable in London, in number more than 240, had his cresset; the charge of every Cresset was in light two shillings and four pence, and every Cresset had 9 men, one to bear or hold it, and another to beare a bag with light, and to serve it; so that the poor men pertaining to the Cressets, taking wages, besides that every one had a strawen hat, with a badge painted, and his breakfast in the morn-

ing, amounted in number to almost 2,000. The marching watch contained in number 2,000 men, part of them being old soldiers, of skill to be Captains, Lieutenants, Sergeants, Corporals, &c. Wifflers, Drummers, and Fifes, Standard and Ensign-bearers, Sword-players, Trumpeters on horseback, Demi-lancers on great horses, Gunners with hand-guns or half hakes, Archers in cotes of white fustian, signed on the brest and back with the arms of the City, their bows bent in their hands, with sheafs of arrows by their sides, Pike-men in bright Corselets, Burganets, &c. Holbards, the like Billmen in Almaine Rivers, and Aporns of Mayle in great number.

"There were also divers Pageants, Morris dancers, Constables, the one half which was 120 on St. Johns Eve, the other half on St. Peters Eve in bright harness, some over gilt, and every one a jorment of scarlet thereupon and a chain of gold; his Hench-man following him, his minstrels before him and his Cresset light passing by him; the Waits of the City, the Maiors Officers, for his guard before him, all in a livery of Worsted or Say Jackets, party coloured, the Mayor himself well mounted on horseback, the Sword bearer before him in *faite armoir*, well mounted, also the Maior's footmen, and the like Torch-bearers about him; Hench-men twain, upon great stirring horses following him. The Sheriffs watches came one after the other in like order, but not so large in number as the Maiors, for where the Maior had besides his giant three Pageants; each of the Sheriffs had besides their giants but two Pageants; each their Morris dance, and one Hench-man, their officers in Jackets of Worsted, or Say, party coloured, differing from the Maiors and each from other, but having harnessed men a great many, &c."

Modern processions are mere puppet plays to those of ancient days, in which the citizens found frequent occasions of indulging themselves; as for example—On the coronation of the Queen of Henry III. they rode to meet her and the King clothed in long garments, embroidered with gold, and in silks of various colours, their horses gallantly trapped to the number of three hundred, every man bearing a cup of gold or silver in his hand. But in 1593, the citizens assembled at Mile-end "all in bright harness with coats of white silk, of cloth and chains of gold in three great battles to the number of 15,000 which passed through London to Westminster, and so through the sanctuary and round about the park of St. James, and returned home through Holborn."

Other instances of civic, and also of individual magnificence, might be added; but these, as well as many curious things relative to the City, we must at present pretermit, having fulfilled our intention, which was merely to bring together a few remarkable facts for the purpose of conveying some, though a slight, notion of Old London.

*London Magazine.*

## The Novelist.

No LXX.

### THE HUNGARIAN GIRL.

A YEAR and four months after I had parted from Constance, I again arrived at Seid. Ah, how my heart beat, when from the height above the town I saw the line of hills that mark the course of the Danube, and rise above the cottage of Constance. When I had last been there, it was the sweet season of autumn—now it was the depth of winter, and a long continuance of rains had inundated a great part of the country, and rendered the roads almost impassable. Although my impatience, as may easily be imagined, made me leave Seid early next morning, the state of the country was such, that it was nearly three in the afternoon when I reached the heights that look down upon the river. Had the cottage of Constance been visible, I should have seen nothing else; but a turn in the bank, screened it from the view, and I paused an instant to look around me. When the mind is in a state of great agitation, it seizes with avidity any pretext that may give it a moment's repose; and I lingered for a few minutes gazing upon the grandeur of the river. It was rolling below me, red and mighty, covering all its lower banks, sweeping the bases of the opposite hills, and bearing on its bosom wrecks of its ravages and power. I remembered how near to it was Constance's cottage, and I put spurs to my horse; in a moment I saw it beneath me, and the next I was at the garden gate.

How my heart palpitated! I dismounted from my horse, opened the gate, and led him through. It struck me that there wanted something of that air of neatness and arrangement which I had remarked formerly, and I trembled lest it was the hand of Constance that was wanting. As I shut the garden gate, and led my horse along the little path that leads to the door, my feelings became insupportable. I felt as if I could fly forward, and yet my limbs almost sunk beneath me; my whole frame trembled, and in

the open air I gasped for breath. I was within a few paces of the door, and my agitation increased; there seemed an air of negligence around; I saw grass growing betwixt the stone steps, and two grey ravens were hopping near me, as if unaccustomed to the sight of man, the destroyer: for a moment I thought they might be tame, and the property of Constance; and as an experiment, I threw a small pebble at them, but they croaked and flew across the river. The noise that I had made in so solitary a place, shutting the gate, and walking with my horse on the pebbles, I thought should have attracted some one to the window; but all seemed silent. I wanted courage to proceed, and leant upon my horse's neck for support. In a few moments my energies returned; I walked resolutely up to the door and knocked. No one answered; I heard no sound within, and my heart died within me; I determined to look in at one of the windows; and I walked round to the window of the room where we had supped, and which looks down upon the river. Never shall I forget that moment of anguish—the room was unfurnished; two or three remnants of broken chairs remained, and fragments of glass from the paneless windows strewed the floor. I let go the bridle of my horse, and sunk upon the ground. My hopes then were all crushed—the hopes I had lived upon. Constance was gone; probably her mother was dead, and she married. Heaven then had answered my prayer for her happiness; but she was lost to me. “Ah, Constance,” I exclaimed, “where hast thou found a heart that can love like mine?—but it has ever been thus.” When I had somewhat recovered from the intensity of my pain, I walked round her former dwelling. It was nearly dusk, and dreary was the scene; the river flowed swiftly by, dark and turbulent. I could no more see the spot where I had once stood with Constance, for the water covered one half of the orchard. The rain had ceased, but the sky was heavy and gloomy, and seemingly but resting from its work; the night was gathering in. I led my horse into a small out-house, and then returned to the cottage; the door yielded to my touch, and I entered it. I had never been but in one of the rooms, but I went through them all; there were only four. Here I thought was Constance's room; a broken picture-frame yet hung upon the wall; and I knew Constance could paint. I opened the window, and stood gazing upon the swollen river, until it was hardly visible, and then returned to the parlour. I determined that I would pass the night in

the cottage. I spread my saddle-cloth upon the floor, flung myself upon it, and gave up my thoughts to Constance and misery. And was this the end of my hopes and dreams? I was in the room we had supped in; there stood the table, and there sat Constance. Since I had parted from her, I had nurtured her image in my innermost soul,—not only as a dear recollection, but as a star of hope, that I trusted might cheer the rest of my days. I had travelled in wild and distant lands, but Constance had ever been my companion; I had lain down in solitary places, and communed with Constance; in my waking and my sleeping hours her fair countenance and angelic form had ever been present to me; I had listened to the melody of her voice; I had walked by her side, and felt the pressure of her hand, and the softness of her cheek; but it was all past—and for ever. Sometimes my thoughts were wrested from Constance, by the rushing sound of the river, and the noise of the rain, which now poured a deluge. I was certain the stream was approaching nearer, but I felt indifferent though it should sweep me away. At length my eyes closed in slumber—I sat at supper with Constance and her mother, and I thought we had met, never more to part. The good mother joined our hands, and blessed us; and I was drawing Constance gently towards me, when the scene changed. I was in the midst of the roaring river—I buffeted it with one arm, and held Constance with the other. “Fear not, my love,” I said; “we shall reach the bank;” but she answered, “Never.” Again the scene changed, and I felt myself running swiftly, almost flying, over wide plains, by moonlight, holding Constance by the hand; and we stopped among the catacombs of Constantinople, and I was alone, and searched every where for Constance, but I could nowhere find her. In every direction streams opposed my progress, and at last I sat down in the midst of a marsh, and tried to sleep, but the cold would not let me. I awoke, and at first thought my dream was true, for I was lying amidst water. It was the dawn, and I immediately perceived that the Danube had risen as high as the cottage. I instantly went to the door, and found it surrounded with water; the rain fell in torrents, and it was just light enough to discover the way to the house where I had left my horse. I vaulted upon him, and galloped from this scene of desolation and wretchedness. For many months after this I continued my wanderings, but never did the remembrance of this night of disappointment and bitterness



leave me. "Where is Constance?" was the question I constantly asked myself. All my desire was to discover her. I looked in the face of every one I met. In cities, I mingled in the throng of the gay, and with the crowds of the wretched; and every where I scrutinized like an inquisitor. Sometimes I thought I saw before me a form like that of Constance, and then I would run swiftly forward, but stop ere I reached it; for I always discovered that it wanted something of the perfection of the form I sought. At times, too, a face would arrest me; but that illusion was still more fleeting. Once, in the street of a Mahomedan city, a veiled female approached: there was something in the form and gait that powerfully reminded me of Constance; and as she passed, I thought I discovered through her veil some resemblance in her features. She addressed a few words to one of her attendants; and though she spoke in an eastern tongue, I fancied the voice was that of Constance. I rushed forward a few paces, but reason came to my aid, before my temerity had endangered my life. It could not be Constance. This woman was a Mahometan, and spoke a different language from Constance; but the incident had so disordered me, that I was obliged to sit down upon the steps of a mosque, and it was some hours before I could recover myself. On another occasion, I was on board a bark, which sailed swiftly with a side wind, in one of the Grecian bays. Another bark approached, sailing as swiftly. As it came near, I perceived upon the deck a form which seemed to realize that of Constance. A man stood beside her, in soldier's uniform, and it was the uniform of Austria. The face, too! it was surely the face of Constance. I stretched out my arms, and cried, "Constance;" but the wind, and the rustling of the sails, drowned my voice. The vessel rushed by, and I was left to conviction and misery. Some months after that circumstance, I found myself at Vienna, and standing one day on the quay, I saw a boat on the eve of departure for Belgrade. A momentary impulse, one of those which belong to destiny, impelled me to go on board, and in a few minutes I was approaching the former dwelling of Constance. About noon of the sixth day, I discovered the heights, whose shapes were, alas, too distinctly engraven on my memory; and towards evening, I saw reposing beneath them that cottage which awakened within me so many mingled recollections of happiness and pain. The association which reminds us of past happiness is more pain-

ful than that which recalls subsequent misery; and the appearance of nature reminded me but too forcibly of the first day I had beheld these scenes: for autumn was again yellow on the fields; the river, gentle and transparent, kept its channel; and the evening, soft and serene, was like that on which I had said farewell to Constance. Our boat was floating close to that side of the river where the cottage was situated; and, as it approached, I started to see a female standing in the orchard. She approached the bank. I gazed intently upon her; a fearful agitation seized me, my breath came quick, my eyes were ready to start from their places—it was Constance's form—it was her face. "It is Constance! It is Constance!" I cried, and sprung from the boat, and the next moment I had pressed her in my arms. Tell me, ye who can anatomize the human feelings, what were mine in that moment? Joy had in an instant succeeded to misery. A moment before, and life was worthless; now it was inexpressibly dear. Light had flowed in upon a soul of darkness and despair, like the sun when it bursts from an eclipse upon a drooping world. I told Constance my story: "We have never left the cottage," said she. Have I been under an illusion? thought I—has all my past agony been a dream? At last, the truth flashed upon me. I had mistaken another for the cottage of Constance. Let no man say that all our miseries are our own making: we are the sport of circumstance, and the play-things of destiny. "The inhabitants of that cottage," said Constance, "left it for fear of the floods; it is nearer the river, and lower than ours;" and I soon discovered that the height of the river had been the cause of the deception, by preventing me from discovering the want of features, whose absence would otherwise have led me to detect my error. I told Constance the adventure in the Grecian bay, when I thought I had seen her. "Ah!" said she, "it might be my sister: her husband died, and she sailed from Constantinople with my brother for Smyrna, to take possession of some property." Constance's mother still lived; but her feebleness had much increased; and it seemed as if Constance would soon be released from her filial duties, and her sacred resolutions. She was more beautiful than ever. Her lips were not less rosy, nor her eyes less lustrous; and while she had lost nothing of the charm of youth, something of reflection had mingled with its vivacity, and spread over those graces an interest, which added to

their charm and seduction; and when I again beheld that form, I wondered that another should ever have had power to create an instant's delusion. I live within half a league of Constance, and I see her every day, and every day she becomes more and more dear to me; and if destiny do not step in to destroy my happiness, Constance will be mine. Destiny cannot be moved, else I would say, "Destiny, be kind; suspend, at least, thy mission." But her dark chain is already spun, and it is winding round us all.

*Tales of Ardennes.*

#### TO THE PRIMROSE

BY JOHN MAYNE, ESQ., AUTHOR OF THE  
"SILVER GUN," &c.

By murmur'ing Nith, my native stream,  
I've hail'd thee with the morning beam,  
Woo'd thee among the Falls of Clyde—  
On Leven's banks—on Kelvin-side!  
And now, on Hanwell's flow'ry plain,  
I welcome thy return again—  
At Hanwell, where romantic views,  
And sylvan scenes, invite the Muse;  
And where, lest erring Man should stray,  
Truth's blameless Teacher leads the way?

Lorn tenant of the peaceful glade,  
Emblem of Virtue in the shade,  
Rearing thy head to brave the storm  
That would thine innocence deform!  
Of all the flow'rs that greet the spring—  
Of all the flow'rs the seasons bring,  
To me, while doom'd to linger here,  
The lowly Primrose shall be dear!

Sprung, like a Primrose, in the wild,  
Short, like the Primrose, Marion smiled;  
The Spring, that gave her blossom birth,  
Tore them for ever from the earth;  
Nor left, ah, me! one bud behind  
To tranquillize a Parent's mind,  
Save that sweet bud which strews the way,  
Blest Hope, to an eternal May!

Lorn tenant of the peaceful glade,  
Emblem of virtue in the shade!  
Pure as the blossoms on yon thorn,  
Spotless as her for whom we mourn!  
Of all the flow'rs that greet the spring—  
Of all the flow'rs the seasons bring,  
To me, while doom'd to linger here,  
The lowly Primrose shall be dear!

#### The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—Wotton.

#### A HOME ARGUMENT.

By one decisive argument,  
Giles gained his lovely Kate's consent,  
To fix the bridal day.

"Why in such haste dear Giles to wed?  
I shall not change my mind," she said,  
"But then," says Giles, "I may."

#### LINES WRITTEN IN A BOOK,

*Presented by an absent friend.*

S—! this book, when'er I view,  
A fond remembrance brings to me  
Of all thy worth, thy friendship true,—  
The happy hours I've spent with  
thee,—  
And as a parting gift will ever dearest  
be!  
D. J.

#### FROM MARTIAL.

MARK how the beaux, in fond amaze,  
On Julia's wanton ringlets gaze,  
Whose glossy meshes seem combin'd  
To catch the hearts of all mankind.  
Ah, false as fair these glittering snares!  
Had Julia no more years than hairs,  
No question, were the truth but told,  
Julia would be some three years old.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Janet, W. H. B., Clavis, Latin Phrases Explained, A. B. C., The First of April, Gwynn Salt,* are intended for our next number.

We have not yet had time to mount *The Hobby-horse*.

As we are anxious that the MIRROR should exhibit the progress of improvement, we invite Architects, Surveyors, and Builders, to favour us with plans and descriptions of any new public buildings they may have in hand, or recently have completed. The drawings will be returned if requested.

The following are intended for insertion:—*Trio, Veritas, Moore, Amicus, Charles F—, A Well-wisher, Laura, Alar Gul, W. S., Jenkins, Miles, Justice, S. H. Johannes, H. B., A Walker, W C—r, Henricus, Ledger, E. J. J., King Cole, C—A—r, J. W. E., Grecian, Mr. Baker, A. M. Z., R. G., A. B., J. H. B.*—Our correspondents must, however, recollect the old proverb that "Rome was not built in a day," and that the multitude of their favours will necessarily require time to insert all their communications.

The friends of *R. L. B.* may regret that we do not insert *Love Effusions*, but were we to open the door wide to such articles, we could fill a dozen MIRRORS a week with them alone.

We shall be happy to receive the promised contributions to our *Topographer*.

*X* has chosen an unseemly subject.

We thank *Y. Z.* for his sensible observations.

The gentleman who sent us a drawing of the *Maze*, must not be amazed at the delay in giving it. It is now in the hands of the engraver.

*Valentines* are out of season after the 14th of February.

The following are, from various causes, deemed inadmissible:—*E. S. G., C. M., A Justified Sinner, O. L., Simpkin and a Carthusian.*

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# The Mirror

OF

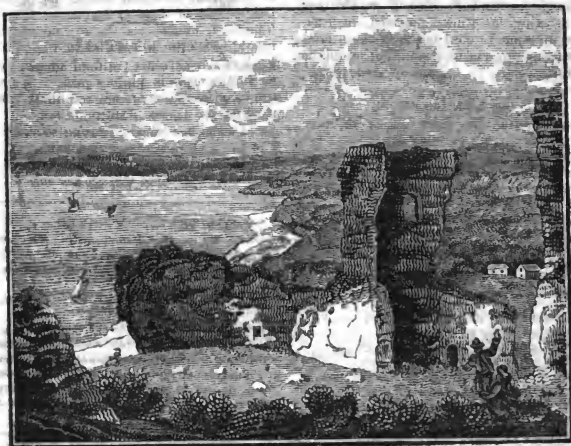
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CXXXIV.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1825.

[Paper 2d.]

## Hastings Castle, Sussex.



THE castle of Hastings, whose origin is lost in the ocean of antiquity, but which is unquestionably very ancient, is now in a dilapidated state, as will be seen by the above view of its remains. This castle is situated on the hill to the westward of the town of Hastings; its original form appears to have been that of an oblique spherical triangle, with the points rounded off. The base, or south side, completing the triangle, is formed by a perpendicular craggy cliff, about 400 feet in length, and appears to have had no wall or other fortification, nor, indeed, was it necessary, nature having made it sufficiently inaccessible on the side opposite the sea. The East side is formed by a plain wall, measuring 300 feet, without tower or other defence. The side facing the north-west, is about 400 feet. The whole area the castle occupies, is about one acre and a quarter. The walls, which are nowhere entire, are in some places eight feet thick. The gateway, which has long been demolished, was on the north side near the angle; near it, to the westward, are the remains of a small tower, enclosing a circular flight of stairs; farther west, on the same side, is a sallyport, and the ruins of

VOL. V.

P

a square tower. Just within the sallyport bore every appearance of an entrance to a vault by steps, which was choked up with rubbish. Behind the east wall is a ditch about sixty feet deep, and at top 100 feet wide. It is thought that there was a fortress here before the time of the Normans.

Last summer orders were given for excavating the ground within the walls of this castle; in digging, the men found a flight of twenty-six stone steps, winding round a strong stone column under ground. At the bottom of these steps they came to a doorway—the frame of stone, and in good condition; indeed, the knobs where the hinges, locks, bolts, and bars went, are very perfect.

In digging a little more towards the sea, on the level with the bottom of the stone steps, and opposite the doorway, the men came to a vault, in which were stone coffins, containing the remains of persons of extraordinary size, and in perfect preservation; the teeth in the jaws were sound and good, although the coffins must have lain many hundred years. The workmen, also, discovered a well; at the bottom of which some human bones were found; and the remains of a drawbridge was discovered near the foundation. Hence it

209

would appear that the present Castle of Hastings has been erected on the ruins of a former building.

It was in the vicinity of Hastings that the battle between the Norman Invader and Harold was fought, in which the latter was killed, and the former gained the crown of England. This battle was fought on the 15th of October, 1066.

# COMPARATIVE PROPORTIONS OF THE PORTICOS OF ST. MARTIN IN THE FIELDS, AND ST. GEORGE, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

*Architects and Mechanics*

*Academy, 11, Furnival's Inn.*

IN architectural studies, the splendid porticos of *Roman architecture*, executed in the two following churches, have, at various times, excited considerable interest. Mr. Malton, in his *Picturesque tour*, p. 106, speaking of St. George's, Hanover Square, says, "The portico is inferior in majesty to that of St. Martin in the Fields; but is superior to every other. An accurate examination and measurement of these two porticos would be an advantageous study for a young architect; and geometrical drawings, placing their dimensions and proportions in a comparative view, would be a valuable addition to his library."

If the subject of this paper passes the ordeal, I shall feel happy in presenting your scientific readers with the accurate dimensions taken a few weeks back.

## ST. MARTIN'S IN THE FIELDS.

### *Six Columns.*

|                                     |                |
|-------------------------------------|----------------|
| Extent of portico, from end of      | <i>ft. in.</i> |
| one plinth to that of the other     | 64 10          |
| Intercolumniation from plinth to    |                |
| plinth.....                         | 7 4½           |
| Diameter of columns.....            | 3 4            |
| Square of the plinth.....           | 4 8            |
| Projection of portico, from line of |                |
| wall to front of plinth.....        | 24 11          |
| Height of Columns.....              | 33 4           |
| From centre to centre of columns,   |                |
| 7 modillions.                       |                |
| Height of base, with the plinth     | 1 9½           |

## ST. GEORGE, HANOVER SQUARE.

### *Six Columns.*

|                                           |                |
|-------------------------------------------|----------------|
| Extent of portico, from end of            | <i>ft. in.</i> |
| one plinth to that of the other           | 59 0           |
| Intercolumniation from plinth to          |                |
| plinth.....                               | 6 1            |
| Centre ditto.....                         | 8 8            |
| <i>Note.</i> —St. Martin's are all alike. |                |
| Diameter of columns.....                  | 3 2            |
| Square of the plinth.....                 | 4 4            |
| Projection of portico, from line of       |                |
| wall to front of plinth.....              | 16 7½          |

Height of columns..... 31 8  
From centre to centre of columns,  
8 modillions, and 9 ditto for  
centre one.

Height of base, with the plinth 1 9½

The capital of St. Martin's has its abacus ornamented, and the centre volutes or horns, are entwined similar to those of the temple of Jupiter Stator, at Rome. The base, as respects the contour of the mouldings, are the same as in Palladio's book of Architecture; and lastly, the cap of St. George's is plain Corinthian, and the base is Attic, or, what is in general used for the Roman Ionic.

I remain, dear sir, your's, truly,  
CHRISTOPHER DAVY.

## ALL FOOLS' DAY.

(For the Mirror.)

You bantring folks, who strive to hoax,  
This day by custom's rules;  
Far more than they, on whom you play,  
Yourself's are April fools.

You rack your brains, and spare no pains,  
To make these bitts and tools;  
Who 'filly' souls have shallow polls,  
Then dub them April fools!

But first, I pray, the lessons weigh,  
Recorded by the schools;  
And then you'll find, that half mankind,  
Are duped like April fools!

The whining dunce, expects when once  
Released from flogging schools:  
No frowns austere, will interfere—  
He's dup'd like April fools.

The sailor lad, leaves Mam and Dad,  
Nor dreams of rocks and shoals;  
But thinks the seas, must always please—  
He's dup'd like April fools.

The coxcomb elf, who thinks himself,  
The pink of fashion's rules;  
And only knows, the cut of clothes,  
Is chief of April fools.

The giddy lass, inspects her glass,  
(Conceit but seldom cools),  
Then vows that she, will never be,  
The dupe of April fools.

But, vain coquette! she longs to get,  
Entwined in Hymen's rules;  
At last obtains, for all her pains,  
The worst of April fools.

The Poet dreams, of golden schemes,  
(Capricious fortune's tools:)  
His vision broke, dissolves in smoke,  
Like other April fools.

The courtier too, will scrape and boo,  
In spite of conscience's rules;  
He toils in vain, a place to gain,  
As simple April fools.

The man of law, to find a flaw,  
Will con its musty rules;  
He knows his trade is amply paid  
By dupes like April fools.

What tricks are play'd, by those who trade,  
In *Galen's* numerous schools;  
Large fees they drain, for fancied pain,  
From hyppish April fools.

The cheating knave, to vice a slave,  
Transgressing virtue's rules;  
Is sure to pay, at settling day,  
With other April fools.

Thus high and low 'tis all the go,  
To tread in folly's rules;  
And half mankind, too often find,  
They're bad as April fools.

But, tugging verse, when rhymes are scarce,  
Consigns to *Lethe's* pools;  
So Muse forbear, for fear you share,  
The sneers of April fools.

JACOBUS.

AIR—"DIFYRWCH GWYR DYFL."  
(For the Mirror.)

O! shades of my fathers, ye noble and brave,  
Where is that land, you e'en died to save?  
Where fled it's Minstrels, where find I, that  
train

Of warriors, whom Saxons oppos'd but in vain?  
Why hush'd is the *TELYN*,†  
The sight of whose strings,  
With music once swelling,  
To memory brings?

The deeds my Dear *Cymru*,‡ thy bards oft hath  
told,

The deeds of thy children, the mighty of old!

Ah! no the worlds range, it no charms has for  
me,

One nook in the land, where once dwelt the free,  
The land of my fathers, of music and song,  
'Tis thee my lov'd *Cymru*, I pine for, I long.

For thy hills and valleys,  
Where once I could rove;  
Hear music that rallies,  
Or, soft lays of love,

And rest by thy streamlets, where oft hath been  
told—

The deeds of thy children, the mighty of old?  
GWILYM SAIS.

\* *Difyrnoch gwyr Dyfl*; the men of Dovey's  
delight.

† *Telyn*; the harp—so called by the Welsh.  
‡ *Cymru*, Wales; pronounced as if written in  
English, Kumry.

SERENADE.  
(For the Mirror.)

WHEN the silvery Moon beams sleep.  
On the waters of the deep,  
My languid eyes their vigils keep,  
And fondly turn to thee.

When the night-wind softly blows,  
On the bosom of the rose,  
When the weary seek repose,  
I fondly turn to thee.

Sleep then, Ellen, sleep,  
May slumbers light be thine;  
I would not have thee wake, to weep,  
Nor share one pang of mine.

Sleep, love, sleep.  
W. H. B.

## ON ARITHMETICAL RATIOS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Deptford, Feb. 27, 1825.

SIR,—For the information of your readers, I take the liberty of forwarding to you the curious manner which ancient writers pursued in expressing particular ratios, although the present age has adopted such simple means, as to be perfectly understood almost by the meanest capacity; still some of your constant readers might feel some embarrassment in perusing any of the above mentioned writers, and in no work have I found it so handsomely treated upon as in Donn's "Mathematical Essays," which I am of opinion is now a scarce work.

When the ratio, or the antecedent divided by the consequent, is unity, then the ratio is said to be that of equality. Multiple ratio is, when the antecedent divided by the consequent is equal to any whole number; and to express the particular multiple ratios, if the quotient was 2, 3, 4, 5, it was respectively called double, triple, quadruple, quintuple, &c., and such are 2 to 1, 3 to 1, 4 to 1, 5 to 1, &c. But the ratio of a lesser number to a greater they distinguished by the word "sub" thus, the contrary to these, or such whose antecedent divided by the consequent is equal to any fraction\* whose numerator is an unit. Whence the ratio of 1 to 2, 1 to 3, 1 to 4, 1 to 5, &c., or such whose antecedent divided by the consequent is  $\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $\frac{1}{3}$ ,  $\frac{1}{4}$ ,  $\frac{1}{5}$ , &c. is called, respectively, subduple, subtriple, subquadruple, subquintuple, &c.

Super-particular ratio is, when the quotient of the antecedent by the consequent is an unit, and a fraction whose numerator is one, and such are 3 to 2, 4 to 3, 5 to 4, 6 to 5, &c. And, to express the several kinds of these ratios, they write the word "sesqui" before the name of the lesser term; thus the ratio of 3 to 2 was sesqui-alteral; 4 to 3, sesqui-tertian; 5 to 4, sesqui-quartan, &c. And the contrary to these, viz. such whose quotient of the antecedent by the consequent (by some called the exponent of the ratio) is a fractional number whose numerator is greater than unity; as are these ratios 2 to 3, 3 to 4, 4 to 5, &c. are called sub-superparticular ratios; and these particular ratios respectively sub-sesquialteral, sub-sesquitertian, sub-sesquiquartan, &c.

Super-partient ratio is when the quotient, or exponent of the ratio, is an unit, and a fraction whose numerator is greater

\* In any fraction  $\frac{c}{d}$  *c* is called the numerator, and *d* the denominator.

than one, as 5 to 3, 7 to 4, &c. And, to express the particular kinds of superpartient ratio, they put the name of the number by which the antecedent exceeded the consequent between the words "super" and "partient," and the lesser term of the ratios after all; thus, the above-mentioned ratios were called super-bis-partiens-tercias, and super-tri-partiens-quartas, respectively, &c.; and the contrary to these are called sub-superpartient; thus, the ratio of 3 to 5 was named sub-super-bipartiens-tercias, &c.

Multiple-superparticular ratio, is when the exponent of the ratio is any integer greater than an unit, and a fraction whose numerator is an unit, as 5 to 2, 10 to 3, &c.; and to express these particular ratios, they put the word "sesqui" before the name of the lesser term; and before the word "sesqui" they write duple, if the lesser term could be taken twice out of the greater; and triple, if it could be taken out three times, &c.: whence they called the ratio of 5 to 2 duple-sesquialteral, and that of 10 to 3 by the name of triple-sesqui-tertian, &c. And on the contrary to these were called submultiple superparticular; thus, the ratios of 2 to 5, and 3 to 10, were called subduple-sesquialteral, and subtriple-sesquialteral, respectively. Multiple-superpartient ratio, is when the exponent of the ratio is a whole number greater than an unit, and a fraction having its numerator greater than an unit; such are 8 to 3, 15 to 4, &c.; and to denote these particular ratios, before the term which expresses that superpartient ratio, which has the same consequent as the proposed multiple superpartient ratio, if the consequent could be taken twice out of the antecedent they write "dupla;" but if the consequent was contained three times in the antecedent, they write "tripla," &c.: hence the above-mentioned ratios were called dupla-superbipartiens-tercias, and tripla-supertripartiens-quartas, for the superpartient ratios having the same consequents as these here proposed, viz. 3 and 4, are 5 to 3 and 7 to 4, respectively. And the contraries to these ratios were called sub-multiplesuperpartient ratios, when the ratio of 3 to 8 was called sub-duplasuperbipartiens-tercias, and that of 4 to 15 by the name of sub-triplasupertripartiens quartas.

Hence it appears the ancients must have, in expressing their ratios, put them in their lowest terms; thus, to express the ratio of 8 to 30, we must write the term for that of 4 to 15. Upon the modern improvements coming into general use, these barbarous and long words were entirely disregarded, and the ratios ex-

pressed much better and more intelligibly by the numbers themselves; even, for example, which is most compendious and easiest understood, the saying that there are two quantities in the ratio of 4 to 15, or that the two quantities are in the subtriplasupertripartiens quartas ratio.

In my last communication I find I had forgotten to give the correct etymology of the term "Lemma," which is from the Greek *λημμα*, "a proposition premised as introductory to the demonstrating a subsequent proposition."

Should the above be deemed worthy of insertion in your instructive publication, the MIRROR, and agreeable, I will at another time forward to you an account of the method made use of with the sexagesimal fractions.

I remain, Sir, yours most respectfully,  
J. W. ADAMS.

#### THE EVENING HOUR.

SWEET is the hour whose twilight shade has  
given  
A milder radiance to the arch of Heaven;  
When raised above the world, the lifted eye  
Rests on the blended glories of the sky—  
As the last brightness of departing day,  
In mellow splendour softly fades away:  
And glittering in the dew, each tree and flower  
Breathe of the balmy freshness of the hour,—  
And the faint breezes from the distant hill  
Sigh through the grove, and die along the rill,—  
Who has not known the sweet enchanting power  
The magic influence of the evening hour?  
Who has not felt each gloomy thought give way,  
Soothed by the scene, and charmed by its away?  
'Till holy feelings hush with soft control  
The strife and anguish of the troubled soul;  
Mild resignation in its depth appears,  
And peace, and heaven itself descends in tears.  
J.

#### THE DEATH OF THE DROMEDARY DRIVER.

In vast and boundless solitude he stands,  
Around him, Heaven and the Desert meet;  
It is a naked universe of sands  
That mocks his gaze, and burn beneath his  
feet,  
Stillness,—deep stillness reigns,—and he, alone,  
Stands where drear solitude has reared her  
throne.  
Look on the ground behold the moistless bed,  
Where lies his faithful Dromedary dead;  
Mark his despairing look, as his wild eye  
Stretches its aching sight, as if, alas, to try  
To pierce between the desert and the sky,  
See him now turn his agonized gaze  
Upon the dead companion of his way;  
And, grasping the fall'n carcase, strive to  
raise  
Again to life, the cumbrous weight of clay—

Quick thought, remembrances, hopes deep and strong,  
 The Arab maid that wept a fond adieu,  
 And wished and prayed he might not tarry long,  
 And said she loved him, and she would be true;  
 And home and all the scenes of early days,  
 Come with a rushing sickness o'er his soul,—  
 For he sees life fast shrinking to its goal,—  
 He casts around a last despairing gaze  
 O'er the wide wilderness of burning sand,  
 And strikes his forehead with his clenched hand;  
 And now he hurries on with rapid stride,  
 As if, vain hope, to pass the boundless sands,  
 And reach some clime where gentle waters glide  
 Through smiling valleys and green shady lands.—  
 But still the desert rises on his view,  
 And still the deep sand sinks beneath his tread,—  
 Fainting, he stops exhausted—but anew  
 Onward in frenzy runs—his dizzy head  
 Turns round, at last—his tottering knees give way,  
 He falls,—and dying lies, the fell Hyena's prey.

#### LINES ON THE WINDOW OF AN INN AT NEWARK.

Away with despair Love, and whilst we are living,  
 Let's quaff the full goblet of elegant joy;  
 For the last balmy kiss, thy dear lips have been giving,  
 Is worth all the sorrow the Indies could buy.  
*On the opposite window are the following:*  
 L'on achète trop cher l'ennui de la grandeur;  
 C'est dans l'Obscurité, qu'habite le Bonheur;  
 C'est là qu'à son Epoux une Epouse enchaînée;  
 Sait qu'un Dieu bien—faisant préside à l'Hy-menée.  
 Et c'est là que deux cœurs goûtent, sans avilir,  
 Des Plaisirs dont les Grands sont appris à rougir.

HENRICUS.

#### ON MOURNING IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE WORLD.

(For the Mirror.)

In Europe, the ordinary colour for mourning is black; in China, white, they mourn for a father three years; in Turkey, blue or violet; in Egypt, yellow; in Ethiopia, brown. The ancient Spartan and Roman ladies mourned in white: and the same colour obtained formerly in Castile, on the death of their princes; the last time it was used was in 1498, at the death of prince John. Kings and Cardinals always mourn in purple.

"We mourn in black; why mourn we not in blood."

Each people pretend to have their reasons for the particular colour of their

mourning; white is supposed to denote purity; yellow, that death is the end of human hopes, as leaves when they fall, and flowers when they fade, become yellow; brown denotes the earth, whither the dead return; black, the privation of life, as being the privation of light; blue expresses the happiness which it is hoped the deceased enjoy; and purple or violet, sorrow on the one side, and hope on the other, as being a mixture of black and blue. Mourning among the ancients was expressed various ways, as by tearing their clothes, by wearing sackcloth, laying aside crowns and every other mark of joy. Among the Romans, a year of mourning was ordained by law, for women who lost their husbands. In public mournings at Rome, the shops were shut up, the women laid aside all their ornaments, the senators their *laticlavian* or parliament robes, and the consuls sat in a lower seat than usual. The Indians after the death of a near relation mourn fifteen days, during which time they eat nothing but rice: they are not to chew betel, or to use any of the common washings in this time; but they are to do acts of charity, and prayers are said, intreating the Almighty to forgive the sins of the dead person and assign him a good place in the other world. On the sixteenth day, they make a solemn feast according to their abilities, and invite to it all their friends and neighbours. After this, they usually on this day give food to the poor, and renew their prayers for the happiness of the dead person. A practice worthy the imitation of more civilized nations.

"Lo the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind,  
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;  
 His soul, proud science never taught to stray  
 Far as the solar walk, or milky way;  
 Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n,  
 Behind the cloud-topt hill an humbler heav'n;  
 Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,  
 Some happier island in the watery waste,  
 Where slaves once more their native land be-  
 hold,  
 No fends torment, no Christians thirst for gold."

The influence of grief on the body is so very great, as often to destroy all appetite and desire of meat, either by inspiring men with a disrelish for life, or by a mechanical instinct; because food taken at such time makes but bad nourishment, fitter to corrupt the blood than prolong life; on which account it is assigned as a physical cause for the fasting practised among the heathens. The influence of this passion extends itself even to brutes, which when indisposed, not only to take no pains to provide themselves food, but



also refuse it when laid before them. We will conclude this sorrowful subject with Gay's account of a funeral.

"Contemplate mortal! on thy fleeting years:  
See with black train, the funeral pomp appears.  
Whether some heir attends in sable state,  
And mourns with outward grief a parent's fate;  
Or the fair virgin, nipp'd in beauty's bloom,  
A crowd of lovers follow to her tomb;  
Why is the bier with 'scutcheons blazon'd  
round,  
And with the nodding plumes of ostrich crown'd?  
No; the dead know it not, nor profit gain:  
It only serves to prove the living vain.  
How short is life! how frail is human trust!  
Is all the pomp of laying dust to dust."

*Trivia, Book III. line 225.*

P. T. W.

### THE TROUBADOURS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—The article under the above title in a late MIRROR, (No. CXXIX.) contains a pleasing account of the great partiality shown for the Provençal Troubadour, or Norman *Rymour*, (professors of the art of poetry, then called *The Gay Science*) by that great hero of chivalry,

"Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,  
And fought the holy wars in Palestine."

But no mention is made of the distinguished service he received from one of his own minstrels or English Troubadours, in rescuing him from a cruel and tedious captivity: it is a remarkable fact, and ought to be recorded for the honour of poets and their art.

In 1190, Richard joined the crusade with Philip Augustus of France, but a division taking place between the two princes, the latter returned to Europe. Richard remained in the east, where he displayed uncommon valour against Saladin, whom he defeated near Caesarea, and having made a truce; embarked in a vessel which was wrecked on the coast of Italy.

He then travelled in disguise through part of Germany, but being discovered by Leopold, Duke of Austria, he was made prisoner, and sent to the Emperor Henry II. who kept him confined in a castle some time, until discovered by his minstrel, in the manner here related by an ancient writer, (1623) whose diction is so exceedingly sweet that it were a pity to modernize it.

"The Englishmen were more than a whole year without hearing any tidings of their king, or in what place he was kept prisoner. He had trained up in his court a rimer or minstrel, called Blondell de Neale: who (so saith an ancient MS.

of Old Poesies, written about those very times, and an ancient MS., French Chronicle) being so long without the sight of his lord, his life seemed wearisome to him, and he became confounded with melancholy. Knowne it was that he came backe from the Holy Land, but none could tell in what countrey he arrived.

"Whereupon this Blondel, resolving to make search for him in many countries, but he would hear some news of him, after expence of divers days in travail, he came to a towne (by good hap) neere to the castell where his maister king Richard was kept. Of his host he demanded to whom the castell appertained, and the host told him that it belonged to the duke of Austria. Then he enquired whether there were any prisoners therein detained or no: for alwayes he made such secret questionings wheresoever he came. And the hoste gave answer, there was one onely prisoner, but he knew not what he was, and yet he had bin detained there more then the space of a year. When Blondel heard this, he wrought such meanes that he became acquainted with them of the castell, as minstrels doe easily win acquaintance any where: but see the king he could not, neither understand that it was he. One day he sat directly before a window of the castell, where king Richard was kept prisoner, and began to sing a song in French, which king Richard and Blondel had sometime composed together. When king Richard heard the song, he knew that it was Blondel that sung it; and when Blondel paused at halfe of the song, the king began the other halfe and completed it. Thus Blondel won knowledge of the king his maister, and returning homie into England, made the barons of the countrey acquainted where the king was."

This happened about the year 1193, he was at length ransomed by his subjects, and in a war afterwards with Philip, he invaded France, and in besieging the castle of Chalons, was killed by an arrow in the forty-second year of his age. See *Hume, &c.*

Under Richard, the minstrel art acquired additional splendour: he was not only the great hero of chivalry but the patron of poets and minstrels. He was himself of their number, and some of his poems are still extant. The following old Provençal lines are given as the very original song: to which is subjoined an imitation offered by Dr. Burney (*Hist. of Music*, vol. ii. p. 237).

These as well as the anecdote recited are extracted from the Percy Reliques.

CLAVIS.

## ANCIENT PROVENCAL SONG.

BLONDEL.

Domna vostra beutas,  
 Elas bellas falsas,  
 Els bels oïls amoros  
 Els gens cors ben taillats :  
 Don sien empresenats  
 De vostra amor que me lia.

Your beauty, lady fair,  
 None views without delight,  
 But still so cold an air,  
 No passion can excite :  
 Yet this I patient see,  
 While all are shun'd like me.

RICHARD.

Si bel trop adansia  
 Ja de vos non portrai,  
 Que major honorai  
 Sol en votre deman :  
 Que sautra des brisan.  
 Tot can de vos volria.

No nymph my heart can wound  
 If favour she divide,  
 And smiles on all around,  
 Unwilling to decide :  
 I'd rather hatred bear,  
 Than love with others share.

## BEAUTY.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

\* The wind passeth over it, and it is gone."

THAT building which is raised upon a solid, unalterable foundation, though but plain and simple, in its architecture is much superior to the tastefully-constructed temple—which, in magnificence, attracts the admiration of many, but whose foundation is weak and shallow. Just so we ought to estimate the noble structure of the human frame—not by the outward form and pleasing figure, but by the principles of virtue, that govern and support the grand pile, and create it proof against the tempests of this life. Solidity forms the valuable property of any specific thing, while ornaments are but the flights of fancy.

In order to sustain the multifarious movements of this life with ease and happiness, extremes should be studiously avoided. Indeed, the extremes of any thing, whether in the natural or the moral state of the world, is far from being congenial either with happiness or virtue. "Happiness, as well as virtue," says Johnson, "consists in mediocrity;" and the maxim of "Cleobulus, the Lindion, *mediocrity is best*, has long been considered as an universal principle, extended through the whole compass of life and human nature." Even the extreme of fortune forces upon us many vices and mischiefs, unknown to the middle station

of life; while extreme health, one of Nature's most valuable gifts, frequently render us careless and unguarded, and guilty of many irregularities—which, at length, interrupt happiness and *virtue*. Beauty is, of course, an extreme gift of nature; and, if the great Lord Bacon can be relied on, he evidently shews the injurious effects of this extreme.—"Beautiful women," says he, "are seldom of any great accomplishments, because they, for the most part, study behaviour rather than virtue." Bacon well knew the feelings of human nature; and though many may imagine him to have spoken too hastily in this particular, I am induced (without going so far as his lordship) to conceive that his opinion is often too evident. A woman, when possessed of these entangling charms, is conscious of her attractive powers, and studies to render them, if possible, more conspicuous. The great Baroness de Staël was so regardless of accomplishments, that she confessed she would freely exchange half her knowledge for *personal charms*. If it were in the least necessary, innumerable instances could be shewn where extremes in beauty has had all the effect which Bacon would wish to attribute to it. The ill-fated Jane Shore, and the crafty Cleopatra, are sufficient evidences.

"Beauty," says Bacon, "is as summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt and cannot last." This, like most of that Nobleman's precepts, conveys much truth. It is easy to corrupt, because, in its very nature, it is frivolous and of no importance, and cannot last, because, like *all* matter, it is perishable. Yet, notwithstanding how many endeavour to cultivate and encourage it, to the neglect of their essential duties and obligations, who, like the poor peacock, when it spreads its well-plumed, richly-variegated fan to the admiring crowd, assumes only that which attends ignorance.

That which will, in any shape whatever, whether directly, or indirectly, promote and nourish virtue and happiness, is of itself good, and claims the love of all well-disposed individuals.—Beauty, so far from proving conducive to happiness or virtue, is the parent of misery—the constant attendant on folly—and the source from whence the forsaken husband and the orphan child date the origin of all their miseries. In short, it entails unhappiness on the possessors and the admirers. A cogent argument in support of this is derived from the knowledge, that females possessing these charms always attract strong admiration and *fancied* love—that they become so familiarised to this praise that they are

induced to persuade themselves that beauty is a pre-eminent quality, and needs only to be known to receive protection and support.

Beauty has received censure from ancient as well as modern writers, and there seems to have been some occasion for it. Socrates, in speaking of it, has described it as a "short-lived tyranny;" and Theophrastus, as a "silent fraud." The ancient ladies seem to have outdone all attempts on the part of our modern ladies to further personal charms. The Roman ladies used *chalk* and *white lead*, or paints; for we are told by Martial, that "Fabula was afraid of the rain, on account of the chalk on her face; and Lobella of the sun, because of the *ceruse* with which her face was painted; and that the famous Poppæa, the first mistress, and afterwards wife of Nero, made use of an unction paint, which hardened upon the face, and entirely changed the original features.

To beg pardon of your female readers for saying thus much, and to speak the truth, much blame is attributable to Man, for first placing a higher value upon beauty than it merited. It is they themselves who have set the value upon it, and women demand no more. Men have been found weak enough to dedicate the *whole* of their actions to the charms of beauty—and what more can be had?

As a closing word, I would wish to inspire upon all minds, that beauty—though princes have resigned dignity and power to possess it—though the philosopher has yielded at its touch—though the poet has laboured much in its praise—though the stubborn heart has been softened by its influence—though all men, from the diadem to the peasant, have become slaves (and glory in the slavery) to its power, at best, frequently loses its charms, and often proves as poison concealed within the folds of her brilliant garment.

A. B. C.

### PROCRASTINATION.

"I'LL DO IT TO-MORROW."—Of all the methods which man, in the abundance of his ingenuity, has invented by which to cheat himself, that of procrastination is probably the most effectual. There is a trite remark of a venerable sage extant, to this purpose, "All the good you will ever do—all the labour you will ever do—must be done TO-DAY—for there is no to-morrow." That period of time which lies beyond the present moment, is not guaranteed to us by any pledge. To-

morrow, to us, may become to-day or eternity. To suspend any thing important, then, upon so absolute an uncertainty, is madness—as saith the poet,

"Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,  
To-morrow's sun to you may never rise."

But even if it ever does return, the thing called *opportunity*, may not return with it.

My aunt Dorothy was the first example I ever had of the sad evil of this "I'll do it to-morrow" mania. She was a very pretty, gay girl, and being decidedly the belle of the village, had young men in abundance at one time or another paying court to her. They were not all mere slippers neither, just fit to be worn a few days and then shook off; but were, some of them worth listening to, had the means to marry, and so forth. But whether it was that she dearly loved to be courted, as most girls do, you know, or that she really found some difficulty in choosing among them, I know not; she kept putting one and another of them off till to-morrow and to-morrow; but at last the golden chances all went by—and she was left to sing the sad ditty of

"Nobody coming to marry me—  
Nobody coming to woo."

In ancient times this disposition to procrastination existing in the mind of one great man, was the pivot upon which the fortunes of the world turned. You remember Hannibal and Cæsar. When the Roman legions were broken, and destroyed, the city panic struck and defenceless, Hannibal said I will march to-morrow, until his enemy gathered strength; again put on his armour; and the time for conquest had gone by for ever. Had it not been for this, Carthage might have worn the crown of the universe, and Hannibal known no greater general in the annals of time.

A great deal of decision is necessary, if we would prosper. No one was ever successful to any considerable extent, without it. To-morrow! it is a cheat. And it deceives us principally in time, and conceals from our view the multitudinous affairs it will bring to fill up its every vacant moment. Thus, when it comes, it disappoints us by presenting itself with its own cares and wants, and without a space in which to deposit those of the time that is past.—Well hath Young said,

The day in hand,  
Like a bird struggling to get loose is going,  
Scarce now possess'd, so suddenly 'tis gone.

## Autographs, with Biographical Notices.

No. VI.

*W. Roscoe W. M. F. Smith**Charles R. Martin**J. W. W. Graham Elam James Hogg*

"I want to see Mrs. Jago's hand writing, that I may judge of her temper."—SHENSTONE.

OUR selection of Autographs and biographical notices meet with such universal approbation from our readers, that we need make no apology for introducing them frequently. In order, however, to afford a more ample range, we shall feel much obliged to such of our readers as are in possession of the autographs of distinguished individuals, if they will favour us with the loan of them for a few days, when they shall be carefully returned.

WM. ROSCOE, Esq.—This gentleman owes no share of his fame to his birth, which was humble, and his education limited.—He was born at Liverpool; and at an early age he was articled as a clerk, in the office of Mr. Edes, an attorney, in his native town, and soon afterwards he began the study of the Latin language. This he acquired, and then proceeded to the French and Italian, in the last of which he made great progress. At the age of sixteen he wrote a poem, entitled "Mount Pleasant;" and at the expiration of his clerkship, he became a partner with Mr. Aspinell, an attorney at Liverpool. About this time he contracted an intimacy with the late Dr. Enfield and Dr. Aikin, and devoted much of his attention to literature and the arts. Even so early as the year 1773, he materially contributed to the establishment of a society for the encouragement of drawing and painting, at Liverpool. In the year 1797, Mr. Roscoe relinquished the practice of an attorney, and entered himself a student of Gray's Inn, and in due time was called to the bar. He afterwards commenced business as a merchant and banker, in Liverpool, but was unfortunate in business. The author of the

"Sketch Book" elegantly alludes to this circumstance:—

"In America," says he, we only know Mr. Roscoe as the author; in Liverpool he is spoken of as the banker—and I was told of his being unfortunate in business. I could not pity him as I heard some rich men do: I considered him far above the reach of my pity. Those who live only in the world, and for the world may be cast down by the frowns of adversity, but a man like Roscoe is not to be overcome by the mutations of fortune. They do but drive him upon the resources of his own mind, to the superior society of his own thoughts, which the best of men are apt sometimes to neglect, and to roam abroad in search of less worthy associates. He is independent of the world around him. He lives with antiquity and posterity; with antiquity in sweet communion of studious retirement, and with posterity in the generous aspiring after future renown. The solitude of such a mind is the state of its highest enjoyment. It is then visited by those elevated meditations which are the proper aliment of noble minds, and are like manna sent from heaven to the wilderness of this world."

During the season of his prosperity, Mr. Roscoe represented Liverpool in parliament for a short time, and acted in conjunction with the Fox party.—Mr. Roscoe is an elegant writer, and the author of numerous works.—The two principal of his productions are—"The Life of Lorenzo de Medici," and "The Life and Pontificate of Leo X." The author we have already quoted pays a just tribute to the character of Roscoe, and the services he has rendered to Liverpool. He says:—

"He has shown how much may be done

in hours of leisure by one master spirit for a place, and how completely it can give its own impress to surrounding objects. Like his own Lorenzo de Medici, on whom he seems to have fixed his eye, as on a pure model of antiquity, he has woven the history of his life with the history of his own native town, and made the foundations of its fame the monuments of its virtues. Wherever you go in Liverpool, you can perceive traces of his footsteps in all that is elegant and liberal. He found the tide of wealth flowing merely in the channels of trade; he has diverted it from its invigorating rills to refresh the gardens of literature. By his own example, and constant exertions, he has brought into effect that union of commerce, and the intellectual pursuits so eloquently recommended in one of his latest writings, an address upon the opening of the Liverpool Institution, and has practically proved how beautifully they may be brought to harmonize, and to benefit each other. The noble institutions for literary and scientific purposes, which reflect such credit upon Liverpool, and are giving such an impulse to the public mind, have been mostly originated, and all effectively promoted, by Mr. Roscoe; and when we consider the rapid increasing opulence and magnitude of that town, which promises to vie in commercial importance with the metropolis, it will be perceived that in awakening an ambition of mental improvement among its inhabitants, he has effected a great benefit to the cause of British literature."

WILLIAM GIFFORD, Esq. — This gentleman who is one of the most powerful and one of the most acute critics of the age, is a native of Ashburton, in Devonshire, where he was born in 1757. He is, perhaps, the most striking living instance of genius triumphing over poverty and difficulties. His father was a dissipated man, who ran away from school, and became an associate with the noted Bamfylde Moore Carew; he afterwards was a sailor on board a man of war, then a plumber and glazier, which business he quitted to return to sea. With such a parent, it is not to be expected that his offspring was much attended to; and young Gifford suffering in the poverty and wretchedness of his parents, was, after a slender education, bound apprentice to a shoe-maker, in which *craft* he remained seven years. His only book was a Treatise on Algebra, which was a treasure locked up, until he was enabled to read by stealth Fenning's Introduction, which his master's son had purchased. But there were still other obstacles, for

he had not a farthing to purchase pen, ink, and paper. Genius, however, finds out expedients, and he beat out pieces of leather, on which he worked problems with a blunt awl. Hitherto he was a stranger to poetry, and scarcely knew it by name. His first attempt at versifying, was occasioned by a whimsical circumstance. A country painter had engaged to paint a sign for an ale-house; but instead of giving a representation of a lion, he exhibited a dog. This produced much mirth; and one of Gifford's acquaintance being instigated by it to write some doggerel rhymes, he also was induced to try his skill in composition, and succeeded so well, that his verses were pronounced the best. Another occurrence, equally trivial, produced new verses; and these were so much the subject of conversation, that his master threatened to punish him if he wrote any more, being apprehensive lest the youthful bard should take it into his head to be-rhyme some of his customers. But the verses already composed were in circulation, and the author was deemed a rising genius who deserved encouragement. Little collections were made for him; and the money thus acquired enabled him to prosecute his studies, by supplying him occasionally with paper, and even mathematical books. His master, however, no sooner heard the praises bestowed on his apprentice, than his anger kindled; the garret was searched, his little library seized, and all application to study rigorously prohibited.

At this period Providence raised up the first friend that Gifford had in the world, a respectable surgeon of Ashburton, whose curiosity being excited by the productions of this untutored genius, enquired after the author, heard his simple tale, and meditated on the best means of rendering him essential benefit. The plan which suggested itself as the most advisable, was to raise a sum by subscription for the purchase of the time which the youth had yet to serve, and to support him for a few months in education. This design was carried into execution; and six pounds being paid to the master for the delivery of his indentures, the future translator of Juvenal breathed the air of freedom, and bade an eternal adieu to mechanical labour.

The bounty of his patrons were not thrown away on William Gifford; for in the short period of two years from the day of his emancipation, he was pronounced fit for the university. The same patronage which released him from a humble occupation provided the means for sending him to Oxford, where he soon

distinguished himself. The father of the present Earl Grosvenor was a kind patron to him.

Mr. Gifford is the translator of *Juvenal*, the author of the *Baviad* and *Maviad*, and was until very lately the Editor of the *Quarterly Review*. It ought to be said to the praise of Mr. Gifford that he is not ashamed of his origin, and that these particulars of his life are taken from his own memoir, which is one of the most interesting and instructive pieces of autobiography ever written.

THE REV. C. R. MATURIN.—This gentleman who died on the 30th of October, 1824, and of whom we may hereafter be tempted to give a detailed memoir, was a native of the sister isle. His first appearance as an author was in one of the highest walks of literature. It was the tragedy of *Bertram*, which was received with such distinguished approbation at Drury Lane Theatre. Mr. Maturin was at that time Curate of St. Peter's Dublin, with a salary of £70. or £100. a year, and he never rose higher in the church. Of late years he confined himself to writing novels, in which he was successful.

THE REV. FRANCIS WRANGHAM, M. A. F. R. S.—Honours which were denied poor Mr. Maturin, have showered thick and most deservedly on this gentleman, who is Archdeacon of Cleveland, and holds other benefices. He was born on the 11th of June, 1769; his father was an eminent agriculturist, and occupied the beautiful farm of Raisthorpe on the Wolds, near Malton in Yorkshire. The first rudiments of his education were received under the Rev. Stephen Thelwall of West Heslerton, near Malton.\* His education was rapid, and when of a proper age he was entered of Trinity College, Cambridge. Archdeacon Wrangham is the author of various works both in poetry and prose; he is an accomplished classical scholar, and an elegant writer.

CHARLES LAMB.—Mr. Lamb was born in London in 1775, and was educated at Christ's Hospital. He is a very lively essay writer, and has published some poems; his best work is *John Woodville*, a tragedy. Mr. Lamb is the author of the papers in the *London Magazine* signed *Eliu*.

JAMES HOGG, better known by the name of the "*Ettrick-Shepherd*," is a peasant poet of great talent, although at the age of twenty he could neither read nor write. He passed a youth of poverty

and hardship, but it was the youth of a lonely shepherd, among the most beautiful pastoral valleys in the world. His haunts were among scenes

"The most remote and inaccessible  
By shepherds trod."

Living for years in this solitude, he unconsciously formed friendships with the springs, the brooks, the caves, the hills, and with all the more fleeting and faithless pageantry of the sky, that to him came in the place of those human affections, from whose indulgence he was debarred by the necessities that kept him aloof from the cottage fire, and up among the mists on the mountain top. For many years, he seldom saw "the human face divine," except on the sabbath morn, when he came down from the mountains to renew his weekly store of provender.

To this youth of romantic seclusion, we may ascribe the fertility of his mind in images of external nature; images which are dear to him for the recollections which they bring, for the restoration of his early life. These images he has at all times a delight in pouring out, and in all his descriptions there are lines of light, or strokes of darkness, that at once captivate the imagination, and convince us that the sunshine, or the shadow, has travelled before the poet's eye.

Mr. Hogg is the author of several volumes of poems, of which his "*Queen's Wake*" is his best production: he has also written two novels, entitled the "*Perils of Man*," and the "*Perils of Woman*." The "*Confession of a Justified Sinner*," is also from his pen.

#### PAPER CURRENCY IN TARTARY.

"IN the city of Kanhalu," says Marco Polo, "is the mint of the Grand Khan, who may truly be said to possess the secret of the alchymist, as he has the art of producing money by the following process:—He causes the bark to be stripped from those mulberry-trees, the leaves of which are used for feeding silk-worms, and takes from it that thin inner rind which lies between the coarser bark and the wood of the tree. This being steeped and afterwards pounded in a mortar, until reduced to a pulp, is made into paper, resembling in substance that which is manufactured from cotton, but quite black. When ready for use, he has it cut into pieces of money of different sizes, nearly square, but somewhat longer than they are wide. Of these the smallest pass for a *denier tournois*; the next in size, for a Venetian silver groat; others, for two, five, and ten groats; others, for one, two, three,

\* Mr. Thelwall derived his quota of learning at a village school in Cumberland, and afterwards worked as a bricklayer.

and as far as ten besants of gold. The coinage of this paper money is authenticated with as much form and ceremony as if it were actually of pure gold or silver; for to such a note a number of officers, specially appointed, not only subscribe their names, but affix their signet also; and when this has been regularly done by the whole of them, the principal officer deputed by his majesty, having dipped into vermilion the royal seal, committed to his custody, stamps with it the piece of paper, so that the form of the seal, tinged with the vermilion, remains impressed upon it; by which it receives full authenticity as current money, and the act of counterfeiting it is punished as a capital offence. When thus coined in large quantities, this paper currency is circulated in every part of his majesty's dominions: nor dare any person, at the peril of his life, refuse it in payment. All his subjects receive it without hesitation, because, wherever their business may call them, they can dispose of it again in the purchase of merchandize they may have occasion for—such as pearls, jewels, gold, or silver. With it, in short, every article may be procured.\* The only material difference between the paper systems of Tartary and England, appears to be in the process of making paper. In Tartary the Khan causes the trees to be stripped of their bark, and converts the rind into paper; in England it was the custom of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to strip the people, and the bank turned their rags into notes.

## The Selector;

OR,

### CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

#### THE TWO MINAS, AND THE SPANISH GUERRILLAS.

CAPT. VON BRANDT, who served in the French army during the Peninsular war, in his work, with the above title, relates the following anecdote of Xavier Mina, nephew of the present General, who afterwards fell in Mexico:—

“Being once pursued by several columns, he saw himself under the necessity of seeking refuge on a nearly isolated rock, which rises almost perpendicularly in the neighbourhood of Estella. His men defended the only accessible side with great firmness, and our *voltigeurs* did not succeed in establishing themselves upon it, until late in the evening. As we were not aware of Mina's being present with this little corps, and felt

confident of taking them prisoners on the following morning with the greatest ease, the contest was suspended. Mina, in the mean time, took advantage of the night in a most peculiar way. At the steepest side of the rock, which might be from 150 to 160 feet high, he and his men descended by a rope; so that, when we climbed up in the morning to take the nest, the birds had fled. We found nothing but a piece of paper attached to a tree, which contained a still more ungracious compliment, than that which Solon the high priest of Heliopolis once caused to fall into the hands of the Greeks.\*

#### THE GUERRILLAS.

THEY formed the basis of an actual armament of the people; and were seen upon every road and path, vigilantly guarding all belonging to them, and eagerly seeking for plunder. As soon as an opportunity for a capture offered itself, or a combined enterprise was meditated, the most active and daring among the people assembled, and joined the Guerrillas. They rushed with the utmost rapidity upon their booty, or placed themselves in order of battle, according to the object of the undertaking. It was not uncommon to see them standing out a whole day in sight of a vigilant enemy, in order to intercept a courier, or any other individual, or to capture supplies. It was in this way that Mina captured the Viceroy of Navarre appointed by Joseph Napoleon, and that Julian made a prisoner of the commandant of Ciudad-Rodrigo. As soon as the enterprise was completed, every one went his own way, and armed men were seen scattered in all directions; but the members of the levy, as I may call it, quietly returned to their common occupations, without their absence having been noticed. Thus the communication upon all roads was closed. Thousands of enemies were on the spot, though not a single one could be discovered: no courier could be dispatched without being taken; no supplies could be set off without being attacked; in short, no movement could be effected without being observed by a hundred eyes. At the same time, there existed no means of striking at the root of a combination of this kind. *Ibid.*

\* Greeks you are, and always will be—fools.

#### ANECDOTES OF THE RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN.

“MURAT had gone on a few leagues before. Ever since the arrival of Kutusof, troops of Cossacks had been incessantly hovering about the heads of our



columns. Murat was exasperated at seeing his cavalry forced to deploy against so feeble an obstacle. We are assured that, on that day, from one of those first impulses worthy of the ages of chivalry, he dashed suddenly and alone towards their line, stopped short a few paces from them, and there, sword in hand, made a sign for them to retire, with an air and gesture so commanding, that these barbarians obeyed and fell back in amazement."

During the battle of Borodino—

"The soldiers at Friand, drew up in front of Semenowska, repelled the first charges, but, when they were assailed with a shower of balls and grape-shot, they began to give way; one of their leaders got tired and gave orders to retreat; at that critical moment, Murat ran up to him, and seizing him by the collar, exclaimed, 'What are you about?' The colonel, pointing to the ground, covered with half his troops, answered, 'You see well enough that it is impossible to stand here.'—'Very well, I will remain!' exclaimed the king. These words stopped the officer: he looked Murat steadily in the face, and turning round, coolly said, 'You are right! Soldiers, face to the enemy! Let us go and be killed!'"

In the same battle—

"It was that Fabvier, the aide-de-camp of Marmont, who had arrived but the day before from the heart of Spain, made himself conspicuous; he went as a volunteer, and on foot, at the head of the most advanced sharp-shooters, as if he had come there to represent the army of Spain, in the midst of the great army; and, inspired with that rivalry of glory which makes heroes, wished to exhibit it at the head, and the first in every danger.

"He fell wounded in that too famous redoubt; for the triumph was short-lived; the attack wanted concert, either from precipitation in the first assailant, or too great slowness in those who followed."—*Segur's Expedition to Russia.*

#### ALICANT.

"ON the east end of Alicant stands the castle, upon a very high and steep rock; one way only leading to it, and that narrow and full of turnings. It commands the whole town, being so very much higher; and might batter it all down with stones only, if they could be but throne over the castle wall. 'Tis inaccessible save only by that narrow way that leads to it: in so much when the Moores were driven out of the town by the Spaniard, some of the Moores did, with a great deal of difficulty, get up into the

castle, and kept it against the Spaniard, and much annoyed the town daily. In a short space, the Moores in the castle were all dead, save only one; whose himself kept the castle a whole year after all his companions were dead; which the report is were 600. This single Moore made several trains of powder, leading to several parts of the castle; by which he could at his pleasure fire many guns at once, or severally at his pleasure. The enemy (not doubting but that there was a considerable number of men in the castle, and being constantly troubled to keep a strict watch, for fear of their sallying out, and finding that they could no way force it) hangs up a flag of truce, and propounds honourable conditions. The Moore refuseth these, but makes articles far more advantageous for himself, and throws them over the castle wall; to which the enemy gladly yielded, knowing no other way to have it in their possession. The gates being opened, the single Moore appears; they ask for the rest, and search, but find none at all; causing much admiration. 'Tis reported that the mettle was carried up, and the guns were cast in the castle." *Teonge's Diary.*

#### THE COSSACK HETMAN PLATOFF AND HIS DAUGHTER.

THE veteran is said to have offered his daughter in marriage, and her weight of gold as her dowry, to the individual who should deliver to him the conqueror of Europe, Napoleon, dead or alive. This fable, under a modification, even found a place in a justly celebrated review. There it is said that "the veteran Platof, whose blood had been so often shed in the defence of Russia on former occasions, now showed his ardour for the cause in which he was engaged, by promising his daughter and 200,000 roubles, to the hero who should rid the world of the invader." The said lady was painted in the brightest colours of fancy, and her portrait caught the attention of the passers-by, in the shop-windows of London and Edinburgh, and even in the provincial towns of our island. She was beautiful, her father was a hero, and riches abounded at Nóvo-Tcherkask. But, alas! for the Ataman's successors, there was no foundation for such reports: Platof was never rich. I believe he was in difficulty, if not in debt; and, what is more extraordinary, he had no daughter unmarried in 1812. But such a report, though an imposition, was congenial to the general feeling of the British nation at the time, and thus it met with ready belief. When we lately had the pleasure of dining at

the table of Platôf's successor, I repeated the story as told above, and in the language of the country, so that all present understood. The recital was followed by bursts of laughter; at the cessation of which, one of his best friends told us, that indeed it was a great mistake. "Platôf," said he, "was always poor, because he was always liberal; and, had he had a daughter to marry in 1812, instead of thousands of roubles, or her weight of gold, if he could have given the weight of one of her ears in that metal in dowry, it was his utmost!"—*Lyall's Travels in Russia.*

## Scientific Amusements.

### No. IX.

#### ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

HAVING observed in a former number of the MIRROR a part of its pages devoted to Arithmetical recreations, I have forwarded to you a few, thereby exemplifying the wonderful properties of figures, leaving their insertions to your discretion.

**Question 1.**—Take the nine digits, and by addition alone, without repeating any figure twice over, make the amount no more nor less than 100.

This, Sir, is done only one way, as follows:—Add 9, 6, 2, together, which will be 17, to which add 45 and 38—the amount will be 100, without any figure being repeated twice; or thus—

$$\begin{array}{r} 9 \\ 6 \\ 2 \\ \hline 17 \\ 45 \\ 38 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

100 Amount required.

The above is by whole numbers at the same time.

Fractions can give the required amount, as follows:—

$$\begin{array}{r} 97 \ 5.4 \\ 1 \ 3.6 \\ 2.8 \end{array} \left. \begin{array}{l} \text{For } 97 \ 5.4 \text{ is equal to } 98 \ 1.4 \\ 1 \ 3.6 \\ 2.8 \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{r} 1 \ 1.2 \\ 1 \ 1.2 \\ 1.4 \end{array}$$

100

100

Consequently your first fraction must be improper, which is of no consequence, as no figure is repeated twice.

**Question 2.**—Place to the following figures, 1, 2, 3, as to tell every way 6.

$$\begin{array}{r} 1 \ 2 \ 3 \\ 2 \ 3 \ 1 \end{array}$$

**Answer.**—To do this some persons will place them under the above, instead

of which they must be placed above, as follows:—

$$\begin{array}{r} 3 \ 1 \ 2 \\ 1 \ 2 \ 3 \\ 2 \ 3 \ 1 \end{array}$$

The above question cannot be answered any other way.

**Question 3.**—What multiplier is required to any multiplicand, whose product, being added together, will contain an equal number of nines without an overplus?

**Answer.**—The properties of this figure are amazing, more so than any other—the multiplier is 9: for example:—

$$\begin{array}{r} 768 \\ 9 \end{array}$$

6912=18: two 9's and no remainder.

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{Also,} \\ 1 \\ 9 \end{array}$$

9 No remainder over 9.

$$\begin{array}{r} 9 \\ 9 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 81=1+8=9 \\ 9 \end{array}$$

729=9+2+7=18: two 9's, no remainder.

$$\begin{array}{r} 9 \\ 9 \end{array}$$

6561=6+5+6+1=18: ditto.

Also 18=8+1=9.—*ad libitum.*

**Question 4.**—Tell the decimal part of a pound without the assistance of pencil or pen—for instance, what is the decimal part for 16s. 7d.?

**Answer.**—82,916, and a recurring decimal, the method is this:—Take half the number of shillings for the first decimal, half 16=8; next reduce the pence and farthings into farthings, calling them the next two decimals, observing if they amount to 25 and above 50, to add one as above.—7 multiplied by 4 gives 28, which being above 25, you must add 1=29. For the next points take their excess above 25, or 50, or 75, and call them pence, which reduce as before.—Thus 29 being 4 more than 25, I say 4 times 4=16, my next two decimals, they being under 25, nothing is to be added. Now 4 times 16 being 64, and two 25's are contained in that number, I add 2, which is equal to 66, tells me I have a recurring decimal—consequently I have occasion to go no farther.—Should the shillings be odd you proceed as before, only to the second decimal from the left you add 5. Thus: 17s. 7d.

$$\text{Half } 17=8$$

$$4 \times 7=28+1 \ 29$$

$$\text{Add } 5 \text{ to } 2.$$

$$\text{For the odd sum } 5$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 879, \&c. \end{array}$$

Adding the 5 must be obvious to every arithmetician; for if  $\frac{1}{4}$  17 is  $8\frac{1}{4}$ , the decimal must be 8, 5.

I hope, Mr. Editor, I am not troublesome in sending the above, it being done from the pure motive that all of your juvenile readers may be in possession of some of the short methods, whereby they may save a great deal of time, and make a more rapid improvement in their learning.—I remain your's, most respectfully,

J. W. A.

## Miscellanies.

### THE PORTUGUESE MAN OF WAR.

THE fish, commonly called by seamen, the "Portuguese Man of War," is the holothuria physalis of Linnæus, and a species of mollusca. It consists of a small bladder about seven inches long; very much resembling the air bladder of fishes; from the bottom of which descends a number of strings, of a bright blue, and red; some of them three or four feet in length; which, upon being touched, sting like a nettle, but with much more force.

On the top of the bladder is a membrane, which is used as a sail, and turned so as to receive the wind whichever way it blows; this membrane is marked in fine pink-coloured veins, and the animal is, in every respect, an object exquisitely curious and beautiful.

### RULES FOR YOUNG TRADESMEN AND APPRENTICES.

BE careful not to encumber yourself with a house of greater rent than the current profits of your business will easily pay. Many young beginners have half undone themselves by want of foresight in this one article. Quarter-days are clamorous visitants, and their dues must be sliced off from the capital stock, if the product does not swell in proportion to the demand. Therefore, before you attempt the dangerous experiment, make the exactest estimate possible, of the expenses you may incur, and the prospects you have to make balance even; and rather trade within your compass, than beyond it; it is easy to enlarge your risk, but not to contract it;—and, once out of your depth, it is a great hazard, if ever you recover your footing any more.

It is a plain, but faithful saying,—*Eat your brown bread first*: nor is there a better rule for a young man's outset in the world. While you continue single,

you may live within as narrow bounds as you please: and it is then you must begin to save, in order to be provided for the more enlarged expenses of your future family. Besides, a plain, frugal life is then supported most cheerfully; it is your own choice, and is to be justified on the best and most honest principles in the world; and you have nobody's pride to struggle with, or appetites to master, but your own. As you advance in life, and success, it will be expected you should give yourself greater indulgence; and you may then be allowed to do it both reasonably and safely.

### PRINCELY DELICACY.

THE young Prince Charles of Sweden, Duke of Sudermania, in taking a walk with some gentlemen in the neighbourhood of the king's summer palace, meeting with an old officer of a venerable countenance, but with manifest signs of poverty about him, deigned to accost him, and inquiring into his circumstances, he found that the officer had served several campaigns; but as in the Swedish army the promotions go by purchase, and he had never been able to raise the sum required, he had constantly been overlooked, and was now suing for a place in the invalids. The prince promised to forward his petition, and before he left the old man he made him quite happy, by the kind interest he seemed to take in his fate. But the prince reflecting on the wants to which the poor man would be exposed before he could receive any relief from the grant of his petition, asked one of his gentlemen how he could best make him a present in money without wounding his delicacy? The gentleman answered, that "nothing could be more flattering than to receive it from his royal highness' hands." The prince then addressed himself to the officer, and pressing on him his purse, said, "he was ashamed that an officer, who had bravely served his country, should be under such pecuniary embarrassments, while he himself, who had yet done nothing for it, should be able to relieve them."

ALPHA.

### CONJURING BOX.

THE following amusing instance of the general ignorance of the Turks, with respect to the European arts, is related in a tour through Greece:—The Disdar of Athens was very rapacious in his demands, for leave to copy inscriptions, &c. "after experiencing numerous vexations from this mercenary Turk, (says the au-

thor,) a ridiculous circumstance at length released us from his importunities. I was one day engaged in sketching the Parthenon, with the aid of a camera obscura, when the Disdar, whose surprise was excited by the novelty of the sight, asked, with much inquietude, 'what new conjuration I was performing with that extraordinary machine?' I endeavoured to explain it, by putting in a clean sheet of paper, and making him look into the instrument; but he no sooner saw the temple instantaneously reflected on the paper, in all its lines and colours, than he imagined that I had produced the effect by some magical process; his astonishment appeared mingled with alarm, and stroking his long black beard, he repeated the words 'Alla Mesch-Allah;' (a term of admiration, meaning that which is made by God,) several times. He again looked into the camera obscura with a kind of cautious diffidence, and at that moment, some of his soldiers happening to pass before the mirror, were beheld by the astonished Disdar walking on the paper: he now became outrageous; and told me, that if I chose, I might take away the temple and all the stones in the citadel, but that he would never permit me to conjure his soldiers into my box. He then retired visibly alarmed, and ever after, when he saw me even approach the Acropolis, he carefully avoided me, and never gave me any further molestation.

T. A. C.

### The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—Wotton.

### APOLOGETICAL LINES ON MY HAMPSTEAD GARDEN.

THE jessamine, sweet briar, woodbine  
and rose,  
Are all that the west of my garden  
bestows;  
And all on the east that I have or desire,  
Are the woodbine and jessamine, blush  
rose and briar:  
For variety, little could add to the scent,  
And the eye wants no change where the  
heart is content.

††

### AMUSEMENTS OF THE LEARNED.

TYCHO BRAHE diverted himself with polishing glasses for spectacles, and making mathematical instruments.

D'Andilly, one of the most learned men of the age, cultivated trees; Barclay, the author of "Argories," was a

horist; Balzac amused himself with making crayons; Pierce found amusement among his medals and antiquarian curiosities; the Abbe de Marolles with his engravings; and Politian in singing airs to his lute.

Rohault wandered from shop to shop to see the mechanics labour.

The great Arnauld read, in his hours of relaxation, any amusing Romance that fell into his hands; thus also did the celebrated Warburton, and the no less celebrated statesman Charles James Fox.

Galileo read Ariosto; and Christina, Queen of Sweden, Martial.

Guy Patin wrote letters to his friends, as a usual recreation among men of letters. Others have found amusement in composing treatises on odd subjects. Seneca wrote a burlesque narrative on Claudian's death. Prenius has written an eulogy on beards. A gnat formed a subject for the sportive muse of Virgil, and frogs and mice for that of Homer.

Holstein has written an eulogy on the north wind; Heinsius on the ass; Menage the transmigration of the periodical pedant into a parrot, and also the petition of the Dictionaries.

Erasmus has written a panegyric on Moria, or Folly, which, authorised by the pun, he dedicated to Sir Thomas More.

Montaigne found a very agreeable playmate in his cat. Cardinal de Richelieu, amongst all his great occupations, found amusement in violent exercises, and he was once discovered jumping with his servant, to try who could reach the highest side of a wall. De Grammont, observing the Cardinal to be jealous of his powers in this respect, offered to jump with him; and in the true spirit of a courtier, having made some efforts which nearly reached those of the Cardinal, he acknowledged that he was surpassed by him. This was jumping like a politician, and it was by these means, it is said, that he ingratiated himself with the minister.

*Lines in the window of a shoe-maker's shop, nearly opposite Apothecaries' Hall.*

SURGERY performed upon old boots and shoes, by adding of feet, making good the legs, binding the broken, healing the wounded, mending the constitution, and supporting the body with a new sole. Advice gratis. By S. Gyles.

Answers to Correspondents in our next.

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# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CXXXV.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.]

## Charitable Institutions in London.

No. I.

### BETHLEHEM HOSPITAL.



As the season is approaching in which the usual appeals are made in behalf of such of the benevolent institutions of the metropolis as are supported by subscription, we think it a fit opportunity to commence what we have long had in contemplation—an historical and descriptive account of the charitable institutions of the metropolis. Reserving, however, for another number a general view of metropolitan benevolence, we shall confine ourselves at present to an account of the New Bethlehem Hospital.

Bethlehem or Bethlem Hospital derived its name and its origin from a priory founded by Simon Fitzmary, who was sheriff of London in 1247, on the west side of Bishopsgate, on the site where the street now called Old Bethlem stands. This priory was for the *fratres militia beatae Mariae de Bethlem*; but the society was never very numerous. It afterwards, according to Stow, became an hospital for "distracted people." On the suppression of the monasteries, Henry VIII. at the request of Sir John Gresham, Lord Mayor, granted its lands and revenues to

VOL. V. Q

the cities of London, for the reception and maintenance of lunatics; and in 1549, letters patent were issued to John Whitehead, proctor of the hospital, to solicit donations within the counties of Lincoln and Cambridge, the city of London, and Isle of Ely.

The confined limits and decayed state of the priory soon rendered a larger and more convenient building necessary, and a new hospital was built on the south side of Moorfields, and finished in the year 1676, at an expense of 17,000*l*. To this building two wings were added in 1733, for incurables. The increased value of the ground so near the city, and the decaying state of the hospital, suggested the propriety of removing the establishment to another part of the metropolis; and a plot of twelve acres of ground in St. George's Fields was fixed on for the purpose.

The present edifice, of which our engraving presents a good view, was commenced in 1812, from the designs and under the direction of Mr. James Lewis, architect. The first stone was laid with the usual ceremony on the 20th of April

225

in that year, and the building was completed in 1815, at an expense of about 100,000*l.*, of which 72,819*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.* was granted by Parliament at different times, and 10,229*l.* subscribed by public bodies and private individuals. The Corporation of the City gave 3,000*l.*, the Bank of England 500*l.* towards this sum.

This building, which is a great ornament to this part of the metropolis, is constructed principally of brick. It fronts the north, and its length is 569 feet; its altitude to the parapet 60 feet; and the depth of each wing is 45 feet. The style of architecture is plain and simple, but the symmetry of the building is perfect, and the general effect magnificent.

In the architectural design and arrangement of the interior great judgment has been displayed, and good provision has been made for the separation of the sexes, and classification of the unfortunate inmates. In the rear of the building are extensive airing grounds.

This establishment, which is supported by the estates it possesses and voluntary contributions, is intended for the reception of all indigent lunatics. At the time of admission the sum of two pounds must be paid with each patient, and security given that the lunatic will be taken away whenever the Committee think proper.

In summer the patients rise at six o'clock every morning, and breakfast at eight; in winter, at seven, and breakfast at half-past eight: they dine at one, and sup at six. Each patient has a separate room: the bedsteads are of iron, with a sacking bottom; a flock mattress, a pillow, three blankets, a pair of sheets (which are regularly changed every fortnight), and a rug, are allowed for each. The patients' linen is entirely changed weekly; and washed in a very convenient laundry, having a large drying-yard in front, and an excellent stove-room for the same use in wet weather.

The general breakfast for the patients is gruel mixed with milk, and two ounces of bread; but those who cannot relish that food are permitted to take tea with the keepers, at a small weekly charge. The dinner is varied daily throughout the week: meat, either corned beef, veal, or boiled or roast mutton, with seven ounces of bread, and vegetables in season, being allowed on Sundays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays; pudding, broth, pease-soup, rice-milk, bread and butter, &c., are allowed on other days. The supper is seven ounces of bread and two of butter. Good table-beer is allowed, without restriction as to quantity.—Sick and weakly patients have a different diet suited to their respective afflictions.

According to the rules of this institution, no person whatever, except governors, or those in company with a governor, is permitted to view the Hospital and patients; but either the President or the Treasurer may issue written orders for the admission of any peer, or member of parliament, at convenient hours. The keepers and servants are forbidden to receive any fee or gratuity whatever, on pain of dismission. Patients, when sufficiently convalescent, are permitted to see a friend or two, on Mondays, during the hours from ten till twelve; the males in the servants' hall, and the females in an apartment adjoining to the committee-room.

It appears, from a return made by the physicians of this hospital to the governor, in January, 1822, that the number of patients in the hospital was 346, of whom 210 were deemed curable, 77 incurable; and 59 criminals, who were to be confined for life; among these are Margaret Nicholson, who attempted to stab his late Majesty, and Hadfield, who shot at the King in Drury-lane theatre.

In the hall of the hospital are the two celebrated figures of raving and melancholy madness which were in front of the Old Bethlehem Hospital, in Moorfields. They were executed by Calus Gabriel Cibber.

## MUSICAL GLASSES.

*Wrexham, Jan. 24, 1826.*

SIR,—Having recently heard those delightful instruments, the musical glasses, performed upon in an excellent manner, it occurred to me that some of your numerous scientific readers might so arrange them as they could be introduced with credit into our drawing-rooms; indeed, so much has the idea gained upon me, that I could not help suggesting a plan for doing this myself. I will, therefore, briefly give it you, “hot from the brain,” as old Pope hath it.

Suppose the requisite number of glasses perforated and arranged upon a steel rod, after the manner of the old harmonicon, and accommodated to the form of a piano-forte. This rod may, by any ordinary mechanic power, be made to turn; and as water is necessary, a canal might be assigned under, and the glasses may be acted upon precisely the same as a piano-forte is by keys. The best substance to come in contact with the glass will soon be found by an ingenious man. There is no doubt objections may be offered, but I think it possible to obviate all.

Your obliged,

CYMRÖ.



## HOURS OF MEALS NOW AND FORMERLY.

*(For the Mirror.)*

THE modern hours of eating have reached an excess that is perfectly ridiculous. In winter the fashionable world have two or more hours of candle-light before dinner, and in summer they are all at table during the pleasantest part of the day; and all this to get a long morning—for idle people, to whom one would suppose the shortest morning would be too long. The historical facts mentioned by T. A. N. C. in No. 122, of the MIRROR, and the *addenda* I beg to subscribe, afford fair evidence that the occupations of day-light commence gradually later and later; as if there was a tendency in polite nations of converting night into day, and day into night. Thence it is that candle-light amusements are more fashionable in every polished nation. All exercises and amusements were formerly more frequent in day-light—light being intended for action, and darkness for rest. This principle was once almost universally adhered to, though the moderns have now got into a contrary practice. The proverb says,

"He that would thrive,  
Must rise by Five;  
He that has thriven  
May lie till Seven."

In the fourteenth century, the shops in Paris were opened at four in the morning; at present a shop-keeper is scarcely awake at seven. The king of France used then to dine at eight in the morning, and retire to his bed chamber at eight in the evening; an hour at which most of our public amusements are but just began. The Spaniards still adhere to their ancient customs; their kings, to this day dine precisely at noon, and sup no less precisely at nine in the evening.

During the reign of Henry VIII., fashionable people in England breakfasted at seven in the morning, and dined at ten in the forenoon. In Elizabeth's time the nobility, gentry, and students, dined at eleven in the forenoon, and supped between five and six in the afternoon. In the reign of Charles II., four in the afternoon was the appointed hour for acting plays. At present, even dinner is three or four hours later.

In a tavern bill from a landlord in "the good city of Chester," copied from an old work on the Manners and Customs of the Fifteenth Century, by Edward Muller, is the following meal for breakfast at six o'clock in the morning:—"Breakfast provisions for Syr Godfrey Walton, the good Ladie Walton, and their fair

daughter Gabriel—3 pounds of saved salmon; 2 pounds of boiled mutton and onions; 3 slices of porke; 6 red-herrings; 6 pounds of leavened bread; 1 choppin of mead; 5 choppins of strong beer."

The King of Yeman, the greatest prince in Arabia Felix, dines at nine in the morning, sups at five in the afternoon, and goes to rest at eleven.

The Asiatic Turks dine early, generally at eleven in the summer, and in the winter even sooner. Their suppers are taken about six in the summer, and five in the winter, which consists of nearly the same dishes as the dinner.

The Tunisians are very early risers, their religion obliging them to attend public devotion by day-break; after which, they follow their respective employments till the afternoon-prayers, when business ceases, and the shops are shut up.

The natives of Hindostan have only two principal meals; one in the morning before the sun shines with meridian fervour, the other in the evening when its immediate influence is withdrawn: the intermediate one between the meals, at least the middle part of the day, is generally spent in sleep, the intense heat rendering those hours wholly unfit for motion.

The old Romans, we find, in the early and virtuous ages of the commonwealth, made their chief meal after night. The French (except those that copy after the English manners) and the Italians always make supper their principal meal. The Indians (who, perhaps, live the most agreeable to nature of any people in the world) eat flesh but once in the four-and-twenty hours, and that is in the evening, after the fatigue of fishing, hunting, or marching are over. The Spaniards, who have not yet adopted the French and Italian custom of making their chief meal at night, are nevertheless unanimous in the practice of sleeping an hour or two every day after dinner. This last practice seems to be of great antiquity, for we read that many ancient nations used to recline upon beds or cushions, and to lean upon each other at their entertainments. This posture in eating was practised by the Greeks, Romans,\* and Persians,† nor was it uncommon among the Jews.‡

\* The bed used for this purpose by the Romans, was called, from the Greek, *Triellinium*, from its containing only three people. Juvenal speaks of this posture in eating, from which some derive the origin of the expression, "bosom friends."

† Esther and Haman lay upon the same bed at the royal banquet, given by the Queen to King Ahasuerus.

‡ It may be inferred, that this practice was



Hence it is, many writers have contended that "sleep is always natural after eating," and quote as common to all the brute animals we are acquainted with, but what seems to prove, above all things, that rest and sleep are necessary after eating, is, that digestion has been proved to be carried on chiefly by fermentation, to which rest, every body knows, is so essentially necessary, that it cannot take place without it. Nevertheless, such as make supper their *principal* meal, should recollect the old adage—

After dinner sit awhile;  
After supper walk a mile;

Which, from its antiquity, as well as from its being delivered in rhyme, comes armed with the strength of Sampson; but if we appeal once more to the brute animals, they will still furnish us with arguments in favour of this practice, and every analogy borrowed from them deserves to be attended to, as they have never yet subjected their instincts to the tyranny of fashion.

F. R.—Y.

common among the Jews, from the custom of pulling off their shoes before they began to eat; the design of this being to preserve their beds clean. Our Saviour conformed to it, and unless we suppose this, we cannot explain in what manner Mary Magdalen stood behind him while he was eating in the house of Simon, and "washed his feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head." At the last feast he had with his disciples, (which was a supper,) he admitted him who sat next to him to lean upon his bosom.

#### A SUNDAY IN HYDE PARK IN SUMMER.

(For the Mirror.)

CAN it be possible you've been  
A month in town and have not seen  
A Sunday in Hyde Park?  
Where poor and rich, and high and low,  
Are mingled all together so,  
That 'tis impossible to know  
A noble from a clerk.

For Sunday all distinction levels,  
Alike the lord and shop-boy rivals  
In foppery and shows.  
They go to church—but not to pray—  
They criticise the last night's play,  
And on the labours of next day  
A thought they ne'er bestow.

The tailor apes the gentleman,  
And 't seems, indeed, a general plan  
With all, to ape their betters.  
The valet imitates his lord,  
And 'prentice boys, with one accord,  
Enjoy this day as a reward  
For all the past week's fetters.

Whilst some, alas! their feet must use,  
And thus wear out their Sunday shoes,  
For walking always wears.

Or horses hired for the day,  
For which, perhaps, they seldom pay,  
The city journeymen display  
Their ill-adapted airs.

Why man, with common sense, presumes  
To act the Don in borrowed plumes,  
To me is most amazing;  
To ride on horseback in the park,  
And hear each passer-by, remark,  
"There goes a shopman or a clerk,"  
Can be by no means pleasing.

Mark yonder coxcomb in his carriage,  
Which, 't'other day, he got by marriage  
With a green-grocer's daughter.  
See, even him, with what disdain  
He views his old shopmates again,  
And tries 't' avoid them—but in vain—  
Like fire meeting water.

Whilst mournfully the wife exclaims,  
"Oh, la! my dear, they're not to blame—  
Remember, this is Sunday.  
'T' enjoy the present hour is wise  
I grant, indeed," the Cit replies,  
"But then, methinks, 'twere fit likewise,  
They should remember Monday."

If men, however, will be fools,  
I know of no established rules  
By which we can prevent them.  
But I advise the beaux of the east,  
(Though every man to his own taste,)  
To give up horseback airs at least,  
And let a walk content them.  
C. W. A.

#### BELL RINGING.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—Having some time back sent you a communication relative to Bow Bells, which I find has been noticed by one of your readers, who requests that I will continue my observations, and give some further account of the science of ringing. I take up my pen for the purpose; but before I proceed, I think it necessary to say something in answer to the objections which have been raised against the art.

It appears, that in former times, great attention was paid to the recreations of the people, and those games or amusements only were encouraged which were calculated to increase the strength of the body, and the competitors frequently received great injury from the violence of their attempts to obtain the prize, which was the usual reward of excellence.

The exercise of ringing, however, is not productive of such effects, but is erroneously objected to as mean and mechanical, followed and practised by persons whose subsistence is derived from manual labour, and has therefore unjustly been deemed an unfit recreation for those whose education and circumstances enable them to move in the higher circles. To this I answer, that there are many

highly respectable persons who follow this exercise, and although there may be some who are under the necessity of working for their living, they chiefly consist of the middle class of trades-people; but even admitting there are persons of the lowest description who follow the art, I do not see why it should be condemned on that account, when the barbarous and unmanly amusements of pugilism, cock-fighting, bull-baiting, and many others, are countenanced and supported by every class of society.

The practice of the art has been farther objected to as having a tendency to alienate the minds of men from their business, by leading them into idleness, and as being too frequently productive of habitual drunkenness. In reply, I beg to observe, that there is no exercise or diversion which, if unduly followed, will not lead to bad habits, and if a man be addicted to drink, he will obtain it let his amusements be what they may, but far from inducing a practice so ruinous and detestable, ringing can afford no entertainment to individuals of this character, it being performed in a place where liquor cannot be obtained, and the intellects of the performer must be perfectly unclouded to enable him to practise with any degree of credit; as to the neglect of business, it may be sufficient to observe, that except when paid for it, (which is but seldom) the time usually appointed is the evening, when all men either retire into the bosoms of their families, or participate in some diversion in order to alleviate and soften the fatigues of the day.

The practice of ringing bells in peal seems to be peculiar to this country, but at what time change ringing commenced is very uncertain; the earliest promoter of the science, of whom any certain account has been obtained, was a Mr. Fabian Steadman, a native of Cambridge, who was born in or about the year 1631; he introduced various peals on five and six bells, printing them on slips of paper (being a Printer by profession) which being distributed about the country, were soon brought to London; what progress the art had then made in the metropolis, does not appear, but the Society of College Youths in the summer of 1657, on a visit to Cambridge, were presented by Mr. Steadman with some of his productions, which were rung for the first time at that place, and afterwards at a church on College-Hill, London, where the society at that time practised.

It is therefore to be presumed that change ringing must have been practised much earlier than 1657, as before those curious and cross change peals were dis-

covered by Mr. Steadman, single changes were universally performed, the music whereof was very little better than the method now rung by the ringers at Bow Church; however, in 1660, Mr. Steadman published a book, entitled "Campanalogia, or the Art of Ringing," which before 1680, had undergone three editions, but I believe no copy of the work is now in existence.

From that time great progress was made in the science, so much so that in the early part of last century, another work was published on the subject by two members of the London Scholars' Society, a copy of which I have in my possession, and some years after another and very superior work by Messrs. Jones, Reeves, and Blakemore made its appearance; consequently new societies were formed, and peals in the various methods laid down in those editions were continually rung, when in 1816, Mr. Shipway's very eminent publication, in three parts, was brought forth.

Having thus endeavoured in a few words to answer the most striking objections that have been urged against this exercise, and given your readers a short account of the progress made therein; I shall only add, that any person who may be inclined to adopt it as an amusement, if he possess talent and ability sufficient to enable him to make any proficiency therein, will be very much delighted with the beauties of its music, the variety and entertainment it affords the mind, and the advantages of which it is productive as an exercise to the body.

I beg to inform *Salopiensis*, that the work by Jones, Reeves, and Blakemore, is still extant, indeed an edition thereof has been lately printed, and is to be obtained in London, or through the country booksellers; and that Mr. Shipway's work, which contains a great variety of methods and peals upon principles superior to any hitherto published, is to be had in town direct or by the same means in the country.

In my next, Mr. Editor, I shall present your readers with the 120 changes on five bells, and am

Your Constant Reader,  
*A Member of the Junior College Society.*  
Walworth, March, 1825.

P. S. Since my former letter, I have been elected a member of the above society, who on Monday, the 21st inst. rung upon the bells at Trinity Church, Suffolk Street, Southwark, a peal of Oxford Treble Bob Majors, containing 5,120 changes, in 3 hours and 15 minutes, in which I was a performer.

# SOLOMON AND THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

MR. EDITOR,—Looking the other day into your MIRROR—a work beyond my humble praise—I read, in the tenth number, a very well-written and pleasing article, entitled, “Solomon and the Queen of Sheba,” which the writer thus concludes:—“Such is the story which would make a pretty poetical tale. It would yield an elegant description and a pleasing moral, that the *bee* only rests on *natural* flowers, however inimitably the colours may be laid on. Applied to ladies, this would give it a pungency.” Now, on the above plan, although I may have failed (which I feel I have,) to come up to its author’s view, and although I am sure he would have far exceeded what I have done; I have attempted to form the following Tale; to see which, Mr. Editor, reflected from your instructive MIRROR, (as I shall then know that the attempt is not unworthy,) will give much pleasure to

Your humble servant,  
Honey Lane.

A. B.

## THE TALE.

WHEN Solomon throughout the globe  
Had spread his wisdom’s fame,  
Sheba’s fair queen, in beauty’s robe,  
To prove that wisdom came.  
She stood beneath his splendid throne,  
Within his palace grand;  
A wreath, that rival’d Flora’s zone,  
She held in either hand.

One wreath was form’d of Nature’s flow’rs,  
Flow’rs nourish’d by her dew;  
The other wreath, by human pow’rs,  
In imitative hue.  
And “tell me now, O mighty king,”  
Exclaim’d the queen elate,  
“The flow’r that did from Nature spring,  
And which did Art create.”

The works of Art and Nature seem’d  
To match in hue so well,  
That, which was Nature’s wreath, ‘twas deem’d  
No mortal tongue could tell;  
The glory of Jerusalem,  
With darken’d brow look’d down;  
The courtiers who surrounded him  
Wore Disappointment’s frown.

But to a woman’s art would he,  
Who knew all Nature’s field,  
From the cedar’s lofty tree,  
To the low hyssop, yield?  
No, gazing on the sky he sees,  
Rejoicing in the day,  
On busy wing, a swarm of bees  
Around a casement play.

The prospect with delight he hall’d—  
Their nature well he knew;  
The gladness that before had fail’d,  
Now to his bosom flew.

The casement wide, at his command,  
Was open’d, and their flight,  
To Nature’s wreath, the glad bees fann’d,  
And on that wreath did light.

“True was the loud report of fame,”  
Exclaim’d the beauteous queen,  
“Which I believed not, till I came  
And had thy wisdom seen;  
But half the wisdom, thou dost own,  
That fame hath never traced.  
Bless’d be the Lord! who on a throne  
Hath so much wisdom placed.”

Now, from this story, ladies fair,  
This moral take, I pray,  
That from your lovely hands men bear  
Sweet Wisdom’s palm away;  
And learn, that like the bees, men fly  
To flow’rs of Nature’s sun,  
And that the beauty, moulded by  
The hand of Art, they shun.

## THE PARISH CLERK.

(For the Mirror.)

A WORTHY squire, not many miles from town,  
Had scarce one morn to breakfast sat him down,  
With a fond spouse so lovely by his side,  
Ere she began, and smiling as she spake,  
“My dear, I have a strange request to make,  
Yet truly hope I may not be denied.

“There’s Tom, with us has many winters seen,  
And ever has a faithful servant been;  
He has religious principles withal.  
Though ev’ry duty well he doth discharge,  
To decent keep his family so large,  
He finds indeed his income is but small.

“So hearing that the parish clerk was dead,  
The rector seeks another in his stead,  
One of whose morals he is well assur’d.  
Now Tom’s ambition urges him to try;  
And as the rector rates our friendship high,  
A word from you the place is straight secur’d.”

“My love,” quoth he, “for Tom I’ve great respect,  
Nor could I, really, in the least object,  
But the poor fellow scarcely at all can read.”  
“True,” she replies, “but John has kindly said,  
“He’ll Tom assist, and with instruction’s aid.”  
He soon will be enabled to proceed.”

Where is that heart that ever can refuse,  
When woman, lovely, charming woman sues?  
The squire consented, and the place obtain’d.  
With heart elate Tom sedulously striv’d,  
And ere th’ ensuing Sunday arriv’d,  
Some little information he had gain’d.

Th’ important hour now came—the desk Tom  
grac’d,  
While in the corner John was slyly plac’d,  
To give the cue and monitor to act;  
With look demure the tyro then arose.  
“Amen!” soon whisper’d John, and touch’d  
Tom’s toes;

“Amen!” responded Tom with clerk-like tact.

Throughout the nave his voice melodious flows;  
Elated with success he bolder grows,  
And now for approbation gazes round.

With head erect, and sanctified look,  
He felt his merits and thum'd well his book,  
Repeating ev'ry word with solemn sound.

Ambition had his glowing breast so fir'd,  
That mind and senses, in the flame expir'd,  
His thought bewild'rd in the pleasing scene.  
"Take off your thumb and turn over," John  
cries,

"Take off your thumb and turn over!" replies  
Our hero, with a bold commanding mien.

This fill'd the congregation with surprise;  
All turn'd upon the clerk inquiring eyes,  
Wondering to hear such strange directions  
nam'd;

They scare had look'd, when Tom began to bawl,  
"O Thomas! Thomas! you have spoil'd it all!"  
Which very words poor John had just exclaim'd.

No more decorum aw'd the sacred place;  
The ruby tinged cheek and snow-capt face  
Were clad in smiles, others did laugh outright.  
From o'er the desk the priest his neck stretch'd  
out,

Wond'ring what John and Thomas were about,  
To throw his hearers into such a plight.

In violent pet, Tom's master now arose,  
And as his breast with fiercer passion glows,  
He shook his stick—foreboding Tom no good.  
But he, whose soul was on his duty bent,  
And mind absorbed in the great intent,  
Heedless of all that past, undaunted stood.

'Twixt rage and laughter, John assails his friend,  
And bids him quickly from the desk descend;  
Repeating still his words, the zealous clown,  
Fill'd to the brim with holy zeal and grace,  
Unconscious star'd his master in the face,  
And bawl'd, "Sit down, you stupid ass, sit  
down!"

CLAVIS.

## ALE HOUSE SIGNS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—In a certain parish in the suburbs of London, I was particularly struck with the appearance of the singular signs of two inns as I passed through the place a few days since. They are *singular*, because one of them embodies an ancient vulgar conception, long since banished even from the most illiterate minds; and the other from having to designate what is in its own nature indescribable, is necessarily an emblem of very different signification from what was evidently intended it should be. The first is, the sign of the "*Man in the Moon*." Every one knows that this vulgar idea originated in the supposed resemblance which the appearance of the Moon, when full, bears to a human countenance; and however ridiculous and absurd the superstition that persuaded any one to imagine, on such grounds, that there actually was a Man in the Moon, there certainly is some foundation for the original notion in the

appearance of a full Moon when presented to the naked eye, although the allusion vanishes when that satellite is viewed through a telescope. Now, had the painter merely described the Moon and her mountains just as she appears when full, the intention of the original master of the house would have been defeated, for then his house would have been known by the sign of the "*Full Moon*," instead of the "*Man in the Moon*;" consequently "Daniel Daub" is obliged to consult tradition, and on its authority paint a man, though, by the bye, it is only a *half-man*, a *half-gentleman*, indeed, with a *bundle of sticks* at his back, leaning on a *semi-circle*. This must surely be called doing things by *halves*. The other curiosity is called the "*World's End*." This was, if possible, a greater puzzle to the aforesaid "Daniel" than the former, for here, neither tradition, nor his own fertile imagination could render him the least assistance, for the house being the last of a range of houses, overlooking a considerable tract of land, with but here and there a dwelling, seemed by a stretch of the imagination, to be situated at the *end of the world*, and, therefore must have a sign of *corresponding indication*. Confounded at the task of describing by his brush the *end of rotundity*, he paints a globe surrounded by darkness, with a dismembered surface, and lets *volumes of fire and smoke* issue from different parts of it! Significant I suppose he meant of the consummation of all things in the destruction of the material universe, yet rather inappropriate, and fitter for the sign of a church-yard than a tavern. Add to this the unfavourable impression the sign must make on the keeper's visitants; and consequently would prove of great *dis-service* instead of *service*, to this worthy knight of the white tankard.

In the same parish, at a public house, where the stages are accustomed to halt on their way to the metropolis, is posted up the following doggerel couplet:—

Stop, brave boys, and quench your thirst,  
If you won't drink, your horses must.

J. L. C.

## ON SPRING.

(For the Mirror.)

"At one wide view God's eye surveys  
His works in every distant clime;  
He shifts the seasons, months, and days—  
The short-liv'd offspring of revolving time;  
By turns they die, by turns are born.  
Now cheerful *Spring* the circle leads,  
And strews with flowers the smiling meads."

HUGHES.

"SPRING (says the author of the "*Contemplative Philosopher*") is characterised

as the season of the renovation of nature; in which animals and vegetables, excited by the kindly influence of returning warmth, shake off the torpid inaction of winter, and prepare for the continuance and increase of their several species. The vegetable tribes, as more independent and self-provided, lead the way in this progress. The reviviscent plants emerge, as soon as the genial showers have softened the ground, in numbers "beyond the power of botanists to reckon up their tribes."—The opening blossoms and flowers soon call forth, from their wintry retreats, those industrious insects which derive sustenance from their nectarous juices. As the beams of the sun become more potent, the larger vegetables, shrubs, and trees, unfold their leaves, and as soon as a friendly concealment is thus provided for the various nations of the feathered race, they joyfully begin the course of laborious, but pleasing occupations, which are to engage them during the whole season. The delightful series of pictures, so truly expressive of that genial spirit that pervades the spring, which Thomson has formed on the variety of circumstances attending the *passion of the groves*, cannot escape the notice and admiration of the most inattentive eye. Affected by the same soft influence, and equally indebted to the renewed vegetable tribes for food and shelter, he represents the several kinds of quadrupeds as concurring in the celebration of this charming season with conjugal and parental ties. Even man himself, though from his social condition, less under the dominion of physical necessities, he properly describes as partaking of the general ardour."—Vol. I. page 150. In the month of May the spring glows with "all the mixtures of colorific radiance," and one may say with Milton—

How Nature paints her colours—how the bee  
Sits on her bloom, extracting liquid sweet."

Dr. Johnson, in "The Rambler," says:—

"He that enlarges his curiosity after the works of nature, demonstrably multiplies the inlets to happiness; and, therefore, the younger part of my readers, to whom I dedicate this vernal speculation must excuse me for calling upon them, to make use at once of the spring of the year, and the spring of life, to acquire while their minds may be yet impressed with new images, a love of innocent pleasures, and an ardour for useful knowledge; and to remember, that a blighted spring makes a barren year, and that the vernal flowers, however beautiful and gay

are only intended by nature as preparations to autumnal fruits."

P. T. W.

### A WONDERFUL PROPHECY.

When green is red, and red is white;  
When pigs and poultry curse and swear;  
When light is dark, and dark is light;  
When people shut their eyes to stare;  
When herrings grow on apple trees;  
When Hampstead Hill o'er Highgate hops;  
When lawyers do refuse their fees;  
When rumps of beef are mutton chops;  
When fire is cold, and ice is hot;  
When pewter plates are made of tin;  
When your old shirt's an iron pot—  
The water boils, and I jump in;  
When brewers' drays are barbers' shops;  
When barbers' blocks talk French with ease;  
When mops are brooms, and brooms are mops;  
When sign-posts turn aside to sneeze;  
When oysters grow on orange trees;  
When silver is to gold preferred;  
When this old bat's a cheshire cheese,  
And my grandmother's George the Third,  
Then little Bonny will come over,  
And land a million men at Dover.

LEDGER.

\* Written at the time Bonaparte was preparing to invade England.

### LINES

Written by an English Officer, the evening previous to parting with his Brothers to join his regiment.

When shall we three meet again—  
When shall we three meet again;  
Oft shall glowing hope expire,  
Oft shall wearied love retire,  
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,  
Ere we three shall meet again.

Though in distant lands I stray,  
Far'd beneath a hostile ray;  
Though the deep between us rolls,  
Friendship shall unite our souls;  
Still in fancy's rich domain,  
Oft shall we three meet again.

When the dreams of life are fled,  
When its wearied lamp is dead,  
When in cold oblivion's shade,  
Beauty, friendship, fame, are dead;  
Where immortal spirits reign,  
There shall we three meet again.

### Reminiscences.

No. XIII.

### CAPABILITY BROWN.

THERE came over to this country with King William III. from Holland, a decided Dutch taste, and this was perhaps

most apparent in the manner in which gardens and parks were laid out after this period. Every thing was in straight and formal lines, and the trees were planted in avenues like troops in open order. Mr. Brown (or Capability Brown as he was called, from that word being constantly in his mouth) was the first to break through this outrage of nature, and to give a more free and appropriate figure to the romantic scenery of England, and several of the parks were laid out by him, particularly Stowe and Blenheim, which to this day stand unrivalled monuments of his correct taste. This proceeding was at that time thought to be a bold measure, but the good sense of the nation got the better of their former prejudices, and with the assistance of Hogarth's "line of beauty," were again brought to a proper view on these important points.

When Blenheim came to the hands of John the great Duke of Marlborough, much was done at the expense of the nation, but as "a place" it was far from perfection. After entering at the great arch, a small stream met the eye, not by any means in character with the composition; and politics running high, Dr. Evans seized hold of these two points, the arch and the stream for an Epigram, which was said at once to express the character of the hero. He was reported to be ambitious, and neither to reward or promote those who had assisted in his success. The Epigram was this:—

The lofty arch his high ambition shows  
The stream an emblem of his bounty flows.

This Epigram was in the mouths of all, and none felt it more than the duke; and Brown at this period having met his grace at Blenheim, pointed out a spot possessing capability, and recommended that a lake should be formed at the entrance. This plan was eagerly caught at by his grace, as the sting would be taken out of the Epigram, and Blenheim become in all respects what it should be, and he left the whole management to Brown, who finding that the ground was for some distance a dead level, merely threw a dam across a mouth or outlet, and in a few days that fine lake which breaks upon the astonished view of the observer at the entrance of the park, and over which the bridge is thrown, presented itself. The duke returned—the *tout ensemble* was complete. Dr. Evans had obtained his *quietus*, and his grace was in raptures. Brown had watched the duke's countenance—he had witnessed his astonished look—he heard his exclamations with delight and satisfaction.

At last the duke cried out "Good heavens, Brown! why, this is beyond my utmost expectations—how magnificent—how grand—it is quite extraordinary." "Yes," returned Mr. Brown, with dignity and gravity, elated with his achievement, drawing up his body and throwing back his head, "Yes, my lord duke, I think I have made the River Thames blush to day."

#### MR. S. — THE ENGRAVER.

This gentleman was employed to engrave a portrait of the late eccentric, but benevolent Mr. Hollis, of High Wycombe, which Mr. H. meant for distribution amongst his friends. The print is a beautiful specimen of the art, the execution of which has scarcely been surpassed in any age or country. This, Mr. S. was well aware of, and was not a little elated at the manner in which it had been executed. He called on Mr. H. who asked him if the print was finished, "Yes, Sir," said Mr. S., producing it, "there it is, Sir, and it would ill-become me to speak of its execution—but, Sir,—we are immortalized." ††

### The Topographer.

No IX.

#### BURLEIGH HOUSE, &c.

BURLEIGH HOUSE, on part of the site of which the present Exeter 'Change stands, was a noble pile, built by that great statesman, the Lord Treasurer Burleigh, who died there in 1598. It was built of brick, and adorned with four square turrets at the corners, of the same material, with stone battlements and dressings. The description of it, with some little additions, is given by a writer in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who, in speaking of the houses of noblemen then standing between Charing-cross and Temple-Bar, says,

"BURLEIGH HOUSE.—The house of the Right Honourable Lord Burleigh, Lord High Treasurer of England, and by him erected. [Standing on the north side of the Stronde; a very faire house, rayced with bricks, proportionably adorned with foure turrets, placed on the four quarters of the house; within it is curiously bewtified with rare devices, and especially the oratory placed in the angle of the great chamber. Unto this is annexed on the east, a proper house of the Honourable Sir Robert Cecil, knight.]"

It was afterwards called Exeter House, from the title of his son and suc-

cessor. All originated, it has been observed; in sacrilege, as on the site stood a house belonging to the parson of St. Martin's.

Sir Thomas Palmer, a creature of the Duke of Somerset, obtained it by composition in the time of Edward VI. and began to build there a magnificent house of brick and timber. This afterwards came into the hands of Lord Burleigh, who finished it in the magnificent manner we have mentioned. At what time it was deserted by the Exeter family, does not appear; but it was before the fire of London, as an advertisement occurs in the London Gazette of the following year, giving the public notice, that the business of one of the government offices (we believe the Excise Office) would be carried on there in consequence of that calamity, and until the office alluded to, which had been destroyed by the fire, should be rebuilt. The first Exeter 'Change was erected on the site of Exeter House, soon after this, and was a very handsome pile, with an arcade in front, a gallery above, and shops in both. The plan, however, in the beginning did not succeed; for the New Exchange (where the Adelphi now stands) had the preference, and stole away both tenants and customers. A part of the old Burleigh or Exeter-house remained at this time, and is, or was to be seen until lately.

Exeter 'Change, as it now stands, is said to have been built by Dr. Barbon, a speculator in houses, about the time of William and Mary, who mortgaged it to the Duke of Devonshire and Sir Francis Child, in 1708. The lower story contained 48 shops, occupied by milliners; and the upper was in the tenure of the Company of Upholsterers.

John Gumley rented all the upper part of this building in 1714, as a warehouse, for pier and other glasses, framed and unframed; and Sir Richard Steele dedicated part of one of his papers to what *Mr. Smeer*, in the "Critic," would have called a puff direct in his favour.

In the year 1721, Mr. Normand Cany exhibited a singular bed for 2s. 6d. each person, the product of his own ingenuity; the curtains of which were woven in the most ingenious manner, with feathers of the greatest variety and beauty he could procure; the ground represented white damask mixed with silver and ornaments of various descriptions, supporting vases of flowers and fruits. Each curtain had a purple border a foot in breadth, branched with flowers shaded by scarlet; the valence and vases the same. The bed was 18 feet in height; and from the descriptions must have been a superior effort of genius, equally original with the works

of the South Sea Islanders, whose cloaks, mantles, and caps, grace the collection formed by Captain Cook, now preserved in the British Museum.

One great room was opened in 1704, as an improvement on modern statute halls; and in 1772, Lord Baltimore's body lay in state there previous to its interment at Epsom.

It was afterwards for some years in use as a warehouse for the reception of the printed volumes of the Rolls and Journals of the House of Lords.

Pidcock's exhibition of wild beasts next succeeded, and being continued by his successor Polito, and since by the present proprietor, Cross, seems to have superseded all other uses.—The lower apartment has long been a complete thoroughfare, lined on each side with cutlery, trinkets, perfumery, &c., artfully and pleasingly displayed for sale; and not only is the original of those lately fashionable marts distinguished by the oriental name of *Bazaars*, but may be said yet to hold the first rank among them.

Among the papers of Lord Burghley, preserved with the Lansdown manuscripts at the British Museum, are the particulars of a splendid dinner, given by his Lordship to the French Commissioners (then over here) at Burghley, or Exeter House, in the Strand, in the year 1581. The scale of magnitude on which this great feast was conducted, the number of the guests and attendants, the abundance of provision, and the whole of the preparations, afford one such an idea of what must have been then the extent and greatness of this mansion, and the style of living of its owner, that it may be taken as the best illustration of both which record has left us.

The account, which occupies three or four sheets of paper, is arranged under different heads, one containing a list of the presents and purchases of food, &c.; another the ordering and duties of the several servants and attendants in waiting, &c.; a third, the payments to workmen employed in making the necessary arrangements; and a fourth contains the various items of expense, with the gross amount of the whole, and other particulars of the entertainment.

In the first paper, entitled "a collection of all the presents, emptionis, and store for a dyner of the Frenshe Commissioners, Sonday the last of April, 1581, at Burghley House," we have a list of between seventy and eighty different articles of provision, with their value affixed; among which are two stags 40s.; two bucks 20s.; six kids 24s.; six pigs



10s., six shynnes of: beef 24s., four gammons of bacon 16s., one swan 10s., three cranes 20s., twenty-four curlews 24s., one reat shank 10d., fifteen pheasants 30s., fifty-four herons 8l. 15s., eight partridges 8s., besides vast quantities of beef, veal, mutton, pork, and other solid substantial feeding. The fish list enumerates, amongst various other kinds, sturgeons, congers, salmon, trouts, lampreys, lobsters, prawns, gurnuds, and oysters. Thirty-six shillings is set down for herbs and "sallets;" a large sum considering how far money would then go, and a proof what abundance there must have been of other things; the cream is charged 27s.; the quantity of butter used was 360 pounds; of eggs, 3,300; of spices 42 pounds; and there is a charge of three shillings, among the latter items, for three gallons of rose water.

In the paper containing the names, and duties of the several servants and officers attendant on the feast, are mentioned sewers, gentlemen ushers, cupboard keepers, fetchers of bread and wine, keepers of doors, &c., the particular places of waiting in, and the nature of whose employment, are all minutely specified. The number of these amounted to forty-nine gentlemen and thirty-four servants.

The "Breef of th' expenses," another of the papers, contains a summary of the charges of this great entertainment, among which there is reckoned—For the pantry, manchets (a small fine loaf), 35s. 4d.; kitchen brede, 6s.; pantry baskets, &c., 18s.; and trenchers, 10l. 3s. 8d. For the buttry, there was provided as much beer and ale, with additional drinking jugs, as cost 75l. and 4d. The wines for the cellar (which consisted of "Gascon wyn, sack, and Ipocras") cost 21l. 16s.; the provision of beef, mutton, veal, lambs, and coneys, is set down at 74. 4s.; the kids, poultry, and wild fowl, with the fish, butter, eggs, lard, &c., came to 54l. 19s. 2d. (exclusively of what had been sent to his Lordship on the occasion as presents, and which are valued at 174l. 3s. 2d.); the expense for grocery is reckoned at 56l. 17s. 3d.; the pastry 7l. 6s.; "the voydunces" 77s.; exclusively of which there was expended "for the heyre of cooks, scullions," &c., 34l. 2s. 3d.; for the hire of additional vessels and glass, 11l. 7s. 3d.; in "rewardes," 10l. 15s.; and for flowers, rushes, &c. 107s. and 10d.; for Turkey carpets, 11l. "Q. Picture" (a portrait of the queen, seemingly introduced as the founder of the feast), 16s.; joint stools, 105s.; pewter cisterna, 64. 6s. 4d.; and pantry knives, &c. 57s. And "for the works—to carpenters, plasterers, labourers,

sawyers, glaziers, smiths, plumbers, naylor-men; and for the tymber, lead, lathe, borde, &c., as appereth by a particular boke thereof, 69l. 3s. 2d." The entire expense of the entertainment was 649l. 1s. 5d.

Among the rooms and different places mentioned as stations for the servants and officers, are enumerated, "the great chamber, parlor, gallerye, entry, ewerie, playte house, cellor, buttrie, pantry, the great kitchen, the two kitchens, and others;" from which we may form some idea of this then lordly residence. There is also, in a separate book, relative to the household here (and much of which seems to be in the hand-writing of Lord Burghley himself) a list of the "*Armour at Burghley House in 1556*;" and the quantity of which equally denotes this to have been then a town mansion of the very first class. The following is a list of some of the most curious articles:—

"Three paire of demi-lances, two paire of cross-bows, one target, paynted; pykes, and long staves, thirteen corseslets, some black and some white; six black bills, one Forrest bill, one mase of steel, two longe bowes, of which it is said the one was 'for his Lordship's own sporting, and the other for his wife's;' three livery bowes, a sworde, with a scabbert of velvet, one gilt rapier, and one black ditto, with scabberts of velvet; two hangers with velvet shethes, one long the other short; one of which it is said in a note 'was my father's.' Besides a great number of other arms and weapons."

## The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM  
NEW WORKS.

### THE PURRAH OR ROBBERS OF WESTERN AFRICA.

THE head-quarters of the Purrah are in enclosures situated in the woods; these are never deserted by them entirely, and any man, not a Purrah, approaching them, is instantly apprehended, and rarely ever heard of again. The few who have re-appeared, after several years of seclusion, have always immediately become Purrah-men themselves; those who do not again appear, are supposed to be carried away to distant countries and sold.\* The Purrahs do not confine

\* There is reason to believe that the slaves sold (chiefly to the French illicit traders) at the Gallinas, include the supply from the Timannee country, furnished by the Purrah.

themselves always to the seizure of those who approach their enclosures, but frequently carry off single travellers,† and occasionally whole parties, who are imprudent enough to pass from one town to another in certain districts, without applying for an escort from the body: to ensure safety, one Purrah-man is sufficient, who, while leading the body, blows a small reed-whistle suspended from his neck. At the advice of Ba Koora, I procured one of these persons as a guide, from Ma Bung to Ma Yasoo, the intermediate country being thickly inhabited by the Purrah. As we passed along, they signified their vicinity to us, by howling and screaming in the woods; but although the sounds denoted their close neighbourhood, no individual was seen.

"The Purrahs frequently make an irruption into towns in the night-time, and plunder whatever they can lay their hands upon, goats, fowls, cloths, provisions, men, women, or children. On such occasions, the inhabitants remain shut up in their houses, until long after the plunderers retreat. During the time I was in the interior, I always had a sentry over my quarters at night, for the protection of the baggage. One night, the town in which we slept was visited by the Purrah, and my sentinel remained firm at his post. When the Purrah came up an attack was made upon him, but the application of the bayonet kept them at a distance until I made my appearance, when the Purrah, uncertain of their power over a white man, scampered off: they were mostly naked and unarmed, but a few had knives.

"The outward distinguishing marks of the Purrah, are two parallel tattooed lines round the middle of the body, inclining upwards in front, towards the breast, and meeting in the pit of the stomach. There are various gradations of rank among them, but I could never ascertain their respective offices. Persons said to be men of rank amongst them, have been pointed out to me with great caution, as the Timannees, generally, do not like to speak of them; but I could learn nothing further. Purrah-men sometimes quit their retirement, and associate with the towns-people, following employments of various kinds; but no chief or head-man dare bring a palaver against a Purrah-man, for fear of a retaliative visit from the whole body. At

stated periods, they hold conventions or assemblies, and on those occasions the country is in the greatest state of confusion and alarm: no proclamation is publicly made, but a notice from the chief or head man of the Purrah, communicated by signs hung up at different places, with the meaning of which they are acquainted, is a summons to them to meet on an appointed day, at a certain rendezvous. Palavers of great weight, such as disputes between rival towns, or offences of such magnitude as to call for capital punishments, are always settled by the Purrah—the head-men of towns not having, at the present day (whatever power they may have possessed formerly) the lives of their subjects or dependents in keeping: the Purrah may be therefore said to possess the general government of the country; and from the nature of their power, and the purposes to which it is applied, they will probably be found a most serious obstacle to its civilization."

*Laing's Travels in Africa.*

#### A DAY IN PALESTINE.

MR. BUCKINGHAM, in his volume of "Travels among the Arab Tribes in Syria and Palestine," gives the following account of his reception at Assalt, by a merchant, whose house was the principal dwelling in the town, and

"Consisted of one room only, about twenty feet square, divided into a lower portion for the cattle, and an upper part or terrace, about two feet above the former, for the family. In the first of these was contained also a large supply of fire-wood and provision for the winter; and in the last his whole stock of merchandise, consisting of cotton cloths from Nablous, Bedouin garments, and various articles, chiefly for sale among the tribes of Arabs, that come to the market of Assalt from the surrounding country. This chief of the merchants of Assalt was estimated to be worth about 5,000 piastres, or 250*l.* sterling; and by most of his fellow-townsmen he was considered to be as rich as any merchant could hope or desire to be. In comparison with his neighbours he might be called wealthy indeed; for many of those who were considered traders, had never more than 10*l.* sterling invested in stock, and the average of the town might be safely taken at 20*l.*, as rather beyond than below the state of their trading property.

"After a day passed in visits to all the principal Christian inhabitants of the place, and eating, contrary to my incli-

† A man, who came from Ma Yosso to see me when I was at Ma Bung, was seized, on his return, by the Purrah, and had not been heard of when I returned, six months afterwards.

nation, at almost every house, we assembled in a large evening party, at the dwelling of the widow in which Georgis and myself had taken up our temporary abode. Though the dimensions of this building were very small, not exceeding fifteen feet by twelve, it had a chimney in the wall, and an apartment of the same size above, the ascent to which was by a flight of narrow steps made of dried clay, with a carved wooden balustrade; the only instance I had met with in all the town, of so much convenience and ornament.

"Although this was the evening of Sunday, cards were introduced, and I was pressed to take a part in the game against my will. Fortune was adverse to me: and in playing for garments, I lost my bozza, a sort of thick woollen cloak, which I had bought at Nasareth for four piasters. There was no remedy; and though all exclaimed *Allah kereem!* 'God is bountiful!' yet I felt that this was neither the season nor the country in which to gamble away warm garments, particularly as it would have been imprudent, at the present moment, to show that my finances were so good as to admit of my purchasing it back again from the winner.

"The conversation of the evening was such as I should gladly have retained, had it been practicable to have stored my memory with all the geographical and topographical facts mentioned respecting the positions of ancient and modern places in the neighbourhood, the very names of which are unknown in England, as the whole of this tract is little better than a blank in our best maps. But amidst so many loud and discordant voices and the innumerable questions that were incessantly asked me on every side, the names of places I heard in one moment escaped me in the next.

"Among the many ridiculous questions that were seriously proposed to me, when talking of the different countries that I had visited, I was asked, whether I had ever been to the *Belled-el-Kelb*, where the men had dogs' heads?—and whether I had seen the *Geziret-el-Waak*, or the island in which women grow on trees, budding at sunrise, and becoming mature at sunset, when they fall from the branches, and exclaim, in the language of the country, *Waak! Waak!* 'Come and embrace me!'

"The opinions entertained by the people of Assalt on all matters beyond their own immediate sphere of observation, are like those which prevailed among the most ignorant of the ancients; and there is no fable of antiquity, however

preposterous, that would not find believers here. Even now, places not a league distant from the town are made the scene of miracle; and the people seem not only to believe, but to delight in the marvellous. My guide, Mallim Georgis, who was a consequential old man, of diminutive stature, with a scanty beard confined to the extremity of his chin, small grey eyes, an aquiline nose, thin lips, high-arched forehead, and a round back, might have passed for a true descendant of Æsop, for he talked incessantly, and almost constantly in fables and parables. I have no doubt, from the reputation he seemed to enjoy with every one, that he was a man of integrity, and, in matters of common intercourse in life, a person of general credit and good faith; yet even he made no hesitation to swear by the few hairs of the scanty beard he possessed, that he had seen a Muggrebin at Oom Kais, by the art of magic, transport one of the columns of the ruins from that place to his own country; that he had distinctly heard him order it to rise and begone; and that he himself, with his own eyes, had seen it take its flight through the air! Others said, that at a place called Oom-el-Russas, in the way to Karak, several Muggrebins had, by the aid of perfumes and prayers, raised up out of the earth copper cases full of gold, and carried them off to their own countries!"

### CHIVALRY.

MUCH of this strange mixture of ferocious cruelty with refined gallantry is undoubtedly to be attributed to the intercourse of the Christians with the Moors and the Arabs; in the wars of Spain and the Crusades were learnt those refinements with which an eastern imagination had adorned the exercise of brute force and animal courage. But, be its origin what it might, the spirit of chivalry produced a system of manners totally distinct from the government, and forming as it were a separate code, which the laws of the state had not created, and could not suppress. The member of an ancient state could hear himself grossly abused by his fellow-citizen, without any obligation to retaliate, otherwise than by words; the noble or knight of Germany or France was compelled either to draw his sword against his accuser, or to lose his character in society. No form of law, no species of tribunal, could dispense with the necessity of revenge: and from the Bay of Naples to the Mountains of Inverness, he who had been wronged by

word or deed thought himself bound to seek satisfaction in the blood of his adversary. In Italy and in Scotland, the death of the aggressor procured by any means was considered a lawful atonement; and so far was this principle extended, that not many years have elapsed since a judge was slain at Edinburgh by the party against whom he had pronounced a legal decision. In other parts of Europe, the practice of single combat was usual, honourable—nay, almost indispensable; and there can be no better proof of the supremacy of opinion over law, than the fact that Louis the XIVth, who affixed the most severe penalties to the offence of fighting a duel, would allow no man in his own regiment to refuse a challenge.

*Memoirs of Affairs in Europe.*

### AN ANECDOTE OF LOUIS XIV. AND HIS COURT.

It must be confessed, that Louis was pursued by flattery in a manner that it was difficult for any man to resist, and which affords much excuse for his faults of every description. One or two of the most extraordinary effects of the common and general spirit may be worth relating. In 1666, La Feuillade, a private gentleman, hearing that St. Aunay, a person who had left the kingdom from discontent, had written a letter, and afterwards adopted a device, disparaging to the king of France, went to Madrid and sent him a challenge; upon which St. Aunay made an apology for his conduct. This gallantry of adulation being found extremely acceptable, the same person erected a statue to Louis on the Place des Victoires. The statue was inaugurated, or rather consecrated, with music and genuflections: La Feuillade went three times round it, at the head of the regiment of guards, making the same prostrations that were made by the Romans before their deified emperors: the event was celebrated by illuminations; the inscription placed on the base was, "Viro Immortali;" and the author of this pompous flattery intended to have kept a lamp burning there by day as well as by night. The lamp, however, was ordered not to be lighted in the day time, and an image of the Virgin veiled in some degree the gross idolatry of the original intention. After the defeat of the Marshal Créquy in 1676, the same La Feuillade came post to Versailles, where he went directly to the king, and said, "Sire, some make their wives come to them to the army; others come to see them; for my part, I come to see your Majesty for an hour, and thank you

a thousand and a thousand times; I shall see no one but your Majesty, for to your Majesty I owe every thing." He talked for some time, and then said, "Sire, I am now going; I beg you to make my compliments to the Queen, to the Dauphin, and to my wife and children." He then set off on his return to the army, and left the king much pleased with his adroit flattery.

A gentleman well known at court, of the name of Villarcieux, when speaking to the king of another subject, took occasion to say, that there were persons who told his niece (Madame de Gracé) that his Majesty had designs upon her; that, if it were so, he begged him to make use of him; that the affair would be safe in his hands, and he would answer for success. The king laughed, and turned it off with a joke. In these days any conduct was tolerated in society. Every one knows that the celebrated Ninon de l'Enclos, who was never married, lived for several years with Villarcieux at his house; that she had many children by different lovers, and that the paternity of one of these being disputed between two gentlemen, was decided by throwing lots. There is nothing singular in this career; what is extraordinary is, that Ninon de l'Enclos was the bosom friend of Madame de Maintenon, and the admiration of all Paris.—*Ibid.*

### SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

#### HOLYROOD.

THE moonlight fell like pity o'er the walls  
And broken arches, which the conqueror, Time,  
Had rode unto destruction; the grey moss,  
A silver cloak, hung lightly o'er the ruins;  
And nothing came upon the soul but soft,  
Sad Images. And this was once a palace,  
Where the rich viol answered to the lute,  
And maidens flung the flowers from their hair  
Till the halls swam with perfume: here the dance  
Kept time with light harps, and yet lighter feet;  
And here the beautiful Mary kept her court,  
Where sighs and smiles made her regality,  
And dreamed not of the long and many years  
When the heart was to waste itself away  
In hope, whose anxiousness was as a curse:  
Here, royal in her beauty and her power,  
The prison and the scaffold, could they be  
But things whose very name was not for her?  
And this, now fallen sanctuary, how oft  
Have hymns and incense made it holiness;  
How oft, perhaps, at the low midnight hour,  
Its once fair mistress may have stolen to pour  
At its pure altar, thoughts which have no vent,  
But deep and silent prayer; when the heart finds  
That it may not suffice unto itself,  
But seeks communion with that other state,

Whose mystery to it is as a shroud  
In which it may conceal its strife of thought,  
And find repose

But it is utterly changed:  
No incense rises, save some chance wild flower  
Breathes grateful to the air; no hymn is heard,  
No sound, but the bat's melancholy wings;  
And all is desolate and solitude.

And thus it is with links of destiny:  
Clay fastens on with gold—and none may tell  
What the chain's next unravelling will be  
Alas, the mockeries in which fate delights!  
Alas, for time!—still more, alas, for change!

L. E. L.

*Literary Gazette.*

# EPITAPH ON A COAL-HEAVER.

HERE lies honest Bob, who, spite of his  
sins,

Had many good points when he stood on  
his pins.\*

What finish or polish his manners might  
lack,

His temper was good, though he often  
looked black;

'Tis odd I confess, tho' not past be-  
lieving,

His stomach was strong, tho' oft he was  
heaving.†

In his dress rather plain, not nice to a  
curl,

Yet lover of diamonds, and also of purl.‡

No artist, yet noted for making a leg, §

And oft, without hunger, found gnawing  
a peg. ||

\* In an age when knowledge is so generally  
diffused, it is hardly necessary to explain, that,  
"on his pins," means on his legs, or alive; the  
expression is highly beautiful—"to stand well  
on his pins," must have been engendered by a  
fine mind; a common artist would not have dared  
to express *firmness* by lessening the terminating  
points; he would have sketched Sampson gony.  
The old artists knew better—they make *Satan*  
tapering towards the extremities, and nobody  
(except Mr. Belsham) doubts his having a firm  
footing.

† Kings impose customs—Time cancels them.  
To heave or throw up, is now vulgar—the Ro-  
mans thought otherwise; an emetic was with  
them as necessary a preparation for a dinner  
party, as silk stockings are with us. What, in  
the eternal city, did not disgrace an emperor, is  
now hardly permitted to a journeyman tailor,  
returning from his club. With their prepara-  
tives their dishes also are gone—where are the  
stewed lampreys? or the peacocks' brains? yea,  
or our own brains, where are they?

‡ Black diamonds, familiar to all. Purl, origi-  
nally written pearl, from its value—the liquor  
having this superiority over the gem—that, rais-  
ing you in the estimation of others, *this*, in your  
own.

§ Making a leg; used by Mr. Locke to express  
a bow, in his "Treatise on the Accomplishments  
of a Gentleman."

|| Why females are called "Pegs" I am at a  
loss to conjecture, unless from the other sex

Not able the graces of *Noblet* to feel,  
Yet sometimes producing effect by a reel.  
His innocent wit never sent forth a shaft,  
Yet living, he always depended on craft.  
In law, he confined himself chiefly to  
Coke,

The *lighter* parts hung on his lips when  
he spoke.

In figures, unable with Newton to dare,  
Yet found in the circle attempting to  
square. ¶

On Earth's gentle bosom he now takes  
his rest,

Like a black woman's child on a fair  
woman's breast. *Ibid.*

hanging upon them. Milton has touched this  
thought with his usual felicity:—

He, on his side  
Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial love,  
Hung over her enamoured.

¶ Circle, nearly synonymous with ring—hence  
the family circle, from the ring—the quadrature  
of the circle is one of the baits that science holds  
out to lure mathematicians on towards insanity  
—it has triumphed as much over heads, as love  
has over hearts.

## THE PRESCRIPTION.

DOCTOR SNAKE was a M. D., as tall  
And lithe as an eel or a conger;  
The science of physic in small,  
Never enter'd man thinner or longer.

Doctor Snake had a dark little eye,  
That peer'd through an eyebrow of thicket  
One day upon rich Widow Spry,  
As she open'd the latch of her wicket.

Doctor Snake felt a soft fascination,  
No cathartics nor opiates could cure;  
He physick'd and fed to repletion,  
Still doom'd to replene and endure.

Doctor Snake tried infusions and lotions,  
Decoctions, and gargles, and pills,  
Electuaries, powders, and potions,  
Spermaceti, salts, scammony, squills—

Horse aloes, burnt alum, agaric,  
Balm, benzoline, blood stone, and birch,  
Castor, camphor, and acid tartaric,  
Crabs' eyes, calomel—all but the church.

Doctor Snake tried in vain—his disorder  
Gain'd daily new exacerbation,  
He fruitlessly sought to avoid her,  
The cause of his pain and vexation.

Doctor Snake met her last at Miss Snapper's,  
A virgin of fifty years standing,  
Like most "blues," with a tongue a bell-clapper's  
Prim, knowing, and fond of commanding.

Doctor Snake made a friend of her bueness,  
And let out his passion like blood;  
Said his heart to the fair was all trueeness,  
That physic could do him no good.

That he dared not his sickness discover,  
And ask the specific to heal;  
Though his heart beat the pulse of a lover,  
The symptoms he fear'd to reveal.

That the symptom Brunonian he'd ventured,  
And stimulants push'd to extremes,  
And his hope of recovery now centred  
On feeding and nursing his flames.

Miss Snapper look'd serious—(she'd rather  
Have been in the place of her friend;)   
At length, with some studying together,  
To the doctor the following they send:—

"You may take *quantum suff.* of the lady,  
Add a drachm of gold ring and a prayer,  
In dispensary canonical ready,  
Commingle and swallow with care."

*New Monthly Magazine*

### The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other  
men's stuff."—*Hutton.*

### EPIGRAM.

PYTHAGORAS says, "when we die we  
shall find,  
We each shall be chang'd to a brute of  
some kind."  
Should this be the case, Dick will trouble  
the least;  
He won't require change, he's already a  
beast. J. C.—H.

### EPIGRAM

*On a Lady who boasted of her Roses and  
Tulips.*

THE roses are quite emblematic of thee,  
Replete with each beauty divine;  
But as for thy tulips, we all must agree,  
No *two-lips* are sweeter than thine.  
J. C.—H.

### EPITAPH

ON A CORNISH BEGGAR OF THE  
NAME OF BRAWNE.

HERE Brawne the quondam beggar lies,  
Who counted by his tale,  
Some six score winters and above,  
Such virtue is in ale.  
Ale was his meat, his drink, his cloth,  
Ale did his death deprive;  
And could he still have drunk his ale,  
He had been still alive.

H. M. L.

### EPIGRAM.

ON his death-bed poor Lubin lies,  
His spouse is in despair:  
With frequent sobs, and mutual cries,  
They both express their care.  
A different cause, says Parson Sly,  
The same effect may give,  
Poor Lubin fears that he shall die,  
His wife that he may live.

### A FARRIER'S SIGN.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—The following little *morceau* I  
copied from a farrier's shop at Carleton  
church, on the road to York, surmounted  
a large horse shoe curiously constructed  
in brick-work.

H. C. COOK.

GENTLEMEN, as you pass bye,  
Upon this shoe, pray cast an eye.  
If it be too straight, I'll make it wider,  
I'll ease the horse, and please the rider;  
Or lame from shoeing, as they often are,  
You may have them eas'd with the  
greatest care.

### BEN. JONSON.

THIS eccentric man was a bricklayer  
and a soldier, and acquired great celebrity  
as a dramatic writer, with the assistance  
of his friend Shakspeare. At the accession  
of James, I., he had the honour of  
preparing the device for the entertainment  
of the king, in his passage from the  
Tower to Westminster Abbey. In 1621,  
he was appointed poet laureat, when the  
annual salary of 100 marks was raised  
to 100*l*. He died in 1637, and on his  
grave-stone, in Westminster Abbey, is  
the following short inscription:—

"Oh, rare Ben Jonson!"

### MILTON.

IT is reported that Milton was so  
handsome when he was at college, that  
his Cambridge companions, called him,  
"*The Lady of Christ College.*" He  
must have been very beautiful and effeminate  
to have deserved this appellation.

### EPIGRAM.

"POETS," says Horace, "who expect  
Their verses should for ever live  
Nine years each poem must neglect  
Ere they the final polish give."  
This rule might suit the ancient bard  
But will not modern poets amile  
To think if they the sale retard  
Nine years, how they must live the  
while! ++

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE intended, in the present Number, to decide  
on all the communications we have received  
which remain unanswered; but we are com-  
pelled to defer it until our next, when we shall  
devote a column to the subject.

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# The Mirror

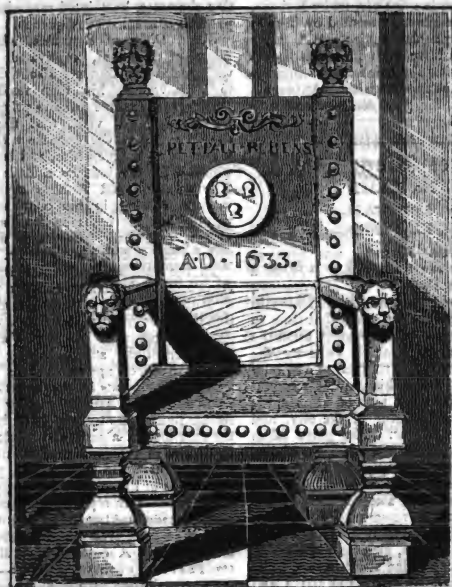
OF LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CXXXVI.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1835.

[PRICE 2d.]

## Rubens' Chair at Antwerp.



(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—The late Mr. Samuel Ireland, in the year 1789, made a picturesque tour through Holland, Brabant, and part of France; and having lately read this publication, I enclose you a drawing, which I have made from an etching by Mr. Ireland, of Rubens' Chair, when he visited the academy of paintings at Antwerp; thinking it may afford some gratification to your readers, I do myself the pleasure of forwarding you some extracts relative to the life of Rubens,—but in the first place I must give, in Mr. Ireland's own words, the description of Rubens' Chair:—

“In the centre of the four principal streets of Antwerp stands the Exchange, a handsome building, erected in 1531: it forms an oblong of 194 feet by 154, and is surrounded by a gallery supported by

50 pillars, with many sculptured ornaments. The apartments are principally applied to the uses of the Royal Academy of Painting, which is supplied with plaster figures from the antique, and pictures and designs of the academicians. The academy for painting after nature is under the management of a director, a sub-director, and six professors: it is used only from October to April.

“In the chamber where the professors meet, stands the chair once occupied by the greatest ornament of this academy, the divine Rubens. The Chair is of red leather, brass nailed, with his name and arms on the back; and such is the veneration for this great painter, that many of the brass nails have been drawn out of the chair to make into rings, as precious relics.”

For this interesting article of furniture, I was told an English artist, the late



Richard Cosway, Esq., R.A., had offered two hundred florins.

As trifling objects acquire a degree of consequence, from their relative connection with great characters, a sketch of this chair may not be unacceptable to those who have never visited the spot.—Over the chair is a fine picture by Rubens, in his best manner, presented by him to the academy: the subject, “A Holy Family.” I have been informed that a model of Rubens’ Chair still continues to be shown to strangers visiting Antwerp.

I remain, Sir, your constant reader,  
Feb. 7, 1825. W. F.

## Select Biography.

No. XXIII.

### RUBENS.

PETER PAUL RUBENS was born at Cologne, on the 28th June, 1577, of a very good family of the city of Antwerp; who, in consequence of the civil wars in Brabant, were obliged about that time to retire to Cologne, till Antwerp, upon the release from the Spanish yoke by the Duke of Parma, was restored to a state of tranquillity, when his family returned there, and his father took on himself his former office of sheriff of the city, and professor of civil law. The pains taken in the education of Rubens, from his infancy, were very amply repaid by the progress he made in classical learning and the sciences. Thus accomplished, and with a person remarkably handsome, he was early placed as a page to the Countess of Lalain, governess of the low countries: a situation indolent and enervating, and ill suited to the active and ardent spirit of our artist. Upon the death of his father, he made earnest application to his mother, that he might be put into a line that would give greater scope to his aspiring genius, and by her means was enabled to study under several artists of great eminence, particularly Otto Venius, styled the Flemish Raphael. Here, by much application, and a mind formed for great attainments, at the age of twenty-three he became an object of such universal admiration, that he was invited by the Duke of Mantua to his palace, and resided with him there for several years.

During this time he pursued that glorious study in which he so eminently excelled, with an eagerness bordering upon enthusiasm: and while painting the combat between Turnus and Æneas, was overheard by the Duke, as if rapt with his subject, thundering out this

passage from Virgil—“*Ille etiam patriis agmen ciet*,” &c. His extraordinary talents, not only as a painter, but as a man of letters, soon fixed him in a post of honour under the auspices of the Duke, by whom he was appointed envoy to the court of Spain; and while resident in this character, he painted many historical pictures of the first consequence.

John, Duke of Braganza, afterwards King of Portugal, captivated by his various accomplishments, also invited him to Villa-viciosa, his then residence.—Rubens made such expensive preparations for his intended visit, that the Duke caught alarm at the expense with which it seemed to threaten him, and begged he would defer his journey a little longer. The noble-minded Rubens replied, he was not coming in his character of a painter, but for eight or ten days as a visitor, and had brought a thousand pistoles to spend in his excursion.

In the cathedral of Notre Dame, at Antwerp, are sixteen or seventeen pictures by Rubens. Among these I must mention the Descent from the Cross, as it is generally esteemed his *chef d'œuvre*.—The disposition and colouring of the principal objects are wonderful; and the various expressions in the countenances, particularly the tender anxiety of the female figures, are truly and emphatically the exertions of a great and noble mind. The figures are as large as life, and amongst them the artist's own portrait, with those of his wives and daughter, are conspicuous. In separate compartments, on each side, are two other pictures, by the same master—the Visitation and Purification. A curious anecdote is recorded of one of these pictures:—While it was painting, Rubens being from home, as was his custom every evening, to take the air for two or three hours, his disciples, with the connivance of an old servant, generally made use of this opportunity to go into the study of their master, and contemplate the work of the day. Diepenbeck, eager to get nearer to the picture than his companions, stumbled, and in falling smeared the arm of the Magdalen and cheek of the Virgin. This accident not a little discomposed the young Tyros, who, dreading the anger of their master, unanimously determined upon an attempt to repair the injury. This arduous task was by general consent imposed on Vandyck, as the most skillful of the party. He undertook the office with diffidence, but acquitted himself very much to their satisfaction. The next day Rubens, in the presence of them all, looking steadfastly at the picture, only slightly remarked, that in parts it did not

appear to be his own; and it is generally supposed to remain in the same state to the present day.

The celebrity of the works of Titian and Paul Veronese, drew Rubens to Venice, where he acquired that fine style of rich and glowing colouring, which he never lost. At Rome he painted many altar and other pieces, which remain as specimens of the advantages he received from the Venetian school. From Rome he went to Genoa, which he enriched with his pictures, and magnificent designs for their public buildings.

In the midst of these vigorous pursuits in his art, maternal affection drew him to his native home, where he arrived too late to receive the last embraces of a departing and tender mother.

His grief was for a time inconsolable, and he retired to the royal abbey of St. Michel, in the city of Antwerp, where for several months he avoided all society. Filial affection did not rank among the least of his virtues; and in the noble pursuit of his art alone he found mitigation of his excessive sorrow. As soon as he began to recover from this affecting stroke, he entertained thoughts of returning to Mantua; but the entreaty of the Archduke Albert, and the superior influence of love, detained him at Antwerp; and shortly after he was married to Elizabeth Brants. Then it was that he formed the design of building a large house, or rather stately palace, enriched within and without with every costly decoration that taste and wealth could supply. He carried this work into execution, and the richest vases of porphyry and agate, antique busts and sculptures of the greatest masters, with an elegant cabinet of the first-rate pictures, completed the princely undertaking.

The valuable contents of this house its owner was tempted, though with much reluctance, to relinquish to the Duke of Buckingham, who, for the sum of ten thousand pounds sterling, became their possessor, and England received this glorious treasure.

Rendered easy in point of fortune, he pursued his art—more for fame and amusement than emolument. His attachment to letters kept pace with his love for his profession; he seldom sat down to painting without first consulting the historical page, or the more elegant descriptions of poetry. He was well versed in seven living languages, and a master of the classics; the study of the *Belles Lettres* he termed his recreation, and the Muses were his inseparable companions. Formed for the society of the learned and great, his company was so

eagerly sought after by princes and men of the first accomplishments, that one is almost lost in astonishment at the number, as well as excellence of his works, when so much of his time was devoted to literary society and pursuits, or the conviviality and the pleasures of the table.

In his profession he had many enemies, among whom Jansens and Rombouts were avowedly at the head: the former threw off the mask, and openly proposed a trial of skill, to which Rubens acceded, on condition that his antagonist should first prove himself, by the excellence of his works, worthy of the competition.

About the same time an Englishman, of the name of Brendel, a searcher after the Philosopher's Stone, applied to Rubens, and offered him, if he would erect a laboratory, and furnish some pecuniary assistance, a moiety of the immense wealth he was to acquire. Rubens listened with seeming attention to the idle dreamer, and then led him gently to his study where, shewing him his pallet and pencils, he awakened him for the moment by telling him, that he had applied twenty years too late, as he was already in possession of the secret.

About the year 1620, he was employed by Maria de Medicis, on the great work of the Luxembourg, so universally known and admired. Soon after this, in consequence of his extensive knowledge of the situation of the Low Countries, and the manners and intrigues of courts, he was applied to by the Infanta Isabella, to undertake an embassy to the court of Spain, relative to the immediate state and government of Brabant. He was magnificently received by the king, who, to express his great satisfaction at the able manner in which he had executed his commission, presented him with a jewel of great price, besides six fine horses, and conferred on him the charge of Secretary of the Privy Council.

On his return, he was again sent by the Infanta on an embassy into Holland, for the purpose of proposing a truce between the States and Spain.

Soon after this, at the instance of the Duke d'Olivarez, he was secretly engaged by the King of Spain to undertake a journey to England, with a view of negotiating some pacific measures at our court, through the means of the Duke of Buckingham, by whom he was presented to Charles the First, and graciously received. The king was not less charmed with the conversation than the works of this great master. His address soon completed his embassy, to the satisfaction of all parties. Charles conferred on him the honour of

knighthood, and with it a rich diamond: the sword of state with which he had created him, together with an elegant service of plate, valued at one thousand pounds, were likewise added as testimonies of his superior talents and address as a minister.

This embassy was the means of enriching our country with those invaluable specimens of his art, the decorations of the Banqueting-house at Whitehall—together with a number of other pictures and designs, which he made for the nobility, as well as private persons in England.

After his return to Antwerp, he was still employed in important affairs of state: in all which he acquitted himself with that éclat and universal satisfaction, which splendid talents and high integrity could only have given.

In spite of these flattering distinctions, immense wealth, and their attendant luxuries, the infirmities of nature crept in apace, and he felt daily proofs that he was but a man. The gout, and a trembling in the hand, disabled him from the pursuit of some great works that he meditated; and nature, yielding to disorder and decay, terminated his existence on the 30th of May, 1640, in the 64th year of his age.

He was interred in the church of St. James's, in the city of Antwerp, with every honour that could be conferred on such exalted merit.—Nobility, clergy, artists, and admirers of the fine arts, all contributing to pay the last mark of respect to departed excellence.

Rubens married a second wife, Helena Forman, whom he left a widow. He had two sons and a daughter.

Mr. Northcote, in his "Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds," relates the following anecdote, which is connected with this great painter:—

"James Mac Ardell, the mezzotinto engraver, having taken a very good print from the portrait of Rubens, came with it one morning to Sir Joshua Reynolds, to inquire if he could inform him particularly of the many titles to which Rubens had a right, in order to inscribe them properly under his print—saying, he believed that Rubens had been knighted by the kings of France, Spain, and England; was secretary of state in Flanders, and of the privy council in Spain; and had been employed on a ministerial capacity from the court of Madrid to the court of London, to negotiate a treaty of peace between the two Crowns; and that he was also a magistrate of Antwerp, &c.

"Dr. Johnson happening to be in the room with Sir Joshua at the time, and understanding Mac Ardell's inquiry, in-

terfered rather abruptly, saying, 'pooh! pooh! put his name alone under the print, PETER PAUL RUBENS, that is fully sufficient, and more than all the rest.' This advice of the Doctor was accordingly followed."

#### STANZAS.

(For the Mirror.)

On! seize the present hour of Spring,  
Ere yet is felt the wistful blast,  
Ere yet Oblivion o'er it fling

Her death-like shroud—e'en now 'tis past!

For, whilst we mark her distant flight,

And falsely deem her far away,

She comes upon us as the night,

Comes on the twilight eye of day,

Unheard, unscen, unfelt she sweeps

O'er all alike, or high or low,

Save where her court fair Genius keeps,

Or Science bends her radiant bow.

Then seize the present hour of Spring,

Bid Genius' laurel flow'rets bloom,

And Fame her brightest rays will fling

Around, and gild her favorite's tomb.

#### ON THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—It is well known that the discovery of the circulation of the vital fluid is attributed to the illustrious Dr. Harvey, who was physician to James and Charles the First; but, it may be a matter of doubt, whether this important fact was not known at the period when the book of Ecclesiastes was written, the authorship of which has, both in ancient and modern times, been assigned to King Solomon.

The writer, in describing with singular beauty and philosophic precision the symptoms of decay preceding the awful hour, "when the dust shall return to the earth as it was," uses the following figurative expression:—"Or even the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken,

\* Dr. Adam Clarke defines the silver cord to be the spinal marrow, from which all the nerves proceed, as itself does from the brain. This, he says, is termed a cord from its exact similitude to one; and a silver cord from its colour, as it strikingly exhibits the silver grey; and from its preciousness, this is described to be loosed; as the nervous system became a little better, and at the period of dissolution, wholly debilitated.

† The same learned commentator shews the golden bowl to be the brain contained in the cranium or skull, and enveloped with the membranes called the dura and pia mater, here called a bowl, from its resemblance to such a vessel, the container being put for the contained, and golden because of its colour.

or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Now, what can be intended by "the pitcher broken at the fountain;" but, as Dr. Adam Clarke observes, the *vena cava* which brings back the blood to the right ventricle of the heart, called the "fountain;" the word in the Hebrew also signifying a spring, where the water gushes up; properly here applied to the heart, which, by its *systole* and *diastole* (its contraction and expansion) sends out, and afterwards receives back the blood; for all the blood proceeds from, and returns to, the heart. "The wheel broken at the cistern," Dr. Clarke, says, represents the great *aorta* which receives the blood from the cistern, the left ventricle of the heart, and distributes it to the different parts of the system. These may be said, as in the case of the brain, to be broken, i. e. rendered useless, when through the loosening of the silver cord, and the total relaxation of the nervous system, the heart becomes incapable of dilatation and contraction; so that the blood on its return to the right ventricle of the heart is not received, nor that already contained in the ventricles propelled into the great *aorta*.

I know not whether this explanation will convince you, or your readers—but it is not designed to detract from the merits of the justly celebrated physician before alluded to, who, if, he was not the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, is entitled to all the praise of one.

As I have brought the subject of the heart on the tapis, I cannot forego stating, that I think its construction displays the great wisdom of the Divine Artificer. It is placed near the centre of the system, performs its task as well when we are asleep as when we are awake, by night as well as by day; and, like an unwearied and faithful labourer, with muscular exertions, distributes the "purple tide" through our complicated frame, till their wearied functions cease, and the tenement of clay is inhabited no more.

H. R.

## MANUFACTURE OF COCHINEAL AT RIO DE JANEIRO.

(For the Mirror.)

It is supposed, that the insect which forms this dye at Rio, is not the same as that noticed by Linnaeus, under the name of *coccus cacti coccinelliferi*, which is described as being flat on the back, with black legs, and tapering horns, or antennae.

The insect of Rio is convex, with legs,

six in number, of a clear bright red; in both male and female, and the antennae monitiform, or beadlike. The colour of the whole body of the male is a bright red; the breast elliptical, and slightly attached to the head: the antennae about half as long as the body. Two fine white filaments, thrice as long as the insect, project from its abdomen; and they have two wings, erect, of a faint straw colour. The female, which has no wings, is of an elliptic form, and convex on both sides; its back is covered with a downy substance resembling fine cotton. The abdomen is marked with transverse rugae or furrows. The mouth is situated in the breast, having a brownish beak, which penetrates the plant the insect feeds upon. About twenty days after its birth, it becomes pregnant; and dies after bringing forth an innumerable offspring. The size of these are so minute as to be easily mistaken for the eggs of those insects, they remain without the least appearance of life for about the space of a day, then show tokens of animation, and soon after, move agilely over the surface of the leaf, upon which they were deposited by the mother. In three or four days the downy envelopment, visible on the second day only through a microscope, appears to the naked eye; and the insect it covered increases rapidly in size till equal to a grain of rice. As they augment in bulk, they decrease in motion; and when arrived at full growth, they are attached to the leaf in a torpid state. This is the period at which they are taken from the plant for use; if suffered to remain, they would deposit their young, as before mentioned. Various cells, of a cylindric form, standing perpendicularly upon the surface of the leaf, are discovered among the clusters of these insects, enveloped in their cotton. These cells are the crysalides or cocoons of the male. The wings, in their nascent state, make their first appearance out of them, and are perceptible about three days before the insect is in a state of completion or maturity. In that condition it enjoys its existence only three or four days, during which it impregnates the females.

The plant upon which this insect feeds, is the *cactus opuntia* of Linnaeus; called at Rio, *orumbela*—a species of the *cactus*, or prickly pear.

The leaves of this plant are somewhat elliptical, and grow without stalks. They are thick and fleshy, having the upper side more planconcave than the other. They rise immediately one from the other's edge, and also from the stem, armed with round and tapering prickles about an inch long. These plants, though



they would extend to twenty, are prevented from rising above eight feet; this height being more convenient to the manufacturer, and at which the juice of the leaves is supposed most nutritious. The young leaves are of a darkish green, but acquire, by age, a yellow cast; and their internal substance is of the same colour as the external.

Upon the *cactus* is found another insect, supposed to feed upon the *coccus*, or *cochineal* insect. It resembles, in its perfect state, a four-winged insect, called *ichneumon*; but is found on close examination, to be a fly with only two wings. The larva, or caterpillar of this fly, is with difficulty distinguished from the *coccus*; it insinuates itself into the cotton in which the latter is enveloped. When this fly is prepared to change its skin, it leaves the cotton, comes upon the leaf, and quickly increases in size, and changes its colour. In a few days, then it becomes inactive; but quickly after, it contracts its wings with violent agitation, and deposits a globule of pure red colouring matter. It next suspends itself upon the prickles of the leaf, and is metamorphosed into a *chrysalis*, out of which issues shortly a perfect fly.

The conversion of the insects into *cochineal* is a simple process. They are put into a flat earthen dish, and placed, alive, over a charcoal fire, and par-roasted very slowly, till the down upon them disappears, and the aqueous juice of the animal be entirely evaporated. But, during this process, they are to be constantly stirred about, with a tin ladle, to prevent absolute torrefaction, which would reduce the insect to ashes, and therefore destroy the colour.

F. R—Y.

### BELLMAN'S VERSES.

THE following curious poetry is from the Rev. Daniel Lyson's "*Magna Britannia*," in his history of Widdicombe-in-the-Moors, which may be interesting to some of your readers, partly from its ancient date, and being written by a person who was present at the time.

The parish church was much damaged on the 21st of October, 1638, during the time of divine service, by which awful event some of the congregation then assembled were killed. The particulars are recorded in some verses, still remaining in the church.

EDWARDUS.

IN token of our thanks to God these tables were erected.

Who, in a dreadful thunder-storm, our persons here protected,

Within this Church of Widdicombe, amongst many fearful signs,  
The manner of it is declared in these ensuing lines:—

In sixteen hundred thirty-eight, October twenty-first,

On the Lord's day, at afternoon, when people were addressed

To their devotion in this church, while singing here they were

A psalm, distrusting nothing of the danger then so near,

A crack of thunder suddenly, with lightning, hail, and fire,

Fell on the church and tower here, and ran into the choir;

A sulphureous smell came with it, and the tower strangely sent

The stones abroad into the air with violence were rent;

Some broken small as dust or sand, some whole as they came out

From off the building, and here lay in pieces round about;

Some fell upon the chancel, and broke the roof in many places;

Men so perplexed were, they knew not one another's faces.

They all, or most, were stupefied, that with so strange a smell,

Or other force, whatever it was, which at that time befel.

One man was struck dead, two wounded, so they died few hours after;

No father could think on his son, nor mother mind her daughter.

One man was scorched, so that he liv'd but fourteen days and died,

Whose clothes were very little burnt; but many there beside

Were wounded, scorched, and stupefied, in that so strange a storm,

Which who had seen would say 'twas hard to have preserved a worm.

The different affections of people then were such, That, touching some particulars, we have omitted such;

But what we have related have its truth in most men's mouths.

Some had their skin all over scorched, yet no harm in their clothes;

One man had money in his purse, which melted was in part,

A key likewise, which hung thereto, and yet the purse not hurt,

Saw only some black holes, so small as with a needle made.

Lightning, some say, no scalding hurts, but breaks and melts the blades.

One man there was sat on the bier that stood fast by the wall,

The bier was torn with stones that fell—he had no harm at all,

Not knowing how he thence came forth, nor how the bier was torn.

Thus in this doleful accident great numbers were forborne,

Amongst the rest a little child, which scarce knew good from ill,

Was seen to walk amidst the church, and yet preserved still.

The greatest admiration was, that most men should be free,  
 Among so many dangers here which we did hear and see.  
 The church within so filled was with timber, stones, and fire,  
 That scarce a vacant place was seen in church or in the choir.  
 Nor had we memory to strive from those things to be gone,  
 Which would have been but work in vain, all was so quickly done.  
 The wit of man could not cast down so much from off the steeple,  
 From off the churches roof, and not destroy much of the people.  
 But He who rules both air and fire, and other forces all,  
 Hath us preserved, blest'd be his name, in that most dreadful fall.  
 If ever people had a cause to serve the Lord and pray  
 For judgment and deliverance, then surely we are they;  
 Which, that we may perform by the assistance of his grace,  
 That we at last in time may have with him a dwelling place.  
 All you that look upon these lines of this so sad a story,  
 Remember who hath you preserved, ascribe unto his glory  
 The preservation of your lives, who might have lost your breath  
 When others did, if mercy had not stepp'd 'twixt you and death.  
 We hope that they were well prepared, although we know not how  
 'Twas then with them, it's well with you, if you are ready now.

## EPIGRAMS FROM HEROCLES.

A SILLY youth, no conjuror we deem,  
 Plung'd neck and shoulders plump into a stream;  
 Twice in the liquid element he sank,  
 Ere a friend seiz'd and dragg'd him to the bank.  
 After a little time he rais'd his head,  
 And to his kied preserver said,  
 "I thank you, Sir—but may I die,  
 If e'er again to swim I'll try,  
 For I am master of the science,  
 And on my skill can place reliance."

## II.

JACK meeting TOB, astonish'd cries,  
 "I heard just now from Ned,  
 (And Ned's a youth that never lies);  
 I heard that you were dead."

"Observe me well," his friend replies,  
 "You see I am not dead."  
 Says Jack, "I'd rather doubt my eyes,  
 Than doubt in worthy Ned."

## III.

ONE of two brothers died—the one who liv'd  
 Met a weak youth, who cried, "Ah! how dost  
 do?  
 Now, pray, Sir, tell me, did your brother die,  
 Or (pardon me for asking) was it you?"

## IV.

A BARE BRAIN'D fellow cried out in the street,  
 "Who'll buy, who'll buy a house well built  
 and neat,  
 "The grounds are spacious, and the rooms are  
 ample;  
 And, holding up a brick, said, "here's a  
 sample."  
 WILL said to James, "Last night I saw a  
 stand  
 Close to my bed, and speak, and shake my hand."  
 "It was not I," cried James, "for I declare  
 By all that's sacred I was never there."

ALFRED.

## ON VIEW OF A DESERTED COTTAGE.

Is this indeed the fond remember'd den,  
 Round which the haunting jessamine waves up  
 more?  
 The neatly weeded, cultur'd garden this,  
 Whose very outside mark'd the abode of bliss?  
 Yes, still around that door some struggles to find  
 Mark the calm, happy, homely ones once  
 Tell that indeed this was her peaceful cot,  
 Whose love long years will never from memory  
 blot.  
 How often, sideways of yon lattice placed,  
 We view'd the blooms, the rose, and jessamine  
 grac'd,  
 When if one blossom peer'd above the rest,  
 'Twas quickly pluck'd to be my bosom's guest.

Thought yet reposes on the lengthen'd tale;  
 That o'er the tea-board frequent would prevail  
 When she would yield my ardent feelings scope,  
 And feed my fondest, wildest dreams of hope.  
 She's gone! and almost ev'ry cherished flower  
 Has felt the influence of Time's withering power,  
 For far from blooming in luxuriant here,  
 Scarcely a sprig remains to tell they were.  
 Farewell! your sainted tenant, wealth, nor  
 fame,  
 Nor power, transmits to time with deathless  
 name;  
 Yet in my heart her voice of friendship dwells,  
 And calms the ardour that so oft rebels.

ELIZA.

## Scientific Amusements.

No. X.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—Under the above head you have  
 occasionally introduced some curious  
*Arithmetical Recreations*; with your  
 permission I will submit three useful  
 problems which at first sight, may appear  
 extremely *paradoxical* to some readers.  
 I also send a few useful rules for expedi-  
 tious calculation; and am, Sir,

Your's respectfully,

JACOBUS.

## PROBLEMS.

## I. To perform Multiplication by Division.

**Rule.** Divide unity by the given multiplier, and the multiplicand divided by the quotient thence arising, will be the product sought.

**Example.** Let 742 be multiplied by 125, and perform the operation by division (*Answer* 92,750.)

125)1,000(.008 || .008(742,000

92,750 product.

Again multiply 27,576 by 625 (*Answer* 17,235,000.)

625)1.0000(.0016 || .0016(27576(17235000

## II. To perform Division by Multiplication.

**Rule.** Divide unity by the given divisor, and the dividend multiplied by the quotient thence arising will be the quotient sought.

**Example.** Divide 92,750 by 125, and perform the operation by multiplication, (*Answer*, 742.)

125)1.000(.008 ; and  $92,750 \times .008 = 742$  is the quotient required.

Again divide 17,235,000 by 625 (*Answer* 27,576.)

625)1.0000(.0016 || 17,235,000

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## III. To find the sum of an infinite series decreasing ad infinitum.

It may appear strange to many persons that this can be practicable; whereas should the terms be continued, it would after thousands of years labour, and after producing millions of terms be none the nearer towards a conclusion; nevertheless this may be very easily accomplished by the following rule. Divide the square of the first term by the difference between the first and second terms in the series, the quotient is the sum.

**Example.** Suppose a body were put into motion by a force which should impel it 12 miles the first hour, 10 miles the second, and so on for ever, decreasing in the ratio of 10-12; what space would it move through?

$12 \div 12 = 144$  square of first term.

$12 - 10 = 2$  difference between the first and second terms.

and  $144 \div 2 = 72$  miles the distance required.

Again suppose another body were impelled in like manner 1-2 mile the first minute, 1-4 mile the second, 1-8 mile the third, 1-16 mile the fourth, and so on for ever, it would go only one mile!

## RULES FOR EXPEDITIOUS CALCULATIONS.

## 1. To find the yearly income at so much per day.

**Rule.** As many pence as it is per day, take so many pounds, and as many half-guineas, the sum is the yearly income for leap year—when not leap year subtract one day's pay.

## 2. To find the yearly income at so much per week.

**Rule.** As many shillings as it is a week, take twice as many pounds, and 12 times as many shillings.

## 3. At so much per 100, how much per 1,000. (as for bricks, tiles, &amp;c.)

**Rule.** As many shillings as it is per 100, half as many pounds.

## 4. At so much each, how much per 100.

**Rule.** As many pence as it is each, take 8 times so many shillings, and as many groats as it is pence.

## 5. At so much per pound, how much per cwt. (or 112 pounds.)

**Rule.** As many pence as it is per pound, take 9 times as many shillings, and once as many groats.

## 6. At so much each, how much per great hundred (of six score or 120 pound.)

**Rule.** As many pence as each costs, take 10 times as many shillings.

## 7. At so much each, how much per dozen.

**Rule.** As many pence just so many shillings.

## 8. At so much each, how much per score.

**Rule.** As many pence as each comes to, take once as many shillings, and 8 times as many pence.

## 9. At so much each, how much per gross (of 144).

**Rule.** Take 12 times as many shillings as one costs pence.

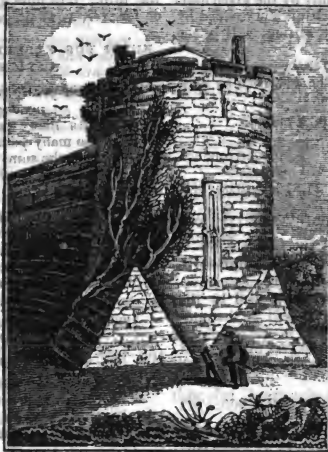
## 10. So much per bushel, how much per chaldron.

**Rule.** Take 3 times as many shillings as it is pence per bushel.

The above rules (applicable to many general occurrences of trade) are so concise as to be easily remembered, and so simple that they require neither examples to elucidate them nor demonstrations to explain them.



## Henry Marten's Tower.



## The Topographer.

No. X.

THE town of Chepstow in Monmouthshire, is celebrated among its other beauties, for the picturesque ruins of its once formidable castle, founded A. D. 1130, by Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Pembroke, surnamed Strongbow; it is situated on a high cliff, whose base is washed by the river Wye. From the immense thickness of the walls, yet standing, the castle appears to have been of great strength; and being on the frontiers of Wales, is noted in the early history of this country as the scene of many a bloody encounter; but the ivy has twined its luxuriant tendrils over the embrasures that once bristled with cannon, and the nettles grow undisturbed in the halls that echoed to the sounds of revelry, the clang of arms, the shrill trumpet, and heavy tramp of their gallant defenders. The fierce barons, the ancient lords of this feudal castle, who generally were the oppressors of the surrounding country, and secure in their strong holds often bade defiance to their sovereign, now rest from all their toils, under the pavement of the cheerless and desolate chapel; and their names live but in the page of the historian, "to point a

moral, or adorn a tale." At the time of the civil wars, this castle was garrisoned for the king, till taken by Colonel Morgan; it was afterwards surprised and taken by the loyalists under Sir Nicholas Kemeys; on this event Cromwell marched against it in person, but without success, although garrisoned by only 160 men. It was finally reduced by General Waller, and remained in the hands of the republicans till the restoration.

The keep, or citadel, the most perfect part of the ruins, is called Henry Marten's Tower,\* and is remarkable as the prison of that unfortunate man, the regicide, the friend, and associate of Cromwell, who was confined for nearly 30 years, and finally died there. He appears to have been treated with great lenity, and was allowed to ride out attended by a guard, and to visit the families in the neighbourhood. The tower though strong and well calculated for a place of confinement, is large and convenient, and by no means deserves the description Southey has given of it.

\* For this interesting account of Henry Marten's Tower, we are indebted to a correspondent who also favoured us with an original drawing he had made, and from which our engraving is copied. We need scarcely add how much we shall feel obliged by the further communications which he so kindly promises.—Ed.

"For thirty years secluded from mankind,  
Here Marten linger'd; often have these walls  
Echoed his footsteps, as with even tread  
He paced his prison—not to him,  
Did nature's fair varieties exist,  
He never saw the sun's delightful beams;  
Save when thro' yon high bars he poured a sad  
And broken splendour."

The remains of Henry Marten are interred in Chepstow Church, the epitaph was written by himself.

Here  
September the 9th in the year of our  
Lord, 1680,

Was buried a true Englishman  
Who in Berkshire was well known,  
To love his country's freedom 'bove his  
own,

But living immured full twenty year,  
Had time to write, as doth appear  
His epitaph.

Here or elsewhere (all's one, to you,  
to me)

Earth, air, or water, gripes my ghost-  
less dust

None knows how soon to be by fire sett  
free.

Reader if you are often-tryed, rule with  
trust

You'll gladly do and suffer what you  
must.

My life was spent with serving you,  
and you,

And death's my pay (it seems) and wel-  
come too;

Revenge destroying but itself, while I,  
To birds of prey leave my old cage, and  
fly.

Examples preach to th' eye, care then  
(mine says)

Not how you end, but how you spend  
your days.

HENRY MARTEN.

ASTIQUITES.

SONG.

[The following air is from the new comic op-  
eratic melo-drama of *Abon Hassan*, now per-  
forming at Drury-lane Theatre. The play is  
founded on a tale in the *Arabian Nights' En-  
tertainments*, that "pleasing cabinet of the  
fanciful and the imaginative, of the lively and  
the pathetic," as the *Times* justly describes it.]

The bird, whose song of gladness  
A airy cage confines  
Its prison views with sadness,  
And as it sings, repines,  
It mourns the clear blue heaven  
Where once aloft it soar'd;  
And where from dawn till even  
Its carol freely pour'd.

But if the hand of pity  
To air restores its wings—  
How quickly chang'd its ditty  
How merrily it sings!

So I, if once relenting fate  
My twisted woes would sever,  
Again could smile with hope elate,  
And care deride for ever.

### THE GAMES OF LIFE.

The little *Miss*, at three years old,  
Plays with her doll and prattles;  
The little *Master*, stout and bold,  
Plays with his drums and rattles.

The *Boy*, detesting musty books,  
Loves romping with the lasses;  
And *Miss* grows older, studies looks,  
And plays with looking-glasses.

The jolly *Toper*, fond of fun,  
Plays with his friend at drinking;  
The *Sportsmen* plays with dog and gun;  
And *Wise Men* play at thinking.

The *Beauty*, full of haughty airs,  
When young, plays at tormenting;  
But wrinkled, turned to other cares,  
And sports at last repenting.

Wretched from self-created woe,  
The *Miser's* game is hoarding;  
Eager to meet his country's foe,  
The *Soldier* plays at boarding.

The *Lawyer* plays his game so well,  
As gets him many a greeting;  
The *Auctioneer* with things to sell;  
The *Glutton* plays at eating.

To play at dosing, *Doctors* know  
A lengthy case is cheeping;  
And those who would to Congress go,  
Play at electioneering.

With ledger busied *Merchants* take  
A game at calculation;  
And *Congressmen* too often make  
A plaything of the nation.

By speaking much and doing naught,  
By bustling, threatening, raving,  
Congress the nation have not taught,  
That they have played at saving.

With looks profound, and thoughtful mind,  
*Projectors* play at scheming,  
Till worn with care, at last they find,  
They've all along been dreaming.

The *Lover* sad, and woful wan,  
Plays day and night at fretting;  
Whilst, laughing at the silly man,  
His *Della* sports coquetting.

*Cowards*, while none but cowards nigh,  
Are fond of gasconading;  
And *Statesmen* fawn, and cringe, and lie,  
And play at Masquerading.

At settling types the *Printers* play,  
And sometimes with their galleys;  
Their *Patrons* do not play, they say,  
At paying off their bills.

The *Player* plays for wealth and fame,  
And thus all play together,  
Till *Death* at last disturbs the game,  
And stops their play for ever!

United States Paper.

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### MY WIFE'S RELATIONS.

I WAS mainly induced to marry by reading in Cowper's Poems something similar to the following:

Domestic happiness thou only bliss  
That has survived the fall!

Cowper, to be sure, was never married *in propria persona*: but he wrote so movingly about sofas and hissing teapots, and evening walks, not to mention fire-places and shining stores of needles, that there is no doubt he would have made a jewel of a husband, if Lady Austen, Lady Throckmorton, and Mrs. Unwin had not been otherwise engaged. My aunt Edwards has him bound in two volumes, in red morocco, and always takes him in her carriage into the Regent's Park. She has two propositions, which she is ready to back for *self-evidence* against any two in Euclid; the one is, that Cowper is the greatest poet in the English language, and the other, that when Fitzroy-square is finished (it has been half-finished nearly half a century,) it will be the handsomest square in all London. Be that as it may, I took Cowper's hint about domestic bliss: married Jemima Bradshaw, and took a house in Coram-street, Russell-square. We passed the honeymoon at Cheltenham; and my aunt Edwards lent us her Cowper in two volumes to take with us, that we might not be dull. We had a pretty considerable quantity of each other's society at starting, which I humbly opine to be not a good plan. I am told that pastry-cooks give their new apprentices a *carte blanche* among the tarts and jellies, to save those articles from their subsequent satiated stomachs. Young couples should begin with a little aversion, according to Mrs. Malaprop; old ones sometimes end with not a little; but it is not for me to be diving into causes and consequences—Benedicts have nothing to do with the laws of Hymen, but to obey them.

At Cheltenham my wife and I kept separate volumes. She studied "The Task" on a bench in the High-street, and I read "Alexander Selkirk" on the Well Walk. Long before the expiration of the period of our allotted banishment from town, I could repeat the whole poem by heart, uttering

O Solitude, where are the charms  
That Sages have seen in thy face?

with an emphasis which showed that I

felt what I read. On our arrival in Coram-street, I found such a quantity of cards, containing the names of relations on both sides, all solicitous about our health, that I proposed to my wife an instant lithographic circular, assuring them severally that we were well, and hoped they were the same. This, however, would not do. In fact the bride-cake had done the business at starting. "Well, my dear Jemima," said I, "our confectioner did the civil thing at the outset, but your relations have been rather niggardly in returning the compliment. I think a few pounds of lump sugar would have been a more acceptable boon in exchange. They have filled our card-rack, and sent our Japan canister empty away." My wife smiled at my simplicity, and ordered a glass-coach to return their calls. The poor horses had a weary day's work of it. Mr. George Bradshaw lived in Finsbury-square, Mr. William Bradshaw in the Paragon, Kent Road, Mr. Aeneas Bradshaw in Green-street, Grosvenor-square, Mr. and Mrs. Andrews (her maiden name was Jane Bradshaw) in Morning-lane, Hackney, and Mrs. Agatha Bradshaw, my wife's maiden aunt, in Elysium Row, Fulham. All these good people had a natural wish to gape and stare at the bridegroom: dinner-cards were the consequence, and the glass-coach was again in requisition. Mr. George Bradshaw of Finsbury-square, was the first personage on the visiting list. From him I learned that the street called Old Bethlem, was newly christened Liverpool-street, and that the street adjoining took the name of Bloomfield-street, (I suppose upon the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*, because the prime minister and the farmer's boy were never seen in either;) that Bethlem Hospital was removed to St. George's Fields; and that there was a brick of London-wall now left standing. His wife was civil and obliging; but the next time I dine there, I will trouble Mrs. George Bradshaw not to pour my shrimp sauce over my salmon, but to deposit it on a detached portion of my plate. I sat at table next to a bill-broker in boots, who remembered John Palmer at the Royalty Theatre. The Paragon in the Kent Road next opened its semi-circular bosom to deposit my spouse and me at the dinner-table of Mr. William Bradshaw. Here a crowd of company was invited to meet us, consisting of my wife's first cousins from Canonbury, and several cousins from the Mile-end-road: worthy people, no doubt, but of no more moment to me than the body-guard of the Emperor of China. Matters were

thus far rather at a discount; but the next party on the dinner-list raised them considerably above par. Mr. Eneas Bradshaw, of Green-street, Grosvenor-square, was a clerk in the Audit-office, and shaved the crown of his head to look like Mr. Canning. Whether, in the event of trepanning, the resemblance would have gone deeper down, I will not attempt to decide. Certain however it is, that he talked and walked with an air of considerable sagacity; his politeness too was exemplary; he ventured to hope that I was in good health; he had been given to understand that I had taken a house in Coram-street: he could not bring himself for a moment to entertain a doubt that it was a very comfortable house; but he must take leave to be permitted to hint, that of all the houses he ever entered, that of Mr. Canning on Richmond Terrace, in Spring Gardens, was the most complete: Lord Liverpool's house, to be sure, was a very agreeable mansion, and that of Mr. Secretary Peel was a capital affair; but still, with great deference, he must submit to my enlightened penetration that Richmond Terrace outstripped them all. It was meant to be implied by this harangue, that he, Mr. Eneas Bradshaw, was in the habit of dining at each of the above enumerated residences; and the bend of my head was meant to imply that I believed it:—two specimens of lying which I recommend to my friend Mrs. Opie for her next edition.

I now began to count the number of miles that the sending forth of our bride-cake would cause us to trot over: not to mention eighteen shillings per diem for the glass-coach, and three and sixpence to the coachman. My wife and I had now travelled from Coram-street to Finsbury-square, to the Paragon in Kent-road, and to Green-street, Grosvenor-square; and I did not find my "domestic happiness" at all increased by the peregrinations. As I re-entered my house from the last-mentioned visit, the house-maid put into my hands a parcel. It was a present from my aunt Edwards of the two volumes which had been lent to us during the honeymoon, with my aunt's manuscript observations in the margin. Well, thought I, at all events I have gained something by my marriage: here are two volumes of Cowper bound in red morocco: I will keep them by me, "a gross of green spectacles is better than nothing;" so saying, I opened one of the volumes at a venture, and read as follows:

"The sound of the church-going bell  
These valleys and rocks never heard."

Happy valleys, thought I, and primitive rocks.—The entrance of my wife with another dinner-card in her hand, marred my further meditations. Mr. and Mrs. Andrews now took their turn to request the honour of our company to dinner in Morning-lane, Hackney. There was something in the sound of Morning-lane that I did not dislike. I thought of Guido's Aurora; of "Life's Morning March," in the Soldier's Dream; of "Oh, how sweet is the Morning," in Lionel and Clarissa; and of "Across the Downs this morning," as sung by Storace in my own morning of life. What an erroneous anticipation! Morning-lane must be a corruption of Mourning-lane. Indeed the conversation at table strengthened the imputed etymology, for nothing was talked of but the shameful height to which the exhumation of the dead had been carried in Hackney church-yard. And yet we are watched, said one. Ay, and gas-lighted, said another. "It is a shame," cried a third, "that honest people cannot rest quiet in their graves. It will never be discontinued," cried a fourth, "till a few of those felonious fellows are hanged at the Old Bailey with their shovels about their necks:—and so on to the end of the first course. As every body looked at the bridegroom in seeming expectation of a second of their multifarious motions, I ventured to set forth the grounds of my dissent. I observed, that, as the days of Amina in the Arabian Nights had passed away, I took it for granted that these highly-rebuked exhumators did not raise the bodies to eat them: that their object, in all probability, was to sell them to the anatomists for dissection: that the skill of the latter must be held to be greatly improved by the practice; and, therefore, that I saw no great objection to taking up a dead body, if the effect produced was that of prolonging the continuance upon earth of a living one. My line of argument was not at all relished by the natives of a parish who all feared a similar disturbance; and Mrs. Oldham, whose house looks into the church-yard, on the Homerton side, whispered to a man in powder with a pigtail, her astonishment that Jemima Bradshaw should have thrown herself away upon a man of such libertine principles.

One more glass-coach yet remained to be ascended. I felt not a little wearied; but the sight of land encouraged me. So, like a young stock-broker enrolled a member of the Whitehall Club, I pulled for dear life, and entered the haven of Mrs. Agatha Bradshaw, my wife's maiden aunt, in Elysium-row, Fulham.



The poodle-dog bit the calf of my leg; the servant-maid crammed my best beaver hat into that of a chuckle-headed Blackwell-hall factor, who wore powder and pomatum; and—there was boiled mutton for dinner! All this, however, time and an excellent constitution might have enabled me to master. But when Agatha Bradshaw, spinster, began to open the thousand and one sluices of self-love, by occupying our ears with her "Memoirs, Anecdotes, Facts and Opinions," shewing that her butcher was the best of all possible butchers, and her baker the best of all possible bakers, reminding us that her father, the late Sir Barnaby Bradshaw, knight and leatherseller, was hand and glove with the butler of the late Lord Ranelagh,—the trees of whose mansion waved sullenly in our view: that Mat, the Fulham coach-driver, grew his jokes, and Delve, the market-gardener, his cucumbers, upon hints given by the said late Sir B. B.: and that she, the said Agatha, in answer to a question as to the second series of Saying and Doings, "read very little English," I could not but mutter to myself, "Will nobody move for an injunction to stay this waste of words? Here is a palpable leaf stolen from the family-tree of another spinster higher up the stream of the same river!"

So much for my wife's relations; and for aught I know, the mischief may not end here. There may be uncles and aunts in the back-ground. It is all very well for my wife: she is made much of: dressed in white satin and flowers, and placed at the right-hand of the lady of the mansion at dinner as a bride; whilst I, as a bridegroom, am thought nothing of at all, but placed, *sans ceremonie*, at the bottom of the table during this perilous month of March, when the wind cuts my legs in two every time the door opens. I must confess I am not so pleased with Cowper's Works as I used to be. "Domestic Happiness" (if every married body's is like mine,) may have "survived the Fall," but it has received a compound fracture in the process. These repeated glass-coaches, not to mention dinners in return, will make a terrible hole in our eight hundred and fifty pounds a-year (my wife will keep calling it a thousand: and all this to entertain or be entertained by people who would not care three straws if I dropped into a soap-boiler's vat. It is possible that felicity may reach me at last: perhaps when my aunt Edwards' Fitzroy-square gets its two deficient sides and becomes the handsomest square in all London. In the mean time "the grass grows." I say nothing:

but this I will say, should any thing happen to the present soother of my sorrows, and should I be tempted once more to enter the Temple of Hymen; my advertisement for a new helpmate shall run in the following form:—Wanted, a wife whose relations lie in a ring-fence."

*New Monthly Magazine*

# WEEP NOT FOR THE DEAD

WEEP not for the dead,  
Who tranquilly repose;  
Their spark of life is fled,  
But with it all their woes.  
The broken heart is healed,  
The reign of sorrow o'er  
Their future bliss is sealed,  
And they can grieve no more.  
Mourn rather for the doom  
Of those who struggle on,  
In dreariness and gloom,  
Until their course is done.

Who linger here, and grieve,  
As death dissolves each tie,  
That makes them wish to live,  
Yet cannot—dare not die!

*Blackwood's Magazine*

## ACCOUNT OF IMPRISONMENTS IN THE TOWER OF LONDON.

RANULPH FLAMBERT, BISHOP OF  
DURHAM.

1100. 1. Hen. I.—HENRY the First, upon his accession to the throne of England, in consequence of the death of his brother, William Rufus, promised that those persons who had been the chief instruments of the oppression and tyranny practised in the last reign, should be duly punished. And accordingly, on the 8th of September, in the first year of his reign, by advice of the great council of the kingdom, he committed to the Tower, Ranulph, Bishop of Durham, who had been the principal counsellor and companion of Rufus in his oppressive and profligate conduct.

This Ranulph was a man of mean birth, and had been chancellor to William Rufus, before he was made Bishop of Durham, and had rendered himself so obnoxious by being the contriver of the king's method of extorting money from his subjects; that a conspiracy was formed against him, which had nearly cost him his life. The conspirators so far succeeded as to entice him into a boat with a very few attendants, under pretence that the Bishop of London was at the point of death and wished to see him. One Gerald, who was the chief of the enter-

• Rapin says Treasurer.

prise, directed the boat into the middle of the river, and when the chancellor inquired why they rowed so far, they pretended that the most convenient place for landing was farther on. The chancellor perceiving that the boatmen rowed towards a ship, began to suspect some deceit, and he and his secretary threw the Great and Privy Seals into the river. When they came to the ship, the chancellor's attendants were sworn to secrecy, and set on shore; but the chancellor being put on board, the ship sailed to sea, where a dispute arose between the two persons appointed to murder him, which of them should have his robe or upper garment. This contention caused a delay, during which a storm arose, and carried away the masts, and the ship was driven up the river; but the waves once more carrying it towards the sea, the chancellor's death was again determined on. At this moment one of the conspirators relented, and offered to assist the chancellor in defending himself. Encouraged by this offer of assistance, the chancellor called aloud to Gerald to give up his wicked design, and he should have whatever recompense he should demand. Gerald consented, and brought him safe out of the ship, which was by that time driven on shore.

About the first of February 1102, the bishop, by bribing his keepers, who brought him a rope in a pitcher of water, by which he let himself down from his apartment, made his escape from the Tower, and went to Normandy, where he encouraged Robert, duke of that country, and elder brother to King Henry, in his design to invade England.

#### WILLIAM LONGCHAMP, BISHOP OF ELY.

1191. 3. R. 1.—This bishop, who was a farmer's son, became joint Regent of England, with the Bishop of Durham, during the king's absence at the crusade. He was also legate from the Pope, and chancellor of England. Longchamp very soon arrogated to himself the whole power vested in him and the Bishop of Durham, with other lords, whom the king had joined in the commission, and conducted himself with so much insolence and extravagance, that he drew on himself the envy of the nobles and the hatred of the people. His attendants are said to have been so numerous, that they consumed three years' revenue of any religious house in which he lay for one night. Prince John, the king's brother, upon whose ambitious projects the bishop, who was firmly attached to Richard, was a considerable check, joined with the nobles against him, and he was summoned before

the lords' spiritual and temporal, at St. Paul's Church, on the 3rd of October. He did not attend, but withdrew into the Tower, where he was besieged by Prince John, assisted by the earls and barons, and the citizens of London. After he had held out one night, he desired leave to go out of the kingdom, which was granted him, upon condition he should give up his castle. He gave sureties for the performance of this engagement, and went to Canterbury, and then to Dover, where he spent some time with Matthew de Clere his brother-in-law, constable of the castle. He then went to the sea-side, disguised in a woman's dress, with a piece of cloth under his arm, and a yard in his hand, to wait for a ship to convey him abroad, but being suspected to be a man by some persons who saw him, his hood was pulled off his head, and he was discovered. The people justly offended at the recollection of his wicked administration, dragged him along the sands, and at last threw him into a cellar at Dover, where he was secured from farther violence. The council of the realm sent for him, and he was brought prisoner to the Tower, where he was examined, deprived of his offices, and banished. King Richard afterwards restored him, and he died as he was going to Rome in 1197.

#### WILLIAM FITZ-OSBERT AND OTHERS.

1196. 7. R. 1.—William Fitz-Osbert, or Osbern, frequently called William Longbeard, was a citizen of London, and a man of learning and eloquence, but gave great offence to the nobility and clergy, by that which was considered by those bodies as an unpardonable crime. It is said, that he "stirred and excited the people to desire and love freedom and liberty, and blamed the excess and outrage of rich men. By such means he drew to him great companies, and with all his power defended the poor men's cause against the rich." "For this cause," adds the historian, "gentlemen hated him." But the king, who had no more reason than the people to be pleased with the overbearing power of the nobles and clergy, appears at first to have listened to, and encouraged Fitz-Osbert. And although Hollinshed tells us, that after the king was informed that Fitz-Osbert collected assemblies of the people, "he commanded him to cease from such doings," it is evident that Fitz-Osbert was not prosecuted by Richard. Whilst the king was in Normandy, Fitz-Osbert was accused of raising sedition on account of a tax, which he said would fall wholly on the poor; and the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was chief justice of England, ordered

Fitz-Osbert to appear before the counsel. He appeared, but so many of the common people attended him, that the archbishop thought it prudent to suffer him to depart. Persons, however, were appointed to watch him, and apprehend him at a convenient season. Two of these persons, who were burgesses of London, thinking they had found a proper opportunity, attempted to take him, but getting an axe, he defended himself manfully, and slew one of the burgesses. He then fled with some followers to the church of St. Mary-le-bow, in Cheapside, on the day before Passion Sunday. Here, he and his accomplices defended themselves, till the church and steeple were assaulted, and they were compelled by fire and smoke to quit their station. They were taken as they came out of the church, but not without blood-shed. The son of the burgess whom Fitz-Osbert had killed, stabbed him in the belly with a knife as he was coming out. The prisoners were taken before the archbishop, and the judges in the Tower, where they were condemned, and Fitz-Osbert and nine of his accomplices were drawn from thence by the heels to a place, then called the Elms, and since Tyburn, and were there hanged. Such was the opinion which the common people entertained of Fitz-Osbert, that they believed miracles were wrought at his grave, and were restrained only by the interference of guards from paying their devotion to him as to a saint,—a character, which, according to Stow, he very ill deserved.

#### JOHN COURCY, OR DE CURCI, EARL OF ULSTER.

1201. 4 John.—This valiant Irish nobleman had attached himself to the interests of the unfortunate Arthur, nephew to King John, and rightful heir to the crown of England. The earl had been engaged in quarrels with Walter de Lacy, a powerful nobleman, in Ireland; and as he was going unarmed and barefoot in pilgrimage to a church, upon Good Friday, in the year 1202, he was treacherously taken prisoner by his own people, and delivered for a sum of money to Hugh de Lacy, brother to Walter, by whom he was sent prisoner to King John. The king committed him to the Tower. In 1204, the King of France sent a champion into England, who challenged all who should maintain the cause of King John against his master. The court of England was not willing to commit the decision to a single combat, but wished to give the champion an opportunity to try his strength; and, therefore, John desired the Earl of Ulster, who was a

man of great strength and courage, to undertake the battle. The earl stoutly answered, "that in his quarrel, whose murderous vile mind, cowardliness, traitorous conditions, and tyrannical government, deserved not the adventure of losing one drop of blood, he would not fight one stroke; but for the honour of the realm, wherein many a good and honourable man lived to his great grief, he would willingly jeopard his life, and cheerfully accept the combat, yea, with a giant." In consequence of this consent, the earl was released; but as he was recovering himself from the ill effects of his confinement, the French champion hearing of his excessive feeding and his prodigious strength, (or, as Stow says, having seen his mighty limbs and fierce countenance,) withdrew privately into Spain. It is related of this earl, that, "being in France with the English army, King Philip, at a conference with John, desired to see some trial of his strength. The earl ordered a large stake to be fixed in the ground, on which was placed a helmet; then looking round with a menacing aspect, he cut the helmet in two pieces with his sword. The sword stuck so fast in the stake, that none but himself could remove it. Philip asking why he looked round so fiercely, he said, in case he had missed his blow, he would have cut off the heads of all the spectators, that no man living might be witness of his shame." John granted to this nobleman and his successors the privilege of standing covered before the kings of England.

*European Magazine.*

### Miscellaneous.

#### FRENCH BLACKING.

TWENTY years ago the Parisian beaux had no other blacking for their boots than a mixture of ivory, black, and glare of egg, which was smeared over the boots and shoes, and renewed as frequently as it dried and lost its lustre. *Petit à Petit*, as the French say, the genius of Parisian invention exerted itself; and a blacking was produced, which, whilst it afforded a fair lustre, at the same time tended materially to promote the welfare of the deserving sons of Crispin, by the rapid destruction of the leather which it occasioned. Such was the prosperity of this class of French citizens during the reign of the *veritable eirage à l'Anglois*, that they were almost as well off as the *balayeurs* (street sweepers), in the time of Napoleon; when no man took a broom in his hand who did not display a bril-



liant shirt pin, a gold watch, and a bunch of gold seals, each equal in size to a modern chronometer. But these days of prosperity were not to last for ever, and the *cirage à l'Anglois*, gave way by degrees to the *cirage Anglois* itself, in the form of the real Day and Martin (Hunt's Matchless had not then appeared to dazzle the world by its brilliancy), which was imported into France in ship-loads. The spirit of nationality at length exerted itself, and the Parisians, heartily ashamed of being tributary to their mortal enemies the English, for one of the greatest essentials of life—a shining boot, began to analyze and compose and decompose, until they produced something which the Academy of Sciences pronounced worthy of adoption. With all the pomp of French philanthropy this great discovery is now given to the world for its benefit and instruction. We subjoin the formula as published by authority.

|                                 | Avoidupois | lbs. | oz. | dr. |
|---------------------------------|------------|------|-----|-----|
| Plaster of Paris, 1 killogramme | 2          | 3    | 5   |     |
| Lamp-black, 2½ hectogrammes     | 0          | 8    | 12  |     |
| Ground Malt, 5 ditto            | 1          | 1    | 8   |     |
| Olive Oil, 50 grammes           | 0          | 1    | 2½  |     |

### GENTLEMAN.

THE indiscriminate use of the word gentleman is productive of infinite mistakes abroad, as appears by the following anecdote:—

A German Baron in London, having waited for his barber, a journeyman arrived in his stead, and informed him that the old gentleman had been taken ill, but that he would have the honour of shaving him. This anecdote the Baron used to relate, whenever any Englishman was present at his master's court, to insinuate that the English gentry were a set of barbers. T. A.—N. C.

### NEGRO COUNCIL.

NEAR the centre of Congo, there is a little kingdom watered by the river Lao, which runs from north to south. The negro king is a sage prince, and very much beloved by his subjects. He has a numerous court; but it costs the nation nothing; because the arts and luxury are at present unknown there; the result of which is, that a grandee of the country lives nearly in the same manner as an honest labourer. Some idea of the simplicity of manners there may be formed from the way in which the sessions of the King's privy-council are held. In the midst of a vast plain is a large enclosure, formed of palms instead of columns: and in the midst of this verdant hall are placed a dozen of great jars, half full

of water; a dozen councillors, quite naked, betake themselves to this spot with a solemn pace: each jumps into his jar, and plunges in the water up to the neck. In this way they deliberate, and decide on the most important affairs. When opinions are divided, they put two stones, one red and one white, into a thirteenth empty jar; the king draws; and the opinion represented by the stone which issues first, has the force of a law.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*My Common Place Book*, No. IX.:—*My Hobby Horse*, No. I.; *The Poet's Grave*; *Clavis*; *S. G.*; *Alpheus*; *T. A. N. C.*; *Andrew*; *W. R. E.*; *Polycarp*; *J. G.*, are intended for insertion in our next.

*H. R. W.*'s communication shall have insertion when the view now in the hands of the engraver is finished.

*A. B.* is requested to send to our office for a letter.

*If Justus* wishes to have a place in the *Mirror*, he must not send us articles piecemeal, but complete.

The following are intended for early insertion:—*Put*; *Origin of Romance*; *Scriblerus*; *Rural Retirement*; *W. P.*; *D. J.*; *F. M. L.*; *Archie Aliquis*; *Contributor*; *U. L.*; *Mr. Davy*; *Mr. Adams*; *Jacobus*; *Retaliation*; *Memoir of Spenser*; *J. C.*

Will *W. M.* state the year in which he copied the canonet, beginning "When shall we three meet again?"

*Archie* will see we had anticipated his wishes so far as relates to Holyrood.

*J. G.*, in answer to the inquiry of *Salopensis*, begs us to state that he has a copy of the *Clavis Campanologia*, and is ready to give any information it contains.

Will *Ldolett* name the article to which he alludes, as we fear it is mislaid?

*W. C.* is not forgotten.

The letter of *tions* is very stale; the writer's epigram shall have a place.

A correspondent, who was born on the 1st of April, 1771, which was then Easter Monday; wishes to know when the festival will fall on the same day again. In the last century they fell together every eleven years, that is to say, in 1771, 1782, and 1793; since which time he complains that he has not had a right birth-day.

We have a great aversion to riddles and acrostics.

We thank *W. P.* for his hints; his former communications are not rejected.

The author of the "*German Cenci*" shall hear from us in a day or two.

*J. R.*'s table has already been hacknied by the lottery-office keepers.

*Edward*; *E. J. J.*; *A. S.*; *T. Evans*, are inadmissible.

If correspondents, in inquiring for articles, would designate them, they would save us much trouble.

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# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CXXXVII.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.]

## Burgh Castle, Suffolk.



### The Topographer.

No. XI.

THERE are few remains of Roman buildings in Great Britain so remarkable for their preservation, and yet so little noticed by writers, as the ancient Gariannonum or Burgh Castle, of which the above engraving is a correct view. Those who mention it do it slightly; and whilst Richborough is celebrated, this rival station, equal in antiquity, and superior in remains, has met with no historian.

Destitute of express records, and encountering the clouds with which ignorance and inattention have veiled over our Anglo-Roman antiquities, it is from general history alone that we are enabled to fix a time for the building of this fortress; for without such a resource our utmost researches would fail us, and we should have only the miserable alternative of guessing at the period, or passing it by unnoticed.

That portion of Anglo-Roman History, which more immediately respects Gariannonum, is short and limited; it com-

mences with the reign of Claudius, and extends no further.

This emperor who assumed the purple at fifty years of age, had neither the spirit, courage, nor perseverance of his great predecessor—yet ambitious of following the steps of Julius, he formed the design of completing what Cæsar had begun, and of reducing Britain to a Roman province; in pursuance of which, he arrived here about the year of Christ, 45, having previously sent Aulus Plautius with troops sufficient to effect his intention. After about six months' stay he returned to Rome, and had a triumph, for conquests never obtained, and for victories never won.

After the emperor's departure, Plautius remained here near four years, and carried on the Britannie war with spirit and success. Upon his return to Rome, he received the honour of an ovation. Next in command was the pro-pætor, Publius Ostorius Scapula; an experienced officer, in whose conduct and courage were equally united. To him the Romans were indebted for the subjection of the Iceni; to him they were obliged for the

retention of their conquests, and to him we owe the founding of Garianonum.

Upon a rising hill near the confluence of the rivers Yare and Waveney, and overlooking a large extent of marshes which once formed the estuary it commanded, stands Burgh Castle, the Garianonum of the Romans. In the construction of this camp, the Romans pursued their usual method of security in building, and practised their favourite military architecture. It forms an irregular parallelogram, the principal wall of which is, that to the east, 14 feet high, 214 yards long, and 9 feet broad. The north and southern walls are just the same height and breadth, and just half the length; the western side has no remains of any wall, nor can it be determined with any certainty whether it ever had; the sea might possibly be considered as a sufficient barrier on that side, and the steepness of the hill as a collateral security. Four massive round towers defend the eastern wall: the northern has one, and another, now thrown down, stood opposite on the southern. These towers were added after building the walls, and served not only to ornament and strengthen them, but as *turres exploratorii*; each having on the top a round hole 2 feet deep, and as many in diameter, evidently designed both for the erection of standards and signals, and for the admission of light temporary watch towers, under the care, and for the use, of the *speculatores*. It was customary with the Romans to make their bricks thin and broad, and the invention, as well as the names, were of Gallic origin; those made use of in building the walls of the Garianonum, are of a fine red colour, and very close texture, though probably of that sort called by the Romans *crudes*, from being baked by the heat of the sun, as those which were burnt in the furnace, were denominated *cactus*; their measurement answers exactly to the brick, called by Pliny, the *lydion*, being 1 foot and a half long, 1 foot broad, and an inch and a half thick.

The Notitia Imperii informs us, that the troops who garrisoned this station, were a body of cavalry, were under the command of a *præpositus*, who was particularly styled *Gariennonensis*, but what number of men they consisted of, or to what legion they belonged, could never be ascertained. A camp so considerable as Garianonum, so strongly fortified, and of such importance, would necessarily require a large body of men to defend it. The area of the camp contained the garrison who defended it, being divided according to their respective military employments, into an upper and lower partition. In the former

was the *prætorum* and the tents of the officers, and in the latter the tents of the centurions and common soldiers. On the right side of the *prætorum* was the *quæstorium*, for the *quæstor* or treasurer of the army; on the other were the tents of the *Legati*, and between the two partitions of the camp was fixed the *principia*, where the religious rites were celebrated, and the ensigns of the army deposited. The whole area of the station contains 4 acres 2 roods, and including the walls, 5 acres 2 roods and 20 perches. In the area of the camp, and in many fields, vast numbers of Roman coins have been, and are still, found. The field adjoining to the eastern wall of Garianonum, was the place allotted for depositing the ashes of the dead, and for the performance of the funeral rites. Here great numbers of Roman urns have been found, and innumerable quantities of them are every where spread over it; but neither the workmanship nor the materials of these urns have any thing to recommend them. They are made of a coarse blue clay, ill formed, brittle and porous.

The easterly situation of this field corresponds with that of Mons Esquilinus at Rome, the place assigned there for the interment of the common people—and a situation for which they seemed to have had great veneration.

The officers of the garrison might possibly be interred within the area of the camp. A few years since, upon pulling down part of the hill which formed the *prætorum*, urns and ashes were discovered in great abundance.

Garianonum is now converted into a corn field, and the walls which formerly afforded protection to men who delighted in war, shelter the productions of nature, and assist the pacific labours of the husbandmen. What philosopher, what Christian, does not wish to see all the fortifications in the world converted to the same bountiful purpose.

F. R. J. CRISP.

#### ROMANTIC HISTORY OF ST. GEORGE, THE TUTELAR SAINT OF ENGLAND.

OF all legendary tales, or fictions of romance, none perhaps interest the mind more than when they have relation to our own country; and I know none of that kind more appropriate to the present number of the MIRROR than the exploits of St. George, the tutelary Saint of England. There is little doubt but that most of the readers of this instructive miscellany are well conversant with the

adventures of that renowned hero of romance; yet it is possible, from the numerous and various classes to which it is presented, that some may be unacquainted with the particular fiction, which gives title to a day now so closely associated with royalty, it being that on which his present most gracious Majesty has ordered his birth-day to be celebrated.—A figure of St. George vanquishing the dragon is likewise attached to the collar of the most noble order of the garter, as well as obtaining a place on the current coin of the realm. As an allegorical representation, it is to be considered emblematical of a Christian warrior, in his spiritual armour, vanquishing the Old Serpent. It is therefore presumed, that the following epitome of the legendary history will not prove unacceptable:—

The ancient city of Coventry has the honour of giving birth to our illustrious hero. The life of his mother (the lady of Albert, Lord High Steward of England) was sacrificed, in order to save that of the infant, on whose breast was pictured the lively image of a dragon, on his right hand a blood red cross, and a golden garter on his left leg. Not many days elapsed after his nativity when he was stolen, by an enchantress named Kalyb, who kept him secluded till grown to man's estate; but now his graceful form and manly beauty won the heart of the sorceress, and she tendered him her love: which he seemingly accepting, she presented him with an invincible steed, named Bayard, a trusty sword, Ascalon, by which he would overcome witchcraft, treason, &c.: she likewise resigned all power to him. No sooner in possession of the talisman, than he used it to her destruction; and not only obtained his own freedom, but likewise freed six noble knights from thralldom. Released from captivity, he now travelled in various countries, and at length arrived at Egypt, which country was then greatly infested with a dangerous dragon, to appease whose raging appetite, the body of a lovely virgin was every day delivered up: and this having continued for many years, none was left now but the king's daughter, Sabra, in whose defence St. George encounters the dragon, the description of which rencounter is as follows:—The noble knight, like a bold and daring hero, entered the valley where the dragon had his abode—who no sooner had sight of him, but his leathern throat sent forth a sound more terrible than thunder: The size of this fell dragon was fearful to behold, for, from his shoulders to his tail the length was fifty feet; the glittering scales upon his body were as bright

as silver, but harder than brass; his belly was of the colour of gold, and larger than a tun. Thus weltered he from his hideous den, and so fiercely assailed the gallant champion with his burning wings that at the first encounter he had nearly felled him to the ground; but the knight nimbly recovering himself, gave the dragon such a thrust with his spear, that it shivered in a thousand pieces!—Upon which the dragon smote him so violently with his venomous tail, that he brought both man and horse to the ground; but the knight soon after recovering himself, with an eager courage smote the burning dragon under his yellow-burnished belly with his trusty sword Ascalon, and forthwith came an abundance of black venom. With a bold and courageous heart he made a second thrust, and smote the monster under the wing, where it was tender and without scale; whereby his good sword Ascalon, with an easy passage, went to the very hilt, through the dragon's liver and heart—from whence there issued such an abundance of reeking gore as turned all the grass in the valley to a crimson hue.

The noble knight having thus conquered the dragon, he first paid due honour to the Almighty for his victory, and then with his sword cut off the dragon's head, and fixed it on a truncheon made of that spear which at the beginning of the battle shivered in pieces against the dragon's scaly back. Having thus released the lady, the king promises her in marriage to St. George, which excites the jealousy and malice of Almidor, the king of Morocco, who bribes twelve Egyptian knights to way-lay him; but in the encounter they are entirely routed and slain by our illustrious hero. After a fruitless attempt to poison him, Almidor traduces him to the king, who, under pretence of sending an ambassador to the sultan of Persia, writes a letter, desiring him to put to death the bearer, and thus sends St. George the messenger of his own destruction. He delivers the letter, is thrown into prison, and condemned to death. Two hungry lions are let loose upon him; but with invincible courage he thrust his sinewy arms down their throats, and thus having choked them, pulled forth their hearts. He is, however, detained in prison for six long years, and at length escapes, by digging his way beneath the foundations of the castle where he was confined. On his return to Christendom, he encounters and vanquishes an enormous giant, and releases St. David from the power of a necromancer. Arrived in Barbary, he learns



that Almidor has married Sabra, queen of these dominions. In the disguise of a palmer he has an interview with his beloved; and eventually she leaves Almidor, with whom she had been forced into marriage, and in company of St. George and a faithful slave, bends her way towards England. In travelling through a wood, St. George, hunting for venison, leaves his lady under the care of the slave; but at his return is horror-struck, at beholding two lions asleep, with their heads in Sabra's lap, having destroyed the slave, but offering no violence to her—thereby proving her a true virgin, she having, by means of an enchanted necklace, preserved herself spotless. St. George immediately attacks and destroys the two lions, and, after various exploits, arrives in England.

The pagans now join their forces together, to exterminate the Christians; which news no sooner reaches England, than St. George, with the other champions, raise a number of forces, and leaving their native lands, proceed to attack the pagan army, which they entirely rout, and take Almidor, the king of Morocco, prisoner; who, contemning the Christian religion, is condemned to die, and our hero is declared king of Morocco.

He now proceeds to Egypt, vowing vengeance against the king for his ingratitude and treachery, but whose penitent submission appeases his wrath, moreover, as the king becomes converted to Christianity. This event causes great rejoicings and banqueting, during which a messenger arrives from England; acquainting St. George that his lovely Sabra is condemned to death, in consequence of having slain the Earl of Coventry, though in defence of her virtue; and that unless some noble champion espouses her cause, and releases her, she will be burnt alive at the end of the twelve months. On hearing this, St. George sets off for England, and arrives just at the moment the executioner was setting fire to the stake. He immediately declares himself her champion, and encounters the Baron of Chester, whom, after a hard struggle, he defeats, and thus rescues his beloved Sabra, with whom afterwards he sets out to join his companions in the holy war. In their way thither he defeats a monstrous giant, who had charge of an enchanted castle, and relieves the country of the amazonians from his terrible ravages. Travelling onwards, they lose their way in an enchanted wood; and while entangled in the labyrinth, Sabra makes our hero the father of three lovely boys, which, during the temporary absence of their

parent, are carried off by a lioness, a tigress, and a she wolf. After two days' fruitless search, the unhappy father finds his babes, sucking the unkind milk from the inhuman beasts. With his trusty sword he soon destroyed the savages, and returned the children to their weeping mother. After a variety of incidents, our hero arrives at the scene of war, where he finds the six champions under the effect of enchantment, having been seduced by six furies, under the semblance of as many lovely maids. He attacks the necromancer, and, in spite of his black art, conquers him, and releases the knights from his power; and now having happily established peace, the champions returned each to his native country.

St. George had not remained long in the bosom of his family, ere a sad accident destroyed all his felicity, and bereaved him of his lovely Sabra, for, being out hunting with him, she unfortunately fell from her horse, and was killed. This dire misfortune urges our hero to a pilgrimage to the holy land, which he undertakes in company of the other champions, habited like pilgrims. In their journey thither, they meet entertainment at the house of a Jew, who has been deprived of fourteen of his sons by a hideous and terrible giant. The six champions each day in turn attack him, but are successively conquered and taken prisoners; but now the invincible arm of St. George prevails, and he slays the giant, releasing the champions, as well as the sons of the Jew. They next arrive and pay adoration at the holy sepulchre, where suits of armour for each are given them by the holy virgins; and thus accoutred, they set forward on their travels; and arriving at a necromancer's castle, they attack seven giants, who protect it, and destroy them, but are themselves entrapped into a dismal dungeon by the sorcerer's art; and here the six champions laying down on an enchanted bed, fell asleep, and a monstrous winged serpent attacks St. George; who, after a hard struggle, in which he drops his sword, grasps the serpent, and presses it to death. Fatigued by the desperate combat, he sits down on the bed, and likewise falls asleep; thus they all become prisoners to the enchanter's power. But now the three sons of St. George, being grown to men's estate, are travelling in search of their father, and encountering the necromancer, they destroy the enchantments, and release the champions.

After a variety of interesting incidents, St. George returns to his native land, whose chalky cliffs he had not seen for

twice twelve years; and on his arriving at Coventry, he hears the doleful tidings how, upon Dunsmore Heath, there was an infectious dragon, who dreadfully annoyed the inhabitants of the vicinity, and moreover had destroyed fifteen knights, who had been sent against him; also giving him to understand, "That a Christian knight never born of a woman should be the destroyer thereof, and his name in after ages, for accomplishing the adventure, should be held for an eternal honour to the kingdom."

St. George, knowing himself to be the knight, immediately prepared to encounter the dragon. Coming to the middle of the plain, where his infectious enemy lay couching on the ground in a deep cave, the dragon espied the champion, and ran with such fury against him, as if he would have devoured both man and horse in a moment; but the champion being quick and nimble, gave the dragon such way that he missed him, and ran his sting two feet into the earth; but recovering, he returned with such fury upon St. George that he had almost turned his horse over, but the dragon having no stay of his strength, fell on his back, with his feet upwards, whereat the champion taking advantage, kept him still down, with his horse standing upon him, with his lance goring him through in divers parts of his body, and withal contrariwise, the dragon's sting annoyed the good knight in such sort, that the dragon being no sooner slain, and weltered in his blood, but St. George likewise took his death's wound by the deep strokes of the dragon's sting: yet retaining the true nobleness of mind, he returned victor to the city of Coventry; and presenting the head of the dragon that had annoyed them so long, fell into the arms of his sons, and yielded up his breath. The king, in token of regard for his memory, knighted the three sons; and, likewise, he ordained for ever after to be kept a solemn procession about the king's court, by all the chief nobility of the country, upon the 23rd of April, naming it St. George's Day—upon which day he was most solemnly interred in the city where he was born. CLAVIS.

#### IMPROMPTU

*Written beneath the Engraving of Sir J. Reynolds' "Infant Samuel."*

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

PURE is the prayer from CHILDHOOD'S lip that flows,

(Like early dew, that glitters on the rose;)

Blest are the INFANT hands that artless twine,  
And knees that bend, at meek religion's shrine;

S 3

Thrice blest! the infant orisons that rise,  
(Earth's sweetest incense!) to the morning skies!  
In after-years, — MAN'S prayer to heav'n is stain'd,

By earthly passions, in his breast retain'd; —  
Some darling vice—some fondly-cherish'd care,  
Some taint of human frailty, mingles there!  
But CHILDHOOD'S prayers, ere guilt's dark path is trod

Inspired by nature, rise to nature's God!

By HIM, are mark'd (when here by man forgot)  
Who bless'd young children, and forbade them not;

HIM, to whose lip divine, the task was giv'n,  
To teach mankind of such is the bright host of heav'n!

#### TO CHARLOTTE, ON HER BIRTH DAY.

HEALTH to my love; and may some angel blest  
Convey the raptures of my faithful breast,  
On the light wings of grateful joy upborne,  
I hail the day, and bless th' auspicious morn.

Sweet daughter of St. George, thy beauty fires  
My panting bosom and my heart inspires:  
Lovely that boon, with modesty combin'd;  
Transcendent charm! when virtue sways the mind.

Possess'd of these, fair maid, th' attempt is vain,  
When pride assails contentment's placid reign,  
May each celestial pow'r its aid impart,  
And grant the fervent wishes of my heart.

As the gay fairy with fantastic flirt,  
Skips o'er the lawn and leaves each flow'r un-  
hurt,

So light thy footsteps tread this maze of life,  
With the sharp thorn and prickly briars rife.

May nought of care thy virgin heart molest;  
No adverse wind assail thy tender breast:  
But when rude Boreas rears his chilling form,  
Some guardian angel shield thee midst the storm.

May health and peace with soft content unite;  
Combine each charm, and give thy soul delight:  
Bid ev'ry hour with unmix'd pleasure flow,  
Nor that alone, but happiness bestow.

Thus, when the lamp of life shall waste its fire,  
The lambent glimmering of the flame expire,  
Thy parting spirit takes the heav'nward flight,  
And waves her pinions in the realms of light.

CLAVIS.

#### TESTIMONIES OF ANCIENT HEATHEN WRITERS CONCERN- ING CHAOS.

IT was an ancient tradition among the Heathen, that the world was created out of a Chaos.

The ancient Greek poet, Hesiod, who may contend for antiquity even with Homer, makes mention of it in his Theogonia, not far from the beginning, in these words:—

"First of all there was a chaos;"

and a few verses after, speaking of the

immediate production, or offspring of chaos, he says,

"From Chaos proceeded Hell and night (or darkness)," which seems to have for its foundation, the second verse of the first chapter of Genesis; "and the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep." Of this testimony of Hesiod, Lactanius takes notice, and censures it, in the first book of his Institutions, cap. 5. "Hesiodus non à Deo conditore sumens exordium, sed à Chao, quod est rudis inordinatæ materiæ confusæ congeries." That is, Hesiod not taking his beginning from God, the Creator of all things, but from Chaos, which is a rude and inordinate heap of confused matter; and so Ovid describes it in the beginning of his Metamorphoses.

"Quem dixere chaos, rudis indigestaque moles,  
Nec quicquam nisi pondus iners congestaque  
côdem

Non bene junctarum discordia semina rerum."

That is,

One face had nature, which they chaos nam'd,  
An undigested lump, a barren load,  
Where jarring seeds of things ill-joined abode.

Others of the ancients have also made mention of it, as Aristophanes in Aribus.

"Χαος ἦν καὶ Νῦξ, Ἐπεὶ δὲ τὸ τε, μέλαινα  
πρώτων, &c."

And Lucian in the beginning of his first book.

"Antiquum repetent iterum chaos omnia," &c.

Of the formation of all the parts of the world out of this Chaos, Ovid, in the place before quoted, gives us a full and particular description; and Euripides, before him, a brief one.

"The heaven and earth were of one form: but after they were separated, the earth brought forth trees, birds, beasts, fishes, and mankind."

The like account also the ancient philosopher, Anaxagoras, gives of the creation of the world, beginning his philosophy thus:—"All things were together (at first) or mingled and confused, then mind, supervening disposed them in a beautiful order."

That which I chiefly dislike in this opinion of theirs, is, that they make no mention of the creation of this Chaos, but seem to look upon it as self-existent and improduced.—*Ray's Three Discourses concerning Chaos, Deluge, and Dissolution of the World.*

## AN ODE TO A PIG WHILE HIS NOSE WAS BORING.

(For the Mirror.)

HARK! hark! that pig, the hideous note  
More loud, more dissonant, each moment grows  
Would you not think the knife was in his throat,  
And yet they're only boring through his nose.

Thou foolish beast, so rudely to withstand  
Thy master's will, to feel such idle fears;  
Why pig, there's not a lady in the land  
Who has not also bored and ringed her ears.

Pig, 'tis your master's pleasure, then be still  
And hold your nose to let the iron through,  
Dare you resist your lawful sovereign's will  
Rebellious swine! ye know not what ye do.

To man o'er every beast the power was given,  
Pig, hear the truth, and never murmur more,  
Would'st thou rebel against the will of heaven!  
Thou impious beast be still and let them bore.

The social pig, resigns his natural rights,  
When first with man, he covenants to live,  
He barbers them, for safer sty delights  
For grains and wash which man alone can give.

Sure is provision on the social plan,  
Secure the comforts that to each belong,  
Oh, happy swine, the impartial sway of man,  
Alike protects the weak pig and the strong.

And you resist, you struggle now, because  
Your master has thought fit to bore your nose,  
You grunt in flat rebellion to the laws  
Society finds needful to impose.

Go to the forest, pig, and there deplore  
The miserable lot of savage swine,  
See young pigs, flying, from the savage boar,  
How wretchedly, how scantily they dine.

Behold the hourly danger, when, who will  
May hunt, or snare, or seize them for his food,  
Oh! happy pig, whom none presumes to kill,  
Till your protecting master thinks it good.

And when at last, the hour of closing life  
Arrives (for pigs must die as well as men),  
When in your throat you feel the long sharp  
knife

And your whole body is convulsed with pain,  
Then, when the death wound yawning wide,  
Fainter, and fainter, grows the expiring cry,  
Is there no grateful joy, no loyal pride,  
To think that for your master's good you die.

J. G.

## INSTRUCTION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—On looking over the third volume of the MIRROR, I find two articles on the "Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb," to which, I believe, no reply has been made; perhaps then you will allow me to say a few words on them. An apprehension that they might prejudice some friends of this unfortunate portion of our fellow-creatures, who may not have the same



means of judging, is the only thing that induces me to do so.

Your correspondent, in the first of these articles, commences with a vindication of the Abbé de l'Epee, from the charges of the Abbé Sicard, with whom he connects Dr. Watson.

In doing this, I think, he should have given us more than the bare assertion that the letter published by Sicard, was a fabrication. The friends of the Abbé de l'Epee, and the public at large, must have been destitute of all gratitude and feeling, or else very insensible and credulous, when they suffered such a man to propagate such falsehoods, and continue to encourage him for so many years afterwards.

If your sagacious correspondent was aware of this before the Abbé Sicard's death, it is to be regretted that he did not call upon him to answer the charge, and furnish us with the result.

Among what he conceives to be proofs of the excellence of De l'Epee's system, is an answer to a metaphysical question from one of his pupils. Both the Abbé Sicard and Dr. Watson have educated pupils who are living witnesses of the unparalleled perfection to which they have carried their systems; but the public do not, I think, require that those pupils who are to earn their bread by manual labour, should be made metaphysicians. The assertion that deaf mutes can be taught by ordinary schoolmasters, parents, children, &c., is the most ridiculous thing I ever heard; your correspondent, perhaps, means to prove this by Mr. Arrow-smith's brother—if so, I tell him plainly, that he is by no means educated, and challenge him to prove the contrary.

Most heartily is it to be wished, that the instruction of deaf mutes could be so easily accomplished, as he declares it can be; but when the most skilful and experienced men find it such a tedious, difficult, and laborious thing, what are we to expect from ordinary schoolmasters.

It does not appear that the trial made by the Liverpool Committee succeeded, for within these few months past, a school for the instruction of the deaf and dumb has been established at Manchester, which is not more than about forty miles from Liverpool, and where the person who gave lectures on the subject, had been also.

To accuse the teachers of the Asylums in this country of a design to keep the method of teaching the deaf and dumb a mystery, is most malicious and untrue; Dr. Watson's valuable work on the subject, and the ready access to the Asylum in the Kent Road, completely falsify it.

His observations respecting articulation

are fully met by the utility of it, the answer may be found in his own words, "Every thing that tends to do away the distinction between the fortunate and unfortunate, must be conducive to the comfort and happiness of the latter," &c. The reasons given by Dr. Watson in his valuable work, and in the *Christian Observer* of December, 1819, are clearly borne out by experience. S. G.

#### LINES TO ROSA, UPON HER OBTAINING THE "PRIZE OF MERIT."

ROSA, the "Prize of Merit," take,  
For thou hast won it well!  
And still, thro' many a distant year,  
Past pleasures it shall tell.

Whate'er may be thy lot in life,—  
Betide or weal or woe—  
Thou little deem'st how pure a joy  
From memory's fount may flow.

Hast thou ne'er seen, when storms have lour'd  
At noon around thy head,  
A ray of sunshine gild the spot  
That own'd at morn thy tread!

So shall it be in after life—  
Betide whatever may—  
For memory will look back and mark  
Past youth's unclouded day.

And should'st thou wed and rear to deck  
Thy home a happy race;  
Oh! bid them, like thyself, press on  
Fair science's paths to trace!

Tell them that wealth, with all its store  
Of flattery and of gold,  
Oft hides beneath its purple vest,  
A heart both false and cold.

Tell them that beauty, tho' it win  
The stranger's passing smile,  
Fades, like the flow'ret of the field,  
And blooms but for awhile.

Whilst science, led by virtue, will  
More fair each spring appear—  
And fame—its day-star—brighter beam  
Thro' each successive year.

ALPHEUS.

#### My Common-Place Book. No. IX.

#### THE POLITICAL TALLOW CHANDLER.

MY friend SWIRES is really an excellent fellow, and has never been otherwise than a fund of harmless amusement to me. He is by trade, a tallow-chandler, an active bustling youth, and would by this time have been well-to-do in the world, had he not some considerable time since taken up with the idea that he was born to reform the abuses of government, and set every thing upon its proper footing in our kingdom of Great Britain. In this

idea, he has laudably persevered, and with a most praiseworthy consistency of character, still stands up for what he calls "the good cause." I have tried him with jokes innumerable; but it won't do: at length, after reasoning one day with him upon the propriety of paying, at least, *some* attention to his own affairs, for fear of awkward consequences, he seemed to relent a trifle, upon which I took the opportunity of requesting his company to a tankard, pipe, and friend, that identical evening, at my humble domicile. Now Mrs. Margery Tobykin is a respectable pains-taking woman in her way, and although, it may be, somewhat stricken in years, yet she contrives to keep the fire-side sufficiently comfortable, and if she could do more, poor innocent! I have no doubt, she would. She had placed all things in excellent array on the table,—a foaming tankard of the best,—a sufficiency of lily-white pipes, and every thing that was intellectual. Swipes came later than was expected.—Cleisthemeclaw, an excellent crony of my own, and I had been seated by the fire for some time, and gave the young man a hearty welcome as he entered. We had agreed to let him have his own way, and were resolved that nothing should interrupt the harmony of the evening. Every one must applaud this admirable determination; let me recommend the same to the consideration of all whom it may concern; nothing irascibly said, will at any time make way with an obstinate or wilful man; and those who fight knee-deep for many a mortal hour in better controversy, will only find to their dismay at its close, that whatever they may have gained in their own good opinion, they have lost a friend by running an antagonist too hard, when a good-humoured laugh would have served their turn much better. But I hate digressions. Swipes lowered himself much in our mutual good opinion, by stiffly refusing the good fare that was provided, and earnestly entreating the favour of a cup of tea. We stared, but remembering that he was born within the sound of Bow-bells, quietly acceded to the wish thus expressed, and our friend was anon in very particular glee, over a cup of souchong, which he declared he abominated unless it was very weak. Thus enraptured, I thought our amusement would be rich and copious; and without any more delay, proposed that we should, each in our own peculiar tippie, drink "The Cause of Radical Reform, all over the World." It was accordingly done; and our gravity was put to a sore trial by friend Swipes, after bolting a cup of slop so extremely hot as to bring the tears to

his eyes, started off in a tangent, and safely delivered himself of a regular half-hour's speech, which it is needless to give in this place. After this sketch of Reform, in which he warmed into ecstasy in touching on the affairs of Greece, [query, *Grease*] and seemed to hint that *Proossians* were progressing towards "the new light," he sat down, but was not silent. I put in my petition for a song, which he sang with the most rapturous enthusiasm, not forgetting to give it *that due mouth* which expressed most satisfactorily the vast importance he obviously attached to the subject. Swipes had come to our meeting in bodily fear of being lectured upon his sentiments and conduct, and so you may guess his very agreeable disappointment, when he found we were so much disposed to fall in with his foible. Nothing, however, could exceed his amazement, when Cleisthemeclaw, a warm, uncompromising Scotchman, filling his glass, with an air as if he couldn't help it, proposed the health of a certain exalted personage, which was drank *in silence*! The cockney Radical, absolutely drunk with delight, roared out for a song, which on a wink from myself, was assented to by the Northern Laird, who commenced as follows: to the fine tune of "O 'tis Love, 'tis Love."

O, 'tis sweet, 'tis sweet, 'tis sweet, a Radical to be,  
 O, 'tis sweet while life doth last, a Radical to be!  
 The king may be an excellent man  
 For aught that I can see,  
 But I guess it is a shameful plan  
 That he never has noticed me;  
 So after all my mind's made up  
 To rail at monarchy,  
 For there's nothing half so sweet in life,  
 As a Radical to be!

O, 'tis sweet, 'tis sweet, 'tis sweet, a Radical to be,  
 O, 'tis sweet while life doth last, a Radical to be!  
 The ministry are but shuffling bands,  
 As any one may spy,  
 That looks into their gear and lands  
 With only half an eye:  
 For many they've got sinecures,  
 But never a one for me;  
 So the only way to get one's dues  
 Is a Radical to be!

And O, 'tis sweet, 'tis sweet, 'tis sweet, a Radical to be,  
 O, 'tis sweet, while life doth last a Radical to be!  
 The bishops they are the special bore,  
 Of all great bores to me,  
 For many a living they've got in store  
 But where is there one for me?  
 So from morn to night, and from night to morn,  
 I'll growl most furiously—  
 For the Church and State are laugh'd to scorn  
 And all for want of me.

The lusty voice of the Aberdeen's man ceased; but only to give place to sounds of a different description. Mrs. Margery, who had been grave for the most part, (as was fitting) after stuffing a handkerchief into her mouth to prevent an untunely explosion, at the hazard of strangulation, at length, could no longer contain herself, and with one accord, we all caused the parlour to echo with the most obstreperous shouts of laughter. Swipes took the hint; which indeed it must be confessed was broad enough, and soon after took himself off—having nevertheless, (to his credit be it told) good sense enough to exhibit no risings of indignation at our quizzifications.

Poor Swipes is now in all essential respects an altered man—he has married a wife, and a good one—is always seen behind his counter, and consequently, thrives in his worldly concerns—goes regularly to church, and gives proof by the rectitude of his dealings, and benevolence to the poor in his neighbourhood, that religion is not without some power on his heart. He has, moreover, abjured small beer and weak tea, and enjoys in moderation a pipe and tankard; but yet he still puts in an occasional touch upon the old chord—*Reform.*

TOM. TOBYKIN. :

PETER PINDARICS;

OR, JOE MILLER VERSIFIED.

#### A GOOD TAKE OFF.

SAM FOOTE was a wag, as we all of us know,  
Aye, he was the fellow to ply a *bon mot*,  
A sample d'ye say?—Sir, it's yours in a minute;  
And I know it will please you before I begin it.

At the Hay-market one night,  
An unfortunate wight  
Was so cruelly mimick'd, next day  
His footman he sent;  
"My respects you'll present,  
And bid Mr. Foote call, if he's coming this way."

Sam obey'd—"Sir, be seated;  
I'm told that you treated  
Me rudely last night on the stage:  
What times these to scoff!  
To be thus taken off!

O, Sir, I protest it's a scandalous age!"  
Says Foote, "I repent, Sir,  
In sooth I lament, Sir,  
To have caused you alas! so much pain;  
But since I can scoff,  
And take others off—

Why I'll take myself off! shall I then, Sir, obtain  
Your forgiveness?"—"O yes,  
That's quite fair I confess,  
Do that, and I've no more to say."  
Then a lucky expedient,  
Says Sam, "your obedient,  
I will take myself off—Sir, I wish you good day."

W P.

## Reminiscences.

No. XIV.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—As Mr. Curran, the Irish barrister, has for years been the admiration of the bar, I think I cannot give tribute better to his memory, than by sending the annexed for your consideration to place in your *Reminiscences*.

The *Reminiscences* by †† will, I am afraid, be pirated by *Oxberry's Dramatic Biography*, indeed, a few are already, particularly the lively *bon mots*, and to secure a versatility of subject, I send you *Reminiscences* of Curran, which you will oblige me by inserting.

And am your well wisher,

F. M. L.

MR. CURRAN.

"WHEN a boy," says Mr. Curran, "I was once amusing myself playing at marbles, in the village of Ball Alley, with a light heart and a lighter pocket. The gibe and the jest went gaily round, when suddenly there appeared amongst us a stranger, of a very remarkable and very cheerful aspect; his intrusion was not the least restraint upon our merry little assemblage, on the contrary, he seemed pleased and even delighted; he was a benevolent creature, and the days of infancy, (after all, the happiest we shall ever see) perhaps, rose upon his memory. God bless him! I see his fine form at the distance of half a century, just as he stood before me in the little Ball Alley in the days of my childhood: his name was Boyse; was the Rector of Newmarket. To me he took a particular fancy—I was winning, and full of wagery, thinking every thing that was eccentric, and by no means a miser of my eccentricities, every one was welcome to share of them, and I had plenty to share after having freighted the company. Some sweetmeats easily bribed me home with him. I learned from poor Boyse my alphabet and grammar, and the rudiments of the classics. He taught me all he could, and then sent me to the school at Middleton. In short he made a man of me. I recollect it was about five and thirty years afterwards, when I had risen to some eminence at the bar, and when I had a seat in parliament, on my return one day from court, I found an old gentleman seated alone in my drawing-room, his feet familiarly placed on each side of the marble Italian chimney piece, and his whole air bespeaking the consciousness of one quite at home. He turned round—it was my friend of the Ball Alley—I

rushed instinctively into his arms, and burst into tears, words cannot describe the scene which followed. You are right sir—you are right. The chimney-piece is your's, the pictures are your's, the house is your's. You gave me all I have—my friend—my father—my benefactor. He dined with me, and in the evening I caught the tear glistening in his fine blue eye, when he saw poor little Jack, the creature of his bounty, rising in the House of Commons to reply to a right honourable. Poor Boyse, he is now gone, and no suitor had a larger deposit of practical benevolence in the court above. This is his wine, let us drink to his memory."

When Mr. Curran was called to the bar, he was without friends, without connexions, without fortune; conscious of talents far above the mob by which he was elbowed, and cursed with sensibility which rendered him painfully alive to the mortifications he was fated to experience. Those who have risen to professional eminence, and recollect the impediments of such a commencement—the neglect abroad—the poverty, perhaps, at home—the frowns of rivalry—the fears of friendship—the sneer—at the first discouragement, as to the present foreboding, as to the future—some who are established endeavouring to crush the chance of competition—and some who have failed anxious for the wretched consolation of companionship—those who recollect the comfort of such an apprenticeship, may fully appreciate poor Curran's situation. After toiling for a very inadequate recompense at the sessions of Cork, and wearing, as he said himself, his teeth almost to the stumps, he proceeded to the metropolis, taking for his wife and family a miserable lodging on Hog Hill. Term after term, without any profit or professional reputation, he paced the hall of the five courts; yet even thus he was not altogether undistinguished. If his pocket was not heavy, his heart was light; he was young and ardent, buoyed up not less by the consciousness of what he felt within, than by the encouraging comparisons with those who were successful around him; and he took his station among the crowd of idlers who he amused with his wit, or amazed with his eloquence. Many even who had emerged from that crowd, did not disdain occasionally to glean from his conversation the rich and varied treasures which he did not fail to squander with the most unsparing prodigality; and some there were who observed the brightness of the infant luminary struggling through the obscurity that clouded its commencement. Amongst

those that had the discrimination to appreciate, and the heart to feel for him, luckily for Mr. Curran, was Mr. Arthur Wolfe, afterwards the unfortunate, but respected, Lord Kilwarden. The first fee of any consequence which he received, was through his recommendation, and his recital of the incident cannot be without its interest to the young professional aspirant, whom a temporary neglect may have sunk into dejection. "I then lived," said he, "upon Hog Hill, my wife and children were the chief furniture of the apartment, and as to my rent, it stood pretty much the same chance of its liquidation with the national debt. Mrs. Curran was, however, a barrister's lady, and what was wanted in wealth, she was determined should be supplied in dignity. The landlady, on the other hand, had no idea of any other gradation except that of pounds, shillings, and pence. I walked out one morning to avoid the perpetual altercations on the subject, my mind you may imagine in no very enviable temperament. I fell into the gloom to which from my infancy I had been occasionally subject. I had a family for whom I had no dinner, and a landlady for whom I had no rent. I had gone abroad in despondence—I returned home almost in desperation. When I had opened the door of my study, where Lavater alone could have found a library, the first object which presented itself, was an immense folio brief, and twenty golden guineas, wrapped up beside it, and the name of old Bob Lyons marked upon the back of it. I paid my landlady—bought a good dinner—gave Bob Lyons a share of it—and that dinner was the date of my prosperity!" Such was his own exact account of his professional advancement.

Mr. Curran was once asked, what an Irish gentleman, just arrived in England, could mean by perpetually putting out his tongue. "I suppose," replied the wit, "*he's trying to catch the English accent.*"

Mr. Curran, cross-examining a horse-jockey's servant, asked his master's age. "I never put my hand in his mouth to try," answered the witness. The laugh was against the counsel until he retorted, "You are perfectly right friend, for your master is said to be a *great bite.*"

In speaking of a learned sergeant who gave a confused, elaborate, and tedious explanation of some point at law, Curran observed, "that whenever that grave counsellor endeavoured to unfold a principle of law, he put him in mind of a fool, whom he once saw, struggling a whole day to open an oyster with a rolling pin."

There were a few of his early friends

with whom Mr. Curran continued in habits of affectionate intimacy. One of them he had on frequent visits at the Priory. He was a mighty hunter, and a very good natured and well tempered man, devoted to Mr. Curran, with the sincerity of an early attachment. On the chase he was eloquent, but after that subject became exhausted, had scarcely any other left him; yet in this gentleman's society Mr. Curran found himself very happy. Some friends asked him, how it was that his taste did not revolt at passing so many dull nights with him. "I am very much gratified by those recollections, he always brings me back to, and it is with his heart I hold communion, nor can you imagine what pleasure his good humour and singularities afford me. He is an excellent man. I once asked him," continued Mr. Curran, "how he who was not fond of books or of music—could amuse himself in the country on a wet day, confined within doors, as he frequently was; and his account I will give you in his own words. 'Music and books! by *Jarus* I have both, and I amuse myself widum. I have an old rum of a fiddle, and I rasps that till I bodhers myself, and I falls asleep.' Well, and when you awake, how are you amused? 'Why then I takes up a book, I think they call it *Tom Jones*, and I reads that till I falls asleep again; and it's always new to me, for I forgets it as fast as I reads it.' After this specimen of companionship," said Mr. Curran, "do you think my companion so dull as you conceived him to be?"

There were two gentlemen of the Irish bar, one a North-of-Ireland man, the other from the South of Ireland, they were as tall as poplars. Curran said of them, "One is the North, the other the South Pole." One of them being seen in London, walking with Mr. Curran, some person asked him who that extraordinary person was, who so much resembled *Lismahago*, and what was his business in London? Curran replied, that "though he was one of his *longest* acquaintances, yet he did not precisely know what his business in London was: except, perhaps, to peep down the chimneys of the Londoners to see what they had for dinner." One of those gentlemen had, by his length of legs, so annoyed an English Lady who sat opposite to him in a public coach, that when he proposed to some of the company to take a walk for a short stage, and on his going out, observed, "I think it will be of great use to me to stretch out my legs," the lady exclaimed, "Good God, Sir! if you do there will be no enduring you, they are so long already."

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### STRIKING INSTANCE OF THE GRATITUDE OF BONAPARTE.

A YOUNG man was passing with his regiment through Lyons, in 17—, where he fell sick, and was obliged to remain at an hotel. He was very ill supplied with money, and his purse was speedily exhausted by the expense his malady occasioned him: his hostess, untouched by his destitute situation, had him carried into a granary, where all the furniture she allowed him was a paliasse and a chair, and all the sustenance, a little barley-water; refusing to call in the aid of a physician, to avoid the responsibility in which she apprehended such an additional charge might involve her. It happened that the first floor of this furnished hotel was occupied by two Genevese ladies, Madame and Mademoiselle Agiée, who had visited Lyons for the benefit of change of air: they were both advanced in years, Mademoiselle Agiée being near fifty. These two ladies were clever and well informed; but, according to the Genevese habit, they did injustice to their real merit by a pretension to something beyond it, and a pedantry completely national. The fate of the young soldier interested all the domestics of the hotel, and the particulars of his friendless condition reached the ear of Mademoiselle Agiée through her maid, who acquainted her at the same time with the cruelty of the landlady, who threatened to send him to the hospital. The maid succeeded in awakening the sympathy of her mistress, who immediately sent for a physician, informing the hostess that she would answer all expenses, and that it was her pleasure the sick man should be removed without delay to a comfortable chamber. The humane Abigail, meanwhile, never quitted the chamber of the invalid whom she had taken so happily under her protection. Weakened by his illness, which had been so aggravated by neglect, the young soldier was in a frightful state of delirium when the physician visited him, and during the process of changing his apartment, so that, when he recovered his senses, he was greatly astonished to find himself in a well-furnished chamber, and believed himself dreaming. Near his bed was his faithful nurse, whom he began to question, but who contented herself with replying that a friend, who took an interest in him, had given orders that he should be properly attended. Days, and even weeks escaped thus, till

at length the young soldier, recovering his strength, insisted on being informed to whom he was indebted for so many benefits. There was in the expression of his countenance something that commanded respect, which perhaps even excited fear; the good woman named her mistress, and, with all possible delicacy, related to him the miserable circumstances in which she had found him. He entreated to see Mademoiselle Agiée, that he might lighten his heart of some of its gratitude; he was not yet able to rise, nor was he permitted to read; but he was, nevertheless, sufficiently re-instated to feel the weight and weariness of an idle life. Mademoiselle Agiée consented to the demand of the young soldier, and paid him her first visit; she remained with him only a few moments, but promised to return and bring him books, desiring him to make his choice, and offering to read for him all he should be no longer forbidden to occupy himself. He accepted her proposal with joy, and selected the "Life of Turenne," and a book on geometry. Every day Mademoiselle Agiée passed some hours with the convalescent soldier, who listened eagerly as she read, often interrupting her to make observations, which were always just, and sometimes very striking. He did not seem easily inclined to confidence, and it was not till some time had thus elapsed, that one day, as if led on by a military ardour beyond his power to restrain, he began to speak of his projects to Mademoiselle Agiée; she smiled as she listened to him, "In truth," said she, "I believe we shall one of these days see you a colonel." "Colonel!" replied he in a tone of indignation, "I shall be a general—and perhaps——" but he interrupted himself, as if alarmed at what he was about to say, and perhaps even internally rebuking himself for what he had said. "Until now," said Mademoiselle Agiée, "I have never asked you a single question, either with regard to your country or family. By your accent, I conceive you to be a foreigner, although you belong to a French regiment." "I am a Corsican, and my name is Napoleon." The young man was Bonaparte.

Mademoiselle Agiée every day became more and more interested in Napoleon; and when he was entirely recovered, she equipped him, and supplied him with the money necessary to enable him to rejoin his regiment. On taking leave of his benefactress, the young man was much affected. "Believe me," said he, "I shall never forget what you have done for me! You will hear of me." He departed, and Mademoiselle Agiée with her mother returned to Geneva. Very soon

the name of Napoleon became celebrated; and Mademoiselle Agiée, in reading the gazettes, exulted in the successes of her protégé, who meanwhile, seemed to have entirely forgotten her. Years passed thus away, when sometime before the battle of Marengo, Bonaparte passed through Nyon, a little town of the Canton de Vaud, twelve miles from Geneva, on his way into Italy;—he could only stop a few hours;—he sent an aide-de-camp to Geneva, with orders to inquire for a lady; named Agiée, very ugly, and old, and to bring her to him; such were his directions. In Geneva, as in all small towns, every body is known, and the aide-de-camp succeeded in finding Mademoiselle Agiée; she was become nearly blind, and very seldom quitted her own house, but the name of her hero seemed to inspire her with new strength, and she hesitated not, to follow his messenger. Bonaparte was impatient, and came to meet his friend on horseback, attended by his staff, as far as Versois; as soon as he perceived her carriage, he spurred on to receive her, and the feelings of Mademoiselle Agiée on this rencontre may better be imagined than expressed. "Gentlemen," said Bonaparte, turning towards his suite, "you see my benefactress, she to whom I am indebted for life; I was destitute of every thing when she succoured me. I am happy and proud to be obliged to her, and I shall never forget it." Mademoiselle Agiée passed two hours at Nyon with Bonaparte, at the hotel of the Croix Blanche, where he detailed to her all his plans, and, on taking leave of her, repeated the same words he had uttered at Lyons. "You will hear of me." From that hour to the epoch of his coronation, she received from him no token of his existence; but fifteen days before the coronation, General Hullin was announced to Mademoiselle Agiée. He desired her to prepare to accompany him, as Bonaparte was resolved that she should witness his glory; he was furnished, with the strictest and most minute orders. Mademoiselle Agiée was permitted to carry nothing with her, beyond what was merely indispensable during the journey; and in spite of her age and her infirmities, the day after the general's arrival, she set out. On arriving at Paris, she alighted at a house in the Place du Carrousel, opposite the palace of the Tuilleries; there she found domestics in the livery of Bonaparte, and, in short, a completely furnished mansion; a well-stocked wardrobe had been prepared for her. Bonaparte had recollected even her favourite colours, and had omitted nothing he imagined would give her pleasure; she had a long audi-

ence of Napoleon ; he assigned her, besides a house, carriage, and domestics, maintained at his expense, an annual income of six thousand francs. He continued to preserve towards Mademoiselle Agiée the most marked regard, often consulting her even on the most important affairs. On the fall of Bonaparte, Mademoiselle Agiée lost the house and the advantages he had conferred upon her ; but I have reason to believe, that her pension was always regularly paid by the agents of Napoleon, till her death, which happened, I believe, in 1822. It is from herself that I received the details I have given ;—it is easy to imagine with what animation she descanted upon her hero ; even without partaking her enthusiasm, it was impossible not to listen to her with interest ; besides, noble and generous sentiments belong to our intellectual existence, no matter what country we belong to, or what are our opinions, the emotions of the heart wait not to consult our prejudices. Mademoiselle Agiée died in the Hotel de la Rochefoucauld, Faubourg du Roule, at Paris, of which she inhabited a small wing, after having quitted her house in the Place du Carousel.

*New Monthly Magazine.*

#### TWENTY ONE ELEGIAC STANZAS

*To the Black Man who swept the crossing at the Obelisk, Blackfriars, and who lately died of age.*

My face is my fortune, Sir, said she.—*Old Song.*

1.

AND art thou gone, my Bridge-street friend ?

Dead !—Well, we all must fall !

Death is the greatest sweeper, for  
He sweepeth man and all !

2.

Art gone ?—Thou street philosopher !

Meek man in black !—ah ! when

Again shall such philanthropist  
Make clean the ways of men ?

3.

A sable Jaques thou hast been

Eying man's sifful range :

And thou, with hat pull'd down, hast seen  
In thy brief time much change !

4.

The copper captain's penny coin,

The colonel's penny less ;

The beggar, mounted proverb-wise,  
Neck-riding, nothing less !

5.

The silken dame, with virtue's stamp,

Giving a sigh—but that !

While from a ruin'd sleepless tramp  
Pence fill'd thy napless hat !

6.

Thou hast seen the effect of Martin's act

On drovers most unkind ;

Those that went by on Mondays fined,  
On Fridays pass'd re-And !

7.

Thou wert a slave—yea, a black slave,  
Even on English land !

Slave at a stand-still to a walk,  
With stretch'd imploring hand !

8.

A slave !—Why did not Wilberforce

Think of the blacks at home ?

Where was thy Bennett, Clarkson, where  
Where was thy best friend Broom ?

9.

And neighbour Waithman too, could he

Rave of a free-born nation,

And all forget thy crusty fate  
And small emancipation ?

10.

The City sells its freedom : so

Beggars such things decline ;

Thou'rt free !—Thou'lt never cross our path,  
Nor we again cross thine !

11.

Or, crossing, we no more shall see

Thy grizzled—great wig's disk !

The pigtail, level'd like a gun  
Against the Obelisk !

12.

The hat, all humbled to the dust,

Luring one's own dust down ;

The jaded broom, keeping the streets,  
Like something on the town !

13.

Dead !—dead, and gone !—The gentle man,

The Bridge-street spirit's lost !

Thy course, like true love's, was not smooth ;  
Thy path was ever cross'd !

14.

All the black honours, after death,

Somehow thy life did grace ;

The Monument was o'er thy head,  
The mourning in thy face !

15.

Thou wert for ever in one spot,

A thing of dust,—alone ;

The passer by did drop his sigh,  
And pass, as usual, on !

16.

I, new, like some poor pilgrim stray

To hunt out thy remains ;

And find that they are gone away ;  
Thy gains, the rich regains !

17.

Thy will is just,—aye, just as we

Look'd for from thy good sense ;

Thy post thou hast left to Mr. Hume,  
Who looks to the people's pence !

18.

Thy broom is left to Cobbett, to

Be fix'd in his mast head ;

A Catholic life-boat, mark'd for sale,  
Will wake the Irish dead !

19.

Thy clothes are left to Bodkin,—coat

And wig, and tatter'd breeches ;

He values what is poor, because  
In them he finds his riches !



20.

Thy hat,—thy begging hat,—is given  
(No gift could sure be apter  
For the abbey's use at Westminster)  
To the poor dean and chapter!

21.

Thy spirit will haunt those saints, and when  
At Westminster's low door  
Thou'rt taking toll, thou'lt think thou'rt in  
Thy own *Black friars* once more!

*London Magazine.*

### APRIL FOOLS.

THERE is not a holiday, or a public custom, which I do not like to maintain, provided it be one made for every body. Though a bachelor, I have my pancakes on Shrove Tuesday. Christmas is not Christmas without mince-pie. We always keep May-day at Bowring Park: St. Valentine (charitable go-between!) enables me to give pleasure to any interesting face that I happen to meet, and that I may never be able to meet otherwise; and on the day before us, I make fools of half-a-dozen of the most sensible and good-natured of my acquaintances; for I never venture on the stupid. I do it merely *en passant*, and to preserve a custom. A *hoax* is too long and treacherous. Pretty women are those I like to make fools of; and if they do not make a fool of me in return, I am disappointed. It loses me my revenge. The provocation should be given handsomely, quietly, briefly. What follows, may be more elaborate. The long embassies, on which the uninterested send one another for cobbler's oil, and pigeon's milk, are what I cannot approve of. The common joke of calling the attention to something not to be found is better, and may be turned to good account. But, in the hands of wit and good-nature, any thing may be turned to account. A reputation for spirit and good-humour, mixed with a certain real regard for those whom a man plays upon, will enable him to do all in triumph. There is Tom Neylle, who can snap a horse-shoe. Every body knows that Tom, for all he is such a tough junior, would as soon break his own heart as cause any body he loves an affliction. For which reason he may play what pranks he pleases. I have known Tom, upon the strength of a common joke about *tips* and *tulips*, make April fools of all the pretty women of his acquaintance. To one he would say, "Have you seen my tulips?" and upon her turning round to look, salute her in the name of the season. Another he would ask to help him "plant his tulips;" a third, if she would have

some double tulips," &c. But there is a manner in these things which mere wit cannot attain to. The lady must be given to understand, by a kind of magic, and in the twinkling of an eye, that she would neither be wise nor amiable in resisting, and yet that kisses are not regarded by the operator as vulgar things, or to be given to every body.

But I shall be getting into May instead of April. Would it had been April or May, or any other season, provided we had been old acquaintances, and good-nature have stood me instead of address, when those two eyes turned upon me that I saw at the concert at Sir J. L.'s.—The strings of her waist caught one of my coat buttons; and there looked round upon me—such a face! I shall never forget it—so alive, so cordial, so intelligent, so refined, so every thing. If any body ever saddens it, I hereby inform her that she has a Honeycomb for her champion. I apologised for the involuntary detention of her, but lamented the necessity of undoing it; upon which, without uttering a word, she said a thousand things by the mere turn of her countenance, and all the best natured and properest in the world.

The making April fools appears to have once trespassed beyond its bounds, and become a standing joke in the time of Swift. It was called a Bite. Rowe produced a comedy on it, which did not succeed. Such jokes are not calculated for any thing continuous. Swift, writing to an acquaintance in Ireland, says, "I'll teach you a way to outwit Mrs. Johnston; it is a new fashioned way of being witty, and they call it 'a bite.' You must ask a bantering question, or tell some d—d lie in a serious manner, and then she will answer or speak as if you were in earnest; and then cry you—'Madam, there's a bite.' I would not have you undervalue this, for it is the constant amusement in Court, and everywhere else among the great people; and I let you know it, in order to have it obtain among you, and to teach you a new refinement."—SWIFT'S WORKS, vol. xi. p. 12.—8vo. edit. 1801.

*New Monthly Magazine.*

### Miscellanies.

#### GREAT CHESS MATCH BETWEEN LONDON AND EDIN- BURGH.

IN No. 77 of the MIRROR, we gave an account of the Origin of the Scientific Game of Chess, leaving to our readers to consult other works for a description of the manner of playing it. It may, however, be necessary, to state that it may be

played by persons at a distance from each other, by merely transmitting an account of each move. An instance of this kind has just occurred in a game played between the Chess Clubs of Edinburgh and London, which terminated in favour of the former. A correspondent has called on us to give an account of the whole of the moves in this great match, which excited intense interest among the admirers of this intellectual game (for such it really is) in London and Edinburgh.

## MOVES.

*London, White.—Edinburgh, Black.*

1. W. King's Pawn two squares.—B. the same.
2. W. King's Knight to his Bishop's third square.—B. Queen's Knight to her Bishop's third square.
3. W. Queen's Pawn two squares. B. the Pawn takes the Pawn.
4. W. The King's Bishop to Queen's Bishop fourth square. B. the same.
5. W. The Queen's Bishop's Pawn one square. B. the Queen to King's second square.
6. W. The King castles. B. The Pawn at W. Queen's fourth square takes the Pawn.
7. W. The Queen's Knight takes the Pawn. B. The Queen's Pawn one square.
8. W. The Queen's Knights to the adverse Queen's fourth square. B. The Queen to her second square.
9. W. The Queen's Knight's Pawn two squares. B. The Queen's Knight takes the Pawn.
10. W. The Queen's Knight takes the Knight. B. The King's Bishop takes the Knight.
11. W. The King's Knight to the B. King's Knight's fourth square. B. The King's Knight to the Rook's third square.
12. W. The Queen's Bishop to the Queen's Knight's second square. B. The King to his Bishop's square.
13. W. The Queen to her Knight's third square. B. The Queen to the King's second square.
14. W. The King's Knight takes the King's Bishop's Pawn. B. The King's Knight takes the Knight.
15. W. The Queen takes the Bishop. B. The King's Knight to the King's fourth square.
16. W. The King's Bishop's Pawn two squares. B. The Knight takes the Bishop.
17. W. The Queen takes the Knight. B. The Queen's to the King's Bishop's second.
18. W. The Queen to her Bishop's third square. B. The Queen's Bishop to the King's third square.
19. W. The King's Bishop's Pawn one square. B. The Queen's B. to the W. Queen's Bishop's fourth square.
20. W. The King's Rook to the King's Bishop's fourth square. B. The Queen's Knight's Pawn two squares.
21. W. The King's Pawn one square. B. The Queen's Pawn takes the Pawn.
22. W. The Queen takes the Pawn. B. The King's Rook's Pawn one square.
23. W. The Queen's Rook to the King's square. B. The King's Rook to its second square.
24. W. The King's Bishop's Pawn one square. B. The King's Knight's Pawn two squares.
25. W. The King's Rook to B. King's Bishop's fourth square. B. The Queen's Rook's Pawn two squares.
26. W. The Queen checks at B. Queen's Bishop's fourth square. B. The King to his Knight's square.
27. W. The King's Rook takes King's Knight's Pawn, checking. B. The Rook's Pawn takes the Rook.
28. W. The Queen takes the Pawn, checking. B. The King to his Bishop's square.
29. W. The Queen to the B. Queen's Bishop's fourth square, checking. B. The King to his Knight's square.
30. W. The Queen to the B. Queen's Knight's fourth square, checking. B. The King to his Bishop's square.
31. W. The Queen's Bishop to the Queen's fourth. B. The King's Bishop to the King's third.
32. W. The Queen's Bishop to the B. Queen's Bishop's fourth, checking. B. The King to his square.
33. W. The Queen to the adverse Queen's fourth square. B. The Queen's Rook took its third square.
34. W. The Queen to the B. Queen's Knight's second square. B. The Queen to the King's Rook's fourth square.
35. W. The King's Bishop's Pawn one square, checking. B. The King takes the Pawn.
36. W. The Queen's Rook to the King's Bishop's square, checking. B. The King to the Knight's third square.
37. W. The Queen to her King's fourth square, checking. B. The King's Bishop interposes at King's Bishop's fourth.
38. W. The Queen to the adverse King's square, checking. B. The King's Rook interposes at the King's Bishop second.
39. W. Queen checks at the adverse

- King's Knight's square. B. The King to his Bishop's third square.
40. W. The King's Knight's Pawn two squares. B. The Queen's Rook to its square.
41. W. The Queen takes the Queen's Rook. B. The Queen takes the King's Knight's Pawn, checking.
42. W. The King to his Rook's square. B. The Rook to the Queen's second square.
43. W. The Queen's Bishop to the Queen's Rook's third square. B. The King to his Bishop's second square.
44. W. The Queen to the adverse Queen's Rook's square. B. The Rook to the adverse Queen's square.
45. W. The Queen takes the Queen's Knight's Pawn. B. The Queen to the adverse King's fourth square, checking.
46. W. The King to his Knight's square. B. The King to his Knight's third square.
47. W. The Queen to her Knight's second square. B. The Queen to W. King's Knight's fourth, checking.
48. W. The Queen interposes at the King's Knight's second. B. The Queen takes the Queen.
49. W. The King takes the Queen. B. The Bishop to the W. King's Rook's third, checking.
50. W. The King takes the Bishop. B. The Rook takes the Rook.
51. W. The Bishop to the adverse King's second. B. The Rook to his King's Bishop's fourth square.
52. W. The Queen's Rook's Pawn one square. B. The Queen's Bishop's Pawn two squares.

The White gave up the game.

In our next MIRROR we shall give some curious and interesting anecdotes of the game of chess.

### The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—Wotton.

### IMPROMPTU

*Written on the back of a Summons.*

UNWELCOME message to the flames  
quick go,  
Thy words bespeak both poverty and woe,  
Thou often dost upon the helpless call  
And take from them their all, their little  
all;  
Happy the man who always pays his way  
Who has enough to serve from day to  
day;

Blest with enough I'd never want a store,  
Blest with content I'll never wish for  
more. G. MONRO.

### A DEAD DIALOGUE.

THE following curious Dead Dialogue happened lately between two live ladies in Fleet-street:—

Pray, Madam, how do you do?  
Dead, Madam, with the Tooth-ache.  
Lord, I am sorry for it, but I myself  
have been dead with it these three weeks,  
and poor little Jacky is absolutely dying  
of the same complaint.

### LOGIC.—DR. JOHNSON.

If a lad who *turnips* cries,  
Cry not when his father dies,  
'Tis a proof that he had rather  
Have a turnip than a father.

### EPIGRAM

*On a Musician and Dancing Master,  
who decamped with cash, subscribed  
for a musical publication.*

His time was quick, his touch was fleet;  
Our gold he nimbly fingered;  
Alike alert with hands and feet,  
His movements have not lingered

Where lies the wonder of the case?  
A moment's thought detects it:  
His practice has been thorough-bass,  
A chord will be his exit.

Yet while we blame his hasty flight,  
Our censure may be rash;  
A traveller is surely right,  
To change his notes for cash.

### MOTTO FOR A CANNON BALL.

IN the church of Ampthill, in Bedfordshire, is a monument of Robert Nicholls, of Ampthill Park, Governor of Long Island, who being in attendance on the duke of York, was slain on board his royal highness's ship in 1672. A cannon ball, said to be that which caused his death, is fixed within the pediment, on the mouldings is this inscription:  
"Instrumentum mortis et immortalitatis."

(The instrument of mortality and immortality.)

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IN answer to the inquiry of more than one correspondent we beg to state, a letter-box, for communications for the MIRROR, has been placed in the window of the Mirror-office.

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# The Mirror

OF

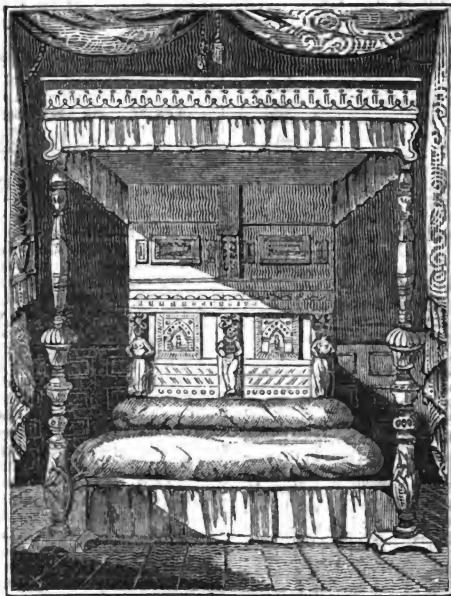
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION

No. CXXXVIII.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.

## The last Bedstead on which Richard III. slept.



SHAKSPEARE, more than our historians, has made the life and fate of Richard III. familiar to the British public—yea, to the world: his was certainly an eventful history, and an incident connected with its close cannot be uninteresting to our readers.

When Richard set out to encounter the Earl of Richmond, he proceeded to Leicester, which city he entered on the 21st of August, 1485, and slept at the Blue Boar Inn, part of which is supposed to be now standing opposite to the Free School. The bedstead on which he slept is still preserved, and we present our readers with a correct representation of it as a curiosity in domestic furniture.

The history of this bedstead is curious.

VOL. V.

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In the year 1613, Mrs. Clark, keeper of the Blue Boar Inn, was robbed by her servant maid and seven men; the relation of the robbery is thus given by Sir Roger Twisden:—"When King Richard III. marched into Leicestershire against Henry, Earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry VII., he lay at the Blue Boar Inn, in the town of Leicester, where was left a large wooden bedstead, gilded in some places, which after his defeat and death in the battle of Bosworth, was left either through haste, or as a thing of little value (the bedding being all taken from it,) to the people of the house; thenceforward this old bedstead, which was boarded at the bottom, (as the manner was in those days,) became a piece of standing

273

furniture, and passed from tenant to tenant with the inn. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth this house was kept by one Mr. Clarke, who put a bed on this bedstead, which, his wife going to make hastily, and tumbling the bedstead, a piece of gold dropped out; this excited the woman's curiosity; she narrowly examined this antiquated piece of furniture, and finding it had a double bottom, took off the uppermost with a chisel, upon which she discovered the space between them filled with gold; part of it coined by Richard III., and the rest in earlier times. Mr. Clark concealed this piece of good fortune, though, by degrees, the effect made it known, for he became rich from a low condition, and in the space of a few years, Mayor of the town, and then the story of the bedstead came to be rumoured by the servants.

"At his death he left his estate to his wife, who still continued to keep the inn, though she was known to be very rich, which put some wicked persons upon engaging the maid-servant to assist in robbing her. These folks, to the number of seven, lodged in the house, plundered it, and carried off some horse-loads of valuable things, yet left a considerable quantity of valuables scattered about the floor. As for Mrs. Clark herself, who was very fat, she endeavoured to cry out for help, upon which her maid-servant thrust her fingers down her throat, and choked her, for which act she was burnt, and the seven men who were her accomplices, were hanged at Leicester sometime in the year 1613."

The bedstead afterwards came into the hands of Alderman Drake, but it had then been cut down; the feet, which were two feet and a half long, have since been replaced by modern ones. It is not, however, probable, that so heavy a piece of furniture, even in the fifteenth century, would be carried about as a part of the camp equipage by a person like Richard III., who was everything in the field, and regardless of those indulgences, which could only gratify minds intent on less important objects.

The bedstead, most likely, was the best in the inn, and the money might have been secreted by Richard till his return after the battle.

*Melodies, &c. never before published, with Accompaniments for the Piano Forte, composed expressly for this work.*

THE progression and improvement of the public taste of England, in music, during the last ten or twelve years, is no less extraordinary than it is gratifying; and sufficiently proves the fact of our being as essentially a musical people as is consistent with the energy and pursuits of a great and free nation.

It has for many years past been the fashion with the would-be-amateurs and *cognoscenti* of the day, to affirm, that the English are not a musical people—that there is no English school of music—and other sweeping assertions, which a few minutes' consideration, in any one possessing but a moderate knowledge of the history of his country, would at any time completely controvert. These sapient professors, in their admiration of the Italian and other foreign schools of music, seem totally to have forgotten that at a period when musical knowledge was in other countries, in point of science, comparatively in its infancy, its diffusion in England was so universal, that at every festive meeting, music in parts was regularly introduced and handed round to the company;\* and for a guest not to be able to take his part and sing it in conjunction correctly at sight, was to betray an ignorance that would have been as much wondered at in those days, as a want of knowledge in the simplest elements of reading would be in the present; they forget too, that glees and catches, compositions requiring as intimate a knowledge of all the more intricate principles of harmony as even the *fugue* and *canon* of other countries, are, in their origin and practice, wholly English; and in answer to their assertion that the English have no school of music, we would ask them to name a composer either of Italy, Germany, or France, who has produced compositions so decidedly national and characteristic as those of our own mighty Purcell, the father of English music. There is a manliness in his style, a freedom in his melody, and a soundness in his harmony, that are entirely English, and claim no sort of affinity with the enervating strains of Italy, the mystifying modulations of Germany, or the light trickeries of France. Passing over Boyce, and other memorable names in the school of England's "native wood notes wild," we would ask these depreciators of their country's claims to national song, from what school our own Dibdin borrowed his bold and heart-stirring strains? that

\* Vide Sir John Hawkins, Busby, &c.

## Music.

### No. I.

*On the late improvement of Musical Taste in England, and announcement of a Series of Original Songs, to appear in the MIRROR, adapted to National*

like the breezes of that ocean, the toils of which they have so often shared, have a freshness and a spirit in them as invigorating to the soul, as 'delightful' to the sense. It has indeed been the vice of our countrymen during the last half century, from causes which our limits will not at present permit us to investigate, to take their standard of musical excellence from the *fa-l-de-ra-l* ballads of Vauxhall, the vulgar melodies of Hook, and composers of his class. The compositions of Bishop, however, executed as they have been by the science of a Stephens, a Paton, and a Tree, led the way to a reformation in this particular, and now nothing short of the excellence of Mozart, Rossini, and Weber, can expect to be permanently popular. The most delicate harmonies of Rossini, and the profoundest depths of Weber are at present alike felt and welcomed by all classes; the derry-down ballad, and lang-twang-dillo song, have long since been voted antediluvian. The thousand variations of "Young Roger met Flora adown in the vale," no longer command attention. Fancy, feeling, and expression, are now looked for even by the most uneducated. The improvement of late years in our street music cannot have been unnoticed by any of our readers, and it is with a feeling of this widelyspreading improvement of our musical taste, and the interest taken generally by all classes of persons in musical compositions of merit, whether national, or those of the existing great masters of Italy and Germany, that the conductors of the *MIRROR*, ever anxious to be the first to render the treasures of genius universally accessible, and contribute to the gratification of their readers, have engaged with a popular Dramatist and Lyrist, well known in the musical circles, to furnish a series of original songs, with accompaniments for the piano forte, composed expressly for this work; and will be written and adapted to original national melodies and approved compositions of Mozart, Weber, and other great masters, remarkable for their beauty, and not before published in England. They will appear every month in the pages of the *MIRROR*, thus furnishing in addition to the present (we trust generally acknowledged) valuable matter in this work, a song which, if published separately in any of our music shops, according to the present prices, would cost at least two shillings or half a crown; a step which we have no doubt will shortly render the acquisition of music as available to all classes, as the first publication of the *MIRROR* has done the treasures of literature.

No. I. A characteristic ballad, written,

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arranged, and adapted to an original melody of Mozart, for the first time vocalized, with an accompaniment for the piano forte, will appear in an early number, and will, we have no doubt, be highly acceptable to our readers, whether musical or otherwise. The melodies of the musical glasses have ever been admired for their sweetness of tone, their delicacy, and their expression, and we do hope the melodies of the *MIRROR* (putting their originality out of the question) will be found worthy to be ranked with the most favoured of them.

## Charitable Institutions in London.

No. II.

### ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY.

OUR readers need scarcely be told that it is customary to celebrate the anniversary of all the institutions in London by a public dinner, at which our royal dukes frequently preside. At these parties, which are consonant to the social habits of Englishmen, reports are made of the state of the institution, and ardent appeals urged in its behalf, when a liberal subscription is generally the result.

The anniversary dinner of the Royal Humane Society was held on Thursday, the 21st instant. In the absence of the duke of Northumberland the president of the society, the chair was taken by Mr. Gurney, king's counsel, who after the dinner and a procession of about five and thirty persons who had been rescued from the jaws of death, thus happily characterised the society. "If," said Mr. Gurney, "an individual were to visit the numerous charitable institutions in London, they would each present some strong claim to support. Were they severally asked the nature of those claims, one would say, we have allayed the burning rage of fever, another, we have given an asylum to the destitute, a third, we have reformed the criminal; a fourth would say, we have made the blind to see, a fifth, we have taught the deaf to hear, and a sixth, we have caused the dumb to speak. But if we are asked what we have done, we shall say we have restored to life those who were numbered with the dead. A general, when he gains a victory, asks where are his prisoners, and the artillery he has taken? and if we are asked what proof we give of our achievements, we point to the spectacle you have just witnessed, and say these are our trophies."

Such is indeed a true character of the

Royal Humane Society, which in a period of half a century has been the means, by its direct agency, of rescuing from premature death upwards of 5,000 individuals in the neighbourhood of the metropolis alone; and when we consider that it has also been the means of stimulating similar institutions, not only at home but in other countries, and of diffusing the best means of restoring suspended animation, the benefit the society has conferred is incalculable.

The art of resuscitating the apparently dead does not appear to have been known to the ancients. Some instances of recovery from drowning and hanging, mentioned in the notes to Derham's "Physico-Theology," are the first on record. These cases happened at Tronningholm and at Oxford, about the year 1650, and the means used for the recovery of the persons in question were similar to those recommended by the Royal Humane Society. It does not seem, however, that these instances excited any public interest, or that any serious investigation of the subject of suspended animation took place till about the middle of the last century. At this period the penetrating genius of Dr. J. Fothergill, which had already in other branches of his profession developed new and important modes of treating diseases, led him to perceive "the fallacy and dubiousness of the received criteria of dissolution;" and in a paper which he addressed to the *Royal Society*, he maintained, as the result of his inquiries, "*the possibility of saving many lives without risking any thing.*" To us it must appear extraordinary that his publication excited little interest and attention among the medical philosophers of his time. He had, however, propounded a most important theory, although the glory of putting it to the test of experiment was reserved for a later period. This was first attempted by Mr. Reaumur, an ingenious foreigner: that gentleman having succeeded in several attempts at resuscitation in Switzerland in the year 1767, transmitted reports of his cases to the Academy of Sciences at Paris. Soon after this period, in the same year, a Society for the Recovery of the Apparently Drowned was instituted at Amsterdam, and, as if by a simultaneous movement, several similar associations were formed in different parts of Europe. The Memoirs of the Dutch Society were translated into English in 1773, by Dr. Cogan, for the purpose of convincing the people of this country of the practicability of resuscitating the apparently drowned. His work fell into the hands of the late Dr. Hawes, to whose

ardent and indefatigable mind it opened a career of public usefulness which he pursued until his death. Finding that a strong and general prejudice existed against the *practicability* of resuscitation, and that the idea was even ridiculed as hopeless and chimerical, he determined to *demonstrate* it. With this view he publicly offered rewards to persons who, between London and Westminster Bridges, should, within a certain period from the occurrence of an accident, rescue the bodies of drowned persons, and bring them to places appointed on shore for their reception, in order that the means of resuscitation might be tried. At these places he and his friends restored several lives. During a whole year Dr. Hawes continued to pay these rewards himself. At the end of this period Dr. Cogan represented to him the injury his private fortune must sustain by such continued expenses, and kindly offered to unite with him for the formation of the Humane Society, which at first consisted of thirty-two individuals, their respective private friends.

The objects of the Royal Humane Society are to afford immediate assistance in every case of suspended animation, and to employ the best means to restore it, let the cause by which it was suspended be what it may; and the object is, by honorary rewards, such as medals, votes of thanks, &c., to stimulate individuals to rescue the drowning, or to do all in their power to restore life to the apparently dead.

For this purpose there are several receiving houses in various parts of the metropolis, where persons are always in attendance with the necessary apparatus. The Society's principal receiving house is situated on the north side of the Serpentine River, in Hyde Park. The ground upon which it stands was graciously presented by his late Majesty to the directors and Governors, expressly for the benevolent purpose to which it has been devoted.

In this house (which may be considered as the society's model) every thing necessary for the application of the resuscitating process is provided, and kept in constant readiness. A bed is fitted up—a warm bath and electrifying machine, in case it should be found necessary, are in a state of preparation for instant use—apparatus and medicine, of every kind, necessary in a case of suspended animation, are deposited there; and during the bathing season in summer, and the frosts in winter, a medical gentleman attends, for the purpose of rendering immediate and effectual assistance on the occurrence of accidents.



The Royal Humane Society, of which the king is patron, is supported wholly by donations and subscriptions, and rests on the benevolence of the British public for the means of carrying on its operations. It consists of a president, a vice-president, treasurers, directors, governors, chaplains, medical assistant, registrar, and secretary. A subscription of one guinea annually constitutes a governor; two guineas annually, a director; ten guineas at once, a life-governor; twenty guineas at once, a life-director.—There are also honorary members; and in this list is the present Emperor of Russia, who has himself merited the distinction by a trait of great humanity, which has furnished the subject for an excellent picture, by Northcote, now exhibiting in the gallery of the society of British artists, in Suffolk-street. The anecdote is well authenticated, and we therefore quote it:—

“The Emperor Alexander of Russia riding one day before his attendants, on the bank of the river Wilna, and not far from the town of that name in Lithuania, his Majesty perceived several persons dragging something out of the water, which proved to be the body of a man apparently lifeless. Having directed the boors around him to convey the body to the brink, he proceeded, with his own hands, to assist in taking the wet clothes from the apparent corpse, and to rub his temples, wrists, &c. for a considerable time, but without any visible effect. While thus occupied, his Majesty was joined by the gentlemen of his suite, among whom was an English surgeon, in the emperor's service, who proposing to bleed the patient, his Majesty held and rubbed the arm, rendering also every other assistance in his power. This attempt failing, they continued to employ all other means they could devise, until more than three hours were expired; when the surgeon declared it to be a hopeless case. His Majesty, however, not yet satisfied, desired that the attempt to let blood might be repeated which was accordingly done, the emperor, and his noble attendants, making a last effort in rubbing, &c., when they had at length the satisfaction to behold the blood make its appearance, accompanied by a slight groan. His Majesty's emotions were so ardent, that, in the plenitude of his joy, he exclaimed—‘This is the brightest day of my life!’ and the tears which instantaneously glistened in his eyes, indicated the sincerity of his exclamation. This favourable appearance occasioned them to redouble their exertions, which were finally crowned with success. When

the surgeon was looking about for something to stop the blood, and tie round the arm, the emperor took out his handkerchief, tore it in pieces, bound up the poor fellow's arm with it, and ordered proper care to be taken of him. His Majesty concluded this act of benevolence by ordering the restored peasant a sum of money, and otherwise providing for him and his family.”

At the anniversary dinners of this society, the honorary medals are given to those who have more particularly distinguished themselves in saving the life of a fellow creature. At the last anniversary several medals were thus distributed, with a suitable address to each by the chairman. One of the cases we subjoin, premising that the youth who thus so courageously saved his companion was only seventeen years of age:—

In November last a party of five young gentlemen were amusing themselves in a boat on the Medway; one (the youngest) acting as steersman, and four at the oars, rowing at a rapid rate; when, coming in contact with a barge which was moored near the shore, they attempted to pass under the rope by which she was secured to a post on the bank. The rowers passed safely by, bending their heads as low as possible; but the rope caught the steerer, and dragged him overboard, instantaneously, into fifteen feet of water. One of the young gentlemen (H. Hughes) sprang from the boat with the velocity of an arrow, and reached his drowning friend, whom he happily succeeded in supporting till the boat was brought round, and they were both taken up and providentially rescued from imminent danger, but not before they had twice disappeared, to the no small terror of their companions. The youth who was dragged overboard is only eleven years of age, and, being unable to swim, he clung round the neck of his deliverer, and thus they sank twice.

Mr. Hughes was among the persons who received the honorary medal on Thursday last, and well he merited it.—These medals, while they are a just reward which every one ought to be proud of, act as a stimulant to others to save the lives of their fellow creatures. In resorting to the means they ought not to despair, even though success may appear remote, or more than doubtful, for, as our immortal bard Shakspeare observes,

Death may usurp on nature many hours,  
And yet the fire of life kindle again  
The overpressed spirits I have heard  
Of an Egyptian had nine hours lien dead,  
By good appliance was recovered.

## Select Biography.

No. XXIV.

BLIND TOM THE BELL-RINGER  
OF DUMFRIES.

THERE are few towns either in England, Scotland, or Ireland, that do not possess some individual in humble life, whose virtues or eccentricities are worth recording. Too many, however, of those "simple annals of the poor" pass unrecorded, and the world is left ignorant of traits which would have adorned any rank in life, or have afforded instances of that diversity of character which displays itself in society.

The city of Dumfries, in Scotland, which has produced warriors, poets, and senators, who have shed a glory on their country—long possessed an extraordinary character, whose death, though certainly not a national calamity, has created as great a blank in that town as if the worthiest of its sons had been numbered with the dead—we allude to Thomas Wilson, the Bell-man, better known by the name of *Blin' Tam*.

In many respects old Thomas Wilson was the most interesting character in the town of Dumfries. Every individual in the burgh knew him, from the grey-haired grandame to the urchins at play; and hundreds in various parts of the world, who have dogged his footsteps to the belfry in their youth, to compete for the honour of pulling a rope, will heave a sigh for the old man's fate.

Thomas Wilson was born on the 6th of May, 1750 old style, and had nearly completed his 75th year. Dr. Jenner's invention came too late for him; when a mere child he lost his eye-sight by the natural small-pox, and had no recollection of ever having gazed on the external world. Like other boys, he was very fond of visiting the venerable mid-steeple of Dumfries, and at the age of twelve was promoted to the office of chief ringer.

Being of industrious habits, he after much labour and perseverance succeeded in gaining a pretty correct notion of the trade of a turner—such as without becoming a burden to any one, enabled him to support himself—and honest Thomas's beetles and spurtles are still held in high repute by the *guid wives* of both town and country. Although this business requires a considerable number of tools, he had them so arranged that he could without the least difficulty take from his shelf the particular one he might be in want of, and even sharpened them when necessary. He excelled in the culinary

art, cooking his victuals with the greatest nicety, and priding himself upon the architectural knowledge, he displayed in erecting a good *ingle* or fire.

In his domestic economy, he neither had nor required an assistant. He fetched his own water, made his own bed, cooked his own victuals, planted and raised his own potatoes, and what is more strange still, cast his own peats; and was allowed by all to keep as clean a house as the most particular spinster in the town. Among a hundred rows of potatoes, he easily found his way to his own, and when turning peats walked as fearlessly among the Hags of Lochar Moss as those who have all their senses about them. At raising potatoes, or any other odd job, he was ever ready to bear a hand, and when a neighbour got groggy on a Saturday night, it was by no means an uncommon spectacle to see Tom conducting him home to his wife and children.

As a mechanic he was more than ordinarily ingenious, and made a lathe with his own hands with which he was long in the habit of turning various articles both of ornament and general utility. In making cocks and pails for brewing dishes, potatoe beetles, tin-smiths' mallets, and hucksters' stands for all the country round, blind Tom was quite unrivalled; and many a time and oft, he has been seen purchasing a plank on the Sands, raising it on his shoulder, though ten feet long, and carrying it home to his own house, without coming in contact with a single object. He also constructed a portable *break* for scutching lint, which he farther mounted on a nice little carriage, and in this way readily transported both himself and the machine to any farm house where his services were required. His sense of touch was exceedingly acute, and he took great pleasure in visiting the workshops of ingenious tradesmen, and handling any curious article they had formed. At the time the Scotch regalia were recovered, the good old man seemed beside himself with joy; and never to the last did he cease to regret that circumstances prevented him from visiting Edinburgh, and feeling the ancient crown of Scotland.

After his appointment as chief ringer in the mid-steeple of Dumfries, *Blin' Tam's* first visit every morning was to the bell-house, and he tripped up stairs with as much agility and confidence as if he possessed the clearest vision—generally inserting the key into the proper place at the first thrust.

Never was bell-man more faithful. For more than half a century Tom was

at his post three times a day, at the very minute or moment required, whether the clock pointed right or no, and without, we believe, a single omission. In the coldest morning, or the darkest night of winter—foul or fair, sunshine or storm—it was all one to Tom; and though sluggards might excuse themselves on the score of the weather, his noisy clapper never failed to remind them that there was, at least, one man in the town up and at his duty; or to speak in the language of a good old proverb, that—

“Early to bed and early to rise,  
Make a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.”

Indeed such was his punctuality, that he was never known to commit a single mistake but one, by ringing the bell at eleven in place of ten at night. This occurred very lately, and when joked with on the subject, he remarked that he had surely become *fey*. A friend has calculated that he rang the bells more than 100,000 times. The lapse of 60 years produces many changes on men and things, and it may be mentioned as a curious proof of the progressive rise of the wages of labour that his salary at first was only 30s. sterling yearly. By and bye, it was advanced to 2*l*.; from two to three—three to five—five to ten, and so on, till at last he received what to him was a little independency—the high salary of 20*l*. per annum.

About fifteen years ago, the mid-steeple was thoroughly repaired, and a splendid new cock substituted in the place of the previous old and clumsy weather-vane; and this again was a great event to Blind Tom. The steeple was in a great measure his domicile, and he who had so much to do with the base could not be inattentive to the ornaments of the capital. Up therefore he would go to the top, and though repeatedly warned against the danger he would run, he actually accomplished the perilous enterprise, threw his arms around the bonny bird, and bestowed on him a benediction to this effect,—that he might long, long continue to indicate as truly the four airts as he himself indicated the time of day. On rejoicing days, during the war, the bell-man was ever forward to evince his loyalty by mounting to the bartisan of the steeple, and discharging an old rusty fowling piece which he kept at home to guard himself.

During the life time of our late sovereign, Tom who was a most loyal subject, every returning fourth of June, made it his constant practice to ascend to what are called the highleads of the steeple, and there fired several rounds in honour of

his majesty's natal day, performing the operations of priming and loading with admirable precision.

A few years ago while some repairs were making on the vane of the steeple, *Blin' Tam* mounted by a ladder to the very summit, when embracing the weather-cock, he proclaimed his achievement to the astonished and almost horror-struck spectators, by giving three hearty huzzas. The knowledge he possessed of every part of the town and neighbourhood of Dumfries was truly wonderful. He could walk to any quarter of the town without ever deviating in the least from his route; and indeed has been known to take strangers to places they were in quest of, with the utmost exactness.

Being much in the streets he was pretty often employed as a guide, and many laughable stories are told of the astonishment of persons whom he had conducted to the very extremities of the town, or even a good way into the country, on discovering that they had been led by a blind man. His local knowledge was very extensive, and his memory retentive to an uncommon degree. Not long ago he had occasion to call at Mr. M'Harg's shop, and in crossing the threshold it was remarked that he paused and lifted his right foot very high. On this he was told there was no step; but the old man's memory was quite faithful, and he immediately remarked “just four and twenty years ago I was in this shop and I'm gye sure there was a step then.”

At another time, returning home one evening a little after ten o'clock, he heard a gentleman who had just alighted from the mail, inquiring the way to Collin, when Tom instantly offered to conduct him thither. His services were gladly accepted, and he acted his part so well that although Collin is three miles from Dumfries, the stranger did not discover his guide was blind until they had reached the end of their journey.

*Blin' Tam* was as well acquainted with persons as with places, if he heard any one speak, and although he might not have met the individual for some time, yet he soon recognised him by his voice, when his usual remark was, “Eh! mon it's lang since I've seen ye.” If you asked the hour, such was his fine sense of feeling, that on touching the hands of his watch, he could inform himself in a moment.

Tam Wilson and another blind man in Dumfries, in order to beguile their leisure time, contrived to invent a game somewhat similar to draughts, with which they often amused themselves, and it was quite a treat to hear them in a dark corner

discussing the probable issue of the game, and sometimes detecting each other in a false move. Thomas was a regular church-goer, and thought nothing of walking several miles in order to hear a popular preacher; nor was he of that "straitness of sect" that confined him to any particular class of religionists.

*Blin' Tam* had a taste for music, and was particularly fond of attending concerts; for many years he was a member of a musical institution, where the innocent cheerfulness of his manners, and the hearty laugh he would raise when anything arose to please him rendered his presence always acceptable. A melancholy event attached to the death of this humble, but honest and really ingenious creature; the account of it as well as a character of him, we quote from the *Dumfries Courier* of the 12th inst. to which we confess ourselves indebted for much of our preceding biography of *Blin' Tam*.

"Poor Thomas Wilson, the oldest bell-ringer we believe in Britain, and who for the long period of sixty-three years summoned the lieges to labour and repose, with all the regularity of the clock itself, has gone the way of all the earth. The room in the belfry of the mid-steeple was the great scene of Tom's exploits, and he may be also said to have died at his post. On Saturday last, at ten o'clock at night, his hand touched the ropes for the last time, and though many were astonished both at the shortness and irregularity of the chime, all were as unconscious as the ringer himself that he was engaged in tolling his own knell. But it was even so. Struck with something like an apoplectic fit, he staggered, as is supposed, against an old chest, cut his head slightly, sank on the floor, and remained all night in this forlorn and pitiable situation, without a friend to help him to a cup of cold water, or wipe away the damps of death that were fast gathering on his venerable brow. For some years past, a person had assisted him in ringing the bells on Sundays, and when this individual visited the steeple at seven o'clock in the morning, he had to force the inner door of the belfry before the fate of the deceased could be ascertained. Though he still breathed, he was unable to speak, and was immediately carried to his own house in a state of utter insensibility. A surgeon was sent for who attempted to bleed him without success; and though every other remedy was tried, he only survived till three o'clock of the same day.

"Thomas Wilson has left behind him an honest fame. As a man he was sin-

gularly benevolent and kind; as a Christian humble, cheerful, devout; regular in his attendance at public worship and religious societies for the diffusion of the Gospel. Morning and evening he regularly performed his devotions in the steeple, though he was careful to conceal this fact from his friends, and though above asking charity for himself, he was never ashamed to apply for others. Many a destitute creature, in fact, was more befriended by Blind Tom, than by persons who had much more in their power, and at the periodical divisions of the poor's money, his representations were always listened to with the greatest attention both by elders and ministers. Every body knew that he was perfectly disinterested, and that so far from appropriating any thing to himself, he would rather have taxed his own very slender means. Though humble in station, his moral worth and integrity were high, and independently of his age and services, a more deserving character never carried to the grave the regrets, we may say, of a whole community."

Due honour was done to the remains of *Blin' Tam*; the Corporation and upwards of 300 respectable persons attended his funeral, and a subscription has been opened for erecting a suitable monument to his memory.

#### WINCHESTER COLLEGE.

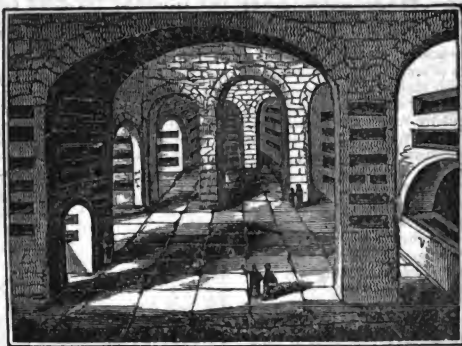
In the time of Oliver Cromwell, the town of Winchester was attacked by a detachment of the Parliament's army. It was commanded by an officer who had been educated at Winchester school, and had taken an oath never to see the college injured. The town was, after a slight resistance, taken; the officer gave up the rest of the place to be ransacked and plundered, but a guard was stationed at the college, which did not sustain the slightest injury.

ANDREW.

#### GOVERNOR BOYD

Was remarkable for the shortness of his despatches. He once being in some fear of the ships sailing from Gibraltar before his letters could be put on board, wrote an order to his agent, Mr. Browne, who was in England, for his own private stores, comprised in three words, viz. "Browne, Beef, Boyd," the reply which came with the stores was equally laconic, "Boyd, Beef, Browne."

## Catacombs of Naples.



WITHOUT entering into an inquiry as to the etymology of the word Catacomb on which there is much difference of opinion, we may observe that it was formerly only understood to apply to the tombs of St. Peter and St. Paul; but has since been applied to the numerous subterraneous sepulchres in Rome, Naples, and other places, particularly in Egypt.

The Catacombs at Rome consist of a series of vaults about three feet wide and ten feet high, connected with each other; but those at Naples are much more spacious, and extend to a considerable distance. They are frequently visited by the devout and the curious; and are certainly interesting, on account of their antiquity, construction, and the purposes for which they have been used.

### The Selector;

OR,  
CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM  
NEW WORKS.

#### THE SPANISH MOTHER; OR, BONAPARTE'S INVASION OF SPAIN.

WE overtook a young woman leading a mule loaded with two large trunks. She was crying bitterly for the loss of her husband, who had been killed in that day's battle. She was now a destitute widow, and her whole property was in those two trunks. Before she could relate more of her melancholy story, we reached our country house on the banks of the Duero, and invited her in for the night. We found it crowded with strangers, who had taken up their quarters there. They were all welcome, and we

managed for ourselves as well as we could. The young woman who came with us, begged her two trunks might be deposited carefully in one of the rooms, and taking a key from her pocket, she eagerly opened them; but what was the horror and surprise of all present at finding a dead infant in each! The grief of the unfortunate mother cannot be described; she fell into dreadful convulsions, in which we thought she would have expired. At last a torrent of tears came to relieve her, and having recovered the power of speech, she informed us that when she received the news of her husband's death, and of the advance of the French army, her children were both lying ill of the small pox. The physician told her that their lives depended on not being exposed to the air. But no carriage or covered cart was to be had; to remain in the town was impossible; and, therefore, having with great difficulty procured a mule, she placed her babes in the trunks and hurried away. Her grief, and the continued alarms during the journey, made her quite forget that if exposure to the air were dangerous, the total want of it must prove fatal.

*Don Esteban.*

#### BONAPARTE'S ENTRANCE INTO VALLADOLID.

IN the course of the evening, the municipal, judicial, and ecclesiastical deputations, went to the Emperor's palace to make their obeisance. When they entered the room where Napoleon was, they saw him, with his arms folded across his breast, pacing hastily up and down the room, as if a good deal agitated. On



hearing the deputation announced, he turned sharply round, and stood still in the same posture. The corregidor of the city was the first who presented himself to kiss the emperor's hand. He was a little man, very jovial, and not at all shy; but, upon this occasion, his joviality, as well as his boldness, had quite abandoned him. The reason was simply this:—Four Frenchmen had that day been assassinated in the town, one of them, indeed, in the convent opposite the very palace of Napoleon. Now, as the corregidor had been only the day before as far as Tordesillas, to assure his imperial majesty that proper precautions should be taken against disturbances, and as he was aware that these assassinations had reached the ears of the emperor, he approached him with that fear, which, under such circumstances, it was almost impossible not to feel. Hesitating and trembling, he began his address, which the emperor interrupted with a box on the ear, that laid the poor corregidor prostrate at his feet. Napoleon then, looking sternly down upon his cowering victim, thus addressed him:—

“Did you not, sir, but yesterday give me solemn assurances that none of my soldiers should be injured?—and have not four of my own guards been this day assassinated?”

Then, drawing out his watch and placing it upon the table, he added—

“If in twelve hours from this time, the criminals are not delivered up to me, all the inhabitants shall be decimated and shot.”

A curious accident, however, discovered the third criminal a few minutes before the expiration of the appointed time. There was in the town a respectable man, by trade a lace-maker, who had conceived such mortal hatred for the French, that he did not allow one day to pass without killing one or two of them. He was in the habit of leaving home every morning very early, upon what he termed “the French hunting.” As all the city gates were guarded by French sentinels, he scrambled over the walls of the town, and went to furnish himself with a gun, which he was in the habit of concealing in the suburbs.

This man had a wife, the well known Rosita, remarkable for her beauty. The French governor of the province, General Kellerman, had become enamoured of her person, and had succeeded, by dint of gold and presents, in surprising the fidelity due to her husband. This, however, had remained a secret between them and a servant girl. Her husband, never suspecting her infidelity, confided to her his

patriotic deeds. On the morning of the day that Napoleon entered Valladolid, the lace-maker had killed one Frenchman; and his wife, still anxious for her husband's safety, had advised him to leave the town, as it might be discovered. He followed her advice; but had the imprudence to return very early the following morning, when the municipality were still making the strictest searches. On his returning home he was surprised not to find his wife any where. He inquired of the servant; but her account was so confused, that his suspicions were raised. Unable to draw anything from her, he became so violent, that the girl, frightened for her mistress, went to inform her of her husband's return. Rosita, who at that moment was in the arms of her paramour, and who knew but too well that her ruin was certain were her husband to discover her adulterous connexion with his worst enemy, disclosed to the governor his late assassination. He was arrested; and, far from denying it, he boldly avowed his practice of hunting Frenchmen, and of killing at least one a day.

This timely discovery saved the inhabitants from the horrible fate which seemed to await them, and calmed their agitations and alarms. On Napoleon being informed of it, he said, with an air of self-satisfaction—“I know very well, that nothing is impossible when I command.” And then he ordered the men to be executed at eleven o'clock the same day. Rosita, however, impelled by one of those unaccountable movements to which women are sometimes subject, obtained admittance to the presence of Napoleon, and throwing herself at his feet, bathed in tears, prayed for the life of her husband. Napoleon, unmoved at the sight, at first refused to listen to her; but finally, promised to perform an act of mercy in favour of him of the three, who, being married, had the greatest number of children. It happened that the lace-maker was the only married man of the three, and had five children.

The time for execution being nearly arrived, Rosita flew to the Plazo Mayor, which she reached at the very moment when the executioner was tying the rope round her husband's neck. He was immediately reprieved; but he, without deigning to look at his wife, left the city: to which, however, he was brought back shortly after to lose his head upon the same scaffold, having been taken by some dragoons in an engagement fought near Valladolid, between them and some guerrillas.

*Ibid.*

## SINGULAR CUSTOM ON THE EVE OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

IN the Place de Grève, a singular ceremony was, in former times, performed on the eve of the feast of St. John the Baptist:—The magistrates of the city having ordered a large heap of faggots to be piled up in the centre of the Place, the king, attended by his court, came in procession, and set fire to it. The earliest notice we have of this ceremony is of the year 1471, when Louis XI. performed it; probably in imitation of his royal predecessors. His example was followed by nearly all his successors. Henry IV. and Louis XIII. seldom failed to observe it, but Louis XIV. only performed it in 1646. This ceremony, called *le feu de la Saint Jean*, was celebrated with much pomp and expense. In 1573, it was performed in the following manner by Henry III.: In the centre of the Place de Grève was erected a pole sixty feet high, having numerous cross pieces of wood, to which were attached five hundred *bourrées* (bundles of brush-wood) two hundred *cotterets* (faggots), and at the bottom ten loads of *gros bois*, with a great deal of straw. There was a barrel and a wheel, probably containing combustible matter. The sum of forty livres was expended for *bouquets*, crowns, and garlands of roses. A great quantity of fire-works of all kinds were discharged. And to keep the population in order, there were present one hundred and twenty *archers*, one hundred *arbalétriers*, and one hundred *arquebusiers*. To the pole was fixed a basket, containing two dozen cats and a fox, who were destined to be burnt alive, *pour faire à sa majesté*. To the cries of the cats was added the noise of various instruments. The magistrates of the city, bearing yellow wax tapers, advanced in procession towards the pile, and presented to the king a taper of white wax, ornamented with red velvet, with which his Majesty gravely set it on fire. When the wood and the cats were consumed, the king entered the Hôtel de Ville, where a collation, consisting of tarts, cakes, and sweetmeats, was prepared. The Parisians carried off the ashes and burnt wood, in the belief that they would bring good luck.

Louis XIV. having appeared only once, the attendance of the king was discontinued, and the ceremony lost its splendour. Latterly the *prévôt des marchands*, the *échevins*, and their suite, merely came, set fire to the heap of faggots, and then retired; but the custom has long fallen into desuetude.

*History of Paris.*

## EXTRAORDINARY IMPOSTOR.

THE Hôtel Monaco, in which Marshal Davoust, Prince d'Eckmühl, recently died, was formerly devoted to the reception of oriental ambassadors. Towards the end of the year 1714, a certain Mehemet Rizabecq, who called himself ambassador of the king of Persia, and the bearer of his commands, disembarked at Marseilles. He was received at two leagues from Paris by the Baron de Breteuil, usher of ambassadors, and the Marshal de Matignon. On the 24th of January, 1715, he made his solemn entry into the capital, with great pomp: he declined the royal carriages generally used on such occasions, and entered on horseback, preceded by the finest horses of the king's stables, superbly caparisoned, and accompanied by trumpets and bands of music. The ambassador, richly arrayed in the Persian costume, was attended by a numerous train of domestics, and preceded by a herald beating the Persian standard. The presents which he offered to the king were very inconsiderable. After passing a short time in France, during which he concluded, in the name of his pretended master, a treaty of alliance with Louis XIV., he sailed from Sweden and Denmark, and was never heard of after.

Rizabecq, according to the "Memoirs of the reign of Louis XIV.," was a Portuguese Jesuit, who had never seen the prince he represented, nor even visited a single province of Persia. The government paid the expenses of his *excellency*, which amounted to 1,000 livres a day!

id.

## FREAKS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

IN the beginning of the summer of the year 1794, a man, residing in the Rue de la Lanterne, formed a project for passing his life in a perpetual *gala*. He proposed to his neighbours to form a fraternity, and take their meals together in the open air, each family bringing their share of provisions. The project was generally approved, and on the same day tables were spread, and a banquet served up in the Rue de la Lanterne. Wine was not spared, for it was indispensable to drink to the republic and its defenders, and the number of the latter at that period was not small.

The other sections of Paris, upon hearing of the *gala* established in the *ville*, agreed to follow the example, each fixing different days, in order to be able to invite the inhabitants of the other divisions. For several days tables were



spread in the streets ; and, says St. Foix, "There was no danger of being run over by carriages, for there were scarcely three hundred hackney coaches in Paris, and, besides, the coachmen were at table."

The civic banquet of the Palais Royal was upon a large scale, and presented various scenes. It was a real Bacchanalian festival, in which all sense of propriety was laid aside. It, however, was the last, for the same day the Committee of Public Safety issued a decree prohibiting these *fêtes*, to the great mortification of the inhabitants of the Rue de Richelieu, then *Rue de la Loi*, who had made preparations for the following day.

*ib.*

### THE BATTLE OF SPURS.

IN 1513, near Therouenne, was fought the memorable Battle of the *Spurs*.—"The king of France had come to Amiens, and daily sent word to his lieutenant-general, the Lord of Piennes, that he must victual Therouenne at all hazards. This could not be effected without extreme peril, it being entirely surrounded by the enemy. Nevertheless, in obedience to the king's mandates it was determined that all the gendarmery should be conducted to the French camp, there to raise the alarm : while others, sent with bacon for the relief of the town, should go and throw it into the ditches, whence it might afterwards be fetched by them of the garrison with little difficulty. A day was therefore fixed upon for the execution of this enterprise, whereof the king of England and the emperor had warning, as may easily be supposed, from certain spies, a description of men by whom camps are usually haunted. There were some treacherous ones at that time, who pretended to be of the French party, but were in reality in the enemy's interest. The day being appointed for the expedition to victual the town of Therouenne, the French king's captains went to horse along with the gendarms. At day break the king of England, aware of this enterprise, had stationed ten or twelve thousand English archers, and four or five thousand lansquenets, with eight or ten pieces of ordnance, on the summit of a rising ground, in order that, when the French had gone by, they might descend, and bar their progress. In the van he had appointed all the cavalry, English, Burgundians, and Hainaulters, to make the attack. I must here state a circumstance which is known to few, and in consequence whereof much blame hath been unjustly cast upon the gentlemen of France ; I mean

that of the French captains' having declared to their gendarms, that this expedition was intended solely for the relief of them of Therouenne, and that they by no means wished to provoke an engagement ; so that if they met a considerable body of the enemy, they must retire at a foot pace, which, if pressed, they were to exchange for a trot, and then for a gallop ; as they were desirous of avoiding every kind of risk.

"Now the French began to march, and approached the town of Therouenne, within the distance of a league or better, where commenced a rude and vigorous skirmish. The French cavalry behaved very well till they descried upon the hill a large body of foot in two companies, which had advanced beyond them, and were about to descend for the purpose of hemming them in. At this sight the retreat was sounded by the trumpets of the French. The gendarms, after the lesson they had received from their captains, set about returning at a quick pace. Being closely pursued they proceeded to a trot, and from that to a gallop. Insomuch that the foremost of the enemy rushed upon the Lord of La Palisse, who was in action with the Duke of Longueville, so furiously, that they threw every thing into disorder. The pursuers, who stuck to their point, seeing such sorry conduct, still pushed on, till they made all the French turn their backs. The Lord of La Palisse, and many others, did more than their duty, and cried with a loud voice : 'Turn, men at arms, turn ; this is nothing.' But that was of no avail, every one endeavouring to gain the camp, where the artillery and foot-soldiers had been left. Amid this woful confusion the Duke of Longueville was made prisoner, with many more, among others the Lord of La Palisse ; but he escaped out of the hands of them that had taken him.

"The good knight without fear and without reproach retired very sorrowfully, and ever and anon turned round upon his enemies, with fourteen or fifteen gendarms, who had stood by him. In retreating he came up to a little bridge, where no more than two men could pass abreast : and there was a great ditch, full of water, which came from a distance of more than half a league, and proceeded to turn a mill three furlongs farther on. When he was upon the bridge he said to them that were with him, 'Gentlemen, let us stop here ; for the enemy will not win this bridge from us in the space of an hour.' Then he called one of his archers and said to him : 'Hie you to our camp, and tell my Lord of La Palisse

that I have stopped the enemy short for at least half an hour; that during this interval he must make the forces draw up in order of battle; and let them not be alarmed, but softly march hither. For, should the foe advance to the camp, and catch them thus in disarray, they would infallibly be defeated.' The archer goes straight to the camp, and leaves the good knight, with the inconsiderable number of men by whom he was accompanied, guarding that little bridge, where he did all that prowess could achieve. The Burgundians and Hainaulters arrived, but were obliged to fight on the hither side of the bridge, as they could not very easily effect a passage. This gave the French, who had returned to their camp, leisure to place themselves in order, and in a posture of defence, for fear it should be necessary.

"When the Burgundians found themselves withstood by such a handful of men, they exclaimed that archers should be sent for with all speed, and some went to hasten them. Meantime above two hundred cavaliers followed the course of the brook, till they found the mill, by which they crossed over. The good knight, thus enclosed on both sides, said to his people: 'Sirs, let us surrender to these gentlemen; for all the prowess we might display would avail us nothing. Our steeds are weary; our adversaries are ten to one against us; our forces three leagues off; and if we tarry but a little while longer and the English archers come up, they will cut us to pieces.' At these words the foresaid Burgundians and Hainaulters arrived, crying: 'Burgundy! Burgundy!' and made a mighty onset upon the French, who, having no means of further resistance, surrendered, one here, another there, to those of most seeming consideration. While each was endeavouring to take his prisoner, the good knight espied, under some little trees, a gentleman in goodly attire, who, by reason of the excessive heat he was in, whereby he was completely overcome, had taken off his helmet, and was so turmoiled and weary that he cared not to be at the trouble of taking prisoners. He spurred straight up to this person, grasping his sword, which he pointed at the other's throat, and cried: 'Surrender, cavalier, or you die.' Terribly dismayed was this gentleman, for he thought that his whole company were taken prisoners; however, being in fear of his life, he said: 'I give myself up then, since I am taken in this manner. Who are you?' 'I am,' said the good knight, 'captain Bayard, who surrender to you; here is my sword. I pray you be pleased

to carry me away with you. But do me this kindness; if we meet with any English on the road who may offer to kill us, let me have it back again.' This the gentleman promised and observed; for as they drew toward the camp they were both obliged to use their weapons against some English who sought to slay the prisoners; whereby they gained nothing.

"Then was the good knight conducted to the camp of the king of England, and into the tent of that gentleman, who entertained him very well for three or four days. On the fifth the good knight said to him: 'My worthy sir, I should be right glad if you would have me carried in safety to the king my master's camp: for I am already wearied with being here.' 'How say you?' said the other; 'we have not yet treated of your ransom.' 'My ransom!' said the good knight; 'your own you mean, for you are my prisoner. And if, after you gave me your word, I surrendered to you, it was to save my life, and for no other reason.' Great was the amazement of that gentleman, especially when the good knight added: 'Sir, if you don't keep your word, I am confident I shall make my escape by some means or other: but be assured that I shall insist upon doing battle with you afterward.' The gentleman knew not what reply to make, for he had heard a great deal about captain Bayard, and by no means relished the idea of fighting with him. However, being a very courteous knight, he at length said: 'My lord of Bayard, I am desirous of dealing fairly with you; I will refer the matter to the captains.'

"Now you must know the good knight could not be concealed so carefully, but his being in the camp was soon discovered; and to hear the enemies' descants thereupon you would have thought they had won a battle. The emperor sent for him, and, on his being conducted to his tent, gave him a wonderful gracious reception, addressing him thus: 'Captain Bayard, my friend, it gives me very great pleasure to see you. Would to God that I had many such as you! If I had I should not be very long in requiting the good offices which the king your master and the French have done me in times past.' Again he said, laughing: 'I believe, my lord of Bayard, we were formerly at war together; methinks at that time it was said that Bayard never fled.' To which the good knight replied: 'Sire, had I fled, I should not be here now.'—*History of Chevalier Bayard.*

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### THE HIMMALAYA MOUNTAINS IN INDIA.

[Extracts from the Letter of a recent Traveller.]

30th May, 1824. *Bheem Wodar*.—I am now within a day's journey of Kedarnath, and take up my pen to give you some idea of the place. Terjogee Narayun is situated on the Basoo-kee-gunga, just above its confluence with the Mundaknee. The former is crossed on a sangu, or bridge of spars, 48 feet long, and about 35 feet above the water. To return from the sangu, where the elevation is about 6,000 feet, is a very steep and long continued ascent to Gunes Ghatee, about 7,000 feet; and thence a small descent to Gowrakoond, a hot spring, on the edge of the river, the elevation 6,800 feet, or thereabouts. The temperature is 130°. It has no taste or smell, no effect on litmus paper, or on Brazil-wood paper, more than the river water. The sp. gr. is 1.0018, that of the river water 1.0010. There is also a cold spring, the water of which, with a sp. gr. of only 1.0012, has yet a *sensibly* saline and *strong* chalybeate taste. The hot one contains lime and iron, but whether in the state of carbonates is to be seen.

From Gowrakoond is a tight pull to Bhyro Ghatee, about 8,100 feet: still gneiss, but of a greenish grey, generally dipping N. 5 to 10 E., and containing a larger portion of feldspar, frequently irregular nodules of a beautiful white colour and foliated structure. Veins of quartz. The Basoo-kee-gunga, on which Terjogee is situated, ramifies into numerous streams, all nearly of equal volume, and thus draining a large area; but this river seems to be confined between two high and steep walls, from which the only supplies are occasional cataracts, rather than rivulets. In the beds of these the picture of ruin and confusion is very striking: rocks hurled on each other in the wildest order, or rather disorder. Many huge masses overhanging and seemingly prepared to follow. The water dashing from fragment to fragment in picturesque cascades. The sides of the mountains nearly bare of foliage, while the summits have not even a covering of grass; the whole forming a scene unique and characteristic, striking from its novelty, and sublime in the magnitude of its parts. These glens generally afford me a plentiful harvest; and whatever is to be got at all, I mean in the way of

minerals, is to be got here. I had, however, nearly paid dear this morning for one; in my anxiety to get at what I fancied a fine piece of feldspar, I scrambled over several of these rugged masses, and was very intent on breaking my specimen, when a servant called out, *sahib, samp!* On turning my head, I observed a black snake coiled up on the rock, within six inches of my nose, which, fortunately for me, proved to have become torpid through the effects of cold. He was about eighteen inches long, and as thick as one's thumb. You may be sure I dropt my feldspar in a great hurry.

The ascent continues the whole way to this place, which is (roughly) 8,700 feet above the sea. It was a fatiguing march, and several very bad places; in some a narrow path, leading round the corner of a smooth rock, supported by spars half rotten, and stones; while below yawns a hideous abyss down to the very water's edge, without a single tree to cover the nerve-shaking prospect. In other places steps had been cut in the rock, which, from the constant passing of the pilgrims, are not so square or so safe as at first. However, the danger of fatigue is not to be mentioned with that attending the Gangotrie, in which the interest also far exceeds what is found here, whether as to scenery or to the productions of nature, organic or inorganic. There are few trees, and no forests, at least none worth mention. Oaks are almost the only thing seen.

*Nalapathan, June 4.*—It was my intention to have closed this on my return from Kedarnath, but the weather has been so dreadful, that I have been quite unable to do any thing. It is truly dispiriting travelling in these mountains in the rains, and they have come upon me much earlier than I expected. I have got a very interesting route to return by, if the weather would only hold up; but I fear this is hopeless, for we have not seen the sun these five days, and heavy rain every day. But I must say something of my visit to Kedarnath. The road is an easy but continued ascent, chiefly in the bed of the river, over fragments of all sizes, or over snow beds, the effects of avalanches; and latterly along a fine broad expanse of *detritus*, covered with a thick coat of black vegetable mould, on which lay patches of snow of more or less extent, in a melting state; the whole being rather of the consistence of bog. This is just where the last efforts of expiring forest are seen in the production of dwarf *rhododendron*, stunted birch trees, a shrub very like the juniper, but bearing a drupe instead of a berry, and a

brar, having a rosaceous flower (but four petaled). Beyond these, no shrub, nor any thing vegetable, except the sward. Two species of *primula*, the *crocus*, and a yellow flower, I did not examine. On this flat, or slope rather, which is bounded on each side by high black ridges, their declivities well clothed with snow, stands the temple of Kedarnath, a handsome and rather large structure of hewn stone. To the north rises the magnificent Toomeroo Peak, at a horizontal distance of four miles, under an angle of 25°, and attaining the enormous elevation of 23,300 feet above the level of the sea. The height of the site of the temple is 11,500 feet, and this may be considered some hundreds of feet above the limits of forest. The side ridges, which are, perhaps, 16 to 18,000 feet, are distinctly stratified, dipping to N. and E., and at no great angles. The only specimens I got were fragments, for so deep is the coating of *de-tritus*; that I had no rock *in situ* the whole way. These fragments are granites of various colours, sometimes having magnificent crystals of schorl imbedded, and of feldspar, and gneiss, containing kyanite; upon the whole not so many, or such handsome specimens, as I expected; but at this early season there is so much snow, that a great deal is concealed, which, at a later season, would be visible.

*Asiatic Journal.*

#### CHANDANA.

*It is a popular notion among the Hindoos, that the Venus, or Bamboos, often take fire by the violence of their collision; and Sir W. Jones has quoted an elegant Sanskrit stanza, addressed, under the allegory of a Chandana, or Sandal-tree, to a virtuous man, dwelling in a town inhabited by contending factions.—The following is an attempt to translate it into English poetry:—*

DELICIOUS tree, leave this detested wood,  
Where hearts unsound and poisonous juices  
grow,  
And wicked plants, from whose attrition flow  
Streams of devouring flame, that scorch the good.  
No longer stay, beloved, nor tempt the fiery  
glow.

*Ibid.*

### Miscellanies.

#### EARTHQUAKE IN CALABRIA.

THIS very remarkable and destructive earthquake, which happened in Calabria, in 1638, is described by Father Kircher, who was at that time on his way to Sicily, to visit Mount *Ætna*. In approaching the Gulf of Charibdis, it appeared to whirl around in such a manner as to form a hollow, verging to a point in the

centre. On looking towards *Ætna*, it was seen to vomit forth large volumes of smoke, of an immense size, which entirely covered the whole island, and obscured from view the very shores. This, together with the dreadful noise and the sulphureous stench, which was strongly perceptible, filled him with apprehensions that a still more dreadful calamity was impending. The sea was agitated, covered with bubbles, and had altogether a very unusual appearance. The Father's surprise was still increased by the serenity of the weather, there not being a breath of air, nor a cloud, which might be supposed to put all nature thus in motion. He therefore warned his companions that an earthquake was approaching, and landed with all possible diligence at *Tropæa*, in Calabria. He had scarcely reached the Jesuit's College, when his ears were stunned with a horrid sound, resembling that of an infinite number of chariots driven fiercely forward, the wheels rattling, and the thongs cracking. The tract on which he stood seemed to vibrate, as if he had been in the scale of a balance which still continued to waver. The motion still becoming more violent, he was thrown prostrate on the ground. The universal ruin around him now redoubled his amazement—the crash of falling houses, the tottering of towers, and the groans of the dying, all contributed to excite emotions of terror and despair. Danger threatened him wherever he should flee; but having remained unhurt amid the general concussion, he resolved to venture for safety, and reached the shore, almost terrified out of his reason. Here he found his companions, whose terrors were still greater than his own. He landed on the following day at *Rochetta*, where the earth still seemed to be violently agitated. He had, however, scarcely reached the inn at which he intended to lodge, than he was once more obliged to return to the boat. In about half an hour, the greater part of the town, including the inn, was overwhelmed, and the inhabitants buried beneath its ruins. Not finding any safety on land, and exposed, by the smallness of the boat, to a very hazardous passage by sea, he at length landed at *Lopizium*, a castle midway between *Tropæa* and *Euphemia*, the city to which he was bound. Here, wherever he turned his eyes, nothing but scenes of horror and devastation appeared. Towns and castles were levelled to the ground; while *Stromboli*, although sixty miles distant, was seen to vomit forth flames in an unusual manner, and with a noise he could distinctly hear. From remote ob-

jects his attention was soon diverted to contiguous danger: the rumbling sound of an approaching earthquake, with which by this time he was well acquainted, alarmed him for the consequences.—Every instant it grew louder, as if approaching; and the spot on which he stood shook so dreadfully, that being unable to stand, himself and his companions caught hold of shrubs, which grew nearest them, and in that manner supported themselves.

This violent paroxysm having ceased, he now thought of prosecuting his voyage to Euphæmia, which lay within a short distance. Turning his eyes towards the city, he could merely perceive a dark terrific cloud, which seemed to rest on the place. He was more surprised at this, as the weather was remarkably serene. Waiting, therefore, until the cloud had passed away, he turned to look for the city; but, alas! it had totally sunk, and in its place, a dismal putrid lake was seen: all was melancholy solitude—a scene of hideous desolation. Such was the fate of the city of Euphæmia; and such the devastating effects of this earthquake, that along the whole coast of that part of Italy, for the space of 200 miles, the remains of ruined towns and villages were everywhere to be seen, and the inhabitants, without dwellings, dispersed over the fields.

#### NATURAL LIFE OF TREES.

THERE are various opinions respecting the full age or natural life of trees. The few following instances will show the length of time which trees have been known to exist. Mr. Galyne, and others, imagine that from 300 to 400 years form the natural life of the oak tree. An oak tree was felled in April 1791, in the park of Sir John Rushout, bart. at Northwick, near Blackly, in Worcestershire, judged to be about 300 years old. It was perfectly sound; contained 634 cubical feet of timber in the trunk, and the arms were estimated at 200 feet more. In Mr. Gilpin's work on forest scenery, there is an account of oak trees in the new forest, which had marks of existence before the time of the conquest. The tree in the same forest against which the arrow of Sir Walter Tyrrell glanced, and killed King William Rufus, remains still a tree, though much mutilated. In Mr. Robert Lowe's "View of the Agriculture of Nottinghamshire," several trees are said to have been lately felled in Sherwood Forest, which were found to have cut in them I. R. or IN. R. (REX.) and some had a crown over the letters. Mr.

M<sup>c</sup>William, in his "Essay on the Dry-rot," goes still farther—he says that many trees might be mentioned, in this and other countries, which bear sufficient testimony of their being far above 1,000 years old: and he gives reasons for believing, that several trees now exist above 3,000 years old! T—A. N—C.

#### The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

#### CEMETIERE DE VAUGIRARD IN PARIS.

A GRAVE, marked by a plain stone, contains the ashes of a son of Madame de Lavalette, who was born on the 17th of September, 1815, and died on the 13th of November following. Those who recollect that this courageous woman was visited with the bereavement at the moment when she meditated the project of exposing her own life to save her husband's, will not read the following inscription without interest:

Il a été  
Frappé par le malheur,  
Dans le sein de sa tendre mère:

#### CONSUMPTION IN PARIS.

PARIS contains 560 bakers' shops, 355 butchers' shops or stalls, 365 porkshops, 927 *restaurateurs, traiteurs*, and innkeepers, 325 pastry-cooks and *rôtisseurs*, 2,333 retail dealers in wine, 1,466 retail grocers, 1,767 fruiterers, 281 corn chandlers, 787 *limonadiers*, 416 retail dealers in brandy, 87 distillers, 74 confectioners, 51 chocolate-makers, 10 *vermicelli*ers, 5 Italian warehouse-men, and 52 milkmen. There are 3,000 dealers who have covered places in the markets, 1,749 milkwomen who have places in the public streets, and 326 graziers who supply milk to a part of the inhabitants.

#### ON A STONE

In the church-yard at Langtown, in Cumberland.

LIFE's like an inn where travellers stay  
Some only breakfast and away,  
Others to dinner stay, and are full fed—  
The oldest only sup and go to bed—  
Long is his bill who lingers out the day,  
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The favours of several Correspondents shall have insertion, and those of others be decided on in our next.

Printed and Published by J. LINBIRD,  
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# The Mirror

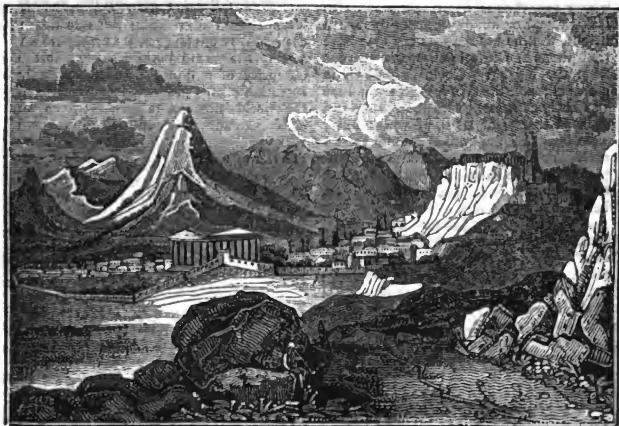
OF  
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION

No. CXXXIX.]

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1835.

[PRICE 2d.]

Athens.



ALTHOUGH in a former number of the MIRROR (No. LXV.) we gave an engraving representing some of the most remarkable ruins in Athens, yet we are sure a general and picturesque view of a city, which was the glory of ancient Greece, and the birth-place of the most distinguished orators, philosophers, and heroes of antiquity, cannot fail of being acceptable to our readers. For this view we are indebted to a "Second Visit to Greece," by Mr. Blaquiere, a gentleman whose zeal in promoting the liberation of the Greeks from their slavish oppressors is above all praise; and who, in the work we have alluded to, has frankly and fairly stated the difficulties under which the Greeks still labour, while he does justice to the valour they have displayed.

The fact is, that the Greeks are much in want of the "sinews of war"—money; and although a subscription has been opened for them in this country, yet, we are sorry to say, its amount is by no means such as a cause so glorious is entitled to, or such as can do honour to a country rich beyond all others, and justly boasting of its freedom. To see

Greece, a country with which our earliest and noblest recollections are associated—to see Christian Greece writhing under the ruffianly tyranny of the Turks, is almost a reproach to Europe; and now that she has risen against her oppressors, driven them from the land, and for five years maintained her independence, is it not lamentable to see her sons still compelled to rest on their arms, and to contend with the savage hordes that are sent to enslave or exterminate them?

But our enthusiasm for the freedom of Greece is leading us from her once-proud capital, which is grand even in its ruins. For an historical notice of Greece we must refer to the number of the MIRROR to which we have already alluded. No city in the world can boast, in so short a space of time, of such a number of illustrious citizens, equally celebrated for their humanity, their learning, and their military talents, as Athens, in the days of her glory, produced.

Athens, which is the capital of Livadia, is situated 100 miles south-east of Lacedaemon, and 300 south-west by west of Constantinople; it contains a population

of about 10,000 persons. The environs of Athens are strikingly romantic and beautiful: indeed, nature and art seem to have struggled for the mastery in the formation of this celebrated city. Mr. Turner, who visited Athens in 1811, on approaching the city, says, "Never shall I forget the sublimity of the scenery which surrounded me for these three hours.—Trees and shrubs issuing from the barren rock, as if it were by magic; precipices, whose tremendous depth I trembled to look at, and mountains soaring to such a height, that no human foot can ever have trod them. On all sides the streams from the heights were rolling down in cascades; and the rich foliage around me was finely contrasted with the falling and decayed trunks of trees, of which many were burnt by the natives to make charcoal. Before us was one of the richest plains I have seen in Greece, entirely covered with flowers and the richest pasturage."

Athens is surrounded by a wall, which, like many of its noble edifices, is considerably dilapidated. Among the most attractive objects in the city is the Acropolis, which is ascended by a pretty good road; and at every turn the eye meets with some fragment which reminds him of the architectural grandeur of Athens. At the summit of the Acropolis is the superb Parthenon, the finest specimen existing of Doric architecture, of which there are still magnificent remains, thirty-nine columns being standing. Several are thrown down, and some have been ground to the dust by the Turks, to make mortar—so little respect have these barbarians for the works of art: nay, even the very metal found inside the columns, for which the seller commonly obtains a few shillings, is a strong temptation to the Turks, under whose custody the splendid ruins of Greece was unfortunately placed, until her sons drove the vandals from their country.

The temples of Neptune Erectheus and Minerva Polias, the Pandroseum, the monument of Lysicrates, vulgarly called the lantern of Demosthenes, the monument of Thrasylus and many other objects too numerous for us to describe, all attest the grandeur, even in ruins, of Athens, which is so rich in monuments of antiquity, that even over the doors of the Greeks there are basso relievos. The celebrated temple of Theseus, which stands west of the city, is the most perfect monument in Greece, wanting only two columns, which the modern Greeks have destroyed to make a projection of the wall into which to place their altar. Such is Athens even at the present day,

and when Greece shall have consolidated her independence and assumed that rank among the nations of the world to which she is entitled, we doubt not one of the first measures will be to preserve from further dilapidation the noble monuments of her once proud capital.

## HISTORY OF RINGS.

(For the Mirror.)

THE custom of wearing rings to adorn the hand, is of such remote date, that all attempts to trace its origin are lost in the obscurity of antiquity; but the primary intention of this practice, in early ages of the world, appears to have been as an emblem of authority and government; and this was symbolically communicated by delivering a *ring* to the person on whom they were intended to be conferred. Thus Pharaoh when he entrusted the government of Egypt to Joseph, took the ring from his finger and presented it to him for a token of the authority with which he invested him; and many other instances in support of this opinion might be adduced from both sacred and profane historians.

In conformity to this ancient usage, the Christian church employed the ring in the ceremony of marriage (which was first adopted by the Greek church) as a symbol of the authority which the husband gave to his wife over his household, and of the earthly goods with which he thus endowed her. The ring for this ordinance was made of *gold*, because that metal was allegorically used by the ancients for *love*; and a ring was also typical of *eternity*; thus conjointly it was emblematical of *love without end*.

Having thus made these brief prefatory remarks, I proceed to give a further account of this custom, which it is hoped may not prove wholly uninteresting to the readers of the MIRROR.

According to the most authentic authorities it appears that the wearing of rings had its source in India, the common parent of most of the arts; afterwards it was very prevalent among the Egyptians, from whom it descended to the Etruscans, and so gradually passed to the Greeks, and thence to the mighty empire of Rome; from whose vast extent of dominions by conquests, it may readily be imagined that this practice was imitated by nearly all the civilized, and even barbaric, inhabitants of the known world.

Under the consuls, rings were at first manufactured of *iron*, and worn only by soldiers, and that upon the third finger of the left hand, hence denominated the



ring-finger. Increasing wealth, with its attendants—luxury and pride—however, soon superseded an ornament of this inferior metal by introducing rings of more costly materials, and these made of gold were afterwards so very general, that it is related after the celebrated battle of Cannæ (disastrous to the Romans) Hannibal sent a whole *bushel* of them to the senators at Carthage, of which he had despoiled the slain and prisoners! The Roman senators also wore gold rings, and Florus, the Latin historian, affirms that after the famous engagement just mentioned, the senate had no other gold than their rings. The plebeians also adopted the use of rings, but only of iron, for those of gold were granted by special favour as marks of distinction. Under the emperors, the common soldiers, and even freedmen, wore gold rings, although they were originally prohibited unless personally given by the emperor. The petitions soliciting this privilege became, however, so numerous, that Justinian was tired of their importunity, and ultimately permitted all who thought proper to bestow them. Hence *gilt* rings became in fashion, many of which have been picked up and are still preserved in antique collections. The rings worn by the emperors had generally a *signet* attached thereto. (For an historical account of gem engraving, vide MIRROR, No. XII. p. 179.)

Among the various other purposes for which rings have been employed, they have very long taken a conspicuous part as *love-tokens*; thus, when Egeus accuses Lysander of having “witched the bosom of his child,” he says,

“———Thou hast given her rhymes,  
And interchang'd *love-tokens* with my child;  
Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,  
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;  
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy,  
With bracelets of thy hair, *Rings*, gawds, con-  
coits.”

*Shakspeare's Midsummer Nights' Dreams.*

But of all the other sorts of rings which have frequently been despatched as messengers of love, that kind of double hooped one (half of which was often worn by the lover, the other half by his “soul's delight,”) called the *gemmow*, or *gimmel* ring, stands pre-eminent; this, it is supposed, was one among the many fertile inventions of our Gallic neighbours, whose skill in devising apt symbols of the tender flame is certainly unrivalled, and to this day most of the mottos on similar amorous trifles are given in French. Upwards of twenty instances might be quoted from Shakspeare mentioning the use of this kind of ring,

though several of his commentators have differed strangely in their remarks upon this head; particularly with respect to the derivation, which it is very probable, came from the Latin, *gemellus*, a twin.

I shall conclude this essay (which I am fearful has already trespassed upon the prescribed limits) with the description of a *gimmel* ring, dug up about twelve years ago at Horselydown, and which it is supposed was made either in the reign of Henry the Eighth or Elizabeth:—“It is of fine gold, and most beautiful workmanship; it is constructed of twin or double hoops, playing within each other; each hoop had one side flat, the other convex; each was twisted once round, and surmounted by a hand issuing from an embossed fancy worked wrist or sleeve; the course of the twist in each hoop was made to correspond with that of its counterpart, so that on bringing together the flat surface of the hoops they immediately united into one ring. On the lower hand, or that in which the palm was uppermost, was represented a heart, and as the hoops were closed, the hands slid into contact, forming with the ornamental wrists a head to the whole; the device thus presenting a triple emblem of Fidelity, Love, and Union.”

JACOBUS.

#### ROYAL UNION ASSOCIATION.

THAT Benefit Societies, wherever they have been established on sound principles and fairly conducted, have been productive of great advantages to the members individually and to society at large by reducing or preventing the increase of the poor rates, is a fact which experience has proved, and which has been clearly ascertained by the evidence given before a committee of the House of Commons. That some of them have been founded on erroneous calculations, and conducted on wrong principles is equally certain. Perhaps the greatest error is the expense incurred in meeting at public houses so frequently, when the money expended by the most careful is not only equal to one fifth part of the contribution to the stock, but often leads to the dissipating double that sum. Still benefit societies have done much good, and many a man in sickness has received that honourable relief to which he was entitled by his contributions, which he could only have had in a very limited and humiliating manner from his parish.

That Assurance Companies are also excellent institutions cannot be denied, but they have hitherto been only calculated for, or resorted to, by the middle

and higher classes of society. An institution that should combine the economy and excellent management of an Assurance Society, and accommodate itself to the humble means and resources of the working classes, has long been wanted; and such an institution we think we have found in the "Royal Union Association," which has recently been formed in Lancaster Place, Waterloo Bridge.

Entertaining, as we do, great suspicion of all establishments which profess to be very liberal in their benefits, and watchful as we deem it necessary to be, we would not notice the "Royal Union Association" until we had ascertained the value of its objects, and the rank and character of its patrons. The Association is formed for the purpose as stated in the Prospectus of "affording to the Working Classes an opportunity to secure by their own monthly payments, Weekly Allowances, Medical Attendance and Medicine during Sickness; Pecuniary Assistance to Females at Child-birth; Sums of Money payable at Death for Burial Expenses, and Assistance to Surviving Families; Annuities in Old Age, and numerous other benefits. Encouraging the establishment and improvement of Benefit Societies throughout the kingdom. Promoting the general employment of the Working Classes as well as of Clerks and Male and Female Servants, superseding register offices and houses of call, and administering temporary relief to such as may be unexpectedly thrown out of employment; and affording permanent relief to aged persons of unblemished character, whose circumstances have become reduced, by pensions of not exceeding 10s. per week to males, and 7s. to females."

These objects have been sought to be effected in consequence of the recommendation of the committee of the House of Commons, to which we have referred. With regard to the plan of the Association, it is intended to embrace the principle of Benefit Societies without their errors, the utility of Register Offices without their fallacy, and the benevolent plans of Pension Societies, without their prohibitory restrictions.

It appears that there are nine hundred thousand persons connected with Benefit Societies, independent of an immense number who deposit their money in Saving Banks, another excellent institution of modern times, so far as saving a person's own money goes, but affording him no claim on that of others in case of misfortune or sickness.

It seems, however, that the great evils of Benefit Societies have arisen from the

want of patronage and absence of proper information; thus a valuable class of persons in legislating for themselves have mistaken the calculations, and subjected themselves to disappointment and loss.

It is, perhaps, not generally known, that by actual returns from Societies, comprising 104,218 members, it has been ascertained, that between the ages of 60 and 70, no less than 12 out of every 100 are, upon an average, sick the year round; this accounts for the numerous failures which occur amongst Societies after thirty, forty, and even fifty years of apparent success; and shews the necessity of correcting the mania for low payments, which has been, and continues to be, so destructive to confidence, and injurious to the Members of Societies.

The formation of the "Royal Union Association," was suggested by these circumstances, and it is an institution in which the members are their own masters; for, according to the Prospectus, the full payment of the benefits to the members, their right of electing officers from amongst themselves, and of annually inspecting the accounts, as well as the privilege of generally controlling the affairs of the Association, are all secured to them by Act of Parliament, while every guarantee is provided to ensure the good conduct and fidelity of every officer on the establishment.

There are eight distinct objects the "Royal Union Association" have in view:—First, "Insurance against sickness." We do not pretend to enter largely into the details; but it appears that "for obtaining 12s. per week bed-lying pay—1s. 6d. per week walking pay—1s. 6d. per week at 65 (whether ill or well)—and 3s. per week at 70—for a person aged 20 is only required to pay 2s. 0d. per month,—

|             |         |        |
|-------------|---------|--------|
| aged 30 ... | 2s. 5d. | ditto. |
| — 40 ...    | 3s. 3d. | ditto. |
| — 50 ...    | 5s. 4d. | ditto. |

The second object is for "Sums of money at death." From 5*l.* to 100*l.* may be secured on the death of a member on proportionate monthly instalments, "Annuities in old age;" "immediate annuities;" "endowments and apprenticeship fees for children;" "sums of money at deferred periods;" pecuniary assistance to females lying-in, and a "permanent deposit fund," are the remaining objects of this Association; one feature of which is, that if a member die, or even discontinue his payments, the money is not lost, but his representative or himself, will be entitled to the benefit of its accumulation. Another advantage is, that in case of sickness the members will have

medical advice and medicine free of expense; and, thirdly, members when out of a situation, may, for the trifling sum of three pence, register their names in a book of trades, occupations, and services, to which the public, on payment of a like sum, will have access if they want workmen, servants, &c.

Of the individuals by whom the "Royal Union Association" is conducted we confess we know nothing; but as it struck us as formed on an excellent principle, we deemed it our duty to make it known to our readers; when, however, we look to its patron, presidents, &c. we cannot but think favourably of this National Benefit and Assurance Association as it ought to have been called. The Duke of York is patron of the Association. Among its honorary members are the Dukes of Wellington and Montrose, a host of Marquesses, Earls, Viscounts, Barons, Baronets, and Members of Parliament, including Mr. Canning, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Alexander Baring, the eminent merchant, and M. P. The Bishop of Winchester, one of the most cautious, Sir Thos. Dyke Acland, one of the most benevolent, and Lord Palmerston, one of the most inaccessible of men, are also among the honorary members. The trustees and treasurers are bankers and gentlemen of the highest honour, and few institutions appear to have commenced under fairer auspices. Our object is, however, to indicate rather than direct, and we wish none of our readers to take what we state on trust, but to "mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the plan of the Association as detailed in the Prospectus.

#### LETTER FROM LORD CROMWELL, IN THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—The following curious letter (the original of which is preserved in the British Museum) was written by the celebrated Cromwell, vicar-general to Henry VIII., to the superior of the priory of Trewardreth, in the county of Cornwall, on the subject of certain manorial rights claimed by the latter in the town of Fowey. If you think it will prove acceptable to any of the numerous readers of your instructive and entertaining miscellany, the insertion thereof will oblige

Your constant reader,

J. W. E.

"To the Priour of Trewardreth, in Cornwall be this youen.

"Mr. Priour, as vnacquainted I have

me comended vnto you, that where as it is comen vnto the Kinges highnes knowledge that the Towne of Fowey is sore decayed, and th occasion thereof p'tlie is that in the said Towne is no order of Justice, bicause the liberties concerninge the same, graunted by the Kinges highnes and his noble progenitours to your predecessours, and by theme vnto the inhabitants of the said Towne, remaine in yor. handes and kepinge, so that betwene you no maner good order, equitie, nor justice is executed and vsed wt. in the said Towne: wherefore I require you to condiscende and agree wt. the inhabitants of the saide Towne so that you hauynge yor. reasonable approved duties, they may have their liberties to be vsed and extended amongeste the same wt. in the saide Towne to th increase of good order wt. in the same; and as yon shal agre therein to certifie me in writinge by Thomas Treffry berer herof. For his Highnes thinketh that the saide porte of Fowey oweth to be his, and to be helde of hime, so that his Grace intendeth from henceforth to have it as well provided for wt. good gouernnce, and of defence for vtter enemyes, as other his townes and portes be wt. in these parties. Whereunto ye for yor. partie before this tyme have had little or no regarde, neyther to the good order, rule, and defence thereof, ne yet to the good gouernance of your-self, yor monasterie, and religion, as ye are bound; wherefore his Highnes thinketh that ye be veray unworthy to have rule of any towne, that cannot well rule yor. self. And that I may have answer as is afforesaid, by this berer, what ye intend to do, I require you to th' intente, I may certifie his Highnes thereof. And thus fare ye well. At London, the XXith daie of Maie.

"Your Freend Thos.

"Cromwell."

#### CANTABRIGIANA.

On an order being made to prevent dogs being kept at Trinity College.

What, the dogs all lock'd out, and the Bursar\* lock'd in!

Was ever such strange partiality seen?

What law, or what statute, pray tell us, is't teaches,

Such bare-fac'd distinction between sons of b——s?

What crimes can these poor banish'd catliff's have done

That they from this land of good living must run?  
They do but just eat, drink, and run after kind,  
Precisely the same as this dog left behind.

\* A padlock was put on the Bursar's garden door by the master.

But if it be true, as the proverb maintains,  
 "Every dog has his day," some hope still re-  
 mains;

We may live till we see that good day come  
 about,  
 When this dog in a doublet, himself shall turn  
 out.

#### EPIGRAM.

On an Inn, with the Sign of Bishop Blaize, be-  
 ing pulled down, in order to build the Bishop of  
 Laudaff's house, (Dr. Watson's) at Cambridge.

"Two trades can ne'er agree"—

No proverb e'er was juster—

For Bishop Blaize, pull'd down, we see,  
 To put up Bishop Bluster.

#### EPIGRAM, 1762.

From Whimpole\* there came half a buck to  
 Clare Hall,  
 Meant for dinner on Sunday—haunch, pasty  
 and all;

Says the master to Churchill, to Carr and to Bigg,†  
 "For Bishops and Doctors I care not a fig;

To you, my dear friends, I will prove myself  
 staunch,

They shall e'en have the pasty, but we'll have  
 the haunch."

\* The seat of the Earl of Hardwicke, High  
 Steward of the University, by whom it is custo-  
 mary for half a buck to be sent to the Vice-Chan-  
 cellor at the commencement; and Dr. Goldard,  
 of Clare-Hall, was Vice-Chancellor this year.

† Fellows of Clare-Hall.

#### SLEEP.

THE IDEA FROM THE LATIN.

GENTLE handmaid! genial sleep!—

Though like Death's thy dark dominion;—

Round me still thy viscous keep!

Fane me with thy downy pinion.

Balm of sorrow! cure of strife!

On a couch oblivious lying;

To live, without the care of life!

And die, without the pain of dying!

### SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

#### MAY DAY IN LONDON.

FORMERLY the inhabitants of the metro-  
 polis used to go out early in the morning  
 to fetch May from the neighbouring fields,  
 and return with it in triumph. They had  
 dances round May-poles in the streets.  
 The church of St. Andrew Undershaft,  
 in Leadenhall-street, is so called from a  
 pole, or shaft, which used to be set up  
 there on May-day, higher than the church-  
 steeple. It is mentioned in Chaucer.  
 Another, alluded to in Beaumont and  
 Fletcher, flourished in the Strand, up to a  
 late period. A third must have been set

up in May-fair, where a fair, which still  
 gives its name to the spot, was held for  
 fifteen days. Such long holidays are not  
 desirable, nor great fairs either. But our  
 ancestors, who took many pleasures, were  
 not less industrious at other times than  
 we; and they were healthier and stronger.  
 "In the holidays all the summer," says  
 old Stowe, "the youths are exercised in  
 leaping, dancing, shooting, wrestling,  
 casting the stone, and practising their  
 shields. The maidens trip with their tim-  
 brels, and dance as long as they can well  
 sec." The court of the romantic and  
 stately Elizabeth was as dancing an one  
 as that of Charles II.; and much more  
 addicted to rural holidays. At present,  
 all our poetry is in books.

Several reasons have been assigned for  
 the decline of May-day throughout Eng-  
 land, and for its total fall in the metro-  
 polis. The only real ones, however, are  
 the growth of trade in the first instance;  
 that of fanaticism afterwards; and finally,  
 the conquest of this island by the pre-  
 tended politeness and reasoning spirit of  
 the French, which rendered us unpoetical  
 and effeminate. It is curious, that the  
 most light and dancing nations should  
 have conspired to put an end to our merriment;  
 but so it was. The Parisian gen-  
 try could sooner baulk our naturally graver  
 temper, and pique it on being as reason-  
 able as themselves, than they could stop  
 the out-of-door pastimes of their own  
 Boulevards and provinces. Our dancing  
 was now to be confined, like a sick person,  
 to its apartment. We might have as  
 much gallantry as we pleased in a private  
 way (a permission, of which our turn of  
 mind did not allow us to avail ourselves,  
 to the extent of our teachers); but none  
 in a more open and innocent one. All  
 our ordinary pleasures were to be seden-  
 tary. We were to shew our refinement  
 by being superior to every rustic impulse;  
 and do nothing but doubt, and be gentle-  
 manly, and afraid of committing our-  
 selves. Men of all parties, opinions, and  
 characters, united to substitute this false  
 politeness and quiescence to the higher  
 spirit of old English activity. The trader  
 was too busy for pastime; the dissenter  
 too serious; the sceptic too philosophical;  
 the gentleman too high-bred;—and, like  
 master like man, apprentices became too  
 busy, like their employers; the dissenter  
 must stop the dancing of the village; the  
 philosophers were too much occupied with  
 reading Plato, to remember that he was  
 equally for cultivating mind and body;  
 and the footman must be as genteel as his  
 master, and have a spirit above clownish  
 gambols. It is equally difficult to con-  
 ceive Addison and Shaftesbury entering

warmly into the sports of a neighbourhood, or Hume and Wesley, or Abraham Newland and my Lord Chesterfield. There is a paper in the Spectator (written however, not by Addison but his friend Budgell) warning the fair sex not to go into the fields in May, lest it should be dangerous to their virtue. A polite and ingenuous admonition ! As if they could not stop in town, and do worse. Let us be assured, that a taste for Nature will do none of us harm. What it finds strong in us, it will strengthen. What it finds weak, it will at least divide and render graceful. When Sir Richard Steele retired into the country, after all his experience of the town and mankind, he found no recreation more pleasant than that of setting the young rustics upon their sports and races. Some have wondered, why there is no Shakspeare now-a-days. It is lucky for us, that we have had one ; and I think we may reasonably wait some centuries for another. It will cost the world a great deal of change and variety. But if we had no such writers as we had in Shakspeare's time, one of the reasons is, that we have no such variety in our manners to draw upon ; and what variety we could have, we do not choose to revive. Knowledge is more diffused ; but what is the use of learning the way to be wiser, if we do not take it ? Almost every poet now belongs either to town or country. If to the town, he knows, or feels, nothing of the country. If to the country, he knows nothing of the town. I speak of him according to his books. Our authors are poor in images ; have no costume, no movement ; nothing that implies a healthy possession of all their faculties, physical as well as mental. They are sovereigns of petty districts, not a gallant aristocracy ruling over all England ; not

A thousand demigods on golden seats,  
Frequent and full.

The poetry of Shakspeare's time represents the age and the whole nation. There are pelting villages in it, as well as proud cities ; forests, as well as taverns. There are gardens and camps ; courts of kings and mobs of cobblers ; and every variety of human life ; its pains and its pastimes ; business and holiday ; our characters, minds, bodies, and estates. Its persons are not all obliged to be monotonous ; to have but one idea or character to sustain, and find that a heavy one. Its heroines can venture to "run on the green-sward," as well as figure in a great scene. Its heroes are not afraid of laughing and being companionable. Nothing that has a spirit of health in it, a heart to feel, and lungs to give it utterance, was thought

alien to a noble humanity ; and therefore the "sage and serious Spenser" can make his very creation laugh and leap at the coming of a holiday ; and introduce May, the flowery beauty, borne upon the shoulders of a couple of demigods.

Lord ! how all creatures laught when her they spide ;  
And leapt and daunc't, as they had ravish't beene ;  
And Cupid self about her flutted all in greene.

Let us see what a picture we make of this now in London.

Then came dark May, the darkest maid on ground,  
Deckt with no dainties of the season's pride,  
And throwing soot out of her lap around.  
Having grown scorn'd, on no one she did ride,  
Much less on gods ; who once on either side  
Supported her, like to their sovereign queen.  
Lord ! how the sweeps all grinn'd, when her they spied,  
And leapt and daunc't, as they had scorched been !  
And Jack himself about her lumber'd all in green.

Such is May-day in London,—once the gayest of its holidays, furnishing the inhabitants with a pleasant prospect and retrospect, perhaps for half the year. May was the central object of one half the year, as Christmas was of the other. Neither is scarcely worth mention now.

The celebration of May in the country is almost as little attended to. The remoter the scene from London, the more it flourishes. In some villages a pole is set up, but there is no dance. In others, the boys go about begging with garlands, and do nothing else. A lump of half-dead bluebells and primroses is sent in at your door, to remind you that May was once a festival.—*New Monthly Mag.*

## THE ESCAPE OF HAMILTON ROWAN FROM PRISON.

ARCHIBALD HAMILTON ROWAN, an enthusiastic Irishman, was upwards of thirty years ago tried for a political offence, convicted, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment in Newgate, in Dublin, where he made his escape in a singular manner ; in saying singular we do not allude to his getting from the prison, but to his escapes afterwards.

The circumstances of Hamilton Rowan's escape from imprisonment, as I once heard them minutely detailed, possessed all the interest of a romantic narrative. The following are such of the leading particulars as I can recal to my recollection.—Having discovered (on the 28th of April, 1794,) the extent of the danger in which he was involved, he arranged a plan of flight to be put into execution on the night of the 1st of May.

His had the address to prevail on the gaoler of Newgate, who knew nothing farther of his prisoner than that he was under sentence of confinement for a political libel, to accompany him at night to Mr. Rowan's own house. They were received by Mrs. R. who had a supper prepared in the front room of the second floor. The supper over, the prisoner requested the gaoler's permission to say a word or two in private to his wife in the adjoining room. The latter consented, on the condition of the door between the two rooms remaining open. He had so little suspicion of what was meditated, that instead of examining the state of this other room, he contented himself with shifting his chair at the supper-table so as to give him a view of the open door-way. In a few seconds his prisoner was beyond his reach, having descended by a single rope, which had been slung from the window of the back chamber. In his stable he found a horse ready saddled, and a peasant's outside coat to disguise him. With these he posted to the house of his attorney, Matthew Dowling, who was in the secret of his design, and had promised to contribute to its success by his counsel and assistance. Dowling was at home, but unfortunately his house was full of company. He came out to the street to Mr. Rowan, who personated the character of a country client, and hastily pointing out the great risk to be incurred from any attempt to give him refuge in his own house, directed him to proceed to the Rotunda (a public building in Sackville-street, with an open space in front,) and remain there until Dowling could despatch his guests, and come to him. Irish guests were in those days rather slow to separate from the bottle. For one hour and a half the fugitive had to wait, leading his horse up and down before the Rotunda, and tortured between fear and hope at the appearance of every person that approached. He has often represented this as the most trying moment of his life. Dowling at length arrived, and after a short and anxious conference, advised him to mount his horse, and make for the country-house of their friend Mr. Sweetman, which was situate about four miles off, on the northern side of the bay of Dublin. This place he reached in safety, and found there the refuge and aid which he sought. After a delay of two or three days, Mr. Sweetman engaged three boatmen of the neighbourhood to man his own pleasure-boat, and convey Hamilton Rowan to the coast of France. They put to sea at night; but a gale of wind coming on, they were compelled to put back, and

take shelter under the lee of the Hill of Howth. While at anchor there on the following morning a small revenue-cruiser sailing by threw into the boat copies of the proclamations that had issued, offering £2,000, for the apprehension of Hamilton Rowan. The weather having moderated, the boat pushed out to sea again. They had reached the mid-channel, when a situation occurred almost equalling in dramatic interest the celebrated "Cæsarem vehis" of antiquity; it would certainly make a fine subject for a picture. As the boat careered along before a favourable wind, the excited Irishman perceived the boatmen grouped apart, perusing one of the proclamations, and by their significant looks and gestures, discovering that they had recognized the identity of their passenger, with the printed description. "Your conjectures are right, my lads," said Rowan, "my life is in your hands—but you are Irishmen." They flung the proclamation overboard, and the boat continued her course. On the third morning, a little after break of day, they arrived within view of St. Paul de Leon, a fortified town, on the coast of Bretagne. As the sun rose, it dispersed a dense fog that had prevailed overnight, and discovered a couple of miles behind them, moving along under easy sail, the British Channel fleet, through the thick of which their little boat had just shot unperceived.

The party, having landed, were arrested as spies, and cast into prison; but in a few days an order from the French government procured their liberation. Hamilton Rowan proceeded to Paris, from which, in a political convulsion that shortly ensued, it was his fate once more to seek for safety in flight. He escaped this time unaccompanied, in a wherry, which he rowed himself down the Seine. The banks were lined with military; but he answered their challenges with so much address, that he was allowed to pass unmolested. Having reached a French port, he embarked for the United States of America, where at length he found a secure asylum.—*Ibid.*

It is now several years since the particulars of Mr. Rowan's escape were related to me by a friend, as they had been communicated to him by the principal actor himself; and my present recollection is that the above incident was not included. I have often heard it, as I have given it, from other sources.

## GYMNASTICS.

THE people of this land of roast beef and plum-pudding have not the slightest

idea that, in common with other nations, they labour under the sore reproach of doing nothing, absolutely nothing, for their bodies. But the fact is stated in a Prospectus of Gymnastic Exercises now before us, and, after a moment's reflection, we cannot gainsay it. We certainly use our bodies ill, we give them foul names, call them clay, &c.; and then, as vile earthenware vessels, we apply them chiefly to kitchen uses, and do little more with them than put meats in them; or else we live in our bodies as men live in tenements, which they have on short leases, and never think of improving the premises, or of adding to their means of accommodating us. "I shall not live here long," is the thriftless reply to every suggestion of wisdom; and then, when the tabernacle yields to time, and becomes uncomfortable and disagreeable to inhabit, we thrust any vile doctor's stuff into the breaches, just as though we were botching an Irish cabin, and, like tinkers, generally make two holes in mending one. Even in their best days men used their bodies in this rakish way, merely because their time was short. We read that when Methuselah waxed in centuries, as he was lying on the ground bivouacking, as was his custom, in the afternoon, an angel appeared to him, and told him that if he would get up and build him a house to sleep in, he should live five hundred years longer. But what was his antediluvian reply to so eligible a proposal? Why, in substance, that it was not worth while to take a house for so short a term! This is a type of the ways of man. Tell a lazy citizen, with a face like a poppy, to strengthen his body by exercise that he may live long in the land, and he replies, "man is but flower of the field," and therefore he is content to emulate the sedentary habits of the sleepy weed he essentially resembles, and goes on nodding and bobbing his life away with a flaming countenance and a drowsy head; it is not worth his while forsooth to make himself as strong as a jack-ass for so short a span. Exercise of a certain nature is indeed considered good; that is to say, a walk before dinner, or just so much, in short, as will prepare our earthenware vessel to hold an immense quantity of meat and drink, but as for taking systematic exercise for the purpose of developing or improving the powers of the body, it is a thing never thought of.

M. Carl Voelker, the writer of the Prospectus now before us, commences with the following observations:

"For many centuries, education has

been exclusively directed to the development of the mental faculties, while the bodily powers have been entirely neglected. But all who acted on such a principle did not sufficiently take into account the intimacy of connexion between mind and body. For who does not know from his own experience, that the mind uniformly participates in the condition of the body? that it is cheerful when the body is strong and healthy, depressed when it is conscious of bodily weakness."

This is certainly true; for though we neglect the training or education of our bodies, as fond mothers neglect the training or education of their pet children, yet we take greatly to heart any ill that may befall them—we are wanting in the discharge of our duties to our bodies, but we do not in anywise lack affection for them, and the mind sympathises in their distress, though it seldom forms any reasonable plan to avert the evil. Professor Jahn, it appears, was among the first of the moderns who took the case of bodies under consideration, and having devised a number of exercises and arranged them systematically, he established a Gymnasium at Berlin, in the year 1810, which was soon resorted to by several thousands of pupils of various ages. "The ardent, real, and indefatigable exertion of this man," says M. Carl Voelker, "his concise, powerful, and persuasive appeals to his pupils, had such an effect, that all vied with each other in the endeavours to render their bodies strong and active." M. Carl Voelker was one of Professor Jahn's pupils, and in 1818, feeling himself sufficiently prepared for the duties of a teacher, he established gymnastic exercises at the academy of Eisenach and at the University of Tubingen. In these establishments under the system of Jahn—

"Weakly and sick persons (as those affected by consumption resulting from asthma,) recovered their health; and these exercises were perhaps the only effective medicine to their complaints. The judgment of physicians from all places where those exercises were introduced, concurred in their favourable effect upon health; and parents and teachers gave testimonies, that by them their sons and pupils, and all young men participating in these exercises, had become more thinking, active, and graceful in deportment.—*London Magazine.*"



# EXAMINATION OF A YOUNG PRETENDER TO FASHION.

- Q. Are you a gentleman ?  
 A. I am.  
 Q. By what signs do you know that you are a gentleman ?  
 A. I have nothing to do, go to Almack's, and eat olives after dinner.  
 Q. What is your fortune ?  
 A. A younger brother's allowance of six hundred a year.  
 Q. What is your income ?  
 A. About five thousand a year.  
 Q. I perceive you distinguish between fortune and income ?  
 A. I do. Every man of fashion does so.  
 Q. Explain the distinction ?  
 A. By fortune, I mean what may be called a man's own money ; income, on the contrary, is made up of various articles and goods that come into his possession by virtue of credit or otherwise.  
 Q. How do you rate your yearly income ?  
 A. By desiring my servant to cast up the year's bills.  
 Q. Suppose you procure cash for an accommodation bill, how do you consider it ?  
 A. As an accession to my income ; I account myself so much the richer.  
 Q. How old are you ?  
 A. Twenty.  
 Q. How long have you been on the town ?  
 A. Three years.  
 Q. What is the ordinary period of a man of fashion's life ?  
 A. A man of extreme fashion is accounted old at one-and-twenty, and if he has lived all his life, he commonly dies of extreme old age and infirmity at six-and-twenty, or thereabouts.  
 Q. What are the boundaries of town ?  
 A. Town is bounded on the North by Oxford-street, on the East by Bond-street and the Haymarket, on the South by Pall Mall and Piccadilly, and on the West by Park-lane.  
 Q. Is Portman-square then out of town ?  
 A. No, it certainly is not ; but I do not know how to bring it into town, nor how to leave it out ; but many persons hold, with good authority, that the north of Oxford-street cannot be quite right.  
 Q. Where is Russell-square ?  
 A. I don't know.  
 Q. Have you ever heard that place named ?  
 A. I certainly have heard it named, but only as a capital joke ; it is a place very much laughed at by witty men.  
 Q. Repeat one of these capital jokes ;

A. In the House of Commons, Mr. Croker having named Russell-square, added a doubt whether any member knew where that was.

- Q. You read the debates, then ?  
 A. No, I beg leave to explain that I heard this story : Croker tells it himself, and laughs a good deal at it ; I think more than a gentleman ought to laugh.  
 Q. Do you ever read ?  
 A. Yes : I read John Bull, the Army List, and the Newmarket Calendar.  
 Q. How many tailors are there in London ?  
 A. Two.  
 Q. How many boot-makers ?  
 A. Five.  
 Q. Hatters ?  
 A. Hats may be got anywhere in Bond-street or St. James's-street.  
 Q. What is the most wonderful invention of modern times ?  
 A. The starched neckcloth.  
 Q. Who invented the starched neckcloth ?  
 A. Brummell.  
 Q. Give the particulars of this invention ?  
 A. When Brummell fell into disgrace, he devised the starched neckcloth, with the design of putting the Prince's neck out of fashion, and of bringing his Royal Highness's muslin, his bow, and wadding, into contempt. When he first appeared in this stiffened cravat, tradition says that the sensation in St. James's-street was prodigious ; dandies were struck dumb with envy, and washerwomen miscarried. No one could conceive how the effect was produced,—tin, card, a thousand contrivances were attempted, and innumerable men cut their throats in vain experiments ; the secret, in fact, puzzled and baffled every one, and poor dandy I——d died raving mad of it ; his mother, sister, and all his relations waited on Brummell, and on their knees implored him to save their kinsman's life by the explanation of the mystery ; but the beau was obdurate, and I miserably perished. When B. fled from England, he left this secret a legacy to his country ; he wrote on a sheet of paper, on his dressing table, the euphatic words, "*Starch is the man.*"  
 Q. Is Brummell an authority now ?  
 A. No, none at all ; but still, in his exile, he has exercised an indirect influence on the coats and breeches of the age, for he suckles young dandies at Calais.  
 Q. Who is the king of the dandies now ?  
 A. There is no king, the two great tailors are dictators.  
 Q. Why is Mr. Haybe called Pea

Green; is it on account of his extraordinary greenness, or what is the reason?

A. It is not on account of his greenness, that is a vulgar newspaper mistake; but because he first came out in a pea green coat, which he threatened to turn to yellow in the autumn.

Q. Did you ever see any one eat fish with a knife; I do not insult you by asking whether you are guilty of such an abomination?

A. Never, Sir.

Q. But you have heard of such practices?

A. I have read of them, as of other vile practices, and know how to despise them.

Q. Suppose you were dining with the Guards, what should you eat?

A. I should eat much pastry, for the Guards live on tarts, and support nature on various fruit pies.

Q. What should you drink with the Guards?

A. Lemonade.

Q. What quantity of wine will an exquisite of the present day swallow, without making a beast of himself?

A. An exquisite of the first water will complain of head-ache, and confess intoxication after two glasses of light wine; we are in fact no match for the women, many of whom will swallow a frightful quantity of liquor at dinner.

Q. Is there any place where it is right to wear boots in the evening?

A. Yes; the Opera.

Q. Why the Opera?

A. Because there is an order against boots, and therefore, to appear in them there is a proof that one is somebody with the door keepers.

Q. What is the history of the standing order against trousers at Almack's?

A. The Lady Patronesses took a disgust to those loose habits, and issued an order that no gentleman should appear in them who could not plead some personal deformity in apology for the concealment of his shapes.

Q. What was the consequence?

A. The best made men in London went to Almack's in trousers, the patronesses ordered them out of the rooms, and the cavaliers thereupon craved a jury of matrons. On this the qualification was rescinded, and the order was made absolute.

Q. You have your gallantries?

A. I have had the honour of being scandalised as much, I flatter myself, as other men.

Q. Supposing a woman of fashion sets you down in her carriage, what is the established etiquette?

A. To be rude.

Q. How do you make love to a chambermaid at an inn?

A. I knock her down with the boot-jack.

CÆTERA DESUNT.

*Ibid.*

## ANECDOTES OF THE GAME OF CHESS.

IN No. CXXXVII. of the MIRROR we gave the several moves in the great game at chess played between the chess clubs of Edinburgh and London; and we, at the same time, promised to give a few anecdotes of this scientific game, for the origin of which we refer to No. LXXXVII. of the MIRROR.

The game of chess has been generally practised by the greatest warriors and generals, and some have even supposed, that it was necessary for a military man to be well acquainted with this game. It is a game which has something in it peculiarly interesting. We read that Tamerlane was a great chess-player, and was engaged in a game during the very time of the decisive battle with Bajazet, the Turkish emperor, who was defeated and taken prisoner. It is also related of Al Amin, the khalif of Bagdad, that he was engaged at chess with his freedman Kuthar, at the time that Al Mamun's forces were carrying on the siege of that city with so much vigour, that it was on the point of being carried by assault. Dr. Hyde quotes an Arabic history of the Saracens, in which the khalif is said to have cried out when warned of his danger, "Let me alone, for I see checkmate against Kuthar!" We are told that Charles I. was at chess when news was brought of the final intention of the Scots to sell him to the English; but so little was he discomposed by this alarming intelligence, that he continued his game with the utmost composure; so that no person could have known that the letter he received had given him information of any thing remarkable. King John was playing at chess when the deputies from Rouen came to acquaint him that their city was besieged by Philip Augustus; but he would not hear them until he had finished his game.

The following remarkable anecdote we have from Dr. Robertson, in his "History of Charles V. :—John Frederic, elector of Saxony, having been taken prisoner by Charles, was condemned to death. The decree was intimated to him while at chess with Ernest of Brunswick, his fellow-prisoner. After a short pause, and making some reflections on the irregularity and

injustice of the emperor's proceedings, he turned to his antagonist, whom he challenged to finish the game. He played with his usual ingenuity and attention; and, having beat Ernest, expressed all the satisfaction that is commonly felt on gaining such victories. He was not, however, put to death, but set at liberty, after five years' confinement.

In the Chronicle of the Moorish kings of Granada we find it related, that, in 1396, Mehemed Balba seized upon the crown in prejudice of his elder brother, and passed his life in one continued round of disasters. His wars with Castile were invariably unsuccessful; and his death was occasioned by a poisoned vest. Finding his case desperate, he despatched an officer to the fort of Salobrena, to put his brother Jusaf to death, lest that prince's adherents should form any obstacle to his son's succession. The alcaide found the prince playing at chess with an alfaqui, or priest. Jusaf begged hard for two hours respite, which was denied him; at last, with great reluctance, the officer permitted him to finish the game; but before it was finished a messenger arrived with the news of the death of Mehemed, and the unanimous election of Jusaf to the crown.

We have a curious anecdote of Ferrand, count of Flanders; who having been accustomed to amuse himself at chess with his wife, and being constantly beaten by her, a mutual hatred took place; which came to such a height, that when the count was taken prisoner at the battle of Bovine, she suffered him to remain a long time in prison, though she could easily have procured his release.

Reserving for a future number a separate memoir of Philidor, the Great Chess Player, we shall subjoin a few miscellaneous anecdotes, connected with the game.

#### ANIMATED CHESS.

DON JOHN of Austria had a large room in his palace, in which there was a chequered pavement of black and white marble. Upon this living men, in varied costumes, resembling the different pieces on the chess-board, moved under his direction, according to the laws of the game.

#### PLAYING FOR A BENEFICE.

THE Chancellor of France, d'Aguessau, was very fond of the game of chess, and used to play for half a crown a game with M. de Lagalle, the best player of his time, and the tutor of Philidor. M. de Lagalle once proposed to play for a great stake to the Chancellor. This he explained to be a living at Vincennes,

which he wished to procure for an abbé of his acquaintance. The chancellor immediately took the move, and in pushing his pawn said, "*Va l'Abbe.*" M. de Lagalle soon got the advantage, but did not choose to win the game; which the chancellor told him, however, should not prejudice his friend, and he accordingly gave him the benefice.

#### DEXTERITY OF CHESS PLAYERS.

NUMEROUS instances are on record of persons playing at chess blindfolded, and others who would play two, three, or four games at a time. In the year 1268, there was a Saracen named Buzacca, who came to Florence and played, at one time, on three chess boards, with the most skillful masters in Florence, playing at two by memory, and with the third by sight. He won two games, and the third was drawn.

Salvis, who wrote a treatise on the game of chess, Zerone, Mediano and Ruy, Lopez of Spain, Manerolino of Florence, and Paoli Boi of Syracuse, could all play successfully without seeing the board.

Sacchieri of Turin, Keyser informs us, could play at chess with three different persons at the same time, even without seeing any one of the chess boards. He required no more than that his substitute should tell him what piece his antagonist had moved; and Sacchieri could direct what step was to be taken on his side; holding at the same time conversation with the company present. If any dispute arose about the place where any piece should be, he could tell every move that had been made, not only by himself, but by his antagonist, from the beginning of the game; and in this manner he could testibly decide the proper place of the piece.

#### CHESS IN IRELAND.

THE old Irish (says Dr. Hyde) were so greatly addicted to chess, that amongst them the possession of good estates hath been decided by it; and there are some estates, at this time, the property whereof doth still depend upon the issue of a game at chess. For example, the heirs of two certain noble Irish families, whom I could name, to say nothing of others, hold their lands upon the tenure that one of them shall encounter the other at chess in this manner, that whoever should conquer, should seize and possess the estate of the other. Therefore they, managing the affair prudently among themselves, perhaps once every year meet, by appointment, to play at chess. One of them makes a move, and the other saith, "I will consider how to answer you next

year. This being done, a public notary commits to writing the situation of the game, which neither of them hath won, hath been and will be continued for some hundreds of years.

### AMERICAN PUBLIC DINNERS.

THERE is something very peculiar about the public dinners of our transatlantic brethren (both North and South), particularly on the subject of toast-drinking. When we in Great Britain have a toast at a large public dinner, it is commonly expected to come, and generally does come, from the chair. In America, however (a land of liberty in this as in other matters), every individual present appears to take his share in the toasting, whether with or without permission of the chair we have not been able to discover. Moreover, every individual seems to exert his utmost power to strain the memory of the company, for there come forth from many, if not most, who attempt the art of toast-proposing, such a multiplicity of words, that we are sure none but the reporters present will be able to repeat them. Take an instance from a Buenos Ayres dinner, at which the British consul sent out by Mr. Canning was present: indeed, we believe, the dinner was especially given to that gentleman:—

“To the state of Buenos Ayres, the load-star of the South, the anchor of Hope amidst the storms of revolution; and prosperity to the pilot who has weathered the hurricane. Under her auspices may the union of the other provinces be accomplished, and may that union be perpetual.”

Here comes another, proposed and drank at Philadelphia:—

“Lebanon county: though small its area, yet we challenge the country to produce a more honest, industrious, and patriotic population, who, on the second Tuesday of October, will assist to elect one of its citizens to the chief magistracy of this commonwealth.”

At a dinner given in honour of La Fayette, a Capt. J. K. Dunn, of whom it might be expected that he would never be done, gave the following. If each man repeated the words, how stupid they must have looked to be saying so long a lesson with their glasses in their hands:—

“General La Fayette—the last of our revolutionary staff. He abandoned every domestic comfort to expend his treasure and blood, and fight as a volunteer for American freedom—he lives in our hearts next to his old commander-in-chief, our beloved Washington.”

But there is even a more extraordinary thing than this, of which we have seen sundry examples in the course of our American reading. It is that toasts are frequently accompanied by poetry. Whether this is delivered before or after the toast is drank, or repeated or omitted by the company, we are not informed; though it is printed as if it were part of the toast. God help us! how many a Manchester manufacturer, or rich and illiterate country gentleman, would stamble over such a toast as what we subjoin, which belongs also to the La Fayette dinner. We should not much relish the recitation of the half of the good wine-bibbers that frequent our English public dinners, and it is most astonishing if the elocutionary powers of the Americans are already superior to those of the mother country:—

“The cause of the Greeks—

“Departed spirits of the mighty dead,  
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled,  
Friends of the brave, restore your swords to  
man—  
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van.”

Here follows another, given at a dinner at Boston:—

“The memory of Byron—

“O’er the heart of CHILDE HAROLD Greek  
maiden shall weep—  
In his own native island his body shall sleep,  
With the bones of the bravest and best,  
But this song shall go down to the latest of  
time,  
Fame tell how he rose for earth’s loveliest  
clime,  
And Mercy shall blot out the rest.”

But perhaps the longest that was ever given is the annexed, which came most appropriately from the editor of the *New England Farmer*, a publication already well known to many of the gentleman agriculturists of this country:—

“Agriculture, the primitive and principle pursuit of man. May masters of art recollect, that without agriculture, *we want would be their master. Never men remember that cabbage heads go to compose learned heads—physicians the sensible that meat comes before medicine—the statesman never forget that the seeds which produce manufactories, counting-houses, schools, academies, colleges, court-houses, and churches, are sown in the field of the farmer.*”

Now, who in the British empire, or who in any other part of the world, would think of delivering forth such a mass of toast, if one may use the expression, as is here exhibited? Even if none but the individual who utters it, is, by rule,

troubled to call to mind this speech of a toast (for it is certainly less a *lengthy* toast, than a miniature speech), it would be impracticable in any assembly where there existed a considerable degree of enthusiasm, to prevent two-thirds of the company from swallowing their wine before the toast should be half concluded, especially if the gentlemen should happen to be half-seas over at the time. Let the sober reader, or let the port-bewildered reader, (for *he* will, perhaps, be better able to judge than the other), think for a moment that he sees the president rising to give a toast—let him anticipate that the coming toast is only a mere expression, a line or two in length, and let him confess how ridiculous he would feel to carry the glass to his lips, expecting to have some good motive, or at least some feasible excuse for forthwith swallowing its contents, and there to be compelled to hold it during the full term of a well-rounded period! A toast should be brief and spirit-stirring. It is the suddenness and smartness of the shock which gives it all its agreeable effect. Toasts of four, five, six, or perhaps nine or ten lines, are almost as laughable as it would be to expect lightning to be surpassed in speed by a laden London waggon.

*Newcastle Magazine.*

## Scientific Amusements.

### No. XI.

#### SILVER TREE ON GLASS.

PUT a few drops of the solution of silver in aqua fortis on a piece of glass, form a bit of copper or brass wire to represent a tree with its branches, but flat, so as to lie upon the glass; lay it in the liquid, and let it remain for an hour or two. A beautiful vegetation will be perceived all round the wire, which will nearly be covered by it. This may be preserved by washing it very carefully with water, and putting another glass over it.

#### TO COVER RIBBONS WITH GOLD.

LET ether stand over phosphorus for some weeks, and some of the phosphorus will be dissolved. Dissolve also some gold in aqua regia. (nitro muriatic acid.) Dip the ribbon, first, into the nitro muriatic solution, then into the phosphorated ether, and it will be covered with a firm coating of gold.

The same effect is produced by exposing the ribbon, after having dipped it into the solution of gold, to a current of phosphorated hydrogen gas for some days.

#### TO TAKE IMPRESSIONS FROM LEAVES.

TAKE green leaves of trees or flowers, lay them between the leaves of a book till they are dry, then mix up some lamp-black with drying oil, and make a small dabber of some cotton wrapped up in a piece of soft leather. Put your colour upon a tile, and take some upon your dabber.

Laying the dried leaf flat upon a table, dab it very gently with the oil colour, till the veins of the leaf are covered; but be careful not to dab it so hard as to force the colour between the veins. Moisten a piece of paper, or rather have a piece laying between several sheets of moistened paper for several hours, and lay this over the leaf which has been blackened. Press it gently down, then subject it to the action of a press, or lay a heavy weight on it, and press it down very hard. By this means you obtain a very beautiful impression of the leaf and all the veins; even the minutest will be represented in a more perfect manner than they could be drawn with the greatest care. These impressions may also be coloured in the same manner as prints.

#### TO MAKE ARTIFICIAL PETRIFICATIONS.

PUT a quantity of pounded flour spar and a few bits of broken glass into a retort, pour upon them some sulphuric acid; fluoric acid gas will be disengaged, holding siliceous solution. The substances to be made resembling petrifications, as lizards, frogs, branches of trees, birds' nests, &c. are now moistened with water, and placed in a vessel connected with the neck of the retort. The fluoric acid gas will be absorbed by the moisture adhering to the substances, and the siliceous precipitated upon them like a sort of hoar-frost having a very beautiful appearance.

## Miscellaneous.

### EXTEMPORE.

ON reading "an Ode to a Pig while his nose was boring," which may serve as a fable, and an excellent piece of instruction to many of the human race, as well as to the swinish community.—See *MIRROR*, No. 137, page 262.

Let mortals learn that punishment is good—  
A thorough blessing, though not understood;  
That liberty itself may prove a curse,  
And, though our lot be bad, the lot of some is worse.

## THE WELSH CURATE.

A PARODY ON SHAKESPEARE.

I do remember a Welsh Curate :  
In yon thatched hut he lives : whom late I noted  
On jaded pony, with forced shuffling gait,  
Hurrying from church to church—scant was his  
pay.

And sharp, thick-coming taxes fleeced him bare :  
Around his needy board stood half a-dozen  
Of ragged, ruddy, hungry, lovely children,  
And ever-burden'd wife. About his shelves  
The butcher's quarterly account—not paid :  
Aa ill-strung fiddle ; old cheese ; some musty  
books ;

Remnants of fishing tackle ; and half a loaf ;  
Noting his penury, to myself I said,  
An if a bishop had some small living,  
Not worth the Chaplain's notice, vacant now,  
Here is an honest man—'twould make him happy.  
Being noon, he's paring teeth.

TONY.

SWEDISH AND DANISH  
WATCHMEN.

THE watchmen of Stockholm, like their brethren of Copenhagen, cry the hour most lustily, and sing anthems almost all night, to the no little annoyance of foreigners, who have been accustomed to confine their devotions to the day. These important personages of the night perambulate the town with a curious weapon like a pitchfork, each side of the fork having a spring barb, used in securing a running thief by the leg. The use of it requires some skill and practice, and constitutes no inconsiderable part of the valuable art and mystery of thief-catching.

ANECDOTE OF THE EARL OF  
PETERBOROUGH.

THE celebrated Earl of Peterborough crossing the King's Mews one evening in a chair, soon after the arrival of the Duke of Marlborough from one of his victorious campaigns, was mistaken by the populace for his Grace, and was soon surrounded from curiosity to see the man who had given the French so many drubbings. His Lordship finding that the multitude had followed his chair upon a wrong scent, ordered the men who carried the vehicle to stop ; and putting down the front glass, he thus addressed the mistaken crowd :—"I can assure you, gentlemen, that I am *not* the Duke of Marlborough ; and to convince you that *I am not*, (continued his Lordship,) throwing a handful of money amongst them, here is something for you to drink."—The well known avarice of his Grace gave a strong point to his Lordship's speech, and proved at once his none identity with the hero of Blenheim.

## ANECDOTE.

A FEMALE came into a bookseller's shop with a slip of paper in her hand, upon which was written a verse from scripture, with the proper reference to the place from whence it was taken. "I want," (said she,) the sermon on that text, and two of my neighbours will each be glad of one also." The bookseller surprised, inquired whose sermon it was. "Our curate's" (she replied), and he preached it last Sunday." On being asked whether she knew if it had been printed, she was a little displeased, and pettishly observed, "How could it have been preached if it had not been printed?" No explanation or remonstrance availed to satisfy her ; and she left the shop, convinced that the bookseller could if he had thought proper, have accommodated her with what she wanted.

F. W. D.

## CORPORATE ECONOMY.

*A Bill of Fare for the Court of Assistants of the Worshipful Company of Wax Chandlers.*

LONDON, 1478.

|                                  | s. | d. |
|----------------------------------|----|----|
| 2 Loins of veal, & 2 mutton pies | 1  | 4  |
| 1 Ditto of beef                  | 0  | 4  |
| 1 Doz. pigeons & 1 doz. rabbits  | 0  | 9  |
| 1 Pig and 1 capon                | 1  | 0  |
| 1 Goose and 100 eggs             | 1  | 0½ |
| 1 Leg of mutton                  | 0  | 2½ |
| 2 Gallons of sack                | 1  | 4  |
| 18 Ditto of strong ale           | 1  | 6  |

7 6

## DRINKERS.

THERE are three sorts of drinkers. The first class drink to satisfy nature and support existence ; the second are somewhat more bibulous, and take a larger quantum, to exhilarate the frame and cheer the heart—to give vivacity to manner, and brighter conversations to wit, as well as to ensure them sound repose—these we may be allowed to call lawful drinkers ; but the third class, those who swallow potations deep for no earthly purpose but to enervate the body and stupify the mind, are wholly indefensible. Upon their own shewing, they deserve to be ranked with, if not beneath, the beasts that perish, seeing that it is their constant aim to render their reason oblivious, without possessing its next of kin, instinct. I was much struck with the shrewd remark of one of the woolly-headed race, on my recent visit to Jamaica.

In the course of my ride, I observed a Negro in a pimento walk, which commanded a beautiful and extensive view of coffee-grounds, cane pieces, the vast range called the Blue Mountains, and the ever-changing sea. I beckoned to him to take charge of my horse, while I sought the friendly shelter of a banana, beneath which I could indulge my taste with the picturesque with greater comfort and advantage: it was an elysium around me. But as I was not yet a disembodied spirit, and had to ride for my dinner, I could not fix my abode there, I took a lingering look, and motioned for my horse. When the fellow came up to me, he threw his features into such an inexpressible shape I thought he was inebriated, and taxed him with it. I shall never forget the man's naive reply:—"You say me tippy! rife no tippy, me merry. Massa often say, when I funny, Quaco, you drunk! me say, no massa, me no drunk—you hab drunk, an me sorrow for dat—for you die, an den all one to Massa and Quaco, but dat never so here. He laugh, an say, how dat Quaco, no differ den, but differ now? Me tell him answer so—Ah! massa, you drink for *drunky*, me drink for *drinky*; that is differ 'tween U and I." This was too much; usage deterred me from laughing with the sable wit, but has not prevented me from doing so since. I put a joe in the wag's hand, and pursued my ride. Will you find a corner in the MIRROR for an African's joke, or an European's failing?

### The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—Wotton.

### TURKISH FIRMAN.

THE following is the text of a recent Firman of the Grand Selgnior:—

"Learn," said the Sultan Mahmoud, "that the infidels translate and print, in the languages of the East, the books of their religion, known under the name *Bible*, *Psalter*, and *Gospel*. Two or three hundred of each sort have arrived in my dominions; with four or five treatises in the Persian languages. It is my duty to prevent such things. I wish that books of this kind should be sent back into Europe. If hereafter any of them come to my custom-house, let there be a strict account made out of them, and sent to my capital. I prohibit all Turks, whoever they may be, to take any of those *false* books: when they meet with any of them, I ordain that they seize, and throw them into the fire."

### EPIGRAM.

It was a frosty morning.—Sam Met Tom, and asked him for a Dram. I'll give you one, said Tom; and first, Drink not but to quench your thirst; Next, in my pocket I've no pelf; Lastly, I want a Dram myself: So now you've had it, worthy Sam, Three scruples always make a Dram.

PHILOTIMOS.

### HARDER WHERE THERE'S NONE.

A COLLEGIAN was once dining, during the vacation, with a party of young friends, upon beef steaks. In the course of the meal, one of the party said they were hard, and was immediately answered by another, "It is much harder where there are none." This joke pleased the collegian so much, that he determined to seize the first opportunity of repeating it. For this purpose he waited anxiously for two months, after his return to his studies. One morning early, as he was leaning out of the window, enjoying the keen and invigorating November air, a countryman passed, and observing him, said, "Good morning, sir; it is a hard frost this morning." The youth thought this too excellent an opportunity to be omitted, therefore exultingly exclaimed, "*Harder where there's none!*"

KILLIGREW comparing a gossiping lady of the Court of Charles II. to a monkey, was asked where was the parallel?—Because, said he, they are both tail (tale) bearers.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Charitable Institutions, No. III. : The History of Music*, and several articles from Correspondents in our next.

Will Mr. Spiller send to our office any time after Monday: we feel deeply obliged by his kindness.

The following have been received:—*Edgar, Jacobus, Weston, Philotimos, Proteus, D. W. Frank, J. W. E., W. H. E., W. M., J. W., Epimet, Jean, Henricus, F. R-y, Clavis, Salopienis, Q. Q. Q., The North Star, Barber, G., Wrights, Humility, S. E., C. V., Charles, O. W. C., Mr. Crisp, E. T-a, Malvern, Z. A., G. S., T. W., J. M. C., Oculius, Timothy, and J. G. K.*

Can Charles favour us with a description of the cottage of which he has sent us a drawing.

M. A. has our best thanks.

T. N.—shall be attended to.

*Erratum*.—The signature to the description of *Burgh Castle* in No. 137, of the MIRROR, should have been F. R. T. Crisp.

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# The Mirror

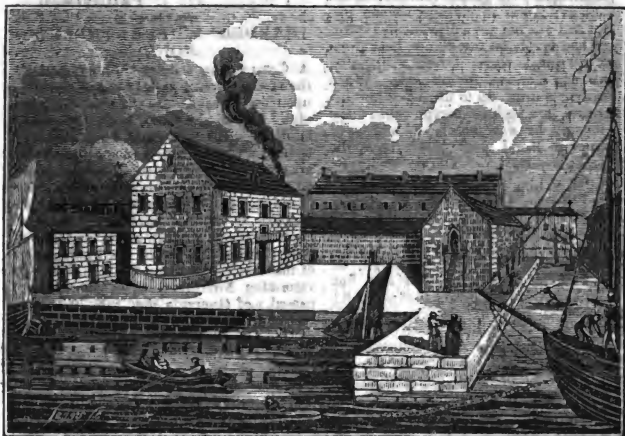
OF  
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CXL.]

SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.]

## The House in which Lord Byron died.



FREQUENT as the name of Lord Byron has appeared in the pages of the MIRROR,\* and ample as the details we have given of his eventful life are, yet we are sure our readers will be gratified with the additional information we are now enabled to present. We have already given a portrait of Lord Byron, engraved on steel, his autograph, views of his family mansion, the church where his remains are deposited, and we now present our readers with a view of the house in which his lordship lived and died, at Missolonghi. For this truly interesting subject we are indebted to an 'excellent work' just published, entitled, "The last days of Lord Byron." By William Parry, Major of Lord Byron's brigade in Greece. Mr. Parry was the friend and companion of his lordship during the last few months of his invaluable life—lived under the same roof with him, enjoyed his unlimited confidence, and was engaged by him to forward the great cause he had at

heart—the liberation of Greece. His work, which is a plain and sensible narrative, contains a very interesting account of the last days of the noble bard, with his lordship's opinions on various subjects, particularly on the state and prospects of Greece. From this work we shall make a few extracts—and first, Mr. Parry's introduction to Lord Byron's house, of which we present so interesting a view:—

"The walls were covered with the insignia of Lord Byron's occupations. They were hung round with weapons, like an armoury, and supplied with books.—Swords of various descriptions and manufacture, rifle guns and pistols, carbines and daggers, were within reach on every side of the room. His books were placed over them on shelves, and were not quite so accessible. I afterwards thought, when I came to know more of the man and the country, that this arrangement was a type of his opinion concerning it. He was not one of those who thought the Greeks needed education before obtaining freedom: as I can now interpret the language, there was legibly written on the walls—'Give Greece arms and independence, and then learning; I am here

\* Nos. 90 and 99 are wholly devoted to Lord Byron; and the third and fourth volumes of the MIRROR contain more interesting details of the life, genius, and character of his lordship than are to be met with in any other work.

to serve her, but I will serve her first with my steel, and afterwards with my pen."

"Lord Byron was sitting on a kind of mattress, but elevated by a cushion that occupied only a part of it, and made his seat higher than the rest. He was dressed in a blue surtout coat and loose trousers, and wore a foraging-cap. He was attended by an Italian servant, Tita, and a young Greek of the name of Luca, of a most prepossessing appearance."

Mr. Parry says, the manner in which Lord Byron lived in Greece may be sketched from the history of a single day.

"He always rose at nine o'clock, or a little later, and breakfasted about ten.—This meal consisted of tea without either milk or sugar, dry toast, and water-cresses. During his breakfast I generally waited on him, to make any reports which were necessary, and take his orders for the labours of the day. When this business was settled, I retired to give the necessary directions to the different officers, and returned so as to be back by eleven o'clock, or a quarter before. His lordship then inspected the accounts, and, in conjunction with his secretary, checked and audited every item in a business-like manner.

"If the weather permitted, he afterwards rode out; if it did not, he used to amuse himself by shooting at a mark with pistols. Though his hand trembled much, his aim was sure, and he could hit an egg four times out of five at the distance of ten or twelve yards.

"The reader may form an idea of the fever of which Lord Byron died, when I mention his food. He ate very sparingly, and what he did eat was neither nourishing, nor heating, nor blood-making food. He very rarely touched flesh, ate very little fish, used neither spices nor sauces, and dined principally off dried toast, vegetables, and cheese. He drank a very small quantity of wine or cider; but indulged in the use of no spirituous liquors. He took nothing of any consequence during the remainder of the day, and I verily believe, as far as his own personal consumption was concerned, there was not a single Greek soldier in the garrison who did not eat more, and more luxuriously, than this tenderly-brought up and long-indulged English gentleman and nobleman.

"After his dinner, Lord Byron attended the drilling of the officers of his corps in an outer apartment of his own dwelling. Here again he set an admirable example. He submitted to be drilled with them, and went through all those exercises it was proper for them to learn.

When these were finished, he very often played a game of single-stick, or indulged in some other severe muscular exertion. He then retired for the evening, and conversed with friends, or employed himself, using the little assistance I was able to give him, studying military tactics. At eleven o'clock I left him, and I was generally the last person he saw, except his servants, and then he retired, not, however, to sleep, but to study. Till nearly four o'clock every morning he was continually engaged reading or writing, and rarely slept more than five hours: getting up again, as I have already said, at nine o'clock. In this manner did Lord Byron pass nearly every day of the time I had the pleasure of knowing him."

Mr. Parry attributes the death of Lord Byron to debility arising from his anxiety for the cause of Greece, and the vexations to which he was subjected by the interference of others. Lord Byron died, as our readers will remember, on the 19th of April, 1824: for some days previous to this event his Lordship was delirious. On the 15th, Mr. Parry, who enjoyed a high degree of favour, visited the noble bard, and he thus relates the interview:—

"It was seven o'clock in the evening when I saw him, and then I took a chair at his request, and sat down by his bedside, and remained till ten o'clock. He sat up in his bed, and was then calm and collected. He talked with me on a variety of subjects connected with himself and his family; he spoke of his intentions as to Greece, his plans for the campaign, and what he should ultimately do for that country. He spoke to me about my own adventures. He spoke of death also with great composure; and though he did not believe his end was so very near, there was something about him so serious and so firm, so resigned and composed, so different from any thing I had ever before seen in him, that my mind misgave me, and at times foreboded his speedy dissolution.

"Parry," he said, when I first went to him, 'I have much wished for you to-day. I have had most strange feelings, but my head is now better; I have no gloomy thoughts, and no idea but that I shall recover. I am perfectly collected—I am sure I am in my senses—but a melancholy will creep over me at times.' The mention of the subject brought the melancholy topics back, and a few exclamations showed what occupied Lord Byron's mind when he was left in silence and solitude. 'My wife! my Ada! my country! the situation of this place—my removal impossible, and perhaps death—all combine to make me sad. Since I have been ill, I have given to all my plans

much serious consideration. You shall go on at your leisure preparing for building the schooner; and when other things are done, we will put the last hand to this work, by a visit to America.\* To reflect on this has been a pleasure to me, and has turned my mind from ungrateful thoughts. When I left Italy, I had time on board the brig to give full scope to memory and reflection. It was then I came to that resolution I have already informed you of. I am convinced of the happiness of domestic life. No man on earth respects a virtuous woman more than I do; and the prospect of retirement in England with my wife and Ada, gives me an idea of happiness I have never experienced before. Retirement will be every thing to me, for heretofore my life has been like the ocean in a storm."

"Then advertent to his more immediate attendants he said: 'I have closely observed to-day the conduct of all around me. Tita is an admirable fellow; he has not been out of the house for several days. Bruno is an excellent young man and very skilful, but I am afraid he is too much agitated. I wish you to be as much about me as possible; you may prevent me being jaded to death; and when I recover, I assure you I shall adopt a different mode of living. They must have misinformed you when they told you I was asleep; I have not slept; and I can't imagine why they should tell you I was asleep.'

"You have no conception of the unaccountable thoughts which come into my mind when the fever attacks me. I fancy myself a Jew, a Mahomedan, and a Christian of every profession of faith. Eternity and space are before me; but on this subject, thank God, I am happy and at ease. The thought of living eternally, of again reviving, is a great pleasure. Christianity is the purest and most liberal religion in the world; but the numerous teachers who are continually worrying mankind with their denunciations and their doctrines, are the greatest enemies of religion. I have read with more attention than half of them, the Book of Christianity, and I admire the liberal and truly charitable principles which Christ has laid down. There are questions connected with this subject which none but Almighty God can solve. Time and space, who can conceive—none but God: on him I rely."

On the 16th and 17th Lord Byron was alarmingly ill, and almost constantly delirious; on the 18th he suffered great pain; about six in the evening of that

day he sunk into a stupor and woke no more. "He continued," says Mr. Parry, "in a state of complete insensibility for twenty four hours, giving no other signs of life but that rattling in his throat which indicated the approach of death. On Monday, April the 19th, at six o'clock in the evening, even this faint indication of existence had ceased—Lord Byron was dead. Thus died George, Lord Byron, the truest and greatest poet England has lately given birth to; the warmest hearted of her philanthropists, and unquestionably the most distinguished man of her nobility."

## The Topographer.

No. XII.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE,  
(ALIAS PONT A'R FYNACH), IN  
CARDIGANSHIRE, NORTH WALES.

THE cataract, that is here formed by the fall of the Mynach, saluted us with its thundering roar long ere we approached it; and as we drew near, the strong reverberation, rebellowed by surrounding cavernous rocks, seemed to convulse the very atmosphere itself! We hastily put up our horses at the Hafod Arms, a solitary inn; and within a few paces found ourselves on the bridge, suspended over a gulf at which even recollection cannot but shudder. This bridge bestrides a lane of almost perpendicular rocks, patched with wood, whose summits are here scarcely five yards asunder.

At a terrific depth in the glen rages, unseen, the impetuous Mynach, engulfed beneath the protruding crags and pendant foliage; but on looking over the parapet, the half-recoiling sight discovers the phrenetic torrent in one volume of foam, bursting into light, and threatening, as it breaks against the opposing rocks, to tear the mountains from their strong foundations: then instantly darting into the dark abyss beneath, it leaves the imagination free to all the terrors of concealed danger. With emotions of awe, nor without those of fear, we descended the side of the rock, assisted by steps already cut in it, and, with some peril, reached the level of the darkened torrent, where standing on a projecting crag, against which the river bounded, immersed in its spray, and deafened by its roar, we clung to the rock. The impression of terror subsiding, left us at liberty to examine the features of the scene.—Nearly over our heads appeared the Old Bridge; attributed to the handy work of

\* This was in connection with his Lordship's views as to Greece, stated in another place.

the Devil, and another standing perpendicular over that, built by a native mason about fifty years since. The original bridge is supposed to have been built by the monks of Strata Florida Abbey, about one hundred and fifty years ago. On climbing from this hollow, we proceeded two or three hundred yards to the left of the bridge, and again descended a fearful tract, to witness the grand falls of the Mynach. Under the direction of a guide we reached the ordinary station with some difficulty, where the view of the cataract disclosed itself in four different cascades: though the intervention of a projecting rock divided these great falls, they appeared too much alike. I wished to get lower, but it seemed impracticable. Emboldened, however, by the example of a guide, I clambered upon the edge of an immense perpendicular strata of rock to nearly the lower channel of the torrent, when the cataract appeared in the most perfect manner imaginable—the great fall displayed itself in an uninterrupted superiority, and the lesser ones retired as subordinate parts.

The perpendicular descent of this cataract is no less than two hundred and ten feet—the first fall does not exceed twenty feet, the next increases to sixty, the third diminishes to about twenty, and then after a momentary pause, the torrent bounds over a shelving rock in one tremendous fall of one hundred and ten feet, and soon unites itself with the Rhydol, a river of considerable size.

This grand cataract receives no small augmentation of its terrific appearance from the black stratified rocks, forming the glen down which it thunders; nor can the spectator, however firm his mind, divest himself of terror, while, near the bottom of an abyss for ever denied a ray of sun, he views the menacing torrent bursting before him, or contemplates its foaming course tearing at his feet, among crags that its fury has disjoined. If he ventures to look up the acclivitous rock, more real danger threatens his return, when a devious balance or false step would ensure his certain destruction!—Yet, from the horrors of this gloomy chasm, some favoured projections relieve the imagination, ornamented by the light and tasteful pencilling of the mountain ash, intermixing with vigorous sapling oaks; where here and there a tree of riper years, unable to derive support from the scanty soil, falls in premature decay a prostrate ruin.

I have seen waterfalls more picturesquely grand than that of the Mynach, but none more awfully so—not excepting even the celebrated falls of Lodore and

Scaleforce, in Cumberland. Climbing from the scene of terrors, I rejoined my companions, and at the Hafod Arms Inn obtained a change of clothes—a comfort which, though wet for several hours, I should still longer have denied myself, had not the approach of night forced me from the Mynach's interesting scenery.

B.

## The Novelist.

No. LXXI.

LUCY MAR.

OF all the virtues in the world, that of pure and philanthropic charity sends forth the sweetest incense. It is a lovely trait in the character of the aged—for it argues a tenderness of feeling, and expansive mind, and a warm and benevolent heart, existing amid the desolation of the winter of years; and by this we know that time which withers and freezes up the flowers of beauty and the perennial fount of youth, has not been able to reach the springs of humanity which flow from the inner bosom. We admire it in the middle aged and active, but from these we expect the ready, and active benevolence which is due from man to man—they are the bone and sinew of society, and owe duties from which their fathers are in a manner exempt. But the charity of the young is that which mingles present pleasure with all the fulness of future hope, and sheds around the character a more than earthly glory.

Every poor family in Alesbury knew Lucy Mar, of the Sweet-briar Cottage, over the brook by the meadows; where her father lived on a snug little farm which he had bought out of the hard earnings of his young days, and where he long lived in good circumstances, honest, and industrious.—There were many pretty girls in Alesbury, in those times, but they were, as now, generally found too much devoted to pleasure, too fond of gay dress, and gay company, and spent too much time with the beaux, to have a great deal to devote to better purposes. Among these Lucy was called the little basket girl, from the circumstance of her frequently bringing up to the village small presents in a basket, which she carried round to those families who, through misfortune, sickness, or accidents were struggling with distress.

Her father when she was quite a child gave her a spot of garden ground. "Lucy," said he, "this shall be all your own; if you are a good girl, and industrious, it will yield you a great many good things, and you shall dispose of them as you

like." Every summer she paid constant attention to its cultivation—her brothers assisted her in the most laborious part of the business, and in process of time it yielded abundantly. She had a present also, once, of two pretty lambs, and from this small stock in a few seasons came a fine little stock—the wool of these she spun for stockings and mittens, for the poor people about her neighbourhood and in the village, to whose relief also, the produce of her little garden went.

From resources such as these, Lucy was many times enabled to cheer the spirits of desponding poverty, and often did her small presents, well timed always in their application, dissipate the gloom that was gathering round a widowed or an orphan family. Among the poor, and there were several of such in and about Alesbury, she was idolized; and she early, very early, had the joy of knowing that if the prayers of grey-headed, decrepit, desolate age were valuable, she was rich in such treasure. Beyond her circle of measurably dependent friends, she had few intimate companions; and secluded amid the retired shades of the Sweet-briar Cottage, she passed the first sixteen years of her life in tranquillity and innocence.

I think Lucy was about sixteen, when the law-suit, between her father and the Lawrences took place, which ended in the loss of his estate, for the court decided that he had bought the Sweet-briar property under a bad title. It was a severe stroke to the family—for in his farm the good man lost all that he was worth, and found himself involved in debt besides—having devoted all that he made for many years to enrich, and beautify, and improve his delightful situation; and the expenses of the unexpected suit having been considerable.

When Mr. Mar returned from the court, on the evening of the day in which his fortune had been decided, an affecting scene took place. "All is lost," said the poor man as his wife opened the door to receive him, "all is lost; Mary, we must leave to others this pretty retreat which we have fixed up so snug and comfortable, for our old age, and on which we so long fondly hoped our children would succeed us—but it is the will of Heaven—we must bear it with the resignation that becomes us."

The kind mother clasped her hands silently and turned pale—but when she saw her husband affected almost to tears, she put on the natural fortitude of the woman, and endeavoured cheerfully to encourage him under his misfortunes. The children gathered round their pa-

rents, and with tears in their eyes listened to the father's sad account—and then we must leave the Sweet-briar Cottage, said they all, sobbing, and in the same breath. "Yes," repeated the unfortunate father, the tears ran down his cheeks, and unable to restrain their feelings longer, the whole family were bathed in tears.

Misfortunes, sudden and deep, and unexpected misfortunes, make sad inroads upon the hearts, even of the most sober and philosophic—and the young and unfortified often bear them with less firmness. But Lucy who had been sitting long silent in one corner, at length spoke. They will take my pretty garden spot then, and all my lambs; but, though I shall have to leave my poor friends in the village, without my aid, it will be even a sweeter task to work, and earn something for, and help every day, my poor parents. Yes, we will all work to help you pa', responded each of the affectionate children, and touched with this pathetic appeal to his affectionate heart, another burst of tears succeeded.

Just then a gentle rap was heard at the door—Lucy flew to open it, and a traveller entered, and asked for lodgings. There was a moment of hesitation, and all eyes were turned to Mr. Mar. "I never yet," said the good man, "turned a stranger from my door, and while I have a loaf of bread, I will not deny a share of it to the needy." Pleasure returned in every countenance at these words, and the unknown visitor was shown to a seat—supper was prepared by Lucy, and the stranger feasted. He was a young man of a fine figure and countenance, intelligent and affable—and ever and anon, his eye was caught straying towards Lucy—she discovered it, and blushing, seized an opportunity of retiring.

"Methinks," said the stranger as she left the room, "I saw that pretty blue-eyed girl in the village, two years ago, carrying a basket of food to the poor old woman who lived by the turnpike gate; is it not her they used to call the little basket girl?" The father smiled and assented.—"Then," said he, "I know more of her history than you imagine—we must become better acquainted." The conversation went on—in course Mr. Mar mentioned his losses—and spoke with a full heart of his past life, his prospects, and his family. The evening was spent—and next morning the stranger left the cottage, saying he had some business to transact and would return in the evening.

The evening came—Carroll returned

and presented to the astonished family Mr. Lawrence's deed for his farm. "I give it to you," said he, "on this condition, that you allow me to remain a member of your family for a few weeks;" the condition was accepted; a new era opened; the six weeks were prolonged to sixteen, and at the end of that time he led young Lucy to the altar. He was a wealthy landholder from an eastern town, and had been on a visit to his tenants, when this event took place.

Thus did heaven reward the virtues of the lovely daughter of Mr. Mar, at last, and when it was least expected, with a flow of unexampled prosperity.

### The Selector; OR, CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

#### ODE TO H. BODKIN, ESQ.

*Secretary to the Society for the Suppression of Mendicancy.*

"This is your charge—you shall comprehend all vagrom men."—*Much Ado About Nothing.*

HAIL, King of Shreds and Patches, hail,  
Disperser of the Poor!  
Thou Dog in office, set to bark  
All beggars from the door!

Great overseer of overseers,  
And dealer in old rags!  
Thy public duty never fails,  
Thy ardour never flags!

Oh, when I take my walks abroad,  
How many poor I miss!  
Had Doctor Watts walk'd now a days  
He would have written this!

So well thy vagrant catchers prow!l,  
So clear thy caution keeps  
The path—O, Bodkin, sure thou hast  
The eye that never sleeps!

No Bellarius pleads for alms,  
No Benbow, lacking legs;  
The pious man in black is now  
The only man that begs!

Street-Bandels are disorganiz'd,  
Disbanded every band!—  
The silent scraper at the door  
Is scarce allow'd to stand!

The sweeper brushes with his broom,  
The Carstairs with his chalk  
Retires,—the cripple leaves his stand,  
But cannot sell his walk.

The old wall-blind resigns the wall,  
The camels hide their humps,  
The Witherington without a leg  
Mayn't beg upon his stumps!

Poor Jack is gone, that used to doff  
His battered tatter'd hat,  
And show his dangling sleeve, alas!  
There seem'd no arm in that!

Oh! was it such a sin to air  
His true blue naval rags,  
Glory's own trophy, like St. Paul,  
Hung round with holy flags!

Thou knowest best. I meditate,  
My Bodkin, no offence!  
Let us, henceforth, but nurse our pounds,  
Thou dost protect our pence!

Well art thou pointed 'gainst the poor,  
For, when the beggar crew  
Bring their petitions, thou art paid,  
O course, to "run them through."

Of course thou art what Hamlet meant—  
To wretches the last friend;  
What ills can mortals have, they can't  
With a bare Bodkin end?  
*Odes and Addresses to Great People.*

### Miscellanies.

#### EPITAPH IN SAINT PETER'S CHURCH, NEAR MARGATE.

"Sacred  
To the memory  
of

ANNABELLA BUNBURY  
daughter of  
Sir WILLIAM BUNBURY, Bart.  
and wife of  
GEORGE BOSCAWEN, Esq.  
born February the 14th, 1746,  
obit September 4th, 1818.

There was a time when Beauty's brightest bloom  
Adorned the slumberer in yon darksome tomb—  
When numbers, emulous her fame to share,  
In secret sigh'd, and wished themselves as fair:  
And numbers more, when waken'd to survey  
The dawn of retribution's certain day—  
When all her works of mercy, done below,  
And deeds beneficent, the world shall know—  
When worth like hers is fully understood,  
May wish too late they had but been as good."

#### ABSTINENCE.

PLINY says, a person may live seven days without any food whatever, and that many people have continued more than eleven days without either food or drink. Petrus de Albano says, there was in his time, in Normandy, a woman, thirty years of age, who had lived without food for eighteen years. Alexander Benedictus mentions a person at Venice, who lived six days without food. Jubertus relates, that a woman lived in good health three years, without either food or drink; and that he saw another who had lived to her tenth year without food or drink, and that when she arrived at a proper age she was married, and lived like other people in respect to diet, and had children. Clausius mentions, that some of the more rigid Bannanians in India abstain from food, fre-

quently for twenty days together. Albertus Kratizius says, that a hermit in the mountains in the canton of Schwitz, lived twenty years without food. Guarginus says, that Louis the pious, emperor of France, who died in 840, existed the last forty days of his life without either food or drink. Citois gives the history of a girl who lived three years without food. Albertus Magnus says, he saw a woman at Cologne who often lived twenty and sometimes thirty days without food; and that he saw an hypochondriacal man, who lived without food for seven weeks, drinking a draught of water every other day. Hildanus relates the case of a girl who lived many days without food or drink. Sylvius says there was a young woman in Spain, aged twenty-two years, who never ate any food, but lived entirely upon water; and that there was a girl in Narbonne, and another in Germany, who lived three years in good health without any kind of food or drink. It is said that Democritus lived to the age of one hundred and nine years, and that in the latter part of his life he subsisted almost entirely, for forty days at one time, on smelling honey and bread.—Others might be adduced, but these shall for the present suffice.

T—A. N—C.

#### ANECDOTE OF GEORGE III.

GOUPY attended as an assistant drawing master, at the palace of his royal highness Frederick prince of Wales. When he was one day there, his majesty, George III. being then a very little boy, for some trifling fault was compelled to stand behind a chair, as a prisoner. Goupy was ordered to go on with his drawing. "How can I," replied the artist, "make a drawing worthy the attention of your royal highness, when I see the young prince standing under your displeasure." "You may return to your seat, sir," said the good natured Prince of Wales, "but remember that Goupy has released you."

As Goupy grew old, he became infirm and poor; at the accession of George III, he was eighty-four. Soon after that period, walking in pensive mood and piteous plight, on the Kensington road, the royal carriage passed, and he pulled off his hat. The face of the old man caught the king's eye, he ordered the coach to stop, called the friendless artist to the door, and asked him how he went on. "Little enough, in truth," replied the old man, "little enough; but, as I was so happy as to take your majesty out of prison, I hope you will not suffer me to go into one." "Indeed I will not my

dear Goupy," replied the good natured monarch, casting on the poor old man a look brightened with the tear of sympathy, "indeed I will not." And he immediately ordered him a handsome allowance weekly, which the forsaken artist enjoyed to the last day of his life.

PATRIA.

#### FATHER OF THE CHAPEL.

Each Printer hence, howe'er unblest his walls,  
E'en to this day his house a *Chapel* calls.

THE title of *Chapel* to the internal regulations of a printing-office, originated in Caxton exercising the profession in one of the chapels of Westminster Abbey, and may be considered as an additional proof, from the antiquity of the custom, of his being the first English printer. In extensive houses, where many workmen are employed, the *Calling a Chapel* is a business of great importance, and generally takes place when a member of the office has a complaint to allege against any of his fellow-workmen, the first intimation of which he makes to the *Father of the Chapel*, usually the oldest printer in the house, who, should he conceive that the charge can be substantiated, and the injury, supposed to have been received, is of such magnitude as to call for the interference of the law, summonses the members of the *Chapel* before him at the *Imposing Stone*, and there receives the allegations and defence, in solemn assembly, and dispenses justice with typographical rigour and impartiality. These trials often afford scenes of genuine humour. The punishment generally consists in the criminal providing a libation, by which the offended workmen may wash away the stain that his misconduct has laid upon the body at large. Should the plaintiff not be able to substantiate his charge, the fine then falls upon himself, for having maliciously arraigned his companion; a mode of practice which is marked with the features of sound policy, as it never loses sight of *The good of the Chapel*.

#### FALLS OF KAKABIKKA, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

RAPIDS and cataracts abound; among the latter is one of the most magnificent cascades to be witnessed in any country; it is denominated by the Indians, the Falls of Kakabikka or cleft rock, and is situated about thirty miles upward from the mouth of the river, which is here contracted to the width of about 50 yards, and supplied with a volume of water unusually large for that width. Thus con-



fined, the whole body of the river is precipitated, in a dense sheet, down a perpendicular precipice more than 130 feet into a deep chasm, bounded by perpendicular cliffs of the height just mentioned; the banks of the river, for the distance of nearly one half of a mile below, are completely insurmountable, rising perpendicularly, and in many places overhanging their bases.—The chasm throughout this distance, is no wider than is necessary to give free passage to the water, which is mantled with foam and hurried down with great rapidity. This scenery, although it is less extensive, yet vies in grandeur and sublimity with that of the Falls of Niagara. In beholding it the spectator is inspired with equal awe, the principal features are equally terrific, when the deep intonation, which is not only heard but felt at the distance of four or five hundred yards, is more sensible than that of its rival, and has a nearer resemblance to the roar of distant thunder and the rumbling of an earthquake. Below the Falls of Kakabikka, the river presents a continued rapid for the distance of about 20 miles, below which it quietly passes through serpentine folds to its mouth, which is an arm of the lake called Kamana Bay.—The whole descent of the water from Cold Water Lake (the first water eastward of the dividing ridge on the route) to Lake Superior, may be estimated at about 600 feet.

### POTATOES.

POTATOES are the most common esculent root now in use among us; though little more than a century ago, they were confined to the gardens of the curious, and presented as a rarity. They form the principal food of the lower classes in some parts of Ireland. That illustrious admiral, Sir John Hawkins, having procured the first potatoes for ship provisions from the inhabitants of Santa Fe, in New Spain, South America, he introduced that useful root into Ireland, whence it has been propagated through every other part of the globe. See *Evans's Juvenile Tourist*, p. 370, and *Robinson's Hume and Smollett*.—Sir John Hawkins was descended from the ancient family of Hawkins, resident at Nash Court, in Kent, as early as the reign of king Edward III. vide *Hasted's History of Kent*. His father was William Hawkins, Esq., a gentleman of a considerable estate, and the first Englishman that made a voyage to Brazil. See *Campbell's Lives of the Admirals*. Sir John was born at Plymouth, A. D. 1520, and after

a series of services replete with advantages to his country, among which was the institution of that noble fund, the *Chest at Chatham*. He departed this life on November 21, 1595, honoured by all. He was father of Admiral Sir Richard Hawkins, progenitor to John Hawkins, of Norton House, near Kingsbridge, in Devonshire, Esq.

POLYCARP.

### FIRST ACT OF PARLIAMENT FOR A CANAL IN ENGLAND.

(For the Mirror.)

THE Duke of Bridgewater, the father of canals in England, possessed an estate at Worsley, near Manchester, rich in mines of coal, from which he derived little or no profit, on account of the expense which attended the conveyance of the article by land carriage to a suitable market. Fully apprised of the utility of a canal from Worsley to Manchester, he consulted Mr. Brindley on the subject, who having surveyed the country, declared the scheme to be practicable. Accordingly, his Grace obtained, in 1758 and 1759, an Act of Parliament for this purpose; and Mr. Brindley was employed in the conduct and execution of the undertaking, the first of the kind ever attempted in England, with navigable subterraneous tunnels and elevated aqueducts, &c. This was considered as a chimerical and extravagant project; and an eminent engineer, who was consulted on the occasion, ridiculed the attempt. "I have often heard," says he, "of castles in the air, but never before was shewn where any of them were to be erected." The Duke was not discouraged, but confiding in the judgment of Mr. Brindley, empowered him to prosecute the work. This extraordinary undertaking commenced, and the minutiae of execution in this first canal unfolded the great powers of Mr. Brindley, who terminated his useful life on the 27th of September, 1772, in the 56th year of his age, at Turn-hurst, in Staffordshire.—Britons,

"Adorn his tomb! oh, raise the marble bust,  
Proclaim his honours, and protect his dust!

DARWIN.

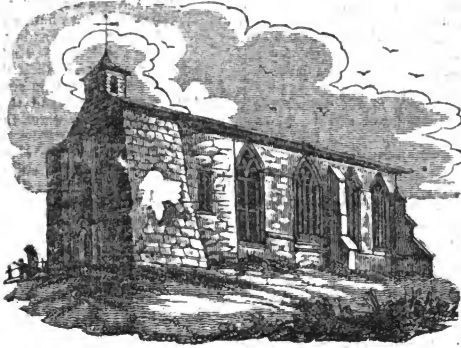
See "Life of Brindley," by Dr. Kippis.

P. T. W.

### EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

ERE sin could blight or sorrow fade,  
Death came with friendly care;  
The opening bud to heaven convey'd,  
And bade it blossom there.

## Dunmow Priory.



THE Priory of Dunmow, in Essex, of which the above is a view, is more remarkable for a singular custom attached to it than for its architectural beauties: we allude to the ancient and well-known custom of the Manor of Dunmow, in delivering a gammon or flitch of bacon to any couple who would swear that they had been married a year and a day without having offended each other in deed or in word, or wished themselves unmarried again.

This custom is by some supposed to have originated in the Saxon or Norman times, while others attribute its institution to the Fitz-Walters. It was not, however, peculiar to Dunmow or to England, for it prevailed in Bretagne, at the Abbey of St. Melaine near Rennes, where for six hundred years a flitch of bacon was given to the first couple who had been married a year and a day without having quarrelled or grumbled at each other, or repented of their union.

We need not, however, go to Bretagne for an instance of this custom, since we find that, in England, it is not confined to Dunmow. "Sir Philip de Somerville, knight, held the manor of Wichnour in com. Stafford, of the earle of Lancaster, then lord of the honour of Tutbury, by these memorable services, viz. by two small fees, that is to say, when other tenants pay for relief (of) one whole knight's fee, one hundred shillings; and when escuage\* is assessed throughout the land, or ayde for to make the eldest son of the lord knyght, or for to marry the eldest daughter of the lord, the sayd Sir

Phillip shal pay bot the moty of it, that other shal paye. Nevertheless, the sayd Sir Phillip shal fynde meyntheinge and sustelinge one *bacon flyke*, hanging in his halle at Wichenour, ready arrayed all tymes of the yere, bott in Lent, to be given to everyche manne or womane married after the yere and day of their marriage be passed; and to be given everyche manne of religion, archbishop, prior, or other religious; and to everyche priest, after the year and day of their profession finished, or of their dignity resseyved, in form following, whensoever that ony such before-named wylle come for to enquire for the baconne in their owne person, or by any other for them, they shall come to the bayliff or to the porter of the lordship of Whichenour, and shall say to them, in the manere as ensewethe.

"Bayliffe or porter, I doo you to knowe, that I am come for myself, (or if he come for any other, shewing for whom) to demand one *bacon flyke*, hanging in the halle of the lord of Whichenour, after the forme thereunto belonging.

"After this relation, the bailiff or porter shal assigne a day to him, upon promise by his feythe to returne, and with him to bring tweyne of his neighbours; and in the meyn time, the said bailiff shal take with him tweyne of the freeholders of the lordship of Whichenour, and they three shal goe to the manour of Rudlowe, belonging to Robert Knyghtleye, and there shal somon the forsaid Knyghtleye, or his bailiffe, commanding hym to be ready at Whichenour, the day appointed, at pryme of the day, with his carriage, that is to say, a horse, and a *sadyll*, a *sakke* and a *pryke*, (i. e. spur)

\* A pecuniary satisfaction, instead of personal military service.

for to convey and carry the said baconne and corne a journey owt of the countee of Stafford, at his costages; and then the said bailiffe shal, with the said freeholders, somon all the tenants of the said manior, to be ready at the day ap-  
 poynted, at Whichenour, for to doe and performe the services which they owe to the *baconne*; and at the day assigned, all such as owe services to the *baconne* shal be ready at the gatte of the manoir of Whichenour, frome the sonne risinge to-noone, attendyng and awayting for the comyng of hym that fecheth the *baconne*; and when he is comyn, there shal be delivered to hym and his fellowes chapeletts, and to all those whiche shal be there, to doe their services due to the *baconne*; and they shal lede the seid demandant wythe the trompets and tabours, and other manner of mynstralscye to the hall dore, where he shal fynde the lord of Whichenour, or his steward, redy to deliver the *baconne* in this manere.

"He shall enquire of hym which demandeth the *baconne*, if he have brought tweyne of his neighbours with him, which must answer, *they be here ready*: and then the steward shall cause theis two neighbours to swere, yf the said demandant be a weddyt man, or have been a man weddyt: and yf syth his marriage one yere and a day be passed: and if he be freeman or villeyne. And if his said neighbours make othe that he hath for hym all theis three poynts rehersed, then shal the *baconne* be take downe, and brought to the halle dore, and shall there be layd upon one half a quarter of wheatte, and upon one other of rye. And he that demandeth the *baconne*, shal kneel upon his knee, and shal hold his right hande upon a booke, which booke shall be layd above the *baconne* and the corne, and shall make oath in this manere:

"Here ye, Sir Philip de Somervyle, lord of Whichenour, mayntayner and giver of this *baconne*, that I, A. syth I wedded B. my wife, and syth I had her in my keeping, and at my wylle, by a yere and a daye after our marriage, I wold not have chaunged for none other, farer ne fowler, richer ne powrer, ne for none other descended of gretter lynage, slepyng ne wakyng, at noo tyme. And if the said B. were sole, and I sole, I wolde take her to be my wife before all the wymen of the worlde, of what condicions soever they be, good or evyle, so helpe me God and his seyntys, and this flesh and all fleshes.

"And his neighbours shall make oath, that they trust verily he hath said truly: and yf it be founde by neighbours before-

named, that he be a freeman, there shall be delывered to him half a quarter of *wheatte* and a *cheese*: and yf he be a villeyne, he shall have half a quarter of *rye*, without *cheese*; and then shal Knyghtley, the lord of Rudlowe, be called for to carry all theis thynges to fore rehersed: and the said corne shal be layd upon one horse, and the *baconne* above yt, and he to whom the *baconne* apperteigneth, shal ascend upon his horse, and shall take the *cheese* before hym, if he have a horse, and yf he have none, the lord of Whichenour shall cause him to have one horse and sadyll, to such tyme as he passed his lordshippe; and so shall they departe the manour of Whichenour, with the corne and the *baconne* to fore him that hath wonne yt, with trompets, tabourets, and other manoir of mynstralscye.—And all the free tenants of Whichenour shall conduct him to be passed the lordship of Whichenour, and then shall all they retorne, except hym to whom apperteigneth to make the carriage and journey withoutte the countee of Stafford, at the costys of his lord of Whichenour. And if the said Robert Knyghtley doe not cause the *baconne* and corne to be conveyed as is rehersed, the lord of Whichenour shall doo it to be carried, and shall distreigne the said Robert Knyghtley for his default, for one hundred shillings in his manoir of Rudlow, and shal kepe the distresse so takyn, irreplevisable."

But to return to Dunmow, where if the custom did not originate it has been the longest retained. The first delivery of the flitch of bacon on record at Dunmow, occurred in the twenty-third year of the reign of Henry VI. when Richard Wright, of Bradboure, in Norfolk, having been duly sworn before the Prior and Convent, had a flitch of bacon delivered to him, agreeably to the tenure. The ceremonial established for these occasions consisted in the claimants kneeling on two sharp pointed stones in the church yard, and there, after solemn chanting and other rites performed by the convent, taking the following oath:—

"You shall swear, by custom of confession, That you never made nuptial transgression; Nor, since you were married man and wife, By household brawls, or contentious strife, Or otherwise, at bed or board, Offended each other, in deed or in word; Or since the parish clerk said Amen, Wished yourselves unmarried again; Or, in a twelvemonth and a day, Repented in thought any way; But continued true, in thought and desire, As when you join'd hands in holy quire. If to these conditions, without all fear, Of your own accord you will freely swear."

A whole gammon of bacon you shall receive,  
And bear it hence with love and good leave,  
For this is our custom, at Dunmow well known,  
Though the pleasure be ours, the bacon's your own."

In the chartulary of the Priory, now in the British Museum, three persons are recorded to have received the bacon previous to the suppression of religious houses. Since that period also the bacon has been thrice delivered; in these cases the ceremonies have been performed at a court-baron for the manor, held by the steward. The last persons who received it were John Shakeshanks, wool-comber, and Anne his wife, of Wethersfield, who established their right on the 20th of June, 1751. Mr. Gough mentions the custom as abolished, but we understand it is only dormant, either through the want of claimants, or from their neglect to enforce the demand.

### SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

#### THE GREAT PLAGUE.

*Account of a Grocer in Wood Street, Cheapside, who preserved himself and Family from Infection during the great Plague in 1665.*

THIS family consisted of the master and his wife, each of them between forty and fifty years of age, besides five children, three daughters and two sons, two maid servants, and an apprentice. This tradesman, who was a wholesale grocer, had another apprentice nearly out of his time, a porter, and a boy, whom he kept some time; but seeing the desolation that was coming upon them, he sent the boy down to his friends in Staffordshire, and gave up to his eldest apprentice the remainder of his time. As to the porter, he did not lodge in the house before, so there was no occasion for dismissing him; but being a poor man, and likely to fall into distress for want of employ, he was engaged to come every day and sit at the door as a watchman from nine in the morning till six in the evening, to receive orders, go upon errands, &c. The tradesman had a wicket made in the door to take in or send out any thing they thought fit; besides, there was a rope fastened to a little pulley to draw up, or let any thing down into the street. By this rope they often let down victuals and cordials, or what else they thought fit to the porter, and especially his wages constantly every week or oftener, as he required.

The master having resolved to shut himself up with his family, had stored

himself with all manner of provisions, and resolved to make it a standing rule that the door should not be opened on any account, fire excepted. No person within was permitted to look out of the windows into the street, or open any casement, except a wooden window made for the purpose, where the pulley and rope was, and that up two pair of stairs; and this wooden window he caused to be covered with tin, that nothing infected should stick to it.

Whenever the wooden window was opened, he caused a flash of gunpowder to be made in the room, so as to fill it with smoke, which, as soon as the window was opened, would gush out with some force, so that it carried away what air was in the room, not suffering any to come in from abroad till it was purified by the sulphur in the gunpowder smoke. While this smoke lasted, business might be transacted with the porter; but the moment the smoke abated, another flash was made with the powder within.

At first, whilst they were ten in the family, the master allowed each of them a pound of bread per day; but as he had laid in a quantity of meal, he reduced one sixth part for cake-bread, and such other sorts as might be made in the house. He also bought three thousand pound weight of biscuit, and had it put up in hogsheads as if it was going to be shipped off; so that the baker thought the biscuits were for a ship the grocer was fitting out. This he caused to be taken away in a boat, and being brought up to Queenhithe, it was landed there and carted to his warehouse under the appearance of grocery. In the same manner he acted with twenty barrels of fine flour. He then caused a small oven to be fixed in the chimney of one of his upper apartments. Being well provided with beer, as the physicians advised every one that could afford it to drink moderately, and not let their spirits sink or be dejected, he laid in a reasonable quantity of wines, cordial waters and brandy, and also some of the new and costly cordial at that time called *plague water*, besides medicines, &c. Having furnished himself with bread, flour, and beer, he then went to a butcher at Rotherhithe, none having yet died of the plague on that side of the water, and purchased three fat bullocks, which being killed, were pickled and barrelled up, together with six barrels of pork. These he also brought by water to Trigg Stairs, where he landed and carted them to his warehouse, as if it had been grocery. Bacon, cheese, and butter, he procured out of the country. In fine nothing was wanting that the situation he was going

into could probably require. These preparations being made, he forebore shutting himself quite up for some months after the plague had begun, and even till there died about a thousand a week. But though the infection was very terrible in the out-parishes, especially about Holborn, St. Giles, Fleet-street, and the Strand, the City was very healthy, nor was the distemper felt in any great degree within the walls, till the end of June or the beginning of July; in the second week of which it appeared, from the weekly bills, that 1268 had died in the out-parts of different distempers. But in the whole of the ninety-seven parishes within the walls, only twenty-eight had died of the distemper, and not more than sixteen in all the buildings on the Surrey side of the water.

However, the next week after, it was doubled, and began to overspread the whole city and all the out-parts like a torrent. None of this family now were suffered to go out of the City to any public place, market, exchange, or church; and the master also warned his dealers and correspondents in the country not to send him any more goods, as he could no longer send goods away, or receive any sent to him.

On the first of July, he began to place his porter on the outside of the door, where he built him a little hutch to sit in. By the 14th of July, the weekly bills amounted to 1762 of all distempers; and as the parish of St. Alban's, Wood-street, was the second in the city that was infected, this tradesman bolted, barred, and locked himself in with all his house, taking the keys into his own keeping, and declared to all his family, that if any one of them, though it were his only son or daughter, should offer to stir out of the door, though but a yard off, they should not come in again upon any terms whatever. At the same time he nailed up all the casements of his windows, or fastened the wooden shutters on the inside; those windows were excepted which were kept open for conversing with his porter, as before observed.

Till this time he had taken fresh meat of a country-woman, a higgler, who assured him that she brought it from Waltham Abbey market, without opening it till she came to his door, he was satisfied, but now he forbade her to come any more. Being now closely shut up, they scarcely knew how it fared with their neighbours, except that they heard the bells continually tolling, and their porter gave them in the weekly bills of mortality, and at length informed them that the next house but two was infected; that three houses

on the other side of the way were shut up, and that two servants out of another house on the same side of the way, but on the other side of their house, were sent away to the Pest-house beyond Old-street.

It was observable that it went hard with the poor servants, being obliged to go out on errands, particularly to the markets, to apothecaries' and chandlers' shops: the latter were at that time the principal places for all necessaries excepting meat or fish. It was a great satisfaction to them that the people in the next house on one side had gone into the country at the beginning of the visitation, and had left the whole house locked up; the windows barred on the inside, and boarded on the outside; the house was also placed under the charge of the constable and watch. The other houses near them were all inhabited and all infected, and at length all shut up; and in one or more of them the whole of the families perished. By this time they heard a bell go ringing nightly along the streets; but not being like the sound of the ordinary bellman, they knew not what it meant. Not going by their door, the voice that went with it they could not distinguish; and as their porter did not sit at their door in the night, as he did in the day, they could not inquire. At length he informed them that the number of dead in the out-parts was so great, that it was impossible to bury them in due form, or to provide coffins; no one daring to come into the infected houses; and that therefore the Lord Mayor and Aldermen had ordered carts to go about with a bellman to collect the dead bodies. This, he said, had been done in Holborn, St. Sepulchre's, and Cripplegate, for a fortnight, but that now they began to come into the city, especially into St. Olave, Silver-street. This being the next parish to St. Alban's, was frightful enough, and only on the other side of the way; and during that fortnight, which was the middle of August, not less than fourscore died in those two small parishes. The reason of this was supposed to be the joining both these parishes to the Cripplegate side of the wall, as the parish of Cripplegate was at that time dreadfully visited, the plague being come down that way from St. Giles's in the Fields, where it began, and the weight of the infection during the latter end of August and the beginning of September, lay chiefly on that side of the city, from whence it went on to Bishopsgate, Shoreditch, and Whitechapel, and so to Stepney.

From the beginning to the end of August, or the first week in September, there died from 700 to 800, and almost 900 a

week in Cripplegate parish only. All this while the family continued in good health, and the cheerful parent encouraged them to hope for preservation, whatever might happen without doors; still, when they received such bad news every day, they began to look upon one another with heavy hearts, believing they were all but dead corpses, and that the visitation was so appointed by heaven as to sweep away the whole of the inhabitants, and that none would be left alive. In this distress the master prudently ordered all his family to lodge on the lower floor, or up one pair of stairs, and as many of them to sleep single as possible, whilst the rooms above were furnished with beds for any that might be taken sick; for whom a nurse should be procured, out of doors, and be drawn up by the pulley to the wooden shutter, so as not to come through the house at all, or converse with any of the family. He also proposed that if he himself should be taken ill, he would immediately submit to the nurse's attendance, and that none of his children should be suffered to come up stairs, or come near him; and that if he should die, his body should be let down by the pulley also, into the cart, and so of the whole house, though his wife assured him that she would be shut up with him. This careful father was up every morning the first in the house, and went to every chamber door, servants as well as children, to ask them how they did, and when they answered "very well," he left them with this short reply, "Give God thanks."

His letters were brought by the postman or letter carrier to his porter, who smoked them with sulphur and gunpowder; then opening them and sprinkling them with vinegar, they were drawn up by the pulley and then smoked again with strong perfumes, and taking them up with a pair of hair gloves, the hair outermost, he read them with a large reading glass at a considerable distance, and as they were read burnt them. At last the distemper raging more and more, he forbid his friends writing to him at all. The loss of his faithful porter heightened the calamity of this good man; he missed him at the usual time when he used to lower him down a mess of broth, or some other warm thing for his breakfast. He heard nothing of him all that day and the next, when the third day calling again for him within the door, he was answered by a strange voice in a melancholy tone, that Abraham was dead. "And who then are you?" said the master to the person who spoke, "I am his poor distressed widow, come to tell you your poor servant is gone." "Alas! poor woman,

said he, "and what canst thou do then?"

"Oh, sir," said she, "I am provided for, I have the distemper upon me, I shall not be long after him." These words, he confessed, made his heart cold within him; but as he stood surrounded with the smoke of gunpowder, he did not immediately retire, but said to her again, "if you are in such a condition, good woman, why did you come out?" "I came, sir," said she, "because I knew you would want poor Abraham to wait at your door, and I would let you know." "Well, but," says he, "if he is dead I must want him; you cannot help me." "No, sir," said she, "but I have brought you an honest man that will serve you as faithfully as he did." "But how do I know what he is, and as he comes with you that are sick, how do I know that he is not infected? I shall not dare to touch any thing that comes from him." "Oh, sir," said she, "he is one of the *safe men*, for he had the distemper and is recovered, so he is out of danger, or else I would not have brought him to you." This was an encouragement, and he was very glad of the new man; but would not believe the story of his recovery till he brought the constable of the parish and another person to vouch for it: while this was doing, the poor woman having answered some further questions, and receiving some money that was thrown down to her for her relief, went away.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

### THE LUTAKEES.

Of the character of the Lutakees I cannot speak favourably: they are a rapacious race, with all the vices, and none of the virtues, of real savages. They are cowardly and assuming. Their youth is without honour, and their age without respect. They are ragged and greasy, and nature has not favoured their outward form. The women are forward, and highly immodest; prudery is an accomplishment unknown to them; and I suspect that female chastity may be bought for a trifle. I lived with a family during the snowy weather, and had an opportunity of seeing the economy of their household. They live comfortably enough, eating three times a day; their chief subsistence is soup, but the flesh of the yak is a common dish. Tea is drank by the better classes, and beer made from malt is found in every house; old and young seem to be at the cask all day. Juniper is burnt before meals as incense; but in bad weather, when the people cannot stir

out, it is kindled in the house, and the smoke blown into the faces of the people about to eat. Their superstition resembles that of my own countrymen. In the making of malt circumspection is observed, lest the evil eye of some old hag should occasion the failure of the process. They have an abhorrence of putting the feet upon the grate. To my surprise, the whole family slept promiscuously together in the room I occupied; old and young, males and females. They repose upon their breast, in an inclined position; but they undress before going to rest. A sheep-skin cloak, with the fleece towards their body, is their garment for the night. The family with whom I lodged were rather a fine specimen of the inhabitants, who perhaps improve on acquaintance; and they certainly are quite officious where it is their interest. I think they shew better in their natural character. Pitch your tent in the field, and you are liable to be imposed upon; but step inside, and you become a member of the family. The Lutakees believe, that there is a race of people who feed upon dead bodies (human carcasses), and that they have unnatural countenances.

*Asiatic Journal.*

### THE CORONATION AT RHEIMS.

CLOVIS, the natural son of Childeric, established, in the year 486, the kingdom of France, and fixed his residence at Soissons. The palace he inhabited in that town was remarkable for its elegance, and exhibited all the magnificence of Roman luxury and architecture. The address he displayed in bringing over to his interests the Christian clergy of Gaul, showed a superior mind, and proved no less useful to the ambitious views in which he fondly indulged, than the splendid victories he obtained over his enemies.

At that time Saint Remi, Bishop of Rheims, enjoyed and merited the highest considerations. Endowed with an active genius, possessed of a prudent but firm character, he knew how to conciliate the admiration of the learned and the esteem of the great, with the affection of the lower classes of the people; those extraordinary talents were farther enhanced by a lofty stature, a majestic gait, and an imposing air. Clovis felt the necessity of attaching this extraordinary man to his interests: his first care was to save the territory of Rheims from all the horrors attendant on war. The prelate soon exercised over the barbarian the authority of a father, as may be judged from the following letter addressed to this prince:

"Make choice, for your counsellors, of men whose talents and virtues may prove useful to your designs, and the splendour of your throne; and never forget that the august functions to which you have been called by Heaven, are ever to be exercised with the most rigid justice and disinterestedness. Honour and respect the clergy: in their counsels you will find the greatest advantages, and your union with them will serve to consolidate your kingdom. Comfort and protect the unfortunate, feed and clothe the orphan, and inspire your subjects rather with love than fear; let justice always be tempered with clemency; let the poor and the stranger be free from taxes; receive no presents of whatever kind they may be; let the gates of your palace stand always open to receive all your subjects, and let nobody quit your presence dissatisfied. You possess a rich patrimony; employ it in redeeming the captive, and in breaking the chains of his slavery. Whoever appears before you, receive him with politeness and affection, and let him never feel that he is a stranger."

What decided this prince's baptism or conversion, deserves to be related. When pressed to this act by the lively instances of Clotilda, his wife, and the paternal exhortations of St. Remi, he was often heard to say—"I am the chief of a people who will never suffer me to abandon their gods." But soon after, the Germans having taken up arms, Clovis marched against them, and met their army near Zolbiae now Zulphe. In the beginning of the battle the army of Clovis is thrown into confusion: in vain he attempts to rally his troops; in vain he invokes the gods of his fathers. At length he addresses himself to the God of Clotilda, and makes a vow to embrace Christianity, should victory declare itself on his side. At once the fortune of the day is changed. The king of the Germans is killed, and his troops seek their safety in flight; the conqueror becomes master of the country they inhabited, and extends his domination to the banks of the Danube.

Clovis, desirous of accomplishing his vow, assembles the French, and communicates to them the project he had formed, and the motives of his conversion. He receives not only their approbation, but three thousand of those warriors follow the prince's example.

The ceremony of his conversion, or baptism, was celebrated in the town of Rheims, the 25th of December, 496, with extraordinary pomp. The day before this awful ceremony took place, Saint Remi occupied an oratory contiguous to



the chamber of Clovis; and there, in presence of the queen, and the principal lords of the court, he employed every persuasion, and imparted every instruction capable of supporting the monarch's faith; then, in a prophetic tone, he displayed before his eyes his posterity, adorned with the imperial purple, and, by uninterrupted victories, forcing other nations to acknowledge their supremacy; but to this flattering spectacle he added that of the punishments which awaited them, if ever, intoxicated by success, or seduced by adulation, they descended to that degradation of character, which forebodes the fall of empires and makes the sceptre fall into foreign hands.

"From this oratory, Clovis, surrounded by his warriors, all richly clad, and attended by the most distinguished persons of his court, goes," says Flodoard, "in all the pomp of procession to the cathedral. The streets of the town through which they pass are hung with costly tapestry, and covered with all the flowers of the season; but nothing approaches the magnificence of the church itself. The body of the clergy first appear, bearing in their hands gospels and crosses, and making the air resound with majestic and solemn hymns; then advances the prelate, holding the king by the hand, and followed by the queen and a numerous brilliant retinue. They arrive at the baptismal font; the clerk who bore the holy oil is intercepted by the crowd, and, notwithstanding all his efforts, is unable to open a passage for himself. Saint Remi, after having sanctified the font, calls in vain for the unction; he sighs, and raises up his eyes hatched in tears towards the altar. At the very moment a snow-white dove descends from heaven, bearing a vial filled with divine oil. The king enters the fountain of life, and then the prelate, addressing himself to the barbarian, says, in a tone that inspires both awe and respect: '*Bend down thy head, proud Sicamber, adore what thou hast burnt, and burn what thou hast adored.*' Then he thrice plunges him into the baptismal water, in the name of the Holy Trinity, and anoints him with the celestial cream."

*Literary Gazette.*

### SUPERSTITION.

\* The trick of vanity—Why we all do laugh  
At the stage player's antics, nay oft deem  
He hits to the very hair our neighbour's faults,  
When it may chance—(conceit how blind thou art!)  
He draws the bow at us."

OLD COMEDY.

AN inquiry into the deeper points of su-

perstition—those which are peculiar to kingdoms, or which plunge into the dwellings of the dead, and bring back, to scare us, visions and chimeras dire, mantled in winding-sheets, and, "grinning horribly a ghastly smile"—it is not my purpose to institute. I only throw a few unpretending glances upon those lighter prejudices of the fanciful, or the weak, which we, in a smaller or lesser degree, every day jostle against in our struggle to maintain our course upon the ocean, and amidst the envioning breakers of life. Have we not many of us stigmatized, as puerile and ridiculous, the ardent little *Miss*, who, with a precocious propensity to anticipate, conjures up a wedding-ring in the coffee-grounds, or sows her hemp-seed at Midsummer? And yet might not some of us have battled for a particular seat at whist, or cut for the cards, with the full assurance that on these depend the good fortune of the game? The young lady's superstition, rely upon it, is not a jot more ridiculous, more at variance with nature, and nature's laws, than ours. You view with astonishment your worthy old grandmother's loudly-expressed consternation, when the ominous shroud or winding-sheet in the candle scarfs up its brilliance—you sneer at your fair cousins' blush-tinged trepidation, when they, dreaming on what they wish, convert a superfluous bit of light into a love-letter—you pity the eager credulity of your companion, who shudders when he finds that there are thirteen seated at the feast-board, and yet fears to break the spell by rising, lest he be the first victim—and you, the very next day, purchase of Mr. Bish, or Mr. Sivewright, the lottery ticket, No. 1,001, because it is an odd number; because it gained a capital prize at the last drawing, or because (and confess, dear smiling readers, that here at least you are vulnerable), you dreamed of that very number, or your wife, your child, your relation, dreamed of it last night. I am afraid your superstition in this is to the full as fanciful as that of your aged grandmother, your blushing cousins, or your credulous companions. We are told that if we walk beneath an uplified ladder, we shall never be advanced high in the scale of fortune, never attain a noble station on the ladder of life, and we smile in the diviner's face: but the very next day, perhaps, the next minute—oh, what weak creatures we are, with all our boasted wisdom, all our pride!—we decline commencing a journey, because it is *Friday*, and the day "we dread." Ought we not in our turns to be laughed out of countenance? We

object to helping our friend to some salt, because it will promote differences; and we sedulously divert the order of crossed knives, because it is an omen of dread; and yet we grow eloquent on the folly of the seaman, when he nails the horse-shoe to the mast, or the peasant, when he fastens it to his threshold, without considering that all of us equally sacrifice at the altar of *superstition*.

I will conclude this sketch, for I deem it no more, although the subject it involves is a wide one, with a short tale, apt enough to my purpose, and which, I dare say, has many a parallel both on land and wave.

"A gentleman, coming a passenger in a vessel from the West Indies, finding it more inconvenient to be shaved than to wear his beard, choose the latter—but he was not suffered to have his choice long—it was the unanimous opinion of the sailors, and indeed of the captain as well, that there was not the least probability of a wind as long as this ominous beard was suffered to grow. They petitioned, they remonstrated; and at last prepared to cut the fatal hairs by violence. Now as there is no operation, to which it is so much the patient's interest to consent, as that of the barber—the gentleman quietly submitted; nor could the wind resist the potent spell, which instantly filled all their sails, and wafted them merrily away."

Now, my readers, if there be any of ye who feel an inclination of disgust at this beard-hating folly of the "Tars of Old England," repress it as you value justice and the "landsmen's" consistency for be assured, and I hope I have said enough to prove the fact, that although we might conquer *general* superstition, we are still fettered with that which belongs to our particular profession, our individual habits, and our peculiar pursuits.—*European Magazine*.

### The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton*.

### LINES TO A RICH MISER,

*Who wasted his lungs in declaiming  
against Marriage amongst the poorer  
class of people.*

THUS fares the hen, in farmer's yard,  
To live alone she finds it hard;  
I've known her weary every claw,  
In search of corn amongst the straw;  
But when in quest of nicer food,  
She chucks amongst her chirping brood.

With joy I've seen that self same hen,  
That scratch'd for one, could scratch for ten.

These are the thoughts that make me willing

To take my girl without a shilling;  
And for the self-same cause, d'ye see,  
Jenny's resolved to marry me.

### EPITAPH

*Upon a man who fell from his horse and  
broke his neck.*

MAN's life's a vapour, and full of woes,  
He cuts a caper, and—down he goes.

### LOVE'S MISERIES.

FRANKLY say, ye smiling Fair,  
By sparkling eyes and jetty hair,  
What's the reason, when we meet,  
Fearful smiles each other greet?

Why the flutt'ring, beating heart  
Feels such pain, but pleasing smart,  
I invite ye to explain.

Why create each other pain? J. C.

### FROM THE LATIN OF NAUGERIUS.

As late through the meadows fair *Phyllida*  
stray'd,

And cull'd the sweet flow'rets, the pride  
of the grove,  
Conceal'd in a rose-bush, the frolicsome  
maid

Espied the young urchin, the Demon  
of Love.

### ON MAN'S LIFE.

MAN is a glass, life is water

That's weakly wall'd about;  
Sin brings in death; death breaks the  
glass,

So runs the water out.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

As we hope to be enabled to give the *Muse* and Words of a Song, prepared expressly for the *MIRROR*, in our next, we shall defer for a week or two our promised *History of Music*.

P. T. W.'s contribution shall appear in due season.

We thank E. H.—s, and shall put his drawing in the hands of the engraver as soon as the subjects already in hand are dismissed.

We feel much obliged to Sir J. B. for the interesting view and description of the *House of Peter the Great*; and shall feel grateful to other travelling friends for similar contributions.

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# The Mirror

OF

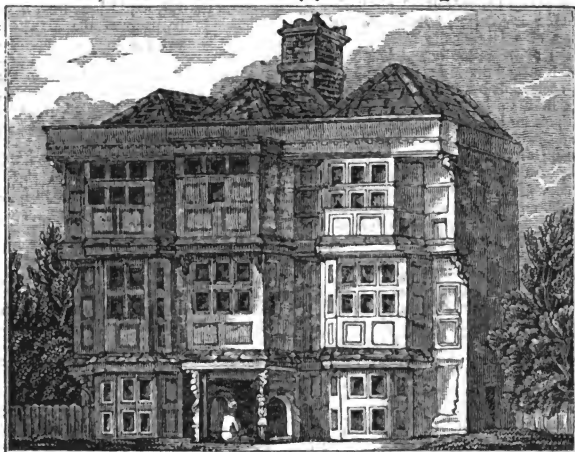
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CXLI.]

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.]

## The Old Queen's Head, Islington.



IN the selection of subjects for engravings in the MIRROR, we are not only anxious to catch the modern public buildings as they rise, but also to perpetuate in our pages those structures of the olden time, to which history or even tradition has given a peculiar interest. Of the latter class will be found the view we present of the Old Queen's Head, Lower-street, Islington, a house, which, from its antiquity, would claim respect, independent of the recollections associated with it.

If tradition could be relied on, there are few houses more entitled to respect on account of its residents or visitants, than the Old Queen's Head, which is said to have been built or patronised by Sir Walter Raleigh, where,

"At his hours of leisure,  
He'd puff his pipe, and take his pleasure."

The Queen's Head is also reported (how truly we know not) to have been the residence of Lord Burleigh, the treasurer of Queen Elizabeth, of the Earl of Essex, her favourite, and the occasional resort of her Majesty. That the building was erected about the time of Queen Elizabeth we have no doubt, for the ar

VOL. V.

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chitecture is evidently of that age, when, and for some centuries previous, the mode of erecting dwelling-houses was somewhat like ship-building; immense beams of oak, or more frequently chestnut wood, placed in perpendicular, diagonal, and transverse directions, and strongly morticed or rivetted together, formed the shell or carcass of almost every domestic building. "The common run of houses," as Strutt observes, "(especially among the middling sort of people,) were built with wood. They generally made large porches before their principal entrance, with great halls and large parlours; the frame work was constructed with beams of timber of such enormous size, that the materials of one house, as they built anciently, would make several of equal size according to the present mode of building. The common method of making walls was to nail laths to the timber frame, and strike them over with a rough plaster, which was afterwards whitened and ornamented with fine mortar, and this last was often beautified with figures and other curious devices. The houses in the cities and towns were built each sto y jetting forth over the former story,

321

so that when the streets were not very wide, the people at the top from opposite houses might not only talk and converse with each other, but even shake hands together. Their houses were covered with tiles, shingles, slates, or lead, except in the city of London, where shingles were forbid.\*

The Old Queen's Head public-house, in the Lower-street, Islington, which is a place of great resort to Londoners on account of its antiquity and home-brewed ale, is one of the most perfect specimens of ancient domestic architecture remaining in the neighbourhood of London, or perhaps in the whole kingdom. It is a strong wood and plaster building, consisting of three lofty stories projecting over each other in front, and forming bay windows, supported by brackets and caryatides of a grotesque form carved in wood. The centre projects several feet beyond the other part of the building, and forms a commodious porch, to which there is a descent of several steps. This is supported in front by two caryatides of carved oak, crowned with Ionic scrolls, standing one on each side the entrance. The floor of the front parlour is four feet below the surface of the highway, though a tradition prevails that the house originally was entered by an ascent of several steps. This indeed is not improbable, when the antiquity of the building is considered, and the vast accumulation of matter upon the road in the course of several centuries: add to this, that the New River, which passes under the highway in front of the house, has, in the formation of its banks, and the turning an arch over it, occasioned a considerable rise in this place.

This ancient fabric, like most of the old buildings in the parish of Islington, has panelled wainscots of oak and stuccoed ceilings: the latter in the parlour is ornamented with dolphins, cherubim, acorns, &c. surrounded by a wreathed border of fruit and foliage. Near the centre of the ceiling is the medallion of a Roman head, crowned with bays; also a small shield, containing the initials "I. M." surrounded by cherubim and glory. The chimney-piece is supported by two figures carved in stone, hung with festoons, &c. The stone slab over the fire-place exhibits the story of Danaë and Actæon in relief, with mutilated figures of Venus, Bacchus, and Plenty.

It is due to the author to state, that for this account of the Queen's Head we are indebted to "Nelson's History of Islington," a work which contains much interesting information, but is sadly dis-

figured by the intermixture of political opinions.

## THE IRREGULAR PERIODS OF EASTER EXPLAINED.

(For the Mirror.)

THE observations about to be made on the above festival, would have been more applicable to the pages of the MIRROR a few weeks ago; yet, from the information desired by a correspondent, it is presumed they will not be irrelevant to the subject in answer to his query.—Easter, as it is denominated in English, takes its name from the Saxon goddess Eostre, whose festival was held in April; by the Greeks it is called Pasga, and by the Latins Pascha—a Hebrew word signifying passage, applied to the Jewish feast at the passover.

This great festival of the Christian Church and the Jewish Passover being held at one period, and the same symbol, the Paschal Lamb, being used at both, might induce some persons to suppose that the institutions had relation to each other; but this is not the case; the festival of Easter is held in commemoration of the resurrection of our Saviour from the grave, and triumph over death. The Passover was instituted to commemorate the departure of the Jews from Egypt; for the night previous, the destroying angel, who put to death the first born of the Egyptians, did pass over the houses of the Hebrews without entering therein, because they were marked with the blood of the lamb killed the evening before, and which thus obtained the name of the Paschal Lamb.

Although in the primitive ages of the church there were very great disputes about the particular time of celebrating Easter (some keeping it on the same day that the Jews observed their Passover, and others on the succeeding Sunday), yet all agreed in shewing very great respect and honour to this festival; hence, in ancient writers it is designated *Dominica Gaudii*, i. e. Sunday of Joy. On this day prisoners and slaves were set free, and the poor liberally provided for. The eve or vigil was celebrated with more than ordinary pomp, which continued till midnight, it being a tradition of the Church that our Saviour rose a little after midnight. The controversy was determined in the council of Nice (A. D. 325), when it was ordained that Easter should be kept upon one and the same day, which should always be a Sunday in all Christian churches throughout the world; and further, in conformity to the custom of the Jews in celebrating their Passover on the 14th day of the

\* *Manners and Customs of the People of England*, vol. ii. p. 85.

moon, the primitive fathers ordered that the 14th day of the moon, from the calendar new moon which immediately follows the 21st of March (at which time the vernal equinox happened on that day), should be deemed the Paschal Full Moon, and that the Sunday after should be Easter Day; and it is upon this account that the Rubric appoints it the first Sunday after the first full moon, immediately following the 21st of March.

Now Easter being entirely regulated by the revolutions of the moon, or astronomical months, and they being unequal with respect to the days of the civil month, it follows in course, that the period of the festival will happen very irregular. The earliest Easter possible is the 22nd of March; the latest, the 25th of April. Within these limits are thirty-five days, on one of which Easter must fall. Now to find that day two requisites are necessary, the Golden Number and Dominical Letter for the given year. These may require explanation, and first of

#### THE GOLDEN NUMBER.

IN nineteen years the sun and moon return to very nearly the same part of the heavens they were in previous to that period; and the conjunctions, oppositions, and other aspects of the moon, are within an hour and a half of being the same as they were on the same days of the month nineteen years before; this revolution is called the Lunar Cycle, or Golden Number. It was invented by Meton, a mathematician of great celebrity, and subsequently adopted by the council of Nice, for the determining the time of Easter; and from its great utility they caused the numbers of it to be written on the calendar in golden letters, which has obtained for it the name of the Golden Number. Another of these periods is

#### THE SOLAR CYCLE,

WHICH consists of twenty-eight years; at the expiration of which the sun returns to the sign and degree of the ecliptic, which he had occupied at the conclusion of the preceding period, and the days of the week correspond to the same days of the month as at that time. It is used to find the

#### DOMINICAL OR SUNDAY LETTER.

IN our present calendars the days of the week are distinguished by the first seven letters of the alphabet—A B C D E F G; and the rule for applying these letters is invariably to put A for the first day of the year whatever it be, B for the second, and so in succession to the seventh. Should the 1st of January be Sunday, the dominical for that year will be A, the Monday letter B, &c.; and as

Y 2

the number of the letters is the same as that of the days of the week, A will fall on every Sunday, B on every Monday, &c. throughout the year. Had the year consisted of 364 days, making an exact number of weeks, it is obvious that A would always have stood for the dominical letter: the year containing, however, one day more, it follows that the dominical letter of the succeeding year will be G; for Sunday being the first day of the preceding year will be also the last, and the first Sunday in the next year will fall on the seventh day, and will be marked by the seventh letter or G. This retrocession of the letters will, from the same cause, continue every year, so as to make F the dominical of the third, &c. If every year were common the progress would continue regularly, and a cycle of seven years would suffice to restore the same letters to the same days as before. But the intercalation of a day every bissextile or fourth year, has occasioned a variation in this respect. The leap-year containing 366 days instead of 365, will throw the dominical letter back two letters; so that, as in last year, the dominical letter was D, the present year B. This alteration is not effected by dropping a letter altogether, but by changing the dominical letter at the end of February, where the intercalation of a day takes place. Thus every leap-year has two dominical letters: last year's was D till March, then C to the end of the year: the last one is used to find Easter. In consequence of this change every fourth year, twenty-eight years must elapse before a complete revolution can take place in the dominical letter, and it is on this circumstance that the solar cycle is founded. While on the subject, it may not be amiss to explain the reason of adding a day in

#### THE LEAP-YEAR.

THE time measured by the sun's revolution in the ecliptic from any equinox or solstice to the same again, contains 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes and 57 seconds. This is called the solar year, and is the only natural or proper year, because it always keeps the same seasons to the same months. Now the civil or common year consists of only 365 days, therefore every year we should lose 5 hours, 48 minutes, 57 seconds; but a day being added every fourth year, brings the solar and civil years very nearly equal. This is called the Julian year, on account of Julius Cæsar, who appointed the intercalary day, thinking thereby to make the civil and solar years keep pace together; and this day being added to the 23rd of February, which in the Roman calendar was the sixth of the calends of March, that sixth

day was twice reckoned, and called *Bis sextus Dies*, and thence came the name *Bissextile* for leap-year. But in our almanacks this day is added at the end of February. The Julian year, although it approaches very near the truth, is not however perfectly correct, it consisting of eleven minutes and three seconds more than the true time of the sun's annual revolution in the ecliptic. How trifling soever this difference might at first appear, it amounted in 131 years to a whole day. In consequence of this, the vernal equinox, which Sosigenes, in the first year of the Julian correction, observed to fall on the 25th of March, had gone back in A. D. 325, at the time of the council of Nice, to the 21st; and in 1580, to the 11th of March. To remedy this growing defect, Pope Gregory XIII. caused the calendar to undergo another correction. In A. D. 1582 he ordered ten days to be cut out of the month of October, so that the 5th was called the 15th; and to prevent such retrocession in future, in addition to the Julian regulation with respect to the bissextile year, he ordered that the years 1600, 2000, 2400, and every 4th century in succession, should be leap years; but that in the other centuries, 1700, 1800,\* 1900, 2100, &c. the day should not be added, but to remain common years. This regulation comes so near the truth, that the only correction it will require will be the suppression of a day and a half in five thousand years!

The Gregorian Year, or, as it is vulgarly called,

#### THE NEW STYLE,

was immediately adopted in Spain, Portugal, and part of Italy. It was introduced into France in October of the

\* The omission of this year as a leap year must be in the recollection of some of your readers, though being then "as yet scarce entered on this stage of life" places it beyond the pale of my memory.

TABLE I.—SHEWING THE GOLDEN NUMBER FOR EVERY YEAR IN THE PRESENT CENTURY.

N. B. In this, as well as the succeeding, the centurial figures are omitted, thus 25 means 1825.

| Golden Numbers.       | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 1   | 2   | 3   | 4   | 5   | 6   | 7   | 8   | 9   | 10  | 11  | 12  | 13  | 14  |
|-----------------------|----|----|----|----|----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
|                       | 0  | 1  | 2  | 3  | 4  | 5   | 6   | 7   | 8   | 9   | 10  | 11  | 12  | 13  | 14  | 15  | 16  | 17  | 18  |
| Years of the Century. | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24  | 25  | 26  | 27  | 28  | 29  | 30  | 31  | 32  | 33  | 34  | 35  | 36  | 37  |
|                       | 38 | 39 | 40 | 41 | 42 | 43  | 44  | 45  | 46  | 47  | 48  | 49  | 50  | 51  | 52  | 53  | 54  | 55  | 56  |
|                       | 57 | 58 | 59 | 60 | 61 | 62  | 63  | 64  | 65  | 66  | 67  | 68  | 69  | 70  | 71  | 72  | 73  | 74  | 75  |
|                       | 76 | 77 | 78 | 79 | 80 | 81  | 82  | 83  | 84  | 85  | 86  | 87  | 88  | 89  | 90  | 91  | 92  | 93  | 94  |
|                       | 95 | 96 | 97 | 98 | 99 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... |

same year, the 10th of which was by an ordinance of Henry III. reckoned the 20th. In Germany it was adopted by the Catholic states, in 1583; but the Protestant states adhered to the old calendar till 1700. Denmark also adopted it about this period, and Sweden in 1753. It was not used in England before 1752, when, by Act of Parliament, the style was changed, and the 3rd of September was reckoned the 14th, the difference having by this time increased to eleven days: at the same time the year which began in March was ordained to commence in January. Russia is the only country in Europe in which the old mode of reckoning is still in use.

By means of the accompanying tables the reader may find Easter Sunday for any given year in the present century.—First look in Table 1 for the year required, then the number which stands at the top of that column is the golden number for that year: proceed in like manner in Table 2, and find the dominical letter: now carry both into Table 3, and the date which stands opposite to the golden number and under the dominical letter, is the day on which Easter Sunday will fall in that year. Thus for the present year 2 is the golden number, B the dominical letter; therefore, 2. Apr. 3. B—which was Easter Sunday this year.

Now for April 1st to be Easter Monday, March 31 must be Easter Sunday; and the only years on which that will occur in this century are 1839, 1850, and 1861. Your correspondent, therefore, must patiently wait the elapse of fourteen years ere he will have a *right* birth-day; and as he had but three in the last century, he has my best wishes for the only three in this, though—

What's life?—a bubble: at the most a span—  
The present moment is the life of man!

CLAVIS.

TABLE II.—SHEWING THE DOMINICAL LETTER FOR EVERY YEAR IN THE PRESENT CENTURY.

*N. B. The double ones are the Leap Years; the under must be used for finding Easter.*

| Dominical Letters. | D  | C  | B  | A  | G  | F  | E  | D  | C  | B  | A  | G  | F  | E  | D  | C   | B   | A   | G   | F   | E   | D   | C   | B   | A   | G   | F   | E   |
|--------------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| Years.             | 1  | 2  | 3  | 4  | 5  | 6  | 7  | 8  | 9  | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16  | 17  | 18  | 19  | 20  | 21  | 22  | 23  | 24  | 25  | 26  | 27  | 28  |
|                    | 29 | 30 | 31 | 32 | 33 | 34 | 35 | 36 | 37 | 38 | 39 | 40 | 41 | 42 | 43 | 44  | 45  | 46  | 47  | 48  | 49  | 50  | 51  | 52  | 53  | 54  | 55  | 56  |
|                    | 57 | 58 | 59 | 60 | 61 | 62 | 63 | 64 | 65 | 66 | 67 | 68 | 69 | 70 | 71 | 72  | 73  | 74  | 75  | 76  | 77  | 78  | 79  | 80  | 81  | 82  | 83  | 84  |
|                    | 85 | 86 | 87 | 88 | 89 | 90 | 91 | 92 | 93 | 94 | 95 | 96 | 97 | 98 | 99 | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... |

TABLE III.—SHEWING EASTER SUNDAY BY MEANS OF THE GOLDEN NUMBER, AND DOMINICAL LETTER FOR ANY YEAR IN THE PRESENT CENTURY.

*M. signifies March, A. April.*

|    | A    | B    | C    | D    | E    | F    | G    |
|----|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|
| 1  | A 16 | A 17 | A 18 | A 19 | A 20 | A 14 | A 15 |
| 2  | A 9  | A 3  | A 4  | A 5  | A 6  | A 7  | A 8  |
| 3  | M 26 | M 27 | M 28 | M 29 | M 23 | M 24 | M 25 |
| 4  | A 16 | A 17 | A 11 | A 12 | A 13 | A 14 | A 15 |
| 5  | A 2  | A 3  | A 4  | A 5  | A 6  | M 31 | A 1  |
| 6  | A 23 | A 24 | A 25 | A 19 | A 20 | A 21 | A 22 |
| 7  | A 9  | A 10 | A 11 | A 12 | A 13 | A 14 | A 8  |
| 8  | A 2  | A 3  | M 28 | M 29 | M 30 | M 31 | A 1  |
| 9  | A 16 | A 17 | A 18 | A 19 | A 20 | A 21 | A 22 |
| 10 | A 9  | A 10 | A 11 | A 5  | A 6  | A 7  | A 8  |
| 11 | M 26 | M 27 | M 28 | M 29 | M 30 | M 31 | M 25 |
| 12 | A 16 | A 17 | A 18 | A 19 | A 13 | A 14 | A 15 |
| 13 | A 2  | A 3  | A 4  | A 5  | A 6  | A 7  | A 8  |
| 14 | M 26 | M 27 | M 28 | M 22 | M 23 | M 24 | M 25 |
| 15 | A 16 | A 10 | A 11 | A 12 | A 13 | A 14 | A 15 |
| 16 | A 2  | A 3  | A 4  | A 5  | M 30 | M 31 | A 1  |
| 17 | A 23 | A 24 | A 18 | A 19 | A 20 | A 21 | A 22 |
| 18 | A 9  | A 10 | A 11 | A 12 | A 13 | A 7  | A 8  |
| 19 | A 2  | M 27 | M 28 | M 29 | M 30 | M 31 | A 1  |

## CARLINO AND ROSA,

## A SIMPLE TALE.

IN fair Italia's roseate bowers  
 With balmy odours, ever blest,  
 Carlino pass'd his youthful hours,  
 By want and poverty distress'd,

No longer could his aged sire,  
 Assist his now approaching prime,  
 His bosom glow'd with young desire  
 Afar, to see each foreign clime.  
 To England's shore, he bent his course  
 Thro' many a long and tedious day,  
 For here he hop'd a sure resource,  
 His toil and trouble to repay.



Attun'd to melody's sweet power,  
His native clime's supreme delight,  
He often sooth'd a pensive hour;  
And made his way-worn journey light.

The chalky cliffs of Albion's isle,  
At length apparent, met his view,  
In wonder did he pause awhile,  
For all was strange, and all was new.

An organ, by a friend procur'd,  
His solace, and support unite,  
Whilst smiling hope, success assur'd,  
And thus he stroll'd from morn till night.

With those whose nerves, responsive told,  
Reward he found, for pleasing strains;  
None but the churl could e'er withhold,  
Some trifling need to aid his gains.

His ardent soul was firmly bent,  
An independence to secure,  
For this—his toilsome days were spent,  
This—his ambition to secure.

Integrity, his guiding star,  
And prudence, ever by his side,  
To crime, and folly, still a bar,  
Warm his young heart, and there abide.

So simple was his native mien,  
So free from guile his face and air,  
That to be lik'd, was to be seen,  
He met a welcome every where.

Ner did he touch his weekly board,  
Till first the organ's hire was paid,  
E'en then most homely was his board,  
To his small store the rest was laid.

If all would equal caution show,  
And each just claim at first defray,  
What comfort from his plan would flow,  
And for such care with interest pay.

Carlino, when his home he left,  
There left a fair and artless maid,  
Who mourn'd her lover's converse reft,  
She—in his brightest visions play'd.

By mutual vows so strictly bound,  
Equal in truth and constant love,  
Where may their counterparts be found?  
Where seek sincerer truth to prove?

O Rosa! dearest maid for thee,  
The piercing winter's cold, I bear,  
In hope, Carlino, blest may be,  
With thee, his hard-earn'd store to share.

It chanc'd, that passing thro' a vale,  
Where nature revell'd in her pride,  
Carlino's cheek grew deadly pale,  
He sunk adown the way-worn side.

A fever burnt within his frame,  
He felt all hapless and forlorn;  
A stranger e'en unknown by name  
Perchance the jest of brutal scorn.

This might have been his piteous lot,  
But that a priest, the wanderer found,  
And, *one*, who ne'er his vows forgot,  
Whose heart each god-like virtue crown'd.

He rais'd Carlino from the earth  
And fed him from his ample store,  
Ne'er ask'd his country or his birth,  
Enough for him, that he was poor.

Here—long supported, he remain'd  
Reliev'd from sorrow and from care,  
With gratitude o'erpower'd, and pain'd  
Such kindness it was his to share.

Departing thence, he bent his knee,  
And with uplifted hands, he pray'd  
His kind protector, long might be  
In choicest blessings overpaid.

This worthy Rector, if to know  
(Who here, so much adorns the tale)  
Thou hast a wish, then look below,  
Where he abides in W——n Vale.

Five years he persevering spent  
O'er hill and dale, by tower and tree,  
Nor e'er one Paul he idly spent,  
A trusty, faithful steward he.

At length, Carlino 'gan to pine  
For that dear home, he long had left,  
O Rosa! shall I call thee mine,  
He said—or be of joy bereft.

He now had gain'd that long wish'd store  
Which independence was to give,  
And was to spread his frugal board,  
With his dear Rosa—when to live.

He bade to England's shores adieu,  
And grateful said, for blessings given,  
"Ah, brave Inglesce, I feel for you  
Next to my country and to heaven."

Thro' France he gaily took his way,  
Its grand metropolis he saw,  
Still journey'd on, from day to day,  
For love ordain'd a pleasing law.

For him no power had female charm  
Where want of virtue, all debase,  
No witchery his soul could harm,  
Or from his heart affection chase.

True to his Rosa ever dear,  
His eye was shut to magic spell,  
Each step it brought him still more near  
To her with whom he wish'd to dwell.

Bordeaux, and Thoulouse, both he saw,  
Avignon, neat, his footsteps drew,  
His toilsome hours to Lyons draw,  
Where commerce holds a stately crest.

To Switzerland, at length he came,  
His heart beat high, ascending still,  
Where now the zig-zag Sempron gave,  
A view o'er each impeding hill.

What was his joy, how flash'd his eye,  
The plains of Lombardy to see,  
Can ought with its soft graces vie,  
Its riches or its drapery?

To heaven, an earnest prayer he bent,  
That he might find his sire again  
In his low cot, as when he went,  
And free from sorrow and from pain.

And that his Rosa still would prove  
Unchang'd, and faithful, true and kind;  
Her heart still fill'd with ardent love,  
Whilst constancy engross'd her mind.

Now swift by love and hope impell'd,  
He sped along, the deep descent,  
Nor prospect grand, a moment held  
His ling'ring eye, for on he went.

And when he strain'd his eager eye  
 Along the vale he lov'd so dear,  
 And when he drew, that dwelling nigh  
 And came to that lov'd home so near.  
 O! judge his horror, and his pain,  
 To find that war's destructive power,  
 Had desolated all the plain,  
 And quite destroy'd his homely bower.  
 He sunk with saddest woe oppress'd,  
 He beat his breast, he tore his hair,  
 And like a maniac, rav'd distrest,  
 With hope foregone, and black despair.

All he could learn, his sire had fled,  
 And Rosa too, gone far away;  
 But none could tell what humble shed  
 The mourners held—not one could say.

Arousing from his death-like swoon,  
 He vow'd his toil should never cease  
 Till he enjoy'd that sweetest boon,  
 To give the wand'ring exiles peace.

Again he took his weary way,  
 Again his footsteps onward sped,  
 O'er ruins black his journey lay,  
 Slow droup'd his now afflicted head.

No clue, his erring steps to guide,  
 If life or death was now their lot,  
 In woe, his prospects all subside,  
 His brightest visions, he forgot.

Day after day he trac'd along,  
 Now heard some stragglers had been seen,  
 No longer carol'd with a song,  
 How alter'd now, his air and mien.

Sometimes bright hope, again would fling  
 A partial sun-beam o'er the glade,  
 And then a black'ning cloud would bring  
 A sombre hue, and dark'ning shade.

Long thus he kept an erring rout,  
 Determin'd never to forego  
 His firm resolve to fathom out,  
 The depth of all his grief and woe.

In a lone cot, far, far away  
 From all the busy hum of men,  
 He went, his woe worn frame to lay,  
 In what was truly sorrow's den.

A shriek now burst upon his ear,  
 A voice electrified his heart,  
 'Twas Rosa's self, and with her—near,  
 His sire, now claim'd affection's part.

But, O! how alter'd Rosa's form,  
 Her cheek, how pale, her haggard eye,  
 For sorrow, beauty will deform,  
 In those who mourn despairingly.

His sire, he cheer'd, and duteous bent  
 His head, a blessing to receive,  
 Bade them enjoy what God had sent,  
 For all his wants he could relieve.

His Rosa to his heart he strain'd,  
 Told her his faith, his love, and truth,  
 Till she, by joy's excess was pain'd,  
 As firm she clasp'd her dear lov'd youth.

Now happy in that sure reward  
 That constant waits on virtue's deed,  
 To heaven they bent with one accord,  
 For mercies great, in time of need.

And long they liv'd, themselves to see  
 In a new race, reflected bright  
 And may it thus for ever be,  
 With those who think and act aright.

## BANNOCKBURN.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

MR. EDITOR,—In offering the following original verses as candidates for the honour of your acceptance in the MIRROR, I cannot advance a more eloquent, and I trust a more effectual apology for the nationality of this subject than by preluding them with the patriotic appeal made by the able author of the *Lord of the Isles*.

YET mourn not land of fame,  
 Though ne'er the leopards on thy shield  
 Retreated from so sad a field,  
 Since Norman William came.  
 Oft may thy annals justly boast  
 Of battles stern by Scotland lost;  
 Grudge not her victory.  
 When for her free-born rights she strove,  
 Rights dear to all who freedom love,  
 To none so dear as thee!

SCOTT.

## BANNOCKBURN.

NEAR Stirling's tower, by Forth's wave  
 The rising sun its radiance gave,  
 Upon the armour of the brave  
 That burned for battle brilliantly.  
 And Scotland by that soaring sun  
 Beheld her brightest day begun—  
 Her greenest wreath of glory won  
 By deeds of dauntless bravery.  
 On Bannockburn's camp-covered field  
 The men of war were met to wield,  
 With hostile hand, the sword and shield,  
 For conquest or for liberty!

How gaily glanced that field before  
 Began the battle's rage and roar!  
 That reddened with the reeking gore  
 As raved the dreadful revelry.  
 The wild war-yell rose hoarse and high,  
 St. George! for Edward was the cry,  
 And Scotland's shout shook earth and sky,  
 St. Andrew! Bruce! and liberty!  
 Then closed the conflict deep and dread!  
 Then strained the bow and struck the blade,  
 Its dirge of death the trumpet brayed,  
 As thinn'd the ranks of rivalry!

What feelings fired each hero's heart,  
 For conquest or a country's part,  
 As from each eye the flash did dart,  
 That spoke the spirits' enmity!  
 But fast the Southrons fell and fled  
 Where Bruce—brave Bruce! his patriots led,  
 And Scotland's lion rampant—red  
 \*Pranced proudly on to victory!  
 And may each land, as Scotland, scorn  
 The tyrant's threat—his thralldom spurn  
 With such success as Bannockburn  
 Of dear and deathless memory!

ARCHIE ALIQUIS.

\* Pawed.

# EUROPEAN MELODIES.

No. 1.

## THE WANDERER'S RETURN, A Ballad.

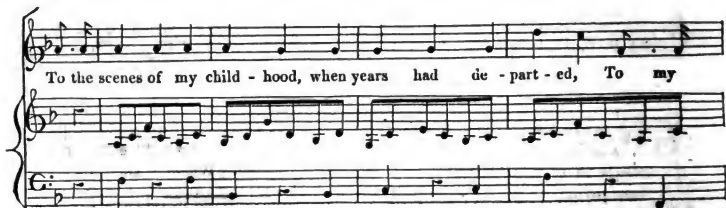
The Melody by MOZART, now first vocalized, with an Accompaniment for the  
PIANO-FORTE.

The Words written, and the Air arranged and adapted, by

W. T. MONCRIEFF, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "THE PLAIN GOLD RING, &c."

"I came to the place of my birth, and I asked, "The friends of my youth,  
where are they?" and an Echo replied, "Where are they?" *Arabic MS.*



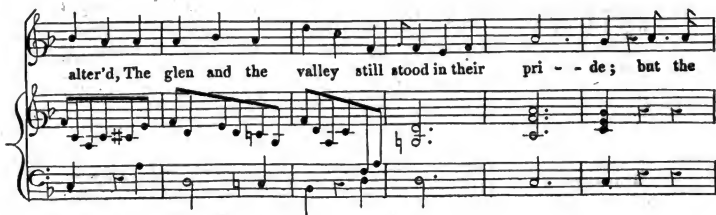
*Publishers, &c. are requested to observe that the Words, Accompaniment, and part of  
the Melody of this Ballad are Copy-right,*



hope smil'd be - fore me, I fel: hea - vy hearted, One sad thought came



o'er me, ah! were they the same? In ma - ny a sally the brook flow'd un -



alter'd, The glen and the valley still stood in their pri - - de; but the



friends of my youth, ah! where are they? I falter'd; Where are they? where



are they? an echo re - plied.

## VERSE II.

MUTE Nature still flourish'd  
 In all her first beauty;  
 But the fond hearts that nourished  
 My young hopes had flown;  
 The ties I had cherish'd  
 Of friendship and duty  
 With them, sadly perish'd,  
 For ever were gone!  
 And, ere, scarce pass'd over  
 Youth's few years of sorrow,  
 For me, some lone rover  
 In friendship may sigh;  
 Where is he? the bard  
 Whose wild strains cheer'd each morrow;  
 Where is he? Where is he?  
 Will echo reply!

## SONNET TO FLOWERS.

LALIES, who love to lave in pebbly brooks,  
 Keeping yourselves as spotless white as truth;  
 Violets, summer's pride, hiding in such close  
 nooks,  
 The curious-searching bee may scarcely find  
 ye;

Roses, who blush to hear mad poets' praises  
 When in their votive chaplets they upbraid ye,  
 With your moss-bearded brothers—types of  
 youth;

Tulips, emblems of beauty, vain and showy;  
 And ye who are the vassals of the sun,  
 And wear his beamy order, radiant daisies;  
 And ye who hang your heads like age, ye snowy  
 Drops which at spring's feet lie when winter's  
 gone;

Fair flowers but frail, your lives, and mine, and  
 all,

Have but a spring, a summer, and a fall!

HYPOCHONDRIACUS.

## VERSES

*Addressed to a Young Lady, possessing more  
 than a becoming share of vanity, arising  
 from a consciousness of her extreme beauty.*

(For the Mirror.)

BEHOLD the gay rose in the garden so fair,  
 And the blossoms around it perfuming the air;  
 How lovely they look, and how bright to the eye,  
 In colours prismatic—yet soon they must die.

Then pause, dearest maiden! ah! think of the  
 flower

Bereft of its beauty, its odour fraught power,  
 And reflect that this world, all its joy and its  
 sorrow

On thy charms may be clos'd ere the dawn of to-  
 morrow!

C G—M.

## Facetiae.

## No. I.

A TRAVELLER was lately boasting of  
 the luxury of arriving at night after a

hard day's journey, to partake of the en-  
 joyment of a well-cut ham, and the *left*  
 leg of a goose. "Pray, Sir, what is the  
 peculiar luxury of a *left* leg?" "Sir,  
 to conceive its luxury, you must find  
 that it is the only leg that is *left*!"

A PICKPOCKET, who had been *ducked*  
 for his mal-practices, accounted to his  
 brethren for the derangement in his ap-  
 pearance, by coolly observing, that he had  
 not been able to change his dress since  
 his return from a celebrated *Watering*  
*Place*!

A GENTLEMAN who had a vast veneration  
 for poetry and poetical descriptions,  
 having occasion to describe a very quiet  
 neighbour to a musical friend of his,  
 stated, that he took through life

"The noiseless tenour of his way."

"Pshaw!" cried the musician, who was  
 not possessed of much fondness for poetry,  
 "What is the *noiseless tenor* good for?  
 give me a tenor that has a full and pow-  
 erful tone, or none at all."

AN IRISHMAN having arrived from Dub-  
 lin at the house of a respectable merchant  
 in the Borough, and having left Ireland  
*three weeks* before, brought with him a  
 basket of eggs: his friend asked him  
 why he took the trouble to bring eggs  
 from Ireland to England? "*Because,*"  
 said he, "*I am fond of them new laid,*  
*and I know these to be so.*"

AN estimate of the *morality of the times*  
 may be drawn from the publication of  
 books. One hundred and thirty editions  
 of "*Hoyle on Gaming,*" have been pub-  
 lished, and only *sixteen* of "*The Whole*  
*Duty of Man!*"

A YOUNG man, who had just had his hair cropped very close, was quizzed by a friend on his *snug* appearance, upon which he exclaimed, "Come, come, don't *take my hair off*." "Indeed," cried his friend, "that would be an impossibility—it is gone already."

ON opening the will of a gentleman who had expended a handsome fortune, amongst other articles it contained the following: "If I had died possessed of a *thousand pounds*, I would have left it to my dear friend, Mr. Timothy Taylor, but as I have not *siropence*, he must accept the *Will for the Deed*."

A WORTHY citizen being asked the meaning of a place in *reversion*, answered, that he supposed they were places given to gentlemen who have experienced *reverses* of fortune. An Irish gentleman questioned upon the same subject, differed from the worthy citizen, and said, that places in *reversion* must be places held *after a man was dead*.

#### COPY OF A TICKET OF ADMISSION.

TICKET of omission to a feet in Foxhall Guardians, which will be luminated for the purpose, in commiseration of the proaching high nuenials of king Jerome Bone a part and the prince s of Wirtemburgh, which are suspected to be speedily conatipated.

THE late celebrated penurious — Jennings, Esq. of Acton Place, who was reported to be the richest commoner in England, *when at the age of ninety-two*, was applied to by one of his tenants, then in the *eightieth year of his age*, to renew his lease for a further term of 14 years, when, after some general observations, Mr. Jennings coolly said, "*take a lease for 21 years, or you will be troubling me again!*" and this was accordingly granted.

#### MOUNTAIN ANECDOTE.

A PARTY had lately climbed a considerable way up the usual track on the side of *Skiddow*, when a gentleman (a stranger to the rest of the company) who had given frequent *broad hints* of his being a man of *superior knowledge*, said to the guide, "Pray what is the *highest part* of this mountain?" "the *top*, sir," replied the guide.

AMONG the many mistakes into which foreigners have been betrayed when learning the English language, the following which recently occurred, is not the least whimsical. A young German wishing

to acquire elegance, as well as correctness of phrase, and not liking the meaning of the term "*put out the candle*," used the word *extinguish*. A few days afterwards, a dog annoyed the young foreigner very much, on which, turning to his servant, he ordered him "*to extinguish dat dog*."

THE following curious caution was lately pasted up in a conspicuous place in North Wales.

"Whereas several idle and disorderly persons have lately made a practice of riding on an ass belonging to Mr. — the head of the Ropery Stairs; now lest any accident should happen, he takes this method of informing the public, that he is determined to shoot the said ass, and cautions any person who may be riding on it at the same time, to take care of themselves, lest, by some unfortunate mistake he should shoot the wrong animal."

THE report of Bonaparte having been wounded *in the back* at the battle of Eslau, having puzzled some of our *quidnuncs*, as he was stated to have pursued the Russians, an Irish gentleman reconciled the apparent contradiction, by observing, that the crafty chief might have had his coat buttoned behind!

A LADY in Scotland lately wrote to a friend in London, and in communicating the intelligence that a female acquaintance had recently entered into the marriage state, observed, "that it was the general expectation that she would have a *female son*." The passage was considered inexplicable; but on a little application, and collating it with the usual orthography of the writer, the mystery was explained—she meant it to be understood, that her friend was likely to "have a *family soon*."

AT the examination of Colonel Thornton before the Lord Chancellor, a person present said, from his witty remarks, he thought him a *dry dog*. "You would be satisfied of that," said a gentleman at his elbow, "If you were to see the quantity of wine he drinks." T—A. N—C.

#### MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION,

*Cut in a marble, and placed against the wall, in a church at Laumspringt, in Germany.*

O,            Quid            Tua            Te  
be!        bis?        bis,        abit

Ra            Ra            Ra  
es            et            in  
Ram        Ram        Ram  
              ibis

Et sis, ut ego nunc.

## Origins and Inventions.

## No. IV.

## EARLY PAPER.

THE celebrated plant called Papyrus, or Biblus, which formerly grew plentifully on the banks of the Nile, and is, perhaps, a native of Egypt, is now, according to the later writers, rarely to be met with; the poorer sort of people having almost destroyed it by digging up the roots for fuel. Though the Papyrus it is said grew chiefly in Egypt, it was also found in India; and Guilandinus assures us he saw in Chaldea, at the confluence of the Tigris and Euphrates, large fens, where with his own hands he plucked a Papyrus, differing in nothing from that of the Nile. Strabo likewise speaks of a sort growing in Italy; but he does not say it was ever used for making paper. This plant was made use of by the ancients to write upon, and thence our paper had its name. It has a large stem, from whence some say they took the pith, which they worked into a white paste or glue, and of that made a kind of paper, almost in the same manner as we do with our linen rags; but others say they used the inner rind for that purpose. According to Pliny, the root of this plant is as thick as a man's arm, and ten cubits long, from whence arise a great number of triangular stalks, at the extremities whereof its flowers are ranged in clusters. Its root is woody and knotty, its leaves long, like those of the bulrush, and its taste and smell resemble those of the cyperus, of which some reckon it a species. It is to be observed, that besides paper, the ancients made ropes, sails, mats, blankets, shoes, and several domestic utensils of the Papyrus; and the manner of making the paper, according to the Egyptian fashion, is related to be as follows:—

They began with lopping off the root and head of the Papyrus, as of no use in this manufacture; the remaining stem they slit lengthways into two equal parts, and from each of these they stripped the thin scaly coats or pellicles whereof it was composed with the point of a penknife. The innermost of these pellicles were reckoned the best, and those nearest the rind or bark the worst; and accordingly they were kept separate, and constituted different kinds of paper. As the pellicles were taken off they extended them on a table, and then two of them were laid over each other transversely, so that their fibres made right angles. In this state they were glued together with

the muddy water of the Nile, then pressed, dried, and lastly, flattened and smoothed by beating them with a mallet; though sometimes, with a hemisphere of glass or the like, they gave them a farther polish.

Here it may not be amiss to add some remarks on the antiquity of the art of making paper of the Papyrus, the origin whereof, though very obscure, was undoubtedly first discovered in Egypt, and according to Isidore, in the city of Memphis. The era of the invention is fixed by Varro, the most learned of the Romans, at the time of Alexander the Great, after the building of Alexandria by that conqueror; but several objections of no small weight are brought against this decision. Pliny recites a passage out of a very ancient annalist, wherein mention is made of paper-books found in Numa's tomb, who was prior to Alexander above three hundred years. In effect, Guilandinus maintains, with great erudition, that the name and use of the Papyrus were known to the Greeks long before Alexander conquered Egypt; and yet some have doubted whether the art of manufacturing the Papyrus was so ancient as Alexander's time, chiefly on this ground, that for two hundred years after Alexander, men wrote on skins and barks of trees. But this reasoning is not conclusive; the scarcity of the new manufacture may account for the use of those things, and paper might have been known in Egypt, Judea, Syria, and other parts of Asia, long before the birth of Alexander, though not in common use; but it came later to the Europeans, and probably was first publicly known among them by means of Alexander's conquest. When the manufacture of the Egyptian paper ceased, is another question; for at present it may be reckoned amongst those arts that are lost. Mabillon maintains that it continued till the eleventh century, or at least that it was used in the ninth, he endeavours to evince from several papal bulls wrote on it at that time. We are also told that several books, written on the leaves of the Papyrus, have been preserved to our days; and Mabillon says he had one of them, and mentions two or three more, besides divers diplomas or charters, which appear to be at least eleven hundred years old. But the decisions of that learned father concerning manuscripts are not always infallible; witness his taking the manuscript of St. Mark's Gospel, at Venice, to be written on the Egyptian paper, and that of Josephus, at Milan, not to be so; whereas the learned count Maffei, shews that the former is cotton-paper, and that



the latter appears plainly to be Egyptian. Besides the latter authority maintains, with more probability, that the Papyrus was generally disused before the fifth century; for he finds no authentic records written on it of a later date; those bulls of popes, cited by Mabillon, appearing rather to be written on cotton-paper. This, however, relates only to the general use of the Papyrus; for it is not to be wondered at if particular persons continued to make it several hundred years after it first began to lose its reputation. In reality, a more commodious sort of paper, made of cotton, having been invented in the East some ages before, and thence introduced into Europe, seems to have turned the Papyrus out of doors; to which the continual wars with the Saracens, whereby the traffic to Alexandria, where it was manufactured, was rendered precarious, might possibly contribute.

## TITHES.

THE Tithes of the clergy of England had their origin in the ninth century; and it appears from Lord Coke, "that the first kings of the realm had all the lands of England in demesne, and *les grand manours* and *les royalties*, they reserved to themselves; and with the remnant they enfeoffed the barons of the realm for the defence thereof with such jurisdictions as the court baron now hath; and about this time it was, when all the lands of England were the king's demesne, that Ethelwolf, almost nine hundred years ago, conferred the tithes of all the kingdom upon the church by his royal charter; which is extant in Abbot Ingulf, and in Matthew of Westminster." Henry's History of Great Britain says, "Ethelwolf, successor of Egbert, called an assembly of all the great men of his hereditary kingdom of Wessex, at Winchester, in November, A. D. 844; and with their consent, made a solemn grant to the church of the tenth part of all the lands belonging to the crown, free from all taxes and impositions of every kind, even from the three obligations of building bridges, fortifying and defending castles, and marching out on military expeditions." This royal grant and important donation to the church, by one of the most weak and bigotted of our Saxon kings, was probably imitated by the nobility; and if it did not originally mean the tenth of the produce of the lands, it appears from subsequent events that it soon came to be understood in that sense. Chief Baron Gilbert, speaking of tithes, seems to give the origin of Easter Offerings, "for," says he, as cited in Bacon's Abridgement, "the customary payments

made at Easter, under the denomination of Easter Offerings, were at first a compensation for Personal Tithes; for it cannot be reasonably supposed, that an Easter Offering is due of common right, and it seems more probable, that it was at first paid in lieu of the tithe of personal labour, rather than of any other thing." In Jacob's Law Dictionary, "Personal Tithes are those which arise from the labour and industry of man only, being the tenth part of his clear gains in trade, which are paid, when due, by custom—though but seldom in England."

## MEDICINE.

MEDICINE was introduced in Greece 1530 years before the Christian era; by Melampus, an Argive; and Æsculapius, Hippocrates, and Galen, the most celebrated of all physicians, were natives of Greece. With respect to the ancient state of Physic among the Egyptians, Clemens Alexandrinus informs us, that there were forty-two books of Hermes, of great account, which contained all the philosophy of the Egyptians, and the six last of which related to medicine and treated of the construction of the body and its disorders, with the methods of treating them. Herodotus tells us that the practice of physic was so parcelled out and divided, that one physician had the charge only of one distemper, and might not presume to take upon him the care and inspection of more. It may here be remarked as auxiliary of the means by which England originally obtained a firm footing in the Indian empire, that the science and humanity of an English physician, in effecting the cure of a daughter of the emperor, who was a descendant of Tamerlane, led to acts of the most unbounded and generous confidence in English skill and English integrity. The Chinese, indeed, promulgated a medicine to insure *immortality*. This grand secret was arrogated by a sect called Tautse, the disciples of Lau-kyun, who boasted they had discovered a liquor by means whereof man should never die. A great number of Mandarines studied this art, as well as the diabolical one of magic; and the emperor Tsin-she-whang-ti, a declared enemy to learning and to learned men, was persuaded by these impostors that they had actually such a liquid, and gave it the name of Chang-seng-you, *medicine of eternal life*. Itinerant practitioners have however prevailed in all ages and all countries, and lamentable is the fact that in this great metropolis the numerous ignorant and impudent pretenders to the most difficult and important of all the branches of

science, should not be dealt with as in the "olden time;" for though our ancestors were certainly not deficient in credulity, they did not think so lightly of empiricism as we do. In the reign of Edward VI. one Grigg was set in the pillory at Croydon, and again in the borough of Southwark, for pretending to cure the diseased by looking at their water. Under James I. who was a believer in the occult sciences, several quacks, and some who assumed the solemn title of doctor in medicine, were brought to public justice, and compelled to find security for their future good behaviour. Even so late as the time of king William, one Fairfax was fined and imprisoned for vending a specific which he called *aqua celestis*, and others of a like description have at various times suffered heavily for administering dangerous drugs to the people.

Of all the subjects that afford opportunities for the satiric pen in the metropolis, perhaps there is none more abundant or prolific than that of quackery. This indeed has been admirably done in a series of letters in a former volume of the *MIRROR*, the perusal of which, while it affords infinite amusement and instruction, may possibly induce, to all considerate minds, to commit the treatment of diseases to the only proper hands, the intelligent and experienced practitioner.

F. R.—Y.

#### ROSES.

ROSES were brought from Italy and first planted in England in the year 1522. They were accordingly consecrated as presents from the pope of Rome, and were generally placed over confessionals, as the symbols of secrecy: hence the phrase of "under the rose."

#### WOMAN.

MR. EDITOR,—I am grieved to see the example of *Janet* so uninfluential in producing contributions from others of your numerous fair readers; it certainly is not because they have nothing to say, for, sir, call to mind the most entertaining, if not at all times the most informing, of your Correspondents, and I'll bet my hunting cap to your critical one, that said Correspondent knows more of domestic than of political economy. I wish I could say something to bring the sweet competitors forward with their smart essays on taste, dress, home, society, love, pity, charity, and all the other amiables their delicate perceptions are so well fitted for unraveling and displaying in attractive guise; it would be a delightful relief to the more *abstruse* matters of bell-ringing and arith-

metical conundrums. Is it because no one has stepped forward in the name of the "coarser clay," to admit its "purer" sister to an equal participation of privileges, this unwillingness to share in their literary efforts is manifested? I can't go the whole length required, but I would say, of woman, she is the string of our purse; the delight of our drawing-room; the guardian of our domestic comfort; the willing sharer of our sorrows; the heightener of our joys; the sensible companion in our converse; and the infuser of joy in our home. And who, like woman, can in the hour of pain and sickness, soothe and alleviate, smooth the pillow of wakefulness, moisten the parched lip, and pluck, so far as mortal agency may, the sting from death itself? Perhaps, Mr. Editor, you will in your own way, tell them these are the opinions of your readers,—I would myself, but I really have not time to give my ideas the shapeliness it would require, just now; at some future period, if I can get on the blind side of your eminence, it may happen that I shall spend an hour in dilating on the blessing our Creator conferred in giving Adam an help-meet in woman.

Your's, Mr. Editor,

ARCHIE.

#### SHELAH LEA'S LAMENTATION:

##### AN ANCIENT IRISH KEEN.

(To the Editor of the *Mirror*.)

SIR,—I send you the annexed trifle as printed from an original MS.; it has not come from the press for the purpose of circulation, except amongst the friends of the gentleman who possesses the writing. Should you think it has sufficient interest to occupy a column in the *MIRROR*, it is at your service.

I am, sir,  
Your obedient servant,  
J. P.

SING the wild *Keen* of my country, *ye* whose heads bend in sorrow, in the house of the dead!—Lay aside the wheel and flax, and sing not in joy, for there's a space left in my cabin!—*Oweeneen* the pride of my heart, is not here!—did *ye* not hear the cry of the *Banshee* crossing the lonely *Kilcrumper*? Or was there a voice from the tomb, far sweeter than song, that whistled in the mountain wind, and told *ye* that the young oak was fallen!—Yes, he's gone!—He went off in the spring of life, like the blossom of the prickly hawthorn, scattered by the merciless wind, on the cold clammy earth;—never again will he lift in his clasp'd

hands the cross of the Holy Virgin, or bend his strong limbs before her altar.—The *Gorsons* may hurl now in the mountains, but the strong arm of my *Oweneen* is not there!—the cold dew of death is upon it, and his eyes which were bright lights to his poor mother's soul, are closed and sunk in darkness for ever!—The *Banshee* will come on the morrow, when *ye* are *keening* the last *keen* of sorrow over his head,—its cry will drown your death song, for *Oweneen* was the pride of all!—The howl will be heard in the heath, on the mountain, and o'er the grave of his foster brother, who's gone before him.—Raise the *keen ye* whose notes are *well known*, tell your beads *ye* young women who grieve—lie down on his narrow house in mourning, and his spirit will sleep and be at rest!—Plant the shamrock and wild fir near his head, that strangers might know who is the fallen! Soon again will your *keen* be heard on the mountain, for before the cold sod is clodded over the breast of my *Oweneen*, *Shelah* the mother of *keeners* will be there; her voice which before was loud and plaintive, will be *still* and *silent*, like the ancient harp of her country!—Let the long green grass grow thickly near the graves of my forefathers, that the little mountain *daisy* might not sprout up alone—let *Elleen Baven* the best of all *keeners*, lay me clean on my death bed, that the last of the Ryans might go in peace to her grave.—See that the *lights* at my *wake* be as many as my grey hairs, which I'll carry in *pride* to my tomb; for I am *Shelah-Lea* the grey-headed *keener*.—The *Pillabeen-meek* will scream round my cabin door, when your song of grief is singing.—There will be lights seen dancing on *Carratheanna*, and moving quickly across the wet bog, but let *ye* not follow, for the evil spirit is the guide, and will lead you to darkness.—Come to my grave when the yellow leaves off the trees are upon it, and say, “*rest the soul of Shelah the keener!* whose tongue is now silent in the place where the rain nor the storms cannot enter.”—Take your rounds at my *head-stone*, count your beads, that my ghost might be quiet in the shroud, that was made by *Elleen*.—There's a tree in *Kilcrumper* that hangs over the lonely, in its branches the dark bird of night *keens* the whole night long.—I go there when *Shain Ogen* has done plowing, when the Bat flaps its wings round the hill, when all is dark as the silence of night.—Once I went as the moon shone upon the bed of my *Oweneen*,—the grey stone that marked his head was bright, yet my soul was as dark as before.—Moss, and weeds flourished around me, and the wind

was not heard on the hill—there was a voice from the furze-brake close by me, that howled like a funeral *keen*; and I knew that the *Banshee* had warning that *Shelah* was soon to come there.—The croak of the raven was heard thrice in the barn that *Oweneen* built, and I felt that I soon would be borne to the grave of my WHITE-HEADED BOY!

## Reminiscences.

No. XV.

### LA FONTAINE.

LA FONTAINE, the celebrated French fabulist, is recorded to have been one of the most absent of men, and Furetiere relates a circumstance, which, if true, is one of the most singular distractions possible. Fontaine attended the burial of one of his friends, and some time afterwards he called to visit him. At first he was shocked at the information of his death; but recovering from his surprise, he observed, “It is true enough, for now I recollect I went to his burial.”

The generous and witty Madame de la Sabliere furnished him with a commodious apartment in her house; and one day, having discharged all her servants in a pet, declared that she had only retained three animals in her house, which were her dog, her cat, and Fontaine. In this situation he continued twenty years; and a day or two after, losing his generous patroness, met his acquaintance, M d'Hervart: “My dear Fontaine (said that worthy man to him,) I have heard of your misfortune, and was going to propose your coming to live with me.” “I was going to you,” answered Fontaine.

It was difficult to restrain him sometimes when on a particular subject. One day dining with Moliere and Despreaux, he inveighed against the absurdity of making performers speak *aside* what is heard by the stage and the whole house. Heated with this idea, he would listen to no argument. “It cannot be denied,” exclaimed Despreaux, in a loud key, “it cannot be denied, that La Fontaine is a rogue, a great rogue, a villain, a rascal, &c.,” multiplying his terms of abuse, and increasing the loudness of his voice. Fontaine, without paying any regard to his abuse, went on declaiming. At last the company's roar of laughter recalled him to himself. “What is this roar of laughter about?” said he. “At what?” cried Despreaux, “why, at you, to be sure; you have not heard a word of the abuse which I have been bawling at your ears, yet you are surprised at the folly of sup-

posing a performer not to hear what another actor whispers at the opposite side of the stage."

When the fables of La Motte appeared, it was fashionable in France to despise them. One evening, at an entertainment given by the Prince de Vendôme, several of the first critics of the kingdom made themselves exceedingly merry at the expense of the author. Voltaire happened to be present: "Gentlemen, (said he,) I perfectly agree with you. What a difference there is between the style of La Motte, and the style of La Fontaine! Have you seen the new edition of the latter?" The company answered in the negative. "Then you have not read that beautiful Fable of his, which was found among the papers of the Duchess of Bouillon." He accordingly repeated it to them. Every one present was charmed—transported with it. "Here (said he,) is the spirit of La Fontaine;—here is nature in her simplicity. What *naïveté*—what grace!—Gentlemen, (resumed Voltaire,) you will find this Fable among those of La Motte." Confusion took possession of all but Voltaire, who was happy in exposing the folly of these pretended judges.

It has been observed, that the best writers, and the deepest thinkers, have usually been but indifferent companions. This was the case of La Fontaine; for having once been invited to dine at the house of a person of distinction, for the more elegant entertainment of the guests, though he eat very heartily, yet not a word could be got from him, and when, rising soon after from the table, on pretence of going to the academy, he was told he would be too soon. "Oh, then, (said he,) I'll take the longest way." Being one day with Boileau, Racine, and other men of eminence, among whom were ecclesiastics; St. Austin was talked of for a considerable time, and with the highest commendations. Fontaine listened with his natural air, and at last, after a profound silence, asked one of the ecclesiastics, with the most unaffected seriousness, "whether he thought St. Austin had more wit than Rabelais." The doctor, eyeing Fontaine from head to foot, answered only by observing, "that he had put on one of his stockings the wrong side out," which happened to be the case. The nurse who attended Fontaine in his illness, observing the fervour of the priest in his exhortations, said to him, "Ah, good sir, don't disturb him so; he is rather stupid than wicked;" and at another time, "God won't have the heart to damn him."

In the year 1692, he was seized with a

dangerous illness; and when the priest came to converse with him about religion, concerning which he had hitherto been totally unconcerned, though he had never been either an infidel or a libertine, Fontaine told him, that "he had lately bestowed some hours in reading the *New Testament*, which he thought a good book." Being brought to a clearer knowledge of religious truths, the priest represented to him, that he had received intelligence of a certain dramatic piece of his, which was soon to be acted; but that he could not be admitted to the sacraments of the church, unless he suppressed it. This appeared too rigid, and Fontaine appealed to the Sorbonne, who confirming what the priest had said, this sincere penitent threw the piece into the fire, without keeping even a copy. The priest then laid before him the evil tendency of his Tales, which are written in a very wanton manner; he told him that while the French language subsisted, they would be a most dangerous inducement to vice; and that he could not justify administering the sacraments to him, unless he would promise to make a public acknowledgment of his crime at the time of receiving, and a public acknowledgment before the academy of which he was a member, in case he recovered; and to exert his utmost endeavours to suppress the book. La Fontaine thought these very severe terms, but at length yielded to them all.

He did not die till the 13th of April, 1695, when, if we believe some, he was found with a hair shirt on.

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### The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton*.

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### EPITAPH.

A GENTLEMAN on his death-bed, promised a friend of his, he would remember him in his Will if he could write an epitaph for him, consisting of four lines only, and the word *so* must be introduced six times. His friend produced the following lines, which were approved of, and he handsomely remembered him for his ingenuity:

So did he live,  
So did he die.  
So! so! did he so?  
Then so let him lie.

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Answers to Correspondents in our next.

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# The Mirror

OF  
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CXLII.]

SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.]

## Church of St. Martin in the Fields.



How would Mr. Ralph, a critical writer on the architecture of the metropolis about half a century ago, have rejoiced, could he have lived to see the view which our engraving presents—the Church of St. Martin, open in front. “I could wish,” says this writer, in describing the church, “that a view was opened from the Mews to St. Martin’s Church: I do not know any of the modern buildings about town which better deserves such an advantage.” Ralph’s wish has been realized, but perhaps not in the way he wished, if, like us, he hoped to see the street extend in a straight line from Pall Mall to the church, instead of the tortuous course it takes. It will, however, be a great improvement when completed. Our engraving not only represents the fine church of St. Martin in St. Martin’s-lane, but contains also a view, on the left, of the King’s Mews, and on the right, of the New College of Physicians, which

has recently been erected, but is not yet finished.

Although the church of St. Martin may be considered as a modern structure, yet there was a church on this site many centuries ago; for it appears, that in 1222 there was a dispute between the abbot of Westminster and the bishop of London, concerning the exemption of the church from the jurisdiction of the latter. It is not improbable that it might at that time have been a chapel for the use of the monks, when they visited their convent garden, which reached to the church. Be that as it may, the endowments fell with the rest of their possessions, and the living is at present in the gift of the bishop of London. During the reign of Henry VIII. the parish was so poor, that the king built them a small church at his own expense. This structure lasted till the year 1607, when the inhabitants having become more numerous, it was greatly

enlarged. At length becoming ruinous, after many expensive repairs, it was wholly taken down in the year 1721, and in five years the present stately fabric was raised, by Mr. James Gibbs. Dr. Richard Willis, bishop of Salisbury, by order of George I. laid the first stone, on which is fixed the following inscription:—

D. S.

SERENISSIMUS REX GEORGIUS  
PER DEPUTATUM SUUM  
REV. DUM AD MODUM IN XTO PATREM  
RICHARDUM EPISCOP. SARISBUR.  
SUMMUM SUUM ELEEMOSYNARIUM  
AD SISTENTE (REGIS JUSSU)  
DNO. THO. HEWYT, EQU. AUR.  
ÆDIFICIORUM REGIORUM CURATORE  
PRINCIPALI  
PRIMUM HUIUS ECCLESIE LAPIDEM  
POSUIT  
MARTII XLIX<sup>o</sup> ANO DNI MDCXXI  
ANNOQUE REGNI SUI VIII<sup>o</sup>.

On the laying the first stone, the king gave one hundred guineas to be distributed among the workmen, and some time after, 1,500*l.* to purchase an organ. The whole expense of building and decorating the church, amounted to 36,891*l.* 10*s.* 4*d.* of which 33,450*l.* was granted by parliament, and the rest raised by royal benefactions, subscriptions, and the sale of seats in the church.

The church was consecrated in the year 1726. It is an elegant structure of stone. In the west front is an ascent by a very long flight of steps to a very noble portico of Corinthian columns, which support a pediment in which is the royal arms in bas-relief, and underneath a Latin inscription relating to the foundation of the church. The same order is continued round in pilasters, and in the intercolumniations are two series of windows surrounded with rustic. On each side of the doors, on the sides near the corner, are lofty Corinthian columns; the roof is concealed by a handsome balustrade; the steeple is stately and elegant, and in the tower is an excellent peal of twelve bells.

Mr. Ralph, to whom we have already alluded, says—"The portico is at once elegant and august; and if the steps arising from the street to the front could have been made regular, and on a line from end to end, it would have given it a very considerable grace; but as the situation of the ground would not allow it, this is to be esteemed a misfortune rather than a fault. The round columns at each angle of the church are well contrived, and have a very fine effect in the profile of the building; the east end is remarkably elegant, and very justly claims particular applause. In short, if there is

anything wanting in this fabric, it is a little more elevation; which, I presume, is apparently wanted within, and would create an additional beauty without. I cannot help thinking too, that, in complaisance to the galleries, the architect has reversed the order of the windows, it being always usual to have the large ones nearer the eye, and the small, by way of attic, on the top."

The interior decorations are extremely fine; the ceiling is elliptical, and is divided into panels, enriched with fret-work, by Signori Artari and Bagutti, the best fret-workers that ever came to England. Slender Corinthian columns, raised on high pedestals, rising in the front of the galleries, serve to support both them and the roof, which on the sides rests upon them in very ornamental arch-work. The east end is richly adorned with fret-work and gilding; and over the altar is a large Venetian window, with ornamental stained glass. On each side are seats, with glazed windows, for the royal family and their household, whenever they come to church, especially to qualify themselves to hold certain offices.

The fine organ given by king George has been supplanted by another, by no means its equal in tone or appearance; and it is matter of some reproach, that so good an instrument should be so disposed of. The present instrument cost upwards of 500*l.*; and, it is said by Hughson, the former was sold to a parish in Gloucestershire for 150*l.* and is fixed in their church, a mark of ingratitude in the former possessors.

The church is one hundred and forty feet in breadth, and forty high; being well wainscoted and pewed. The pulpit and desk are also very handsome.

In the vestry-room are very fine portraits of Archbishops Lamplugh and Tension, Bishop Pearse, Dr. Lancaster, and other dignitaries, who were vicars of this church.

It will be in the recollection of our readers, that when the ill-fated King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands died, their coffins were placed in a vault in St. Martin's church, previous to their removal to their native country.

## FRENCH MANNERS.—ECARTE.

(For the Mirror.)

WHO has not heard that the French nation is the politest in the world? hundreds have affirmed it, and thousands have echoed the assertion. Ask the French themselves, and surely they ought to know; they will tell you that no nation can vie with France in point of polite-



ness and elegance of manners; this idea took root under the reign of Louis XIV.; it was grounded, and it was too high a compliment not to be appropriated even after they had no title to it; but why should we blame them? *Le Français est né royalist*, and they only imitate royal customs. The Kings of England were *Kings of France* from Henry V. to 1801, when the First Consul would not allow them to be so any longer; and they still style themselves defenders of a *faith*, that even an exciseman is compelled to abjure. Charles X. is King of France and *Navarre*; and Ferdinand VII. will not bate an iota of the title of King of Spain and the *Indies*! Then why should the French give up the flattering unction of "the politest nation in the world," even when a Robespierre and a Marat were grand masters of the ceremonies to the nation?

This politeness, this elegance of manners, for which the French were proverbial, *did* exist before the revolution, but fled affrighted from the soil of France at its approach: irreligion, vulgarity, and obscenity supplied its place: the dregs of the nation rose to be its governors, and they brought with them the rudeness and vulgarity of their manners. To have the manners of a gentleman at this period, was alone sufficient to send a man to the scaffold as an aristocrat; and if a person wished to keep his head on his shoulders, he was obliged to conform to the customs of "the sovereign people," go in rags and dirt, swear like the mob, and murder his language like those who confounded moods, tenses, numbers, and genders. This *enlightened* period did not last long, yet it did not fail to leave traces of its existence. A new order of society arose, partly modelled on that anterior to the revolution, but the elements were not the same. Society, from the lowest ranks to the highest, was all composed of the same materials; persons of the lowest extraction were eligible to the first offices of the state. There was only one order in society, and the aristocracy of riches usurped the honours formerly paid to birth. "My plan, my fortune, my place, these are my titles to consideration." From these elements a new nobility was created, rivaling in every thing the old, save in elegance of manners; Napoleon discovered with pain the truth of our James the First's expression, that a king may make a man a lord, but cannot make him a gentleman. None was more sensibly affected at this than the Empress Josephine, for the "ladies" of the court were more ridiculous in their efforts to ape good manners than the men.

Z 2

The manners and habits of their origin never left them; and as they associated but little with the old nobility returned from emigration, the manners of the French will long remain in point of good breeding below par, and ages yet to come will see a Frenchman, who even fancies himself well bred, pick his teeth with his knife, and then carve you a wing of a chicken with it. Instead of the graceful advance, and still more graceful inclination of the person, with which a gentleman formerly saluted a lady, a Frenchman of the modern school hurries up to her, puts all his members in the position of a fowl trussed for boiling, and makes what an old courtier very properly calls a *dislocated bow*, with a violence that makes a lady tremble, lest the head should fly off the shoulders of the automaton.

If the matter ended here, the thing would be only ludicrous; but unfortunately the system is carried on through all the ramifications of society. In their entertainments, profusion is mistaken for elegance, and cost for taste. The sex, which has the first homage wherever good breeding presides, is completely neglected in French society. They formerly captured with justice the English, who remained at table to get drunk, and left the ladies to pass the evening alone. It is now our turn, for in modern French society, the moment after coffee has been served, card-tables are brought, and *écarté*, a short game played by two, but on which any number can bet, is introduced, all the men flock round the tables, there is no longer any society or conversation, and the ladies are left to amuse themselves as they can, for it is rare indeed that a male will join them; so that to pass the evening, one of the ladies goes to the piano, and plays a waltz or a quadrille, and the dancers are obliged to choose *dames* for their cavaliers.

Now look on this picture and on that, and say if the French nation be not the politest nation in the world, and the school for Mr. John Bull to learn manners at!

## HISTORY OF MUSIC.

### ANTIQUITY OF MUSIC—THE MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OF THE EGYPTIANS, ISRAELITES, &c.

There is a charm, a power, that sways the breast;

Bids every passion revel or be still;  
Inspires with rage, or all our cares dissolves;  
Can soothe distraction, and almost despair.  
That power is Music.

ARMSTRONG.

MUSIC was one of the first of the polished arts known to mankind, and which



can be traced back at least three thousand years. That vocal was prior to instrumental music, cannot be doubted, because it required a knowledge of the mechanical arts before the latter could be introduced.

Ancient authors relate that all the laws, whether human or divine, exhortations to virtue, eulogies on gods and heroes, and the narrative of the actions of illustrious men, were written in verse and sung publicly to the sounds of instruments; and it appears from the Scriptures that such was the custom among the Israelites from the earliest times.

As Music is universal in all ages and among all nations, from the most savage to the most civilized, it would be absurd to attribute its invention to any one person; that at first it was rude, artless, unscientific, cannot be doubted, and its improvements must have been slow and progressive. Without then indulging in idle and fanciful speculations as to what some call the origin of music, we shall not attempt to trace it farther back than the history of Egypt, where Plato and Diodorus Siculus state its study was confined to the priests, who only used it on religious and solemn occasions. Music, like sculpture, was circumscribed by law and forbidden to be employed on trivial occasions.

Although the fact of music and musical instruments being known to the Egyptians at a very early period is indisputable, yet it is much to be regretted that there are no records by which we can judge of its comparative excellence.

The earliest Egyptian musical instrument of which we have any record, is that on the *guglia rotta* at Rome, one of the obelisks brought from Egypt, and said to have been erected by Sesostris, at Heliopolis, about four hundred years before the siege of Troy. Now, as historians and chronologists fix the latter event at 1184 years before the birth of Christ, this would give to Egyptian music an antiquity of upwards of three thousand four hundred years.

This curious relic of antiquity, which is a musical instrument of two strings, with a neck, resembles much the calascione still used in the kingdom of Naples, and proves that the Egyptians, at a very early period of their history, had advanced to a considerable degree of excellence in the cultivation of the arts; indeed there is ample evidence, that at a time when the world was involved in savage ignorance, the Egyptians were possessed of musical instruments capable of much variety of expression.

Nothing is more beautiful than to con-

ceive the energetic powers of the human mind in the early ages of the world, exploring the then undiscovered capabilities of nature, and directed to the exhaustless store by the finger of God in the form of accident—though where chance is the parent of discovery it is only men of genius who turn it to advantage—such was Trismegistus, the Hermes or Mercury of the Egyptians, who if not the inventor of Music, as he is generally called, made many striking improvements in it, and first gave the world the lyre. The account in which he was led to invent this instrument is entertaining, and by no means improbable. “The Nile,” says Apollodorus, who relates the anecdote, “after having overflowed the whole country of Egypt, when it returned within its natural bounds, left on the shore a great number of dead animals of various kinds, and amongst the rest a tortoise; the flesh of which, long dried and wasted by the sun, nothing remained within the shell but nerves and cartilages, and these being contracted by the drying heat became sonorous. Mercury walking along the banks of the Nile happened to strike his foot against the shell, and was so pleased with the sound produced, that the idea of a lyre started into his imagination. He constructed the instrument in the form of a tortoise, and strung it with the dried sinews of dead animals.”

It is, however, more than probable that the *monaulos*, or single flute, called by the Egyptians *photinx*, was known before the lyre; it appears at first to have been nothing more than a bull's horn. Egypt, however, made rapid advances in the useful and elegant arts, while all the rest of the world was shrouded in savage ignorance. As a proof of this, we have only to name the drawing of the harp found in a sepulchre at Thebes which is supposed to be that of the father of Sesostris, who lived nearly four thousand years ago. Of this harp Mr. Bruce well observes that “it overturns all the accounts of the earliest state of ancient music and instruments in Egypt, and is altogether in its form, ornaments, and compass, an incontestable proof, stronger than a thousand Greek quotations, that geometry, drawing, mechanics, and music, were at the greatest perfection when this harp was made; and that what we think in Egypt was the invention of arts, was only the beginning of the era of their restoration.”

The Sacred Writings also afford ample evidence of the antiquity of music. In the Book of Genesis, we find when Laban reproves his son-in-law Jacob for his precipitate flight, he distinctly alludes to

music and musical instruments: "Wherefore," says he, "didst thou flee away secretly, and steal away from me; and didst not tell me that I might have sent thee away *with mirth and songs, with tabret and with harp.*"

The son of Sirach, in giving directions to the master of a banquet as to his behaviour, desires him, amongst other things, "to hinder not the music;" and to this he adds, "a concert of music in a banquet of wine, is as a signet of carbuncle set in gold; as a signet of emerald set in a work of gold, so is the melody of music with pleasant wine." In speaking in the praise of Josias, he says, "the remembrance of Josias is like the composition of the perfume, that is made by the art of the apothecary; it is sweet as honey in all mouths; and as music in a banquet of wine." Here we have a pleasing recollection, illustrated by a comparison with the gratification of three of the senses. Ossian, on an occasion a little different, makes use of the last comparison, but in an inverted order, when he says, "The music of Caryl is like the memory of joys that are past, pleasing and mournful to the soul."

The Hebrew instruments of music were principally those of percussion; so that on that account, as well as the harshness of the language, the music must have been coarse and noisy. The great number of performers too, whom it was the custom of the Hebrews to collect together, could, with such language and such instruments, produce nothing but clamour and jargon. According to Josephus, there were two hundred thousand musicians at the dedication of the Temple of Solomon.

Music appears to have been interwoven through the whole tissue of religious ceremonies in Palestine. The priests appear to have been musicians hereditarily, and by office. The prophets accompanied their inspired effusions with music; and every prophet, like the present *improvisatori* of Italy, appears to have been accompanied by a musical instrument.

Vocal and instrumental Music constituted a principal part of the funeral ceremonies of the Jews. The pomp and expense on these occasions, were prodigious. The number of flute players in the processions amounted sometimes to several hundreds, and the attendance of the guests continued frequently for thirty days.

(To be continued.)

## CALUMNY.

(For the Mirror.)

FROM ROSSINI'S "BARRIÈRE DI SIVIGLIA."  
Scene 6th, Act 1st.—*Bartolo loquitur.*

### Calumny

Is a light breeze, a gentle zephyr, which  
Comes on in whispers, sweetly, mildly, scarce  
Perceptible. At first, a still small voice  
Glides softly o'er ground, till by degrees  
Spreading around, it wins a crafty entrance  
Into the ears of men, and fills the brain  
With pride and wild amazement.

Then, at length

Finding a passage by the tongue, its force  
Increases, though but gradually; and now  
Flitting from place to place, it sweeps along  
Like to the tempest and the thunder-storm  
That desolates the forest, and congeals  
The soul of man with horror. Yet ere long  
It rushes headlong, bursts and spreads around  
Redoubled fury; then, in one loud roar—  
Heaven's own artillery—wakes the giant power  
Of fearful earthquake, and in wild dismay  
Rides the tumultuous whirlwind.

So it is

With calumny's sad victim—vilified  
And spurn'd, and smarting 'neath the public lash,  
Fate drives him on to ruin.

ALFRED.

## ROYAL-OAK DAY.

(May the twenty-ninth.)

"THIS day," says the author of the *Festa Anglo-Romana*, "is celebrated upon a double account; first, in commemoration of the birth of Charles the Second, who was born on the 29th day of May, 1630; and also by Act of Parliament, 12 Car. II., by the passionate desires of the people, in memory of his happy restoration to his crown and dignity on the 29th of May, 1660, when he entered London after twelve years of forced exile."\*

It is only in reference to the latter event that this day is now noticed. In the north of England it is customary for the people to wear in their hats the leaves of the oak, and to decorate the heads of their horses, whether in the plough or the coach, on this day: and the boys at Newcastle-upon-Tyne had formerly a taunting rhyme on this occasion, with which they used to insult such persons as they met who had not oak-leaves in their hats:—

"Royal Oak  
The Whigs to provoke."

There was a retort courteous by others, who contemptuously wore plane-tree leaves:—

"Plane-tree leaves,  
The Church-folk are thieves."

\* *Festa Anglo-Romana*, 12mo. Lond. 1678.

Puerile and low as these and such like sarcasms may appear, yet they breathe strongly that party spirit which they were originally intended to promote, and which showed itself very early. In a curious tract, entitled *The Lord's Loud Call to England*, published by H. Jessey, 4to. 1660, there is a very grave account related by the Puritans, of judgment inflicted upon a poor old woman for her loyalty; who having bought "some flowers to make garlands (in honour of the Restoration) was going homeward, a cart went over part of her body and bruised her for it, just before the doors of such as she might vex thereby!" And two soldiers were almost whipped to death, and turned out of the service, for wearing boughs in their hats on the 29th of May, 1716.

The royal oak, and the circumstance of king Charles's preservation, is thus noticed by Dr. Stukely:—"In a large wood stands Boscobel-house where the Penderils lived, who preserved king Charles II. after Worcester fight, and famous for the royal oak. The floor of the garret (which is a Popish chapel) being matted, prevents any suspicion of a little cavity, with a trap-door over the staircase, where the king was hid; his bed was artfully placed behind some wainscot that shut up very close; a bow-shot from the house, just by a horse-track passing through the wood, stood the royal oak, into which the king and his companion, Colonel Carlos, climbed by means of the hen-roost ladders, when they judged it no longer safe to stay in the house; the family reaching them victuals with the nut-hook. It happened (as they related to us) that whilst these two were in the tree, a party of the enemy's horse, sent to search the house, came whistling and talking along this road: when they were just under the tree, an owl flew out of a neighbouring tree, and hovered along the ground as if her wings were broke, which the soldiers merrily pursued without any circumspection. The tree is now enclosed within a brick wall, the inside whereof is covered with laurel; of which we may say, as Ovid did of that before the Augustan palace, '*mediamque tuebere queroum.*' The oak is in the middle, almost cut away by travellers whose curiosity leads them to see it; close by the side grows a young thriving plant from one of its acorns. The king, after the restoration, reviewing the place, carried some of the acorns and set them in St. James's Park, or Garden, and used to water them him-

self. He gave this Penderil an estate of about £200. per annum, which still remains among them."

Dr. Stukely also adds a copy of the inscription, on a stone over the door of the enclosure leading to the oak tree, which does not appear to have been copied so faithfully as the following by Dr. Sumner, Provost of King's College, Cambridge, in 1763, and preserved by the Rev. Mr. Cole, in his MSS.:—"

Felicias: Arbore quam in Asylo  
Potentiss: Regis Car: 2di quem Deus  
Opt: Max:  
Quem Reges regnant, hic crescere voluit,  
Tam in perpet: Rei tantæ Memoriam,  
Quam Specimen firmæ in Regem Fidci,  
Muro cinctam,  
Posteris commendant,  
Basilius et Jana  
Fitzherbert.  
Quercus Amica Jovi.

The disguise of king Charles was one likely to aid his escape; and is thus described in a very curious and scarce pamphlet, entitled *A proper Memorial for the 29th of May, &c.* and printed for A. Butterworth:—"He had on a white steeple-crowned hat, without any other lining besides grease, both sides of the brim so doubled up with handling, that they looked like two spouts; a leather doublet full of holes, and almost black with grease about the sleeves, collar, and waist; an old green woodruff's coat, threadbare and patched in most places; with a pair of breeches of the same cloth, and in the same condition, the slope hanging down loose to the middle of the leg; hose and shoes of different parishes; the hose were grey stirrups much darned and clouted, especially about the knees, under which he had a pair of flannel riding stockings of his own, the tops of them cut off. His shoes had been cobbled, being pieced both on the soles and seams, and the upper leathers so cut and slashed to fit them to his feet, that they were quite unfit to defend him either from water or dirt. This exotic and deformed dress, added to his short hair cut off by the ears, his face coloured brown with walnut-tree leaves, and a rough crooked thorn stick in his hand, had so metamorphosed him, that it was hard even for those who had been before well acquainted with his person, and conversant with him, to have discovered who he was."

In the church-yard of St. Giles in the Fields, there is a monument of Richard Penderill, already mention as the person

\* *Itinerarium Curiosum*. Lond. 1724, p. 57.

\* Cole's MSS. Vol. XLIV. in the British Museum.

to whom the king owed his preservation, which it was customary some years back to decorate with oak branches on the 29th of May: this custom is now in utter neglect.

Mr. Evelyn has the following notice of king Charles's Restoration in his Diary:—"29th May, 1660. This day his Maj<sup>y</sup> Charles the Second came to London after a sad and long exile and calamitous suffering both of the King and Church, being 17 years. This was also his birth-day, and with a triumph of 90,000 horse and foot, brandishing their swords and shouting with inexpressible joy; the wayes strew'd with flowers, the bells ringing, the streetes hung with tapistry, fountains running with wine; the Mayor, Aldermen, and all the Companies in their liveries, chaines of gold, and banners; Lords and Nobles clad in cloth of silver, gold, and velvet; the windowes and balconies all set with ladies; trumpets, music, myriads of people flocking even so far as from Rochester, so as they were seven houres in passing the City, even from 2 in ye afternoone till 9 at night.

"I stood in the Strand and beheld it, and bleas'd God. All this was done without one drop of blood shed, and by that very army which rebell'd against him; but it was ye Lord's doing, for such a restauration was never mention'd in any history ancient or modern, since the returne of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity; nor so joyfull a day, and so bright ever seene in this Nation, this hapning when to expect or effect it was past all human policy."

#### WILLIAM TELL'S CHAPEL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF STOLBERG.

(For the Mirror.)

THIS holy spot—O, view it well!

The birth-place 'twas of William Tell:  
Here, where his fathers press'd the sod,  
An altar now is rais'd to God.

When first his mother view'd the boy  
She joy'd with all a mother's joy:  
She thought no longer of her smart,  
But clasp'd her infant to her heart.

"Great God!" she cried, "Oh! may he be  
A servant firm and true to Thee!  
But God decreed by him to show  
Such deeds as armies could not do.

He pour'd warm blood his veins along;  
He made him as a war-horse strong;  
He made him range the mountain side,  
Pierces the hawk, and fiery-eyed.

God gave the youth, as teachers, none  
But nature and his word alone;

And oft, by secret desert streams,  
Fed his high soul with heavenly dreams.

The labours of the wave and field  
Long time his manly limbs had steel'd;  
Their dangers had his sport been long,  
Ere yet he knew himself so strong:

Ere yet he felt his native land  
Must owe her freedom to his hand;  
That he alone her foes could tame,  
And end her slavery and her shame.

J. F.—T.

## The Topographer.

No. XIII.

### ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH, SOUTHWARK.

THE etymology of the ancient name of this church is involved in much obscurity. Pennant says that it is derived from Rec, or over the river. It seems originally to have been founded by Mary, a maiden, from the profits of a ferry across the Thames; afterwards Swithin, a noble lady, converted it into a college of priests, but in the year 1106, it was refounded a priory for canons regular, by William Ponte de l'Arche and William Daincy, Norman knights. William Gifford, bishop of Winchester, built the body of the church about A.D. 1120, but it was not the present church, for in the days of Giffard, the round arch and clumsy pillar were in full fashion; it was probably burnt in the fire which consumed the priory in 1207, and was rebuilt either in the time of Richard II. or Henry IV. At the general dissolution of monasteries in England it was surrendered to Henry by the last prior, Bartholomew Linsted, alias Fowle; who received in reward from the king, a pension of 100*l.* a year.

The inhabitants of Southwark purchased it of Henry, and converted it into a parish church, and by an act of parliament afterwards passed, united it with that of St. Margaret on the Hill, under the name of Saint Saviour's.

It is a beautiful gothic pile, erected in the form of a cathedral, with a nave, side aisles, transepts, a choir with its side aisles, the chapel of St. John now the vestry, and the chapel of the Virgin Mary. There are twenty-six massy pillars, thirteen on each side, which support the roof of the nave; they are octangular, slender clustered columns, like those in Salisbury cathedral, added at the four cardinal points, from corresponding columns of a similar character, but with Corinthian and Doric capitals, spring the arches of the aisles. The appearance of the interior has been much spoiled by the addition of wooden galleries which run on each side

the whole length of the choir, but it is to be hoped, as they are taken down for repairing the church, they will not be put up again.

The monuments here are numerous; many of them are very ancient. In the north aisle is the monument of the poet Gower, who died in 1402; he lies under a rich gothic canopy, his head reclining on three volumes of his works; his feet are resting on a lion; he founded a chauntry for himself within these walls, and was a considerable benefactor to the church.

In the Virgin Mary's chapel is a handsome monument (which was restored about thirty years since, at a considerable expense,) to the memory of the pious Launcelot Andrews, bishop of Winchester, who died in his palace adjoining this church, A.D. 1626. It is a fine black and white marble tomb, on which lies the image of the prelate of the garter in his robes; on each side of it are placed two stone coffins; by their forms, they may be esteemed pieces of antiquity, and from their shallowness, it may be supposed the lids were raised; there is no particular account where these coffins were found. A stately monument to the memory of Alderman Humble is erected in the north aisle, close to the entrance of the Virgin Mary's Chapel; it is adorned with pilasters supporting an arch, under which are the alderman and his two wives, and below are his children all in kneeling postures; on the north side are those beautiful verses, which the readers of the MIRROR will find at full length, in page 115, Vol. 3. On the south side is the inscription, stating that the alderman was buried with his daughter, April 13, 1616.

There are many other monuments in this church; some of which are well worthy the attention of the antiquarian. The east end has lately been rebuilt in a manner which does great credit to the parish in general. The chapel of St. Mary Magdalen has been taken down, which renders the exterior of the church uniform, and the monuments which have been removed will go to enrich some other parts of the church. When the whole of this venerable pile is finished repairing, and the approaches to the new London bridge made, it will be thrown open to the high street, and will, in appearance, not be inferior to some of our beautiful cathedral churches. The lover of antiquities will find himself highly gratified by a walk within its walls, and here as a correspondent to the MIRROR observes, "the contemplative loiterer may pass in a pleasing reverie many an hour."

### My Common-Place Book,

No. X.

I AM sentimental this afternoon, and just mean to have a quiet sentimental gossip with myself. Let me think—what shall be the subject? O, never mind; rattle on, and every line I scribble will doubtless civilly hand me to a thought, as Dryden was wont to say that every jingle helped him to a line of "fair poetry."

Walking up Holborn the other day, I saw a book with this title, "The Pleasures of Melancholy." Up I whisked it, and commenced conning its pages; it was all about epitaphs, and various other melancholy ditties, any thing but well put together; so down again it went to the stall of the bibliopole from whence it had been taken, and, "I don't see any fun or comfort, far less pleasure, in that sad melancholy," quoth I to myself, as I departed homewards. Nay, in spite of what Mr. Samuel Rogers, that most serene of all poets, and prince of Joe Millers, has said, my resolve is to be as gay as I can, consistently with good principle, &c.; and for as long a time as I can, consistently with propriety and the discharge of life's all important duties. "Be wise and merry, merry and wise, whichever way you fancy it. Why should I, having so much reason to be thankful for the gifts of a good and gracious Providence, go about mumbling and muttering, and piping my eye, upon every possible occasion, where I can screw up a dismal face, instead of thinking and acting rationally, and up to the line of my duty with the Divine aid, then leaving all results to the disposal of One, who *must* do all things right? 'Tis true, I am liable to be called a saint, and plead guilty to the charge of egregious Methodism; but can I not, moving about among my fellow-creatures, endeavour my best to give them some feeble idea of holiness—warn any thoughtless wight of the frightful risk of attending to all things, but the *one thing needful*—speak of the importance of time—the judgment to come—the eternal world—the terrors of a just God offended at sin and sinful men—and, above all, of His *mercy* to every repentant, and believing, and reforming child of Adam, through the great atonement—can I not do this without putting on a face as if I was upon the eve of being marched to the new drop, without any chance of respite? I am miserable, and have no resource to flee to, no footing for my mind," said a fine and a clever young fellow, in excellent health, but indifferent spirits, to a friend of mine.

"Come and take a dish of tea with me, and we'll talk over the matter," rejoined the said friend. "But you religious men are so moping and melancholy, that you'll make me worse." He went, nevertheless, and on the following morning I breakfasted with him, and never saw human being happier. Melancholy, it will feed upon the vitals sometimes—the day's gone away for ever, and those we have cherished as the very core of our hearts gone with them—the scenes of youth—of pure affection—all departed—oh, they come with a rush of mournfulness over the mind that is fearful!—But let us think. We are all pilgrims and strangers it is true—and while we sojourn here, our friends are often parted from us, and we close their eyes in death, and commit them to the grave; but why do we mourn, if we have been able, upon good grounds, to do so "in sure and certain hope" of a joyful resurrection to immortality? Yet a little time, and we ourselves must follow them. The diseased frame, the sunk eye, the falling jaw, must soon announce to the sorrowing few that are left around us, that we, too, are for the dark hour—for the strife of pain and dissolution; but have we faith? do we rest on the Rock of Ages? is all right with our souls? can we read our title assured to the mansions in the sky? then, *but not till then*, (and we know there is much previous and most important work that *must* precede all this,) we have nothing to apprehend, every thing to hope for; and the moment that the watching mourner raises his most hopeless cry, will be at once our release from agony, and the glorious commencement of a felicity, which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." Bright and glorious spirits of the departed we shall meet again, and all will be well, and the sorrows and disappointments of life will be quite forgotten, or, if remembered at all, how will they heighten our joys, and increase our gratitude and praise! I like to cherish this idea, and to speculate in my musings upon it, even sometimes at the risk of being fanciful. The great, the good, the gifted, are not lost; they have only gone before. Kirke White, Bruce, Knowles, Roberts, St. Mawe, and many others more endeared to remembrance, I trust to see, and converse with, and rejoice with in the better state of existence; that never can know an end, or a change to affliction. The three last names on my list are not half so much known as they should be. I will, therefore, (as time and opportunity suit,) give an odd extract or two from their

works, never questioning that they will be acceptable to all readers of any taste and discrimination. We should thank our stars that we have some memorials of them, some flashes of the light, that *might* have astonished and delighted infinitely more, had a few years been added to their short span of mortal life.

Mr. Henry Neele, who lives, is possessed of a highly poetical and richly cultivated mind. When only sixteen, he wrote poems sufficient to form a small volume, which was published. It is matter of much regret they are so very gloomy; some, however, are exceedingly beautiful, as will be seen by the following specimen:—

## STANZAS.

*"Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"*  
JOH. V.

AND where is he? not by the side  
Whose every want he loved to tend;  
Not o'er those valleys wandering wide,  
Where sweetly lost he oft would wend.  
That form beloved he marks no more,  
Those scenes admired no more shall see—  
Those scenes are lovely as before,  
And she as fair—but where is he?

No, no, the radiance is not dim  
That used to gild his favourite bill—  
The pleasures that were dear to him  
Are dear to life and nature still:  
But, ah! his home is not as fair;  
Neglected must his gardens be;  
The lilies droop and wither there,  
And seem to whisper—"where is he?"

His was the pomp, the crowded hall—  
But where is now this proud display?—  
His riches, honours, pleasures, all  
Desire could frame—but where are they?  
And he, as some tall rock that stands  
Protected by the circling sea,  
Surrounded by admiring bands,  
Seemed proudly strong—and where is he?

The church-yard bears an added stone,  
The fire-side shews a vacant chair—  
Here sadness dwells and weeps alone,  
And Death displays his banner there.  
The life is gone, the breath has fled,  
And what has been no more shall be:  
The well-known form, the welcome tread—  
Oh! where are they, and where is he?

EDGAR.

### USEFUL RULES IN ARITHMETIC.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—Having observed with attention some curious problems in No. 136, by your valuable correspondent *Jacobus*, respecting the manner of performing multiplication, by division, I find, that method will not answer the desired purpose generally, therefore hope I shall not give the least offence in pointing out a few exam-

ples where division alone makes the quotient either too much or too little, therefore requires the assistance of subtraction.

*First Example.*—Let 14 be multiplied by 18 :: per rule 18) 1,00 (.055  

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{|| } 055) 14,000 \text{ ( } 254 + \text{ )} \\ \text{remainder 30} \end{array} \quad \left. \begin{array}{l} \text{Or } 14) 1,00(.07142857) 18,00(252 \text{ remainder } 36. \\ \text{false.} \end{array} \right\}$$

which is near the truth, except there is a remainder; to obviate which, the recurring decimal must be used according to its fundamental rules, which gives the answer without a remainder, thus:—18) 1,00(.055, therefore .055

$$\begin{array}{r} 14000 \\ \text{subtract } 5 \quad 140 \\ \hline .05,0 \quad 1260(0 \end{array}$$

252 true answer without remainder.

*Second Example.*—Let 91 be multiplied 5, per rule 91) 1,00(.010989  
 therefore 010989) 5,000000 (455 remainder 5. By the recurring decimal .010989

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{subtract } 0 \quad 5 \\ \hline .010989 \quad 4999905) 455 \text{ without remainder.} \end{array}$$

*Third Example.*—Let 55 be multiplied by 47, per rule 55) 1,00(.0181  
 .0181) 47,0000 (2591, remainder 29, which quotient is false, for  $55 \times 47 = 2585$ .  
 Per recurring decimals

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{subtract } .0181 \quad 47,0000 \\ \quad 01 \quad 4700 \\ \hline .0180 \quad 465300) 2585, \text{ the truth without remainder.} \end{array}$$

I hope your correspondent *Jacobus* will not take it amiss, my pointing out the examples above stated, having no doubt of his knowledge, either mathematically or arithmetically, as I beg to leave the insertion of this communication entirely to your discretion; the only reason why I have troubled you with my thoughts on the subject is simply this:—many a youth has gone through a system of arithmetic, without a knowledge of recurring decimals, and should this meet their eye, or those who have paid no attention to that part of arithmetical knowledge in their younger days, a few days' attention to their uses will save them, perhaps, at some future time, several hundreds, and I may say thousands of figures:—in working a simple or recurring compound decimal as a finite one, which, unfortunately, I have observed in many persons who had (as they said) learnt decimals, without knowing a finite from an infinite, or a simple from a compound repetend; and were teachers, giving them instructions in all the branches of the recurring ones without driving (excuse the expression) them through a number of useless rules, in my humble opinion they would not only do their duty to the youth in rendering him perfect, but give infinite satisfaction to those parents who placed their offspring under their care.

I beg to subjoin a few concise rules for the calculation of interest for the use of those who, perhaps, have not seen the most ready way to expedite business. Any sum at five per cent.

*Rule.*—Divide the pounds (except the unit of such) by two; the overplus place in tens, place of shillings, and the unit of the pounds on its right; reduce the shillings and pence into pence, and call them halfpence by cutting off the unit.

*Example.*—The interest of 47*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.* at five per cent. is required, demonstration, divide 47*l.* by 2 gives 23*l.*, and 1 over; to which place the pounds unit thus: 16*s.* — 18*s.* 6*d.* = 22(2 halfpence; therefore 22 halfpence 11*d.* The interest 23*l.* 16*s.* 11*d.*: when the overplus figure is 5 or above, (under 10,) add  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; this generally comes true; for at 5 per cent. 10*d.* demands  $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* interest. At 2*½* per cent. take half that product, or divide the whole sum of the amount, by what aliquot part the interest bears of 100*l.* thus: 2*½* is  $\frac{1}{40}$ th of 100; therefore 47*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.*  $\div 40 = 11*l.* 18*s.* 5*d.*: for 4*l.* per cent. divide by 25; for 5*l.* per cent. by 20; for 2*l.* per cent. by 50; for 10*l.* per cent. by 10, and this for general business will answer the desired purpose: sometimes by these methods a farthing may appear too much, and sometimes too little, which is of no moment, as it is done by whole$



numbers. At some future time I will forward to you some of the concise methods used in town by commercial gentlemen, to find the interest at any per cent. for a certain number of days.

I remain, sir,  
Yours, much obliged,  
*Deptsford,* J. W. ADAMS.  
*April 21, 1825.*

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### JEUX D'ESPRIT, &c.

LIST OF PICTURES AT THE EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET-HOUSE, THE SUBJECTS OF WHICH BEAR A SINGULAR CORRESPONDENCE TO THE NAMES OF THE ARTISTS.

|                                        |              |
|----------------------------------------|--------------|
| Dead Game .....                        | Partridge.   |
| The Water turned into Wine .....       | Mutready.    |
| The Writing on the Wall .....          | Daniell.     |
| A Forest View .....                    | Buck.        |
| A Study of Trees .....                 | Beechey.     |
| Portrait of a Young Lady .....         | Smirke.      |
| Mending an Anchor .....                | Anker-Smith. |
| The Death of Stephen .....             | Stephanoff.  |
| The Cup found in Benjamin's Sack ..... | Joseph.      |
| Study for a Clown .....                | Grimaldi.    |
| Death on the Pale Horse .....          | Bone.        |
| Portrait of a Dog .....                | Barker.      |
| A Winter Scene .....                   | Christmas.   |
| Portrait of an Old Lady .....          | Harraden.    |
| A Drinking Party .....                 | Goblet.      |
| A Fête Champêtre .....                 | Dance.       |
| A distant View .....                   | Landseer.    |
| Playing at Pope Joan .....             | Mrs. Pope.   |
| The Death of Charles I. ...            | Oliver.      |
| Ajax throwing the Rock .....           | Hurlstone.   |
| Drawing the Lottery .....              | Pidding.     |
| The Waltz .....                        | Wheeler.     |
| Cupid Fishing .....                    | Engleheart.  |
| The Valetudinarian .....               | Ayling.      |
| The Nurse .....                        | Foster.      |
| The Finishing Touch .....              | Goodenough.  |
| A Landscape .....                      | Meadows.     |
| A View at the North Pole .....         | Parry.       |
| The Disappointed Lover .....           | Hayter.      |
| The Bottle of Champagne .....          | Perry.       |
| Portrait of a Lady .....               | Shee.        |
| A Lame Beggar .....                    | Stump.       |
| Rural Courtship .....                  | Puller.      |
| A Scene from Leonidas .....            | Glover.      |
| Morning .....                          | Rising.      |
| The Happy Lover .....                  | Dearman.     |
| Vegetables .....                       | Onion.       |
| The Morning Visit .....                | McCall.      |
| A Carpenter's Shop .....               | Joiner.      |
| Portrait of a Young Lady .....         | Harriot.     |
| The Hôtel des Invalides .....          | Paris.       |

Scene from Hen. IV. part 2.

"A man made after supper of a cheese paring," *Cheesman.*  
Gil Blas dancing attend.

"ance ..... *Walt.*

SCULPTURE.

Jupiter bending his brows *Scotlar.*

Hercules spinning on the distaff of Omphale ..... *Flaxman.*

*Notes of Literature.*

## BEAR-BAITING AND MR. MARTIN'S BILL.

MR. MARTIN'S "bear-baiting" bill has been thrown out by the House of Commons; and looking to some of the details of it, perhaps no other result could be expected; but, inclined as I am to think, that, in principle, it must eventually succeed, I have been sorry to see it so decidedly opposed by many individuals whose opinions I feel a high respect for. The arguments (in the short discussion which took place in Parliament) used by those who support the existing system, were not new. Their main reliance seemed to be on what they called a "partial justice" in Mr. Martin and his friends—that they attacked the vices of the poor, while those of the rich were to remain unmolested; and to this was appended an attempt at comparison between the practice of torturing animals in corners for gain, and those active manly diversions, which we have been used to recognize as the "sports of the chase."

Now, if I spoke merely as the advocate of the poor, my first request should be for leave to discharge my clients entirely of all that interest in baseness and brutality, with which some of their friends seem so anxious to endow them. I desire that the poor should have their due; but, in getting this exclusive right and title to the bear-bait, they get a great deal more than their due. Enough, even of a man's right, is as good as satiety. This solicitude to preserve the privilege of the poor, (where it happens to be a privilege kicked out, *eo nomine*, by everybody else,) is no more than an old song played on a new key—a new version of the ever-blessed apothegm of "the Billington" and "the Bull;" upon which I may perhaps presently have a word. But the fact, if we are to argue upon facts, is not as the friends of the poor are so good as to state it. It is not the poorer classes who either have, exclusively, or desire to have, their "bull." On the contrary, at least a large proportion of the money which supports the "dog" the "morky" fighting, and encou-

rages the horse-chaunters, minor pugilists, brothel-keepers, and other miscreants who trade in it, comes from the pockets of persons who certainly, as to means, cannot be ranked among the lower classes of society; and who frequently, from their birth and fortune, (if not from their taste, and worthiness,) are qualified, and entitled, to move among the higher.

Now, how far the desiring to make particular diversions the particular property of particular classes, may be the readiest course to maintain good understanding and good feeling throughout a community, this is a question which I will not stop just now to try, because I must absolutely have a word with that famous *dictum* of "the Billington and the Bull;" premising, that I take it to be a sentence as free from anything like reasonable meaning or deduction, as the most peremptorily turned Irish antithesis that ever Catholic orator imposed upon an audience by.

"The higher orders have their Billington," are the words; "and why should not the lower orders have their Bull?" That is as much as to say, it is a justification of one person to commit a murder because another chooses to hear a song?—"The higher orders have their Billington, and why should not the lower orders have their Bull?"—If I were to say, "The people in St. James's blow their noses, why should not the people in St. Giles's set their houses on fire?" would not my proposition, bating the alliteration, be just as logical as that of Mr. Windham? Certainly, if it is to be contended that every man has a right to his "taste," both these sentences become axioms, and we repeal the whole statute-book immediately. But, is it worthy to talk of the "taste" of the lower classes, in a matter where that taste happens to be scandalous to decency and humanity, when we punish by law, any "taste" they may feel for the act of carrying a gun—shoot them if they have a "taste" for walking through a park or a plantation—and even make their "taste" for washing their bodies in the main ocean corrigible, by an action of trespass from the lord of the manor, who has a right of soil in the barren sand, between high and low-water mark, over which they pass?

If I question the right of any man,—and it is a point on which I will have a word again before I conclude,—to answer Mr. Martin's bill by a sweeping charge of cruelty and stupidity against the whole working population of the country, still less can I admit any value in the parallel attempted to be set up between such sports as hunting and shoot-

ing, and the ignoble, sedentary barbarities which we desire to be relieved from. The understanding may be puzzled by sophistry; but I ask whether the heart of every man does not acknowledge a broad distinction between the practices!—Where is the fox-hunter—although he hunted a fox to death every day through the season—would consent to cut a fox into quarters, after catching it alive? Though he preserves the breed wild in his woods, avowedly for no other purpose than that of destroying them, will he throw out the cub which has been petted in his house to be worried by dogs in the court-yard, for his amusement? There is some difference between cutting a man down (even though it should be done rather needlessly) in the heat of battle, and murdering him in cold blood, two days after he has been made a prisoner.

Nine-tenths of the quality of every act of violence depend upon the relative conditions of the thing that strikes, and the thing that suffers; and there is a disposition common to our nature—so long as we will only give nature her fair play—to spare those objects with which we are familiar, and those which lie, confessedly, at our mercy. A gentleman may follow his pheasant in the field, but what would be said of one who had a taste for shooting the same bird in a poultry-yard?—If a partridge be wounded, and escapes, true, the bird suffers; but that suffering forms no part of the fowler's intention. He meant to *kill* his game; by accident, he has only wounded it, and it is left to die probably in great misery. But would there be no difference between this chance, and his going out daily to wound birds for sport, or to roast them alive (having taken them) for a wager, before a slow fire?—If the distinction between these two acts be no more than imaginary, then half the distinctions we act upon daily are little else; and yet they are very valuable distinctions, and we should be much worse off than we are if we went to work without them.

The old woman who sets a "killing trap" to catch her mice, lest she should be tempted to liberate them after having taken them alive, compasses precisely the same end (as far as the extinction of the mice is concerned) with the unwhipped urchin who would make a gala of drowning them in a pail of water; but the feeling under which the old woman acts, has conduced to the bringing up that urchin to years of mischief; and the feeling under which he acts, (unless repressed by castigation,) is by no means an unlikely one to conduct him to the gallows.

And the propensity, let it be observed, is quite *sui generis*, which leads to these inflictions of premeditated torture upon living animals. Crowds run to witness an execution; but they are only spectators of the horrible scene, not contrivers of, or contributors to it. There is hardly a man whose vulgar curiosity has brought him four or five miles to see *how* his fellow-creature can die, (for this is the true foundation of the impulse,) who would not go back nine times in ten with the loss of the spectacle, if the granting a reprieve depended upon himself?

It is a totally different taste and appetite by which those individuals must be guided, who pay their money, expressly, to *purchase* the protracted agony of a helpless, and unoffending creature.

Mr. Martin's story of the French surgeon, Dr. Magendie—I hope that some part of Mr. Martin's statements as to that affair were incorrect. It casts heavy imputation upon Dr. Magendie—one which he should by all means contradict or explain away, if he can do so; and one which the letter of Dr. Shiel has by no means (in my view) entirely got rid of. For, if there be a latitude to be allowed, so there must be a limit set, to the rights of philosophical research. A man who should feel very decidedly, and very sincerely, that some new and important principle in science would be developed by the experiment attributed to Dr. Magendie—such a man might be justified in executing it, (though, even then, I doubt whether I could make that man my friend;) but if there were any good reason to believe that a view to profit, or to notoriety, had contributed to the commission of the act, I confess I should say that both the individual who performed, and the spectators who permitted it, would deserve little better than to be excluded from honest society for ever.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## THE GREAT PLAGUE.

(Concluded from page 317.)

AFTER hearing the tolling of so many bells, it was now remarkable that there was not one to be heard. The reason, as the new porter told him, was, that the number of the dead was so great, that the bells were not allowed to toll for any body; but that all were fetched away by the carts, rich as well as poor. In the midst of this misery, and just as the master began to be very well pleased with his new porter, especially as he had concluded

that he was one that had had the distemper, he was greatly surprised; for calling to him one morning, he received no answer. He called at different times all that day and the next; but could get no satisfaction but from a watchman who stood at the door of a house, who told him that his second porter, Thomas Molins, was sick of the plague. He added, that some persons that had recovered from the sickness three or four times, had died of it after all. On the following day the watchman informed him that Molins was carried away by the dead carts the night before. The grocer shut his wooden door immediately, and was exceedingly distressed to think that two poor men had thus lost their lives as it were to preserve him.

After a fortnight, growing impatient with being so entirely without intelligence, and seeing none of the weekly bills of mortality, nor knowing nor hearing anything but the doleful noise of the dead cart, he opened his wooden window, called to the watchman and asked him how he did, and some questions about the house before which he was placed. "Alas! master," said he, "the distressed family are all dead and gone, except the journeyman, and he is carried to the pest house. I am now placed at the next door, and they have three sick and one dead. Last week's bill, the watchman said, was above 8,000; but that the plague decreased at the other end of the town, in St. Giles's and Holborn, the people being mostly dead or gone away; but that it increased dreadfully towards Aldgate and Stepney; also in Southwark, where it had been more moderate than in any other part of the town. Still between four and five hundred a week died in Cripple-gate parish, and above eight hundred in Stepney.

This confined family now began to be much inconvenienced by the scurvy, in consequence of living so much upon salt provisions; however, by the use of limes and lemon juice, they soon improved. To say nothing of the infected houses marked with a cross, and "Lord have mercy upon us" written upon the doors, the streets had a melancholy prospect. The pavement was overgrown with grass; and it was not one time in twenty that they could see any one when they looked through their wicket, or so much as a door open. As for the shops, they were all shut close, excepting that the door was kept open at the apothecaries and chandlers, for admitting people that wanted medicine, &c. Not a coach or a cart was to be seen, except now and then a coach carrying some sick person to the pest-house; whilst perhaps three or four times in the

night, the bellman came about with the dead cart, crying, "bring out your dead."

The master of this house was now become so impatient, that he could not content himself without sometimes opening his wooden window to talk to the watchman who continued posted at the door of the house that was shut up; but at last he looked for him, and found he was gone too, for which he was troubled the more, because he had intended to have given him some money. One day, however, as he was looking through his glass, he saw this man standing on the other side of the street and looking up towards his house, upon which he ran immediately to his wooden window. The poor watchman told him he was glad to see him alive, and that as he was dismissed from the house he had been set to watch, most of the people being dead, if he pleased to accept of his service, he would sit at his door in the day time, as his two porters had done before. This offer being accepted, he threw the poor man two crowns, for which he was very thankful; and he had not been at the door many days before he was able to inform his master that the weekly bill was decreased 1,837 in one week, which had been the cause of great joy; that the burials were reduced under 200, though in Stepney they were as high as ever.

The next week the return of deaths of all diseases did not exceed 5,725, and the burials in Cripplegate were only 196; nothing when compared to 886 only a few weeks before. This tradesman's sons would fain have had him, like Noah, to have sent out a dove, or to have let them go out of doors to see how things were, and how the city looked; and they urged him the more, as they began to hear a noise of people in the streets passing to and fro, and that pretty often; but he kept his resolution, and would not let any one stir out on any terms, or under any pretence whatever. The next week but two there was a further decrease in the bill, of 1,849; and now the porter knocked at his door, assuring him that the visitation was really going off, as the Lord Mayor had ordered the dead carts not to go about more than twice a week in several parts of the city. For this good news he let down to the watchman a pint bottle of good sack, with provisions for him and his family.

These flattering prospects, however, was followed by a terrible consternation in the whole family, from the idea that the master himself concluded he was struck with the plague; and it was feared that lest he should be the means of giving it to any of his children, he would oblige

them to have him carried out to the pest-house; but his wife and all the children declared against it, protesting that they would rather have the distemper with him, than be separated; and that they would leave the consequences to God's mercy. Happily a violent perspiration relieved both him and them, and in two or three days he was about again, his disease having been nothing more than a common cold caught by standing too long at his wooden window talking with the watchman.

The joy of the family on this occasion, may easily be conceived; they now began to look abroad for intelligences. And now they could see through their windows a new face of things in the streets and about the houses; people were frequently seen going up and down; others began to open their shops, at least half way; the hackney coaches were also heard rumbling in the streets; so that without calling to the porter they could easily perceive that the distemper was greatly decreased, and that the people that were left had more courage than before; and, in a word, that the plague was going off, at least in the City, and chiefly on that side where they lived.

It was now the last week in October, and only twenty-two were interred in Cripplegate parish; still the bills were high in Stepney and Southwark. The master, however, contented himself with hearing how things were, and would not abate a tittle of his strictness in keeping his family from any communication whatever with the people out of doors. He was aware that people would be rash in their joy, and presuming too far, would return to their houses, and bring out their goods, &c. on which others had died, and air them too soon, and so perhaps bring back the infection. And so it fell out, for about the middle of November the bills on a sudden increased 400 at once, and rose from 1,000 to 1,400; but the weather becoming cool again, the bills continued decreasing till the third week of November, when only 652 were returned as dying of the plague.

On the 1st of December he opened his street door, and walked out alone without any of his family, viewing the streets, the houses, and the shops, but cautiously avoided conversation with any one. In fact, he saw very few persons that he was acquainted with, except a few just in his own neighbourhood. He saw a vast number of houses that had been deserted; but in some of these the servants had returned, and were opening the windows and doors, making fires in all the rooms, burning perfumes, &c., and thus preparing the

houses for the return of the families to whom they belonged. Returning again in a few hours, he resolved to keep in his close quarters one week longer, after which he removed with his family to a house in Tottenham high Cross, that had not been infected. Here they enjoyed good air and fresh provisions, brought from Waltham market. His house in London being fast locked up, excepting the gate into his yard, the key of which was entrusted to the watchman, he went or sent two or three times a week to see that things were in good order; and thus it continued till the February following, for the plague had not entirely ceased in the City during the months of December and January. At the latter end of December it began to increase again, owing, as it was thought, to the people returning faster than ordinary to their dwellings; but by the beginning of February this family being well recovered, and in perfect health, and the City again filled with people, he removed back again, came to his house, opened his doors, and carried on his business as before. The overplus of the provisions, amounting to 1,500lb. of bread, five hogsheads of beer, 300lb. of cheese, five fitches of bacon, and some barrels of salt beef and pork, he bestowed upon the poor in his neighbourhood, as a thanksgiving offering for the preservation he had experienced.

*Gentleman's Magazine.*

## The Selector;

OR,

### CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

THE following extracts are from an interesting work by Lieutenant Holman, who, although blind, has travelled all over Europe:—

#### THE GROTTO OF BALAGANSK, IN SIBERIA.

THE grotto of Balagansk, a hundred and eighty versts from the Irkoutsk, and about seven versts from the town of that name, is a very interesting natural curiosity. Its entrance is formed by a rock that rises seventy feet perpendicular, and is about a hundred and eighty feet in width, and of such form as to have the appearance from a distance of a large edifice in ruins. The aperture consists of three large fissures; these lead into three separate galleries, which, after running a length of one thousand and fifty feet, unite at the commencement of the principal cavern, and then extends itself for the distance of

two versts, after which all further progress is impeded by immense masses of ice.

Not less interesting are the ruins of a mountain near the Angara, at the distance of a hundred and sixty-five versts from Irkoutsk, and which fell down on the 20th of March, 1820, with a noise resembling thunder, accompanied (as the Bratsky who witnessed the phenomenon report) by smoke and flame visible in the horizon.

#### SIBERIAN PEASANTS.

NOTHING can be more simple than the manner in which the ordinary peasant lives; in the morning he takes his soup or milk, with a large slice of bread; sour cabbage-soup, with meat in it, or fish-soup with bread, serves him for dinner; his supper is a repetition of the dinner; and thus he subsists for the day. The richer peasants, however, enjoy various luxuries, as tea, both in the morning and evening, and a piece of roast meat in addition to their soup at dinner. If a traveller can be content with such fare, he may make his way throughout Siberia, *formâ pauperis*, without money. Not that we are to suppose the peasants of this country insensible to the value of money; for, as there is a brandy shop in every village, to which they are fond of paying their devotions, and as the door of its *sanctum sanctorum* is only unlocked by money, they are quite alive to the advantages of possessing this indispensable master-key.

#### SINGULAR ANECDOTE.

Two gentlemen at St. Petersburg had contracted a bitter and irreconcilable enmity against each other. A servant of one happening to die, was buried within twenty-four hours, after the Russian custom, when the other determined to gratify his revenge upon his adversary, by accusing him of the murder of this man. To give a colour to this accusation, accompanied by some of his confidential servants, he proceeded privately to disinter the corpse, with a view of inflicting marks of violence upon it. The body was removed from the coffin and held erect, that it might undergo a severe flogging, when, to the astonishment and dismay of the party, after a few blows had been inflicted, animation returned, and the affrighted resurrection-men ran off with the utmost precipitation. The corpse at length recovering its animation, was enabled to move off in its shroud and regain its master's habitation, which it entered, to the great terror of its respective inhabitants. At length, however, his reality becoming

certain, they were re-assured, and the supposed ghost communicated all that he could remember of the state he had been in, which was, that his senses had not left him, notwithstanding he had felt so cold and torpid as to be incapable of speech or motion, until the blows had restored him. This led to the detection of the diabolical plan against his master's life and character. The servants of the monster confessed their participation in the act, and he was consequently arraigned before the senate.

#### LEAD-CELLAR AT BREMEN.

THE Lead-Cellar, so called on account of the lead used for the cathedral having formerly been placed in it, has the singular property of preserving from decay, or decomposition, any animal matter that is deposited in it; and from the many bodies that are consequently to be found here, it might not unaptly be termed the "Dead Cellar." This property is said to have been accidentally discovered from some poultry having been left in it, and forgotten, and which were afterwards found in an incorrupted state, with the juices dried up. A Swedish princess happening to die about this time, it was determined to place the body in the vault, with a view of preserving it until the directions of her family could be received as to its final disposition. It proved that her relatives did not think her worth a funeral, nor did the senate feel desirous to incur the expense of one suitable to her rank; and therefore it was determined to let her remain in *statu quo*, and which she has now done for three hundred years.

Since this time other corpses have been deposited in this cellar. Amongst the rest, a plumber, fifty years of age, who fell from off the steeple, and severed his head from its body; this is said to have lain three hundred years;—an English countess, eighty years of age, belonging to the Stanhope family, who died of a cancer, and which has been in the vault two hundred years;—a Swedish general and his adjutant, who were killed near Bremen during the seven years' war; a cannon-shot wound in the side of the latter is yet visible;—also a student, who fell in a duel about the same time; the wound of a sabre is still perceptible on the left shoulder, and the silken band of the garland made by his fair friends, in token of his unfortunate fate, yet remains.

There are also various other bodies preserved here. The whole formerly lay carelessly on the ground, but of late more decency has been observed, each body having been placed in a separate chest. I examined some of them with great at-

tention, and found the skin resembling coarse hard leather, under which, on making pressure, might be perceived the vacancies left by the drying-up or evaporation of the fluid parts. The hair was firm on the scalp, and the teeth and nails in a perfect state, the eyes dried up and deeply sunk into the orbits, and the nose like a double nose, from the cartilage, at its connection with the *ossa nasi*, having sunk down to a level with the face.

There was a Muscovy duck in full plumage, which retained all its original beauty; and also a cat, that was supposed to have got in accidentally, and which lies coiled up as if asleep.

#### The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—Wotton.

#### EPITAPH.

OH do not weep my husband dear,  
I am not dead, but sleepeth here,  
Then mend your ways, prepare to die,  
For you are soon to come to I.

Some virtuoso has written underneath  
in pencil—

I do not weep my dearest life,  
For I have got another wife;  
Therefore I cannot come to thee,  
For I must go to cherish she.

• In a church-yard in Surrey.

#### ABSENCE OF MIND.

A Mr. D—— of —— was a particularly absent man. One day last summer he was to have been married to a very charming woman, but such was his astonishing absence of mind, that instead of meeting the lady and her friends at the church as he had promised, he was found by a servant sent in search of him, at a village about five miles off, leaning over a bridge and throwing bits of paper into the stream. "Good God, Sir," says the man, "what are you about? you are to be married to day, and the lady is waiting for you." "am I Tom?" says Mr. D——, "aye, so I am, I had quite forgotten it."

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have received numerous communications during the week, but are unavoidably compelled to defer all answers to our next, when they shall certainly appear.

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# The Mirror

OF

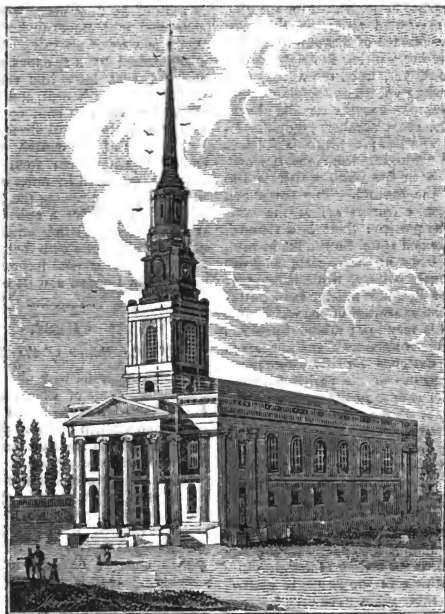
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CXLIII.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1825.

[Price 2d.]

## The New Church. Poplar.



THE Hamlet of Poplar and Blackwall, in the county of Middlesex, until the year 1817, was one of the Tower Hamlets, in the parish of St. Dunstan, Stebonheath, (otherwise Stepney) when it was incorporated into a distinct parish by virtue of an act of parliament obtained for that purpose, and building a parish church therein, &c., in the fifty-seventh year of our late revered sovereign's reign.

This once obscure Hamlet is now fast rising into importance from the locality of its situation, which nature has so admirably adapted for the construction of vast depots of commerce. This situation, at such an epoch when commerce is extending and shedding its happy influence over the British empire, is the source of prosperity and rising importance to the

VOL. V.

2 A

once humble village of Poplar, whose inhabitants have been enabled to build themselves a parish church, without any other pecuniary aid than the church rate levied on the lands, buildings, &c. of the inhabitants within the parish, and the act so regulates, that more than oneshilling in the pound per year cannot be raised, which is deemed sufficient to discharge the whole cost (which is under 20,000*l.*) in about eight years.

The accompanying engraving is a correct representation of the parish church of All Saints, Poplar, situated on the south side of the road leading to Barking, near the East India Docks.

This neat little edifice is one of the handsomest new churches erected in the vicinity of the metropolis, but it is not

353



without its faults, although many parts are chaste and beautiful, and do infinite credit to Mr. Hollis, the architect. The plinth and area of the western entrance is of Granite; the rest of Portland stone. The portico is of the Ionic order, supported by four columns; the basement of the tower is rusticated, from whence arise the beauties of the Corinthian order; above this is the place appropriated for the dial, which is rusticated also; on this part stands a colonnade of sixteen composite columns, rather wanting in height to appear graceful, yet, upon the whole, they have a pleasing effect; on the entablature of these columns are several circular plinths or bases one above another, gradually diminishing upwards; the light and beautiful spire springing from the top one, terminates with the vane, which is 160 feet from the ground. The north and south western entrances are of the same order as the portico: there is a richness in the tower and spire, looked for in vain, about the body of the church, and one would scarcely believe, while looking at the eastern end, that it was the same building, with the exception of one small window which is very low; this part presents a blank without ornament, and appears to have been designed for the ostentatious display of names of the parish worthies, but exhibits at once to the intelligent observer, a want of architectural discernment among the superintendents; beneath this window is a descent by a flight of steps leading to the cemeteries for the dead under the church, which are admirably arranged in three aisles. The interior of the church exhibits little of architectural beauty; the pewing of the gallery rises too abruptly; a second gallery for children almost against the ceiling is not graceful: there is nothing in the pulpit to admire, but considerable pains have been taken to enrich the altar; at the front of the recess two beautiful Corinthian columns with corresponding pilasters of scagliola in imitation of Sienna marble are introduced, with a richly ornamented entablature; these in the manner in which they stand are the only obstruction the eye meets with inside the church; this may be discovered on taking a seat in the most remote place from the pulpit; it is in other respects well adapted for the whole congregation to see and hear from any part. The painted window is under an entablature supported by pilasters of scagliola, in imitation of verd antique: the design of the painting would appear borrowed from a neighbouring church: there is not height in the window to admit the figure (Christ preaching) to be graceful, and it is doubted whether the artist is not left-

handed. The organ, by Russell, is a fine, full-toned, powerful instrument, and few can excel it; the drapery and cushions deviate in colour from what is generally seen in churches: viz., from crimson to dark blue; the sombre appearance of which forms a striking contrast to the general character of the internal arrangement, which is exceeding light and lively. It is warmed by flues beneath the pavement connected with stoves under the church. There is a set of ten bells. The whole is encompassed by a spacious church-yard, enclosed with lofty iron railing. The parsonage house is neat, and conveniently situated at the west end, on the opposite side of a newly formed street.

The view of this church we give as a correct representation from an original drawing, engraved by order of the vestry, to be distributed among the parishioners, and affords at once a spirited pledge of the emulation existing among them, in uniting their efforts with their neighbours, to advance the general improvements carrying on in London and its environs.

### CHESS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—In common with all lovers of the intellectual game of Chess, I thank you for the insertion of the moves made in the great match which has been played by the clubs of London and Edinburgh. There are, however, two errors in the account which may greatly confuse those who, like myself, might feel disposed to repeat the game for their amusement and instruction. The first is in the 30th move, which stands thus:—"W. The Queen to the B. Queen's Knight's fourth square, checking." It should be—"The B. King's Knight's fourth square, checking."—The second is in the 44th, where it is said—"W. The Queen to the adverse Queen's Rook's square." This should stand—"The Queen to the adverse Queen's Knight's square."—It will be evident that the latter is incorrect from reading the 40th and 41st moves: B. *The Queen's Rook to its square*; and W. *The Queen takes the Queen's Rook*. As the W. Queen is therefore in the B. Queen's Rook's square already, it is clear she must move out of it to move at all.

Your insertion of this will oblige your obedient servant,

26th April, 1825.

OCULUS.

City Chess Club.

SIR,—In your MIRROR, No. 137, you pretend to give the moves between Lon-

don and Edinburgh; and when that is attempted, it should be given correct.—Move 30, you say—"W. Queen to B. Queen's Knight's fourth square, checking."—It should be, B. King's.—"31. B. The King's Bishop to the King's third." It should be, the Queen's Bishop, the King's having been lost several moves prior.—"44. W. The Queen to adverse Queen's Rook's square.—41. The Queen takes Queen's Rook"—consequently it was there before.

Your obedient servant,  
April 29, 1825. TIMOTHY.

IN a late number of the MIRROR, in which you gratify your readers with the moves of the game at chess between the London and Edinburgh clubs, there appears to be a mistake in the 44th move, in which the white Queen is stated to move into the adverse Queen's Rook's square. If I have played the game properly as described, the white Queen is already in the adverse Queen's Rook's square after the 43rd move; and it appears to me that the 44th move should be, The white Queen to the adverse Queen's Knight's Square.

#### A CONSTANT READER.

[The moves of the game between the two cities was copied from an Edinburgh Paper, where the error originated.—Ed.]

#### ADVICE TO YOUNG STUDENTS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—As your pages are devoted mostly to amusing and instructive productions, I presume the following observations will neither be unacceptable to you, nor uninteresting to your readers. It may be proper to state, that I have extracted them from a weekly journal, but it is now discontinued.

Yours, T—A. N—C.

NEAR seventy years of my pilgrimage are gone, and like my forefathers I am but a sojourner in this land of sorrows. The remnant of my days I devote to the rising generation. The inexperience and rashness of youth, call loudly for the guidance of age. Perilous is the voyage of life. Many precious cargoes are lost in the tempestuous passage—several individuals have I beheld, even in my time, embarking within the flattering prospect of gaining the desired haven. But, alas! the surly winds arose—the unmerciful tempest howled—the face of heaven grew black and lowering, and the devouring waves swallowed their little vessel—it sunk, and, ah! it rose no more! In most

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cases the want of an intelligent and experienced pilot, occasions the dreadful catastrophe. The trickling tear, and the heaving sigh, recall not past circumstances. Let hope, the elevator of the human heart and the ornament of human life, impel to vigorous exertions. For have you not, ere I write this been conducted to that "hill side" well described to be "steep at first ascent," also so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospects and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming. Should the obviousness of these lines require an apology, you have it in this ancient adage, what is not sufficiently attended to cannot be too frequently repeated.

I. Avoid night studies—they are the bane of health, and gradually ruin the most robust constitution. Soon enter your bed at night, and leave it soon in the morning. The faculty extol early rising as a powerful specific against disease. In the morning the air is most salubrious; the mind best fitted for instruction; and the spirits cheered, beholding the sun starting from the east and gilding every opening prospect. Temperance and exercise are the best physicians. The ancients observed, the immediate agency of heaven inflicted acute diseases, but those of the chronic kind were of our formation, nor are the moderns less explicit on the subject. Addison, when he beheld a fashionable table in all its magnificence, fancied he saw gout and dropsies, fevers and lethargies, with other innumerable distempers lying in ambuscade among the dishes. And Sir William Temple used to say, the first glass for myself, the second for my friends, the third for good humour, and the fourth for mine enemies. Your meat and drink, your company, and your amusements should be answerable to the calls of nature, and subservient to the welfare of the animal economy.

II. Time must be properly occupied. To some particular employ appropriate every hour. Never appear as if you knew not how to dispose of yourself. Of the utmost importance is a judicious distribution of the day. Anarchy accompanies the want of arrangement. The Fine Arts, Natural History, and many other useful studies may employ spare hours. Waste not even the particles of time, for like particles of gold, they possess their separate value. The learned Erasmus when on horseback travelling into Italy, wrote the celebrated treatise entitled *The Praise of Folly*.

III. Having obtained a knowledge of the sciences, and carefully consulted

your genius, apply to that branch of literature, for which you experience the greatest predilection. Some are fond of the languages and Belles Lettres : others of mathematical and astronomical speculations : some of natural and others of moral philosophy. Examine the bent of your mind. It is of moment to ascertain the intellectual current. Prosecute with ardour what you pursue, and be your speculations subservient to the practical purposes of life. They who boast of an universal genius are sometimes superficial, never arrive at much eminence, and do little good to the community at large.

IV. In your studies there should be an intermixture. Works of reasoning and of imagination, of judgment and of fancy associate together. Like the seasons of the year, they afford agreeable variety. Severe and continued application tries the most gigantic intellect. The faculties of the mind however should not be suffered to remain dormant, for they gain vigour and maturity by exercise. Prejudices of every kind throw aside, they grievously warp the understanding, and sorely bias the judgment. Proteus-like, error assumes multifarious forms ; and it is the scholar's province to strip away its disguise. Bacon terms inquiry after truth, the wooing of it : knowledge of truth the presence of it : and the influential belief of truth the enjoyment of it. Credulity is a yawning gulf which swallows every thing thrown into it.

V. Let a judicious friend recommend the books you read. The sages of antiquity deemed a great book—a great evil. The numerous volumes that meet us in the walks of theology, history, poetry, criticism, and moral philosophy, afford ample scope to the guidance of an able and enlightened friend. Regard the quality rather than the quantity of what you peruse ; it has been ingeniously observed were quantity alone the estimate of improvement, subscribers to a circulating library should be as wise as Socrates, and as accomplished as Julius Caesar.

VI. Persevere in a regular plan of study once carefully laid down. Break not in upon its sacred confines, pursue it with becoming energy, and your stores of knowledge will insensibly increase. Perseverance is the parent of wonders. Such is its influence, that it has been said, he who walks with vigour three hours a day, in seven years travels a space equal to the circumference of the globe. Without labour, nothing excellent is given to the children of Adam. An inordinate love of novelty, and a desultory of genius, are inimical to sound

improvement. The poets, orators, and historians of former ages were enamoured of a close study, and inured to profound investigations. Homer and Thucydides, Plato and Aristotle, Livy and Cicero, Virgil and Horace, together with Bacon, Milton, Locke, and Newton, the four pillars which are said to support the monument of British genius, were all severely studious, and adhered with incredible steadiness to the pursuit of knowledge. When the Romans took Syracuse, Archimedes was so deeply engaged solving a problem, that he was ignorant of the enemy being in possession of the town ; and a soldier not knowing who he was, killed him, because he refused to follow him. An emperor once asked an ancient philosopher to instil into his mind the principles of astronomy, without his undergoing the fatigue of study ; the philosopher honestly replied, there was no imperial way to astronomy.

VII. Cultivate a cheerfulness of disposition. Discontent and ill-nature are enemies to the muses. Be willing to please, and easy to be pleased. Avoid dwelling long on the dark side of human life. To peruse writers who delight in exhibiting such a representation, enfeebles the spirits, sours the temper, and beclouds the soul. To the vices of mankind oppose their virtues : and with the calamities to which we are exposed, contrast the many blessings we enjoy. A writer who portrays only the dark side of human life has, with great propriety, been compared to a painter who collects in his piece, objects of a black hue only ; who presents you with a black man, a black horse, a black dog, &c. &c., and tells you that this is a picture of nature, and that nature is black. It is true, you would reply, the objects you exhibit do exist in nature, but they form a very small part of her works. You say that nature is black, and to prove it, you have collected on your canvass all the animals of this hue that exist ; but you have forgot to paint the green earth, the blue sky, the white man, &c. Perpetual study evaporates the animal spirits, and oppresses the nerves. Excessive application gives birth to strange consequences. One learned man supposed the Divine Being had deprived him of his rational soul, when at the same time he wrote a masterly treatise against infidelity, and expressed this whim in his dedication to the queen of Great Britain. Another learned gentleman imagined the earth was a living animal, the flux and reflux of the sea, the effects of his respiration ; men, and other creatures, insects, which fed upon it—bushes and trees, the bristles

on his back, and the water or seas and rivers, a liquid which circulated in his veins. To prevent these effects, and others equally romantic, form to yourself a conversive circle of friends, who, mingling together instruction and amusement, happily relieve the toil of the closet: nor by any means shun the company of good tempered and virtuous females: over the student's mind their manners shed a felicitating influence; the elegant endearments of female friendship soften the heart, meliorate the disposition, annihilate eccentricities, and produce on the whole of life the most amiable effects. Nor can it excite wonder, for it is congenial to the heart of man to be affected by female excellence.

VIII. and lastly. Accompany exertions for the attainment of knowledge, and endeavour to arrive at eminence, with prayers to the *Father of Spirits* for his concurrence and blessing. To the appearance of youth, the garb of humility adds comeliness; and on the youthful countenance the blush of modesty is doubly graceful. Dogmatism in youth is intolerable; and illiberality indicates a weak head or a bad heart. Above all avoid scepticism and levity, and manifest to all who know you, that you are susceptible of devout emotions towards the author of your being. Let the Christian religion, which originates in love, with its evidences, as taught in the scriptures, settle your mind. Then will your faith remain unshaken by the abuse of Bolingbroke, the sneer of Voltaire, the subtlety of Hume, or by any of the oblique or invidious arts employed by the adversaries of revelation to undermine its truth, or lessen its importance. Perplex not your mind with the distortions of metaphysical creeds, the absurdities of corrupted formularies, the encumbrances of superstition, and the unmeaning sallies of enthusiasm. I shall conclude with the dying words of a nobleman to his sons. "Religion will instruct you how to act usefully and happily in this present scene—to leave it with composure, and be associated in a future and better state, to the best moralists and philosophers that ever lived—to the wisest men, and greatest benefactors of mankind—to confessors and martyrs for truth and righteousness—to prophets and apostles—to cherubim and seraphim—to Jesus, the mediator of the new covenant: and to God, the judge of all, who is before all, above all, and in us all."

BELDOL.

## Select Biography.

No. XXV.

### CHARLES X. KING OF FRANCE.

[As we devote a SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER of the MIRROR to an account of the Coronation of the King of France; on Sunday the 29th of May, which contains all the interesting details relative to the ceremony; we consider that a memoir of Charles X. will form no bad accompaniment: it is translated from the *Etoile*, an ultra royalist Paris Journal. We deem it necessary to state this, lest the opinions which it contains should be considered our own. This we are the more eager our readers should know, as the rapid strides France has made in bigotry and intolerance during the few months of Charles the Tenth's reign, give us a much less favourable opinion of his character than his eulogist in the *Etoile* entertains.—Ed.]

"CHARLES PHILIP was born at Versailles, on the 9th of October, 1757, when he received the title of the Count d'Artois; he was the youngest son of the then dauphin, and was remarkable in his early days for the vivacity of his spirit. He had the misfortune to lose, at a very early age, one of the wisest of fathers and the most kind of mothers; and this double loss deprived him of that advice and authority so necessary for calming and directing the ardour of his passions.

"His education being finished, he was married on the 16th of November, 1773, to the Princess Maria Theresa of Savoy, who was born on the 31st January, 1756, and therefore was a little older than himself. This union produced three children—first a daughter, who died in childhood and also two princes, who received the titles of Dukes d'Angouleme and de Berry. His frankness, the amiability of his manners, the generosity of his character, conciliated every one who had the honour to approach him. It is evident from the correspondence of Madame Elizabeth, which has been published by Count Farrand, what an exalted idea this princess entertained of her brother. She had perceived in his ardent and sensible mind whatever might be expected when a proper opportunity should present itself for developing his brilliant qualities.

"In 1777, the Count d'Artois paid a visit to the western ports, and during the American war he repaired to the camp of St. Roche, in order to take a part in the siege of Gibraltar. Long before the period of the revolution, this prince gave his decided opinion against the projects of the factious, who on their part considered him an obstacle to the accomplishment of their views, and who, consequently, made

it a point to represent him in the most unfavourable light. The populace were misled by the most absurd rumours; and such was the turbulence of the public mind on the 14th of July, 1789, that Louis XVI. himself advised his brother to retreat for the moment from the impending storm. Count d'Artois then parted with the princes, his sons, and repaired to Turin, where the King of Sardinia, his father-in-law, gave him an asylum. The following year the prince had an interview, at Mantua, with the Emperor Leopold. In 1791 he repaired to Worms, with the Prince de Conde and the Marshal de Broglio, who were received at Brussels by the Archduchess Maria Christiana, and at Vienna by Leopold. His interview at Pillnitz, 27th August, 1791, with the Emperor and King of Prussia, shewed that those sovereigns had begun to concert measures for stopping the progress of the revolution; and in consequence the Constitutional Assembly, and that which followed it, made several decrees against this prince. His possessions were seized, and the allowance of one million francs per annum, due to him by the constitution, was withdrawn. Louis XVI. was only able to give 200,000 francs a-year for the support of his two nephews at Turin.

"After the death of the king (Louis XVI.), Count d'Artois was appointed by his brother lieutenant-general of the kingdom. He repaired to St. Petersburg, where he was very handsomely received by the Empress Catherine; he then joined his brother (Monsieur) at Hamm, and resided successively in different cantonnements of Westphalia. Touched by the situation of so many Frenchmen who had lost every thing in adhering to him, the prince (Charles X.) transmitted to Marshal de Broglio his medals, his diamonds, and even the sword of his son, directing him to dispose of these treasures, and to distribute their produce amongst the poorest of the emigrants. It was not until the end of the year 1794 that the English government assured the prince of a suitable maintenance. The following year the prince was enabled to repair to England. He embarked the 26th of July, 1795, at Cuxhaven; and, after a short stay in England, he sailed from Portsmouth on the 25th of August, on board the *Jason* frigate. He was accompanied by a great number of royalists, among whom was M. de la Laurence, Bishop of Nantes. They were accompanied by 140 transports. But the disaster of Quiberon had already taken place, and the tragical fate of those emigrants who first landed here was known. Monsieur

landed at the isle de Dieu, where he received deputations from Morbihan. He caused a service to be performed for M. de Sombreuil, and for the other Frenchmen who had perished near Auray.—Charrette and Stofflet sent deputations to the prince, and a descent was in agitation at Noir Moutier; but the English did not consider it practicable. On the 29th of September, the English anchored at the isle de Dieu, with 4,000 troops and 800 royalists on board, which were afterwards augmented in number. Monsieur landed on the 8th of October, and proposed to Charrette to join him; but foreign policy did not then allow a French prince to place himself at the head of Vendée. The isle de Dieu was in consequence evacuated in a very short time, and Monsieur was carried back to England.

Here the ancient palace of the kings of Scotland, called Holyrood House, was assigned for his residence; and it was in this asylum that the prince passed some years, together with a few Frenchmen, who were devoted to him. M. de Conzie, Bishop of Arras, and the Baron de Roll, enjoyed the greatest share of his confidence. In 1799 Monsieur went to London, where he received communications from the royalists of Brittany. He did not return to Edinburgh till after the signing of preliminaries of the treaty of Amiens, and he repaired again to London on the renewal of hostilities. When the Abbé Edgeworth escaped from France, he repaired to the prince, and passed a week with him at Edinburgh. When at London, Monsieur received the French refugees with the greatest kindness; he assisted at the services at the French chapel, and visited the establishments of the Abbé Carron.

To this account of the French Journalist we will add an anecdote of this king, which records an amiable trait of conduct when an exile in this country:—

When the Count d'Artois resided in Holyrood House, the severity of his English creditors confined him to the privileged limits of the palace. Sunday being the only day of entire freedom, he used to walk the streets, and was exceedingly struck with the decorous behaviour of the people, and their regular attendance at public worship. He observed, that certainly the divine blessing must protect, in a peculiar manner, a nation who honoured God in so holy a way. On his return to the palace, he forbade his own people to play at tennis, as was usual. Unwillingly relinquishing this amusement, they had recourse to back-gammon. This he also forbade. They were inconsolable under the heavy evil of spending

a day without amusement, and warmly remonstrated, 'That their religion required no such austerity.'—'True,' said he, 'this forbearance makes no part of my religion; but I think it is a respect which we owe to the hospitality, and the morally decent conduct of the nation under whose protection we live, to give up a trifling gratification, that is incompatible with their ideas of sanctity and decorum.'

## The Selector;

OR,  
CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM  
NEW WORKS.

### THE VINE.

THE vines of the south seem as if they were meant to supply the waste of animal spirits occasioned by the vivacity of the natives. Tuscany is one huge vineyard and olive ground. What would be fields and common hedges in England, are here a mass of orchards producing wine and oil, so that the sight becomes tiresome in its very beauty. You want meadows, and a more pastoral rusticity. About noon, all the labourers, peasantry, and small shopkeepers in Tuscany, may be imagined taking their flask of wine. You see them all about Florence, fetching it under their arms. The effect is perceptible after dinner, though no disorder ensues; the wine being only just strong enough to move the brain pleasantly without intoxication; a man can get drunk with it if he pleases; but drunkenness is thought as great a vice here as gallantry is with us. It is a pity that these wines are not brought into England, for they certainly could be. Some of them can be made as strong as port, for those who want a "hot intoxicating liquor;" and the rest might serve to give this universal fillip to northern toppers, which the Abbe du Bos says is already perceptible in a partial degree since the introduction of Burgundy and Champagne. Clarendon pleasantly calls wine "the disease, or rather the health of the Dutch."—*Notes to Bacchus in Tuscany.*

### CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE view of this city, which appeared intersected by groves of cypress (for such is the effect of its great burial-grounds planted with these trees), its gilded tombs and minarets reflecting the first rays of the sun; the deep blue sea "in which it glassed itself," and that sea covered with beautiful boats and barges darting in every direction in perfect silence, amid sea-fowl, who sat at rest upon the waters,

altogether conveyed such an impression as I had never received, and probably never shall again receive, from the view of any other place. If there ever was a legitimate excuse for a sonnet, it is to be found in beholding this view. I will venture to give one, which was suggested by it; but will not venture to say that I have never committed the offence upon a lighter temptation.

TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

A GLORIOUS form thy shining city wore  
Mid cypress thickets of perennial green,  
With minaret and golden dome between,  
While the sea softly kiss'd its grassy shore.

Darting across whose blue expanse was seen  
Of sculptured barks and galleys many a score,  
Whence noise was none save that of plashing  
oar;

Nor word was spoke to break the calm serene.  
Unheard is whistled boatman's hail or joke;  
Who, mute as Sinbad's man of colour, rows,  
And only intermits the sturdy stroke,  
When fearless gull too nigh his pinnace goes.  
I, hardly conscious if I dreamed or woke,  
Mark'd that strange piece of action and repose.

While such is the external appearance of Constantinople, I ought to remark, that strangers, disappointed by its magnificent promise, have been led to make a very unfair estimate of its interior. This is by no means void of beauties or of interest; but what, I confess, made the greatest impression upon me, was the splendour and variety of the costume of its inhabitants; the *bostangis*, the *galeongis*, the *janissaries*, the *spahis*, &c. &c. &c. all attired in different, and all in beautiful dresses. The Turk has no eye for *figure* (which he is prevented by religious scruples from studying), but he has an exquisite taste for what may be called picturesque design, as in arabesques, and as great a felicity in the arrangement of colours; in which latter point, he is aided by his climate, the warm tints of which soften contrast, and justify the boldest combinations of red and blue, yellow and purple, &c. &c.

I have said that the Bosphorus is covered with boats. These are beautifully carved and gilt, and the small fountain-basin which spouts water in a barber's shop in Constantinople, might, in its frieze, afford a study to the most skilful of our artists.

Accident, as well as climate, seems to have aided the Turk in his composition of dresses and ceremonies, which, I believe, exhibit an union of Greek and Tartar magnificence. It was, indeed, natural for the barbarous conquerors of a polished people to adopt the forms and refinements of the vanquished, as was the case with

the Tartars of China; and I have little doubt, for instance, that the superb ceremony of receiving foreign ambassadors at Constantinople is a relic of imperial etiquette. On this occasion, the Grand Signior is seated in the western fashion, with his legs dependent from his throne; and, indeed, the whole ceremony nearly coincides with that described by Anna Commenas.

Another usage has evidently been derived from Greek times. The Greek emperor was under the necessity of attending church in state, on Sundays, as a proof that he was alive and in health; and the Grand Signior not only attends the mosque in form, upon his sabbath, but on this occasion is environed by a band of spearmen on foot, with high-crested Greek helmets upon their heads.

I shall here again venture upon a sonnet. There is at least one merit in this species of composition. The reader knows the extent of what he is to endure, and the author, though circumscribed as to form and numbers, finds the same pleasure in his performance that a skater does in achieving a figure of eight.

#### ON SEEING THE SULTAN GOING TO THE MOSQUE.

One Friday morn, the Moslem's sabbath, I,

Where Bosphorus with wider stream expands,  
Stood, like an eastern slave, with folded hands,  
While to his mosque the Turkish lord swept by:

(So he the ancient ruler of these lands

Erst visited his church), half hid from eye,

By crested helmets and lances lifted high;  
Not girt with cimiered and turban'd bands.

Like him, in weal or woe, must he maintain

This ancient use, lest, moved by priest or peers,

The moody rabble should disturb his reign.

And much it pleased me, looking on those spears,

To think how little is the tyrant's gain,  
Who, in usurping power, heirs all its fears.

Though there is so much to delight the eye at Constantinople, there is much less room for the study of manners than in travelling through the country; for the Turks practise hospitality as an essential duty, and not as a mere courtesy to strangers, or for their own amusement; and hence, though they will entertain a traveller who stands in need of food or shelter, upon the road, they will not do so at Constantinople, knowing that he has the resource of an hotel or of his own ambassador's palace at Pera.—Whoever has travelled at all in eastern countries, must be struck by the great resemblance which there is between the manners he witnesses and those portrayed in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*.

*Thoughts and Recollections.*

#### ESSAY ON LIGHT.

"Let there be light: and there was light."

GEN. I. 3.

IT is not necessary to suppose that the Almighty uttered these express words; but, understanding them as an expression of his sovereign will, they may be considered as an instance of the truest sublimity. The celebrated critic, Longinus, has quoted them as such, and his decision has been acquiesced in by all succeeding critics and commentators, if we except M. Huit and a few more. This extraordinary expression, says Boileau, which marks so well the obedience of the creature to the commands of the Creator, is truly sublime, and has in it something divine. If, instead of those few words (says he), we were to substitute—"The Sovereign Lord of all things commanded that light should be formed, and at the same time, this wonderful work, which we call light, was produced," what littleness should we not perceive in these pompous expressions, when opposed to—"God said, let there be light: and there was light."—*Reflex. Crit.* x.

The simplicity of the words, the brevity of the whole, and the rapidity with which this wonderful and glorious work, proceeding from the First Great Cause of all things, was accomplished, when taken collectively, are truly admirable. Besides, we cannot help adverting to the great benefit and blessing of the thing created, by means of which the beauties of creation are unveiled to our senses, and we enjoy, with the least possible exertion, the most innocent, varied, and extensive pleasures.

A difficulty has arisen, however, in the minds of some persons, to account for the production of light before the creation of the sun, which has been considered as its source, and they have indulged various conjectures on the subject. Some have supposed that it was caused by an imperfect sun, in which the elements of light and fire were not yet collected in sufficient quantities to illuminate the earth. Others have imagined, that though the sun existed, his rays could not penetrate through the dense atmosphere, to render the surface of the terraqueous globe visible. A third conjecture is, that this first-created light was only a lucid cloud, of the same nature as the shechinah, which guided the Israelites by night in their journeyings through the wilderness. But this difficulty has arisen from adopting, with implicit confidence, a mere hypothesis of modern philosophy, an hypothesis which the recent improvements of science seems to render every day more



questionable. Instead of the great elementary body of light emanating from the sun, there is reason to believe that light itself is an inconceivably subtle fluid, pervading all space, and wholly independent of the sun, which may be considered as its principal exciter, or the great agent in nature which gives it motion and renders it the medium of vision. The late experiments in chemistry and galvanism have served to render such a fluid or elementary principle more familiar to us. Besides, we know that there are many substances capable of emitting light, independently of the sun. Among others may be mentioned, beside culinary fire, the different kinds of phosphori, the diamond, the glow-worm, the Bologna stone, the fire-fly, ignis-fatuus, putrescent fish, &c. and frequently the waters of the sea are seen to emit light, respecting which last the reader may find some very curious observations in the *Philosophical Transactions*, vol. lix. p. 446., et seq.

But a new genus of mollusca, called *pyrasoma*, seen and described by M. Peron, (*Voyage de Decouvertes aux Terres Australes*, p. 488. tom. i.) presents one of the most singular phenomena of this kind—"On the 14th of December," he relates, "the horizon was loaded with heavy clouds, and the darkness was intense. We had discovered, at a little distance, a broad belt of phosphoric light spread upon the waves. We presently reached it, and found that the brilliancy was caused by an innumerable quantity of small animals, which, lifted by the waves, floated at different depths, appearing under a variety of shapes. The pieces that were more deeply immersed presented the idea of masses of burning matter, or of enormous red-hot balls, whilst those on the surface perfectly resembled large cylinders of iron heated to whiteness.

Bouguer, Hawksbee, and Bernoulli, instituted many curious experiments, by which they produced various kinds of artificial light. See also *Franklin's Works*, vol. ii. p. 88. The supposition that light is a subtle elementary fluid, or a substance independent of the sun, is at least as old as Aristotle, and supported by the opinion of many writers of eminence, among whom may be mentioned the Abbe Pluche, the ingenious author of *Spectacle de la Nature*, Dr. J. Taylor, Dr. Franklin, and that profound mathematician, Euler. Nor should it be forgotten, that the sentiments of Milton on this subject are conformable to the declaration of Moses. His invocation to light is one of the most poetical passages in his immortal work. He calls it—

"Bright effluence of bright essence increas'd,  
Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,  
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the  
sun,

Before the heav'n's thou wert, and at the voice  
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest  
The rising world of waters dark and deep,  
Won from the void and formless infinite!"

"Universal space, as far as we know of it," says Dr. Franklin, vol. ii. p. 122., "seems to be filled with a subtle fluid, whose motion or vibration is called light; but I am not satisfied with the doctrine that supposes particles of matter, called light, are continually driven off from the sun's surface, with a swiftness so prodigious as philosophers suppose. Must not the smallest particle conceivable have, with such a motion, a force exceeding a twenty-four pounder discharged from a cannon? Must not the sun diminish exceedingly by such a waste of matter? And the planets, instead of drawing near to him, as some have feared, recede to greater distances through the lessened attraction; yet these particles, with this amazing motion, will not remove the least and slightest dusk they meet with, and the sun, for aught we know, continues of his ancient dimensions, and his attendants move in their ancient orbits. May not all the phenomena of light be more conveniently solved by supposing universal space filled with a subtle and elastic fluid, which, when at rest, is not visible, but whose vibrations affect that fine sense in the eye, as those of air do the grosser organs of the ear? We do not, in the case of sound, imagine that any sonorous particles are thrown off from a bell for instance, and fly in straight lines to the ear; why must we believe that luminous particles leave the sun and proceed to the eye? Some diamonds, if rubbed, shine in the dark, without losing any part of their matter. I can make an electrical spark as big as the flame of a candle, much brighter, and therefore visible farther; yet this is without fuel; and I am persuaded that no part of the electric fluid flies off in such case to distant places, but that all goes directly, and is to be found in the place to which I destine it." Vol. i. p. 258.

"It appears," says Dr. J. Taylor, "from electrical experiments, that light is a distinct substance from all others, as much as air is from water, and that by being properly excited, it may be made to appear in midnight darkness; which shews that it did exist in that darkness previously to its being excited, and that it was rendered visible by being excited. Consequently, it may, and I doubt not

cloth, exist, expanded through the whole visible system of things at all times, by night as well as by day, and that the sun is in our system the great exciter, by which the substance of light is impelled and becomes visible."—*Taylor's Scheme of Scripture Divinity, or Bishop Watson's Tracts*, vol. i. p. 20.

"By light," says the Abbe Pluche, "we do not mean that sensation which we experience in ourselves, on the presence of any illuminated body, but that inconceivably subtle matter which makes an impression on the organ of sight, and paints on the optic nerve those objects from the surface of which it was reflected to us."—*Vol. iii. p. 404.*

Taken in this sense, light is a body quite different from the sun, and might have existed before it, seeing that it now exists in its absence as well as when present. It is diffused from one end of the creation to the other, traverses the whole universe, forms a communication between the most remote spheres, penetrates into the inmost recesses of the earth, and only waits to be put in motion to make itself visible. Light is to the eye what the air is to the ear; air cannot be called the body of sound, though it equally exists all around us, when there is no sonorous body to put it in motion; so the light equally extends, at all times, from the most distant fixed stars to us, though it then only strikes our eyes when impelled by the sun, or some other mass of fire. The body of light, therefore, either exists independently of the luminous body, or we must suppose that every luminous body, whether it be the sun, a candle, or a spark, produces this light from itself, and projects it to a great distance; but to assert the latter, is to assert a very great improbability; for if a spark, which is seen in every part of a large room, fifty cubic feet in dimensions, emits from its own substance a quantity of light sufficient to fill the whole room, then there must issue from that spark, which is but a point, a body, the contents of which are fifty cubic feet. How incredible the supposition. On the contrary, how simple and natural is it to suppose, that as the air existed before the bell that put it in motion, so, in like manner, the light existed in the room before the spark was struck which excited its vibrations and made it visible. Thus, the sun and stars made themselves visible, without suffering any diminution of substance; God having placed between those luminous globes and us the body of that light which we see, and which is impressed on the organs of vision by their action and influence, but which

does not proceed from them, nor owe its existence to them. The account of Moses, therefore, is agreeable to truth, as well as a useful lesson of caution, when he informs us that God, and not the sun, was the author of light; and that it was created by his Almighty fiat, before there was a sun to dart it on one part of the earth, and a moon to reflect it on the other. Dr. Young, in his *Lectures on Natural Philosophy and the Mechanical Arts*, has maintained nearly the same theory, by reasoning and deductions equal, at least, in force and depth of science, to any that have preceded him. A very remarkable property of light is the uniformity of its velocity in the same medium; no instance of nature, besides, he observes, of a simple projective moving with a velocity uniform in all cases, whatever be its cause. Light, therefore, if it consist not in the emission of very minute particles from luminous substances, which are actually projected, is probably an affection of elastic ether, pervading the universe in a state so rare, that although it constitutes a continuous medium, it suffers all bodies to move through it without sensible resistance, and is admitted into their pores with perfect freedom. See vol. i. p. 457—468.

*Penny's Scripture Philosophy.*

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### FANATICISM IN FRANCE.

ON the 10th March last, an inhabitant of the southern provinces of France persuaded himself that he had been possessed of a devil by the mother of his wife. Some priests engaged this fool to make pilgrimages to St. Hubert, a distance of twenty-two leagues from the place of his ordinary residence. The pilgrimage having produced no effect, it was agreed by the Bishop to obtain permission to make exorcisms; but an inquiry previously took place to ascertain if the individual was truly possessed by the demon. The fact is, that this man, who had been long a sufferer from the consequences of a burn imperfectly cured, had taken it into his head that he was possessed, in consequence of an assurance given him by a country cure, a man who passed for being expert in these matters. The ecclesiastic, who was charged with demanding permission and power to exorcise, declared that he would answer for driving out the devil, and was authorised in consequence to practise all the ceremonies used in similar circumstances. However, before

commencing the exorcisms, the relations of the pretended possessed person wished to know what sum he claimed; and on his demand, they counted out to him a certain number of 5*fr.* pieces, on which the exorcist observed, "That in truth the number of pieces was sufficient, but that being replaced by a similar number of queen's crown pieces, he would act more efficaciously, those crown pieces bearing the stamp of a cross, the very aspect of which frightens the devil." You must know that these crown pieces have a value of sixty cents more than the five franc pieces. The sum having been counted down, the exorcist began his operations; but their result, often repeated, did not, as you may suppose, change any thing in the condition of the patient, whose health is neither better nor worse than it was before. As this affair resembles many others which have been hushed up, and to which it would be necessary to revert, as the only dupe has been an imbecile peasant, and as no legal complaint has been brought before the administrative authority, the latter, though when informed of the facts, did not believe, and perhaps rightly, that it ought for this time to follow up this piece of swindling, which probably will, ere long, be renewed with circumstances more grave, and which will put the judicial authority under the necessity of prosecuting.

*French Paper.*

## BEAR-BAITING AND MR. MARTIN'S BILL.

(Continued from page 349.)

AND, to the displays of "animal fighting," against which Mr. Martin's bill is directed, there is this especial circumstance of objection, that the spirit of cruelty, in which they begin, is aggravated a hundred fold, nay, often to a height scarcely credible, by the lust of gambling, and the spirit of pecuniary gain. It is not possible to imagine a spectacle during which all the damnable passions of the human heart are called into more venomous activity, than during one of these "pit matches," as they are called—say, for instance, between two bull-dogs—at which, from two to three hundred persons, of all classes, will assemble to deprave themselves. Of course we may take it for granted—such a contest lasts, not only until all chance of victory, but all possibility of it on one side, is physically at an end. While there is life there is hope; twenty guineas are depending; and, therefore, until the failing combatant is motionless, we must

not talk about cessation. But the thing goes beyond this. There is a ceremony very familiar to cock-fighters, called "pounding"—which signifies the laying, or taking, heavy odds upon any improbable event. When the losing bird is beaten, according to the laws of the game, ten to one may still be betted that he cannot possibly win; and, after that, we go on *ad interuiccionem*, until one fowl or the other is entirely destroyed. The dog-fighters, in hope of clearing one bet by another, frequently resort to a "hedge" of this same description. It happened once to witness an instance where two dogs of great power and courage had been matched against each other. The animal that lost, in this case, failed from want of teeth, which had been destroyed by age and previous combats. After the fight had lasted three-quarters of an hour, and when he was lying quite defenceless in the ring, a butcher called out to "take him away."—"He'll be killed in another three minutes."—"Five to two he is not killed in fifteen," was the proprietor of the animal's reply. The bet was accepted, and the issue tried. The beaten dog, lying on his back, and quite unable to move, was deliberately torn to pieces by the victor; the only difficulty to winning the wager, arising from the unwillingness of the latter to attack his foe after he entirely ceased to make resistance.

It is too "liberal" an argument, when scenes of equal atrocity with this are occurring every day, to tell me, that, in the common course of life, our cruelties are eternal. I desire only to do by one vicious practice that which is already done by a hundred others; we know that we cannot eradicate, but we will not allow the making a trade, or a matter of public exhibition of them. Who is there, when he votes for shutting up a gaming-house, that imagines he can thereby get rid of gaming? But he discourages the practice, nevertheless, and removes the ready temptation to it. What a farce it is, that we should apprehend a set of men, as vagrants who exhibited a comedy in a shed, or a back kitchen; but that the public morals are held perfectly secure, so long as they confine themselves to the impaling cats upon spits, or red-hot pokers!

I have already observed, that people feel something surprised at the quarter from which the successful opposition to Mr. Martin's bill—that is to the principle of it—has proceeded; and the more so on account of some intimations which have lately come from pretty nearly the same authority upon the subject of prizes

fighting. For myself, I think (always under correction) that the peculiar hardness for which the English are distinguished, does arise, in great measure, out of their early taste for boxing—a taste which these prize-contests probably contribute something to the fostering and keeping up; but, under any circumstances, I cannot understand the humanity of being shocked at seeing two sane and sober men pommel each other, for sums of money, until either thinks it convenient to leave off; and, the next moment, feeling no aversion to witness and assist in the most abominable tortures inflicted upon two unfortunate quadrupeds, who are neither interested in the result of their own warfare, nor even free agents as to the limit of its continuance!

It is said, that we must wait with patience, and let the effects of education correct these errors which we seek to curb. I think, looking at what education has already done, that it is going a little too far to talk of gracing the common people of England, by licensing them to throw at cocks, or be delighted with the sufferings of bears and badgers. Why should a man of fortune affirm, that the carpenter who works in his house is incapable of any other enjoyments than those which are coarse and unintellectual; and what public diversions have the higher orders in England from which the lower orders are shut out, or into which they do not fully enter? As regards the question of taste, the novels of Sir Walter Scott are read as eagerly in garrets as in drawing-rooms—as much thumbed by the meanest artisans, as dog's-eared by the finest ladies of London. As regards the question of cost, these bear-baiting entertainments which are charged upon the lower orders, (but to which I doubt if they are much more deeply given than their betters,) are among the most expensive, in the way of public exhibition, of any which the town affords. The people who fill the galleries at Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane theatres, are as well entertained, (and very nearly as well accommodated,) for their shilling, as those who pay seven shillings to go into the boxes. Nine in ten of the public exhibitions of London are to be seen for the payment of a shilling; four in five of them—all the theatres, except the Italian Opera-House—are accessible for the cost of sixpence; while from eighteen-pence to three shillings is the common fee for looking at two knaves in the Fives-Court, who gather halfpence and affect to bruise one another;—for setting a terrier on to worry a mi-

seable ape in a cellar, kept by some returned transport of Tottenham-Court-Road, or Tothill-Fields.

I am at a loss to conceive how, practically, any beneficial result can be expected, from accustoming men to resist those common feelings of our nature which impel us to relieve misery, at least whenever it is present to us. Unless humanity be a vice, and one which should be got rid of, there is mischief in accustoming the community to look lightly, and still more to look as a matter of entertainment, upon pain and suffering in any shape. I ask for no interference with private right; all I wish is, to get rid of the profit which accrues out of public exhibition: I do not say punish me (unless as common disturbers) every two blackguards who set their dogs to fighting in the streets; but I say—stop the trading—hinder the outcasts of society from making an idle livelihood, by using the people to displays of bloodshed and brutality.

For the argument, that, should we abolish these practices, others of equal cruelty will necessarily remain, it might as justly be said, because, in defiance of all law, there will still be fraudulent traders, and fraudulent debtors, we should make no law against burglary, or against the public picking of pockets.

I do look upon the plea, that the lower classes of the people are especially interested in this question, as little else than an insult to the persons whom it professes to support. The lower classes in any country, and at any period, would be morally degraded by the acceptance of such a boon as is offered to them; and I am strongly of opinion, that the great proportion of those of England need only see the gift in its proper light to have as little desire for it as they have necessity.

Of Mr. Martin's plan, taken in its full extent, the difficult part is already accomplished. It did seem to be a nice question what should amount to ill treatment of a coach-horse; but the law has passed upon that subject, and is found to work perfectly well. In the performance of the remaining duty, that of forbidding, as an incentive to low gambling, and a matter of public display, the practice of those inhumanities, which, in the business of life, we have already taken steps to check, no practical difficulty whatever, I should conceive, could arise. I am quite sure that the enactment, during twenty years, of such a law as Mr. Martin proposes, would render its continuance after that time entirely unnecessary. The people need

only get out of the habit of ill-treating even brutes, to feel very speedily the cruel injustice and impropriety of it. Such a change might be accomplished, without the slightest loss or inconvenience arising to any living creature. And the attainment of it would, I believe, go very far to rid the tempers of the people by degrees of that touch of ferocity, which is one of the few blemishes that, compared with the habits of our neighbours, have too long sullied the English character.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

## The Novelist.

No. LXXII.

### THE DEAN OF BADAJOZ.

THE dean of the cathedral of Badajoz was more learned than all the doctors of Salamanca, Coimbra, and Acala united; he understood all languages, living and dead, and was perfect master of every science, divine and human, except that, unfortunately, he had no knowledge of magic, and was inconsolable when he reflected on his ignorance in that sublime art. He was told that a very able magician resided in the suburbs of Toledo, named Don Torribio. Immediately, he ordered his mule and departed for Toledo; he alighted at the door of no very superb dwelling, the habitation of that great man.

"Most reverend magician," said he, addressing himself to the sage, "I am the Dean of Badajoz; learned men of Spain allow me their superior, but I am come to request from you a far greater honour, that of becoming your pupil. Deign to initiate me in the mysteries of your art, and doubt not but you shall receive a grateful acknowledgment, suitable to the benefit conferred on your own extraordinary merit."

Don Torribio was not very polite, though he valued himself on being intimately acquainted with the best company in Hell. He told the Dean he was welcome to seek elsewhere for a master in magic; for that, for his part, he was weary of an occupation which produced nothing but compliments and promises, and that he would not dishonour the occult sciences by prostituting them to the ungrateful.

"To the ungrateful!" cried the Dean, "has the great Don Torribio met with persons who have proved ungrateful! and can he be so far mistaken as to rank me with such monsters?" He then repeated

all the maxims and apophthegms which he had read, on the subject of gratitude, and every refined sentiment his memory could furnish.

In short, he talked so well, that the conjurer, after having considered a moment, confessed that he could refuse nothing to a man of such abilities, and so ready at pertinent quotations; "Jacinta," said he, calling to his old woman, "put two partridges on the spit; I hope my friend, the Dean, will do me the honour of supping with me to night." At the same time he takes him by the hand, and leads him into his cabinet; there he touched his forehead, and muttering three mysterious words, which I request the reader not to forget, "*Ortobolan, Pistafrier, Onagrouf*;" then without farther preparation he began to explain, with all possible perspicuity the introductory elements of the profound science.

His new pupil listened with an attention that scarcely permitted him to breathe; when, on a sudden, Jacinta enters, followed by a little man in monstrous boots, covered with mud, who desired to speak with the Dean on important business. This was the postilion of his uncle, the Bishop of Badajoz, who had sent express after him, and he had arrived at Toledo before he could overtake him; he came to inform him, that some hours after his departure, his grace had been attacked by a violent fit of apoplexy, and that serious consequences were to be apprehended. The Dean heartily cursed (inwardly, and so as to occasion no scandal,) at once the disorder, the patient, and the courier, who had certainly chosen the most impertinent time possible. He dismissed the postilion, telling him to make haste back to Badajoz, where he would soon follow him; after which he returned to his lesson as if there were neither uncles nor apoplexies.

A few days after he again received news, that his uncle was gone to receive the reward of his piety, and that the Chapter had elected him to fill the vacant bishopric, and humbly requested that he would console, by his presence, the afflicted church of Badajoz, which had now become his spiritual bride.

Don Torribio spoke to his pupil, and having paid him a well turned compliment on his promotion, informed him that he had a son named Benjamin, possessed of much ingenuity and good inclination, but who had no taste for the occult sciences; he had, therefore, he said, advised him to turn his thoughts to the church, and had now the satisfaction to hear him commended, as one of the most deserving divines among all the clergy of Toledo; he therefore took the liberty

most humbly to request his grace to bestow on him the Deanery of Badajoz, which he could not retain with his bishopric.

"I am very unfortunate," replied the prelate, somewhat embarrassed, "you will, I hope, do me the justice to believe that nothing could give me so much pleasure as to oblige you, in every respect; but the truth is, I have a cousin, to whom I am heir, an old ecclesiastic, who is good for nothing but to be a dean; and if I do not bestow on him this preferment, I shall embroil myself with my family, which would be far from agreeable. But," continued he, in an affectionate manner, "will you not accompany me to Badajoz? Can you be so cruel as to forsake me at the moment when it is in my power to be of service to you? Be persuaded, my honoured master, we will go together; think of nothing but the improvement of your pupil; leave me to provide for your son; nor doubt but, sooner or later, I will do more for him than you expect. A poor Deanery, in the most remote part of Estremadura, is not a benefice suitable to the son of such a man as yourself."

The canon law would, no doubt, have construed this offer of the prelate's into simony. The proposal, however, was accepted; nor was any scruple made by these two intelligent persons. The Don followed his pupil to Badajoz, where he had an elegant apartment assigned him, in the palace, and was treated with great respect by the diocese, as the favourite of his grace, and looked upon as a grand vicar.

Under the tuition of his master, the bishop made great progress in his study. At first he gave himself up to it, with an ardour that might be called excessive; but this intemperance grew moderate, and he pursued it with so much prudence, that it never interfered with the duties of his diocese. - He was well convinced of the truth of a maxim very important to ecclesiastics, whether addicted to sorcery, or philosophy; that it is the duty of a divine to point out to others the way to heaven, and plant in the minds of their hearers, wholesome doctrines, and Christian morality. Regulating his conduct by these commendable principles, the learned prelate was celebrated throughout Christendom, for his merit and piety; and promoted, when he least expected such an honour, to the archbishopric of Compostella.

The people and clergy of Badajoz lamented, as may be supposed, an event by which they were deprived of so worthy a pastor; and the canons of the cathedral to testify their respect generously conferred

on him the right of nominating his successor.

The Don did not neglect such an opportunity of providing for his son. He requested the bishopric of the new archbishop, and was refused with all imaginable politeness. He had, he said, the greatest respect for his tutor; but he was both sorry and ashamed that it was not in his power to grant him his request, for, in fact, Don Ferdinand de Lara, constable of Castile, had asked for the bishopric for his natural son; and though he had never seen that nobleman, he had, he said, some very ancient obligations to him; it was therefore a duty to prefer an old benefactor to a new one: but that he ought not to be discouraged at this proof of his justice, as he might learn by that, what he had to expect when his turn arrived; which it certainly would the next opportunity.

This anecdote, concerning the obligations of his pupil, the sorcerer had the goodness to believe, and rejoiced that his interests were sacrificed to those of Don Ferdinand.

"Nothing therefore was thought of but preparations for their departure to Compostella, where they were now to reside, though these were scarcely worth the trouble, considering the short time they were to stop there; for, at the end of a few months, one of the pope's chamberlain's arrived, with a Cardinal's cap for the archbishop, with an epistle written in the most respectful terms, in which his holiness invited him to assist, by his council, the government of the Christian world; permitting him at the same time, to dispose of his mitre at his own discretion.

Don Torribio was not with him when the courier of his holiness arrived; he was paying a visit to his son, who still continued a poor priest, in a small parish in Toledo; but on receiving the news of his pupil's advancement, he returned, and had not the trouble of asking for the vacant archbishopric; the prelate ran to meet him with open arms.

"My dear master," said he, "I have two pieces of good news to relate: your disciple is created a Cardinal, and your son shall, shortly, be advanced to the same dignity. I intended, in the mean time, to have bestowed on him the archbishopric; but, unfortunately for him, or rather for me, my mother, whom we left at Badajoz, has, in your absence, written me a letter, which has disconcerted all my plans. She demands, and I cannot refuse her, the archbishopric for her confessor, Don Pablos de Salazar; she tells me it will occasion her death if she should

not be able to obtain preferment for her dear father in God; and I make no doubt but what she says is true. Imagine yourself in my place, my dear master: shall I, through my ingratitude, cause the death of my mother?"

Don Torribio was not a person who would incite or urge this pupil to be guilty of matricide, though a magician; nor did he indulge himself in the least resentment against the mother of the prelate. To tell the truth, however, his mother was a good kind of woman, nearly superannuated, who lived quietly with her cat and maid-servant, and hardly knew the name of her confessor. Was it likely that she had procured Don Pablos the archbishopric? Was it not far more probable that he was indebted to his cousin for it? a Gallician lady, who, unfortunately was a young widow at once devout and handsome; and in her company his grace had frequently been edified, during his stay at Compostella. Be it as it may, Don Torribio followed his eminence to Rome. Scarcely had he arrived in that city before the pope died. It is easy to imagine the consequence of this event. The conclave met; the voices of the sacred college were in favour of the Spanish cardinal;—behold him, therefore, Pope! Immediately after the ceremony of his exaltation, Don Torribio was admitted to a secret audience; he wept with joy while he kissed the feet of his dear pupil, whom he saw fill, with so much dignity, the pontifical throne. He modestly represented his long and faithful services. He reminded his holiness of his promises of preferment to his son, those inviolable promises he had renewed before he entered the conclave; he hinted at the hat he had quitted on receiving the tiara; but instead of demanding that hat for Don Benjamin, he finished with the most exemplary moderation, by renouncing every ambitious hope. He and his son, he said, would esteem themselves too happy, if his holiness would bestow on them, together with his benediction, the smallest temporal benefit; such as an annuity for life, sufficient for the few wants of an ecclesiastic and a philosopher.

During this harangue the sovereign Pontiff considered within himself how to dispose of his preceptor. He reflected that he was no longer necessary, that he already knew more magic than was necessary for a pope; that it would be highly improper for him to appear at the nocturnal assemblies of sorcerers, and assist at their indecent ceremonies. After weighing every circumstance his holiness concluded that Don Torribio was not only a useless, but a troublesome dependent,

and, this point decided, he was no longer in doubt what answer to return; accordingly he replied in the following words: "We have learned, with concern, that under the pretext of cultivating the occult sciences, you maintain a horrible intercourse with the spirit of darkness and deceit; wherefore we exhort you as a father, to expiate your crime, by a repentance proportionate to its enormity. Moreover, we command you to depart from the territories of the church, within three days, under pain of being delivered over to the secular arm and its merciless flames."

Don Torribio, without being disconcerted, immediately repeated aloud the three mysterious words which the reader was desired to remember; and going to the door, cried out with all his force, "Jacintha, you need spit but one cartridge, for my friend the Dean will not sup here to night." This was a thunderbolt to the imaginary pope: he immediately recovered from the trance, into which he had been thrown by the mysterious words; when they were first pronounced; and perceived, that instead of being in the vatican, he was still at Toledo, in the closet of Don Torribio, and saw by the clock that it was not yet a complete hour since he first entered the fatal cabinet; where he had been entertained with such pleasant dreams. In that time he had imagined himself a magician, a bishop, an archbishop, a cardinal, a pope, and at last found he was only a dupe and a knave; all was illusion, except the proofs he had given of his deceitfulness, and evil heart. He instantly departed without speaking a word, and, finding his mule where he had left her, returned to Badajoz, without having made the slightest progress in the sublime science in which he had promised to become an adept.

## Miscellanies.

### CHRONOLOGY OF THE BIBLE.

AMONGST the mass of readers, the Chronological epochs of the Sacred Writings; more especially those noted in the antediluvian world, and those which belong to the earliest ages of the post diluvian world are scarcely attended to. Yet a strict attention to them discloses some important and curious facts. A moment's consideration bestowed upon them, will shew us how the occurrences and events of the antediluvian world, the tremendous catastrophe of the flood of Noah, and all the events which followed during several



centuries afterwards, could be readily and correctly known to the earliest of the sacred writers, Moses. When we reflect that it is the names of the most virtuous and leading Patriarchs, both before and after the flood, which he mentions and records, we may, without wresting the fact, or travelling from our subject, take it for granted, that these illustrious individuals continued to reside in these parts of the world, which were the cradle of the human race, in the old as well as in the new world, and that they were known to each other, and familiar with the most striking occurrences of the lives of their fathers. Moses distinctly informs us, that the sons of Lamech, one of the descendants of Cain, were the fathers of those classes of mankind who dwell in tents and have cattle; of all those who handle the harp and organ, and also the instructors of every artificer in brass and iron, and who were probably contemporary with Enos and Cainan, the son and the grandson of Seth. These facts would be handed down to the natives of the new world, by the few survivors from the wreck of the old, and the opportunity they had of correct information on those points was very easy, much the same as the grandson relating what occurred to his grandfather one hundred years ago. Methuselah, the grandfather, and even Lamech, the father of Noah, were, the former 243 years old, and the latter 56, when Adam died, and there can be little doubt that both were acquainted with the father of the human race. Noah was conversant with his father 595 years, and with his grandfather 600 years before the flood, for Lamech died only 5 years before that terrible event, and Methuselah that very year, perhaps only a few weeks before Noah entered the ark. All the sons of Noah, but more especially Shem, must have been conversant with their grandfather Lamech, and their great-grandfather Methuselah. At the death of Noah, Abram was 58 years of age, and we are distinctly informed that his father was a native of Mesopotamia, a country known at this day to be situated on the Tigris, and only 200 miles SSW. of Mount Ararat, on which the ark rested, and in the vicinity and to the southward of which Noah, it is fair to presume, settled after the flood. Shem lived 502 years after the flood, and, consequently, at his death Jacob was 50 years old. Abram died 35 years before Shem. A few years afterwards he proceeded to Haran, a country where Shem must have been well known. His kindred, with himself, were the lineal descendants of Shem, and the elder branch of the family, tribe, or clan, consequently, they were

likely to possess every information both of and concerning Shem and Noah. From the death of Jacob to the deliverance from the Land of Egypt, was 199 years; to the birth of Moses only a period of 118 years; and from the death of Levi till the birth of Moses only 48 years. The events of the old world, therefore, and what had taken place in the new, could not fail to be distinctly known unto Moses (throwing out of the question the fact of his being an inspired writer) through correct channels; channels through which the most correct details, either by written documents or oral tradition, were the most likely to be obtained.

To place these things in a more conspicuous point of view, we subjoin the following tables:—

|              | At Birth of | Lived after | Age. | Died A.M. |
|--------------|-------------|-------------|------|-----------|
| Adam was     | 130         | 800         | 930  | 930       |
| Seth .....   | 105         | 807         | 912  | 1042      |
| Enos .....   | 90          | 815         | 905  | 1140      |
| Cainan ....  | 70          | 840         | 910  | 1235      |
| Mehalaleel   | 65          | 830         | 895  | 1290      |
| Jared .....  | 162         | 800         | 962  | 1422      |
| Enoch .....  | 65          | 300         | 365  | 365       |
| Methuselah   | 187         | 782         | 969  | 1656      |
| Lamech ..... | 182         | 595         | 777  | 1651      |
| Noah .....   | 502         | 443         | 950  | .....     |
| Shem .....   | 98          | 502         | 600  | .....     |

The Flood 1656 .....

#### AFTER THE FLOOD.

|              | At Birth of | Lived after | Age. | Died A.M. |
|--------------|-------------|-------------|------|-----------|
| Noah .....   | 1656        | 350         | 950  | 350       |
| Shem .....   | 2           | 500         | 600  | 502       |
| Arphaxad ..  | 35          | 403         | 435  | 440       |
| Salah .....  | 30          | 403         | 433  | 470       |
| Eber .....   | 34          | 430         | 464  | 581       |
| Peleg .....  | 30          | 269         | 239  | 340       |
| Reu .....    | 32          | 207         | 239  | 370       |
| Serug .....  | 30          | 200         | 230  | 393       |
| Nabor .....  | 29          | 119         | 149  | 341       |
| Terah .....  | 70          | 135         | 205  | 427       |
| Abram .....  | 100         | 75          | 175  | 467       |
| Isaac .....  | 60          | 130         | 180  | 572       |
| Jacob 74 )   |             |             |      |           |
| Judah )      | 81          | 68          | 147  | 599       |
| Joseph )     |             |             |      |           |
| Joseph ..... |             |             | 110  | 633       |

#### TO THE PUBLIC.

We this week publish a Supplementary Number of the *MIRROR*, (price Two-pence,) containing a full and highly interesting account of the Convention of Charles X. of France, with a variety of original and curious information connected with the subject, and illustrated by two appropriate Engravings.

For answers to Correspondents see the Supplementary Number.

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# The Mirror

OF  
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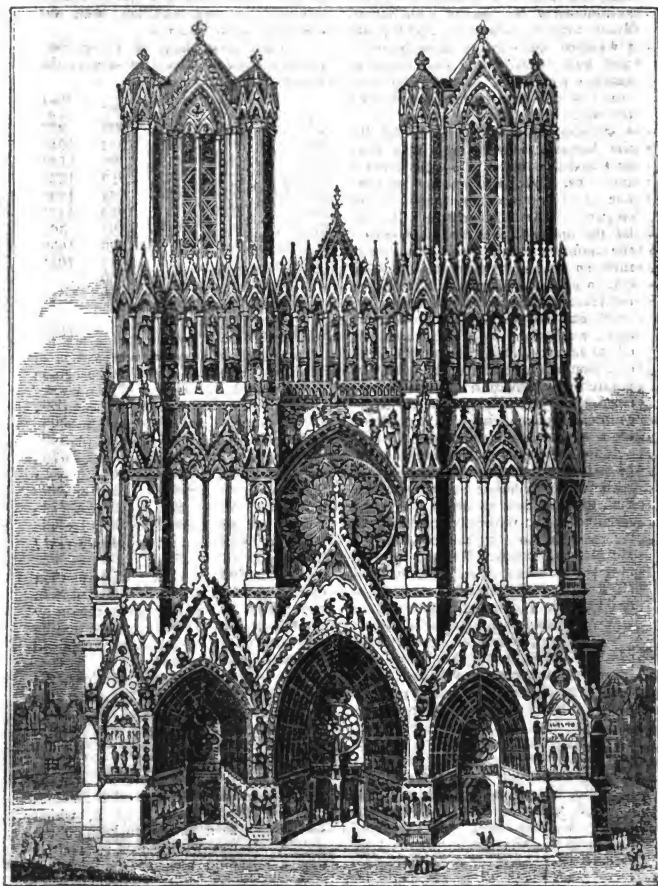
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SUPPLEMENTARY, NUMBER.

[PRICE 2d.]

## Coronation of Charles the Tenth of France.

THE CATHEDRAL OF RHEIMS.



RHEIMS is one of the most ancient cities in France, and the coronation of its kings has been celebrated there for upwards of thirteen centuries, with very few exceptions; indeed, we are not aware of more than two instances in which the custom has been deviated from,—the coronation of our Henry VI. when an infant, and that of Napoleon, both of which were celebrated in Paris.

Rheims is situated on the bank of the small river Vesle, in a fine plain, in the department of the Marne; the city is surrounded with an earthen mound and ditch, planted on both sides with double rows of trees. The houses are in general well built, but low; the town has six gates, all of a fine appearance, from the spacious and shady avenues leading to the city.

Of the public buildings in Rheims, the Cathedral is by far the most remarkable, and is an object of admiration to all travellers. This noble structure, of which our engraving presents a very fine view, engraved in the best style of Mr. Sears, is an immense Gothic edifice, erected in the twelfth century, and is one of the finest specimens of that order of architecture in France. The grand entrance is a most elaborate & beautiful specimen of art.

Rheims has also some other churches and several triumphal arches, the remains of the Romans, which present to the antiquary an ample field for research. The Church of St. Nicaise was, as long as it stood, an object of great interest, on account of its arch and pillar shaking on the ringing of one of the bells.

The Church of St. Remi is well worthy of notice, both for its architecture and for its being the depositary of that far-famed relic, the Sainte Ampoule, of which a curious account will be found a few pages hence.

The other public edifices in Rheims are the Archiepiscopal Palace, near the Cathedral, where Charles X. resided during the Coronation, the Hotel de Ville, three Hospitals, and a Royal College. Rheims is about four miles in circumference, and contains a population of 38,000 inhabitants. This city had the honour of giving birth to Colbert, one of the greatest statesmen France ever possessed.

#### ANCIENT CORONATIONS.

BEFORE we enter on a description of the splendid ceremony which took place on Sunday, May 29th, at the coronation of Charles X. of France, it is necessary we should give some account of the origin of coronations, and of the peculiar customs attached to those of France. It

would be a very curious inquiry to trace the various modes that have been adopted in different ages on the election and enthroning of kings, from the rude customs of the Gothic nations to the splendid ceremonials of the present age. The right of choosing their kings was exercised by all the tribes of ancient Germany and the way in which these princes received the regal dignity was equally expressive of the tenure by which it was held, and of the qualities for which it was conferred. The king, or commander, who was chosen by the people in a public assembly, was placed on a shield or target, and carried about on the shoulders of his men, while the multitude saluted him with shouts and loud applause. It was the custom in Navarre, in France, that both the king and queen, after being anointed, should set their feet on a shield emblazoned with the arms of the kingdom, and supported on six staves, each end of which was held by a nobleman. In this manner they were thrice lifted up before the high altar of the cathedral church. Imperial Rome was likewise an imitator of the barbarous North in the forms of conferring royalty, and in the Greek empire the same customs were adopted and long retained.

In an ancient law of Don Pelayo, one of the Gothic kings of Spain, are the following directions for the creation of their kings:—"Let the king be chosen and admitted in the metropolis city of this kingdom, or, at least, in some cathedral church; and, in the night before he is exalted, let him watch all night in the church; and the next day, when they come to lift him up, let him step upon a buckler or target, and the chief and principal men there present hold the target, and so lifting him up, let the people cry with a loud voice, *real! real! real!*"

The Anglo-Saxon form of coronation directs that the king shall be carried from the ground, and having been chosen by the bishops and people, promise that he will observe the rules which are enjoined by his coronation oath.

Among the Scandinavian nations, the Norwegians, Swedes, and Danes, the election and enthronement of their kings was a rude ceremony; they used to form a circle of large stones, usually twelve in number, in the middle of which one was set up much larger than the rest; this was the royal seat, and the nobles occupied those surrounding it, which served also as a barrier to keep off the people. It was within this rude circle that the leading men of the kingdom gave their votes, and the person elected

was placed on his seat of dignity. The *Thorsten* near Upsal, in Sweden, described by Olaus Magnus, was of this sort, and in Denmark there are still monuments of a custom which existed in some parts of Germany even so late as the year 1356. A similar rude enthroning of the king, or chief, is to be found among the Celtic tribes, and there is no doubt that the custom prevailed both in Scotland and Ireland.

A more singular custom, and one equally rude, prevailed at the inauguration of the ancient dukes of Carinthia. Near the city of St. Veit is a plain where the vestiges of a former town are still to be seen, and in a meadow near to it a large stone raised about two cubits from the ground. On this stone a peasant who hereditarily possessed the right of presiding at the inauguration of the dukes, sat, having on his right hand a black cow and calf, and on his left a lean and hungry mare; the people of St. Veit and a crowd of peasants were assembled around him. The duke in the bonnet and shoes of a countryman, and with a shepherd's crook in his hand approached the assembly, accompanied by the senators clad in scarlet, and the great officers bearing their insignia. The man seated on the stone, seeing the train approach, inquired, "Who is he that comes in such magnificence?" to which the people replied, "it is the prince of the country." "Is he a just judge?" inquired the peasant president, "doth he seek the welfare of the state? is he of free condition, worthy of honour, obedient to the laws, and a defender of the Christian religion?" the people answered, "he is, and will be such."

The president then demanded on what ground he should quit his seat, to which the master of the duke's court answered, "this place is bought for sixty deniers; these beasts, (pointing to the cow and the mare) are thine; thou shalt be clothed in the garments which the duke will take off, and thy house shall be free and exempt from tribute." The peasant then came down from the stone, gave the duke a gentle slap on the cheek, and exhorting him to be a good judge, went away with his cattle. The prince then took his place on the stone, brandished his naked sword, turning to every side, and promised to judge the people with equity. A peasant's cap was then presented, filled with water, from which he was obliged to drink, as a mark of his future sobriety. He was then conducted to the church, where he assisted at divine service, and changed the peasant's dress for the ducal habit. After the feast which

followed, he returned to the meadow, in which a throne had been set up, and here he gave judgment and conferred fiefs.

The part in our English ceremony which is most analogous to the Gothic and German elevations is that of our kings being anciently placed upon a seat in Westminster Hall, which was thence denominated the King's Bench. This seat is by our old writers described as a marble seat, and that there stood before it a marble table; and here our kings were used to sit before their progress to coronation. Stowe describes it as "a long marble stone of twelve feet in length, and three feet in breadth," and he says, there was also, "a marble chair where the kings of England formerly sat at their coronation dinners."

As Christianity began to make progress in Europe, the rude customs which we have described, were superseded by more refined and solemn ceremonies. The nations of the north and west learned to encircle the brow of their king with the diadem, to place the sceptre in his hand, to sanctify his person with the consecrated unction, and to confirm his authority with the benediction of the clergy; hence the new forms of inauguration may be sufficiently accounted for.

The ceremonies of unction and coronation were both derived from the Israelites, as the sacred writings show; the former is said to have been first introduced among European nations, at Constantinople, about the time of Justinian or Justin; and, in the western empire, it began with Charlemagne, whence it extended to other nations.

The royal crown or diadem is first mentioned in the book of Samuel, when the Amalekites brought Saul's crown to David; its use is as ancient in the empire as the time of Constantine. The sceptre, another ensign of royalty, is much more ancient than either the crown or diadem. Homer mentions kings with sceptres, but none with crowns, but both have long been common to the European nations.

#### THE CROWN.

The most important part of the royal regalia at a coronation is unquestionably the crown, an emblem of royalty and command, frequently mentioned in Scripture, and the use of which seems to have been very common among the Hebrews. The high priest wore a crown, which was a fillet of gold placed upon the forehead, and tied with a ribbon of hyacinth colour, or azure blue. It seems also as if private priests and even common Israelites wore also a sort of crown, since God





commands Ezekiel not to take off his crown nor assume the marks of one in mourning. This crown was no more than a ribbon or fillet, with which the Jews and several persons in the east girt their heads; indeed the first crowns were only a bandelet drawn round the head and tied behind, as we still see it represented on medals round the heads of Jupiter, the Ptolemies, and kings of Syria.

The Roman emperors had four kinds of crowns still seen on medals, namely, a crown of laurel, a radial or radiating crown; a crown adorned with pearls and precious stones, and the fourth, a sort of bonnet or cap somewhat like the mortar. The Romans had various crowns to reward merit; but among the moderns they are

used as an ornament, which emperors, kings, and independent princes wear to denote their sovereign authority.

The crown of the kings of France is a circle enamelled, adorned with precious stones, and heightened up with eight arched diadems rising from as many *fleur de lis* that conjoin at the top under a double *fleur de lis*, all of gold. As the former crown with which so many of the French kings was adorned, was destroyed at the revolution, a new crown has been made for Charles X. This splendid diadem, which was placed on the head of the French monarch at the august ceremony on Sunday last, is valued at eighteen millions and a half of francs, or £740,000. sterling.

### THE SAINTE AMPOULE, OR HOLY PHIAL.

THE custom of anointing kings is frequently alluded to in the Sacred Writings, and appears to have been observed from very remote ages. In Eastern countries, where oil and perfumes are in great abundance, they were accustomed to distinguish all those persons destined to perform any sacred functions by rubbing them with unguents composed of these ingredients.

The Sainte Ampoule, which was so highly valued a relic in France on account of the tradition attached to it, and to its being used in consecrating the Kings of

France, was a crystal phial, the neck of which appeared transparent and whitish, because it was empty; the remainder a little transparent only, and of a ruddy brown colour. The diameter of its bottom was an inch, or perhaps more, and the height of the phial itself, including the neck, was not more than two inches. The substance which it contained was not a liquor, but a kind of marmalade, dried and condensed on the sides of the phial. When necessary, a small portion of this substance was taken out, with a golden pin or spatula, which communicated a

red colour to the sacred chrism with which it was mingled at the coronation of the French kings.

According to a tradition which all Catholic Frenchmen are called upon and many affect to believe, this phial was especially sent from Heaven at the baptism of Clovis, upon his conversion to Christianity. This ceremony was celebrated at Rheims on the 25th of December, 496. Clovis, surrounded by his warriors, all richly clad, and attended by the most distinguished persons of his court, went in procession with great pomp to the cathedral. When Clovis advanced to the baptismal font, "by a secret decree of Providence," says the historian, "the clerk who bore the holy cream was stopped by the crowd, and notwithstanding all his efforts, was unable to force his way to the font. St. Remi, the Bishop of Rheims, after having consecrated the font, called in vain for the holy cream; he sighed, and lifted up his eyes, bathed in tears, towards the altar; at that moment a white dove descended from Heaven, bearing a phial filled with divine cream. The king descended to the font, and the prelate, addressing himself to the convert, said, 'Bend down thy head, proud Sicamber; adore what thou hast burnt, and burn what thou hast adored.' He then plunged him into the baptismal water, and anointed him with the celestial cream in the name of the Holy Trinity." Such is the story believed, or pretended to be believed, even at this day. An explanation given by some author, for the satisfaction of those who wish to reconcile every thing to reason, is this—The Bishop of Rheims, doubting the sincerity of Clovis, and wishing to inspire him with awe by the exhibition of a miracle, had for some time trained a dove to come to the baptismal font to be fed. On the day of the baptism the dove was purposely kept without food, and being let loose with a phial round its neck, it naturally went to the accustomed spot. The French, however, contend for the truth of the miracle, as well as for another, namely, that the celestial cream has been sufficient to anoint all the kings of France for the last thirteen centuries. The phial itself was preserved with religious care at Rheims until the French revolution broke out, when every emblem of royalty and religion became alike the object of hostility. On the commencement of the revolution, the phial was taken from the tomb of St. Remi, in which it used to be kept in a shrine of massive gold, surrounded by precious stones, and enclosed in a bag of crimson velvet; but in 1793, Philip Ruhl, a deputy of the Convention, being

sent to Rheims to preach hatred to monarchy, and destroy all that could keep up the remembrance of it, had the phial taken from its hiding-place on the 6th of October in that year, and brought out into the public square, where it was broken to pieces, amid cries of "*Vive la Republique*," on the steps of the pedestal of the statue of Louis XV. The fragments were picked up and wrapped in a soldier's shirt, and sent by Ruhl to the Convention, where they were completely destroyed.

After this act of demolition, which seemed so complete, we little expected to hear again of the Sainte Ampoule; but we are now told that Ruhl did not effect his object, and that M. Seraine, a municipal officer, charged with bringing forth the phial, dipped the needle into it before he delivered it to Ruhl, and thus obtained a small portion of the balsam. This is not all; Ruhl, it appears, had not picked up all the broken pieces of the phial, some of which were preserved by persons who stood near, and thus enough was altogether left to anoint, it is said, twenty kings.

A *proces verbal* has been drawn up, attesting the preservation of several portions of the Ampoule, and the balsam contained in it; and on the 22nd of May, 1825, the Archbishop of Rheims assembled the persons who are stated to have preserved portions of the Ampoule, when the holy balsam was extracted from each fragment and deposited in a new phial, which, like its predecessor, will be placed in the tomb of St. Remi. One of the persons who pretends to have rescued a portion of this relic, L. Champagne ProvotEAU, declares that, being close to Ruhl when he broke with a hammer the holy Ampoule, which was a small glass phial, the violence of the blow caused some of the pieces to fly towards him, and that he happened to stop with his hand, and without being seen, two small pieces of the glass, which fell on the left sleeve of his coat, and that there were found, adhering to the sides of this glass, which he carefully preserved, particles of the balsam contained in the holy phial.

Of the Sainte Ampoule, and the shrine in which it was preserved, until destroyed by Ruhl, we have procured an engraving, which we present to our readers. We ought, however, to add, that we have an Ampoule, or Ampulla, at the coronation of the kings of England—aye, and a tradition attached to it, which few, however, believe; it is said, our Ampulla was brought by the Virgin to Thomas a Becket, while in banishment at Sens, in France.

## CORONATION OF CHARLES THE TENTH.

THE coronation of Charles the Tenth took place on Sunday, the 29th of May, in the Cathedral of Rheims. Sunday has been usually a favourite day with the kings of France for their coronation, which may be accounted for on the double ground, that in Catholic countries the Sabbath is not observed with that reverence and austerity that it is in Protestant states, and that in France the coronation is more of a religious than a civil ceremony.

Charles X. left Paris for Compeigne some days previous to the coronation, and proceeded in great state to Rheims, where he arrived on Saturday, the 28th of May. On his way he was saluted by discharges of artillery, and received with acclamations; but these were probably paid for, or managed—at least such was the case at the coronation of his ill-fated brother, Louis XVI., when a Programme of the ceremony was published, in which it was stated, that, in his progress from Versailles to Rheims, “his Majesty will be received in all the towns he passes through with the ringing of bells, the firing of artillery, and the acclamations of the people.” The acclamations in honour of Charles the Tenth went off well enough, but the salutes of artillery not only caused a dreadful accident, but endangered the life of the king. As his Majesty with a suite of carriages was proceeding from Fismes, the horses of the carriages which conveyed the Dukes d’Aumont and de Damas, and Counts Cosse and Curial, took fright at the firing of the artillery, and ran away. The carriage was speedily dashed to pieces; Count Curial had two ribs broken in his side, and his shoulder cut by the glass. The Duke de Damas was dangerously wounded, and Count Cosse had a violent contusion on the head. The King himself was in considerable peril, for the horses of his carriage also took fright, and attempted to run away, but were fortunately stopped. The king having ascertained that every attention was paid to his attendants, who had been injured, proceeded on his journey, and on his arrival at Rheims, he was received by the civil authorities, and congratulated in “the set phrase of speech,” by the sub-prefect and the civil and military authorities. A salute of 101 guns was fired, and the bells of all the churches were rung. The king then proceeded to the cathedral, to go through those ceremonies which in France are usual on

## THE EVE OF THE CORONATION.

THE Cathedral of Rheims was splendidly fitted up for the occasion. The galleries were furnished with seats in form of an amphitheatre, but owing to bad arrangement, were not capable of holding one half of the persons to whom the four thousand tickets were issued. From the roof of the cathedral a great number of lustres furnished with lights were suspended. The choir was decorated with the utmost magnificence; above the stalls for the prebendaries was raised an arched basement, on which was elevated a row of columns of the Corinthian order, which surrounded the choir, the sanctuary, and the pulpit. These columns, which are of violet marble, with golden pedestals and capitals, rest one-fourth on the angles of the galleries, and project before the pillars on a back-ground of black-veined marble. They separate the galleries, which extend from the pulpit to the sanctuary. The entablature of this line of columns, of which all the mouldings, modillions, and ornamental foliage, which enrich the frieze, are cut in gold, and surmounted by a slab of black-veined marble. In a perpendicular line with the columns are placed statues of children, in dove marble, holding branched candelabras. The front of the galleries was formed by a balustrade of white marble, with ornaments of gold. From the middle of the ceiling of each gallery a twelve-branched lustre was suspended. The back-ground between each of the columns was decorated with gilt figures, holding branched candelsticks, furnished with lights.

At the entrance of the choir was the pulpit on which the king’s throne was raised; and over it suspended a canopy, supported by four columns, looped with hangings of violet satin, embroidered with gold fleurs-de-lis. The whole of the enclosure within the choir was hung with the richest tapestry, which serves as a back ground to the groups of marble figures, disposed with the greatest taste, each bearing an elegant candelabra.

The king on arriving at the door of the cathedral, was received under the canopy, by the Archbishop of Rheims in full costume, attended by the Bishops of Soissons, Beauvais, Chalons, and Amiens, his suffragans, and by all the chapters of his church.

The archbishop presented holy water and incense to the king, who knelt down on a cushion, and kissed the New Testament, which was presented to his Majesty by one of the canons. The king having risen after a short prayer was complimented by the archbishop, who, after



alluding to his having, as a faithful servant, shared part in all the events of his Majesty's life, said, "Sire, everything will sufficiently remind you that you are a king; whereas in this temple, in this old city, the cradle of the faith of your ancestors, everything will put you in mind that you are a Christian, everything will tell you that for your happiness, as well as for the happiness of your people, and in order to accomplish the designs of God, by proceeding in the footsteps of so many great kings, whose crown you wear by the right of your birth; yes, Sire, everything will tell you that you are always the eldest son of the church, and the most Christian king. May the king deign to receive the expression of our sentiments—may Heaven deign to hear all our prayers."

A solemn anthem was chanted by one of the canons; after which, the king was conducted into the sanctuary, where, after the Archbishop of Rheims had chanted the vespers, the Cardinal de la Fare preached a sermon—from a verse of the prophet Isaiah. "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me because he hath anointed me."

The archbishop then chanted the *Te Deum*, which his Majesty heard standing; the king's presents were then laid on the altar, which his Majesty kissed; and after the king "had offered to God the shrine of the true cross, or reliquary, and laid it on the altar and kissed it," he returned to the archiepiscopal palace, which was splendidly fitted up for the entertainment of the king, and for the coronation banquet.

#### THE CORONATION.

THE night of Saturday was a busy one in Rheims; all were either preparing for the august ceremony of the following day, or indulging in anticipations respecting it; at length the morning dawned, and persons in every variety of costume, and speaking more languages than at the confusion of tongues at Babel, were seen hurrying towards the cathedral, which by four o'clock in the morning, was besieged by a great crowd; at six the doors were opened, and in half an hour all the galleries in the body of the church, the choir, and the sanctuary were filled.

The galleries reserved for the Dauphiness, the Duchess of Berri, and the Princesses of the blood, were on the right of his Majesty's pew, opposite the gallery of the diplomatic body. The peers of France, and great officers of the crown, were placed on the steps of the choir. On the right were the deputies and mayors of the good cities, the prefects, and many other public functionaries, called to the corona-

tion by sealed letters. The members of the royal courts, the tribunals, and a great number of general officers, occupied the steps in the body of the church, to the right and left. The galleries erected on both sides between the pillars were filled with ladies, most of whom had been invited. The Dauphiness had a robe embroidered with silver on a gold ground, and a diadem sparkling with diamonds. The Duchess of Berri wore a crimson-coloured robe, bordered with silver lama; she wore in her hair a wreath of roses, mixed with diamonds. The Princesses of the blood wore white robes, worked with silver. At half-past seven the clergy repaired to the cathedral. The Archbishop of Rheims advanced towards the altar, preceded by the Bishops of Soissons and Rheims, acting as deacon and sub-deacon, and by the Archbishops of Besançon and Bruges, and the Bishop of Autun and Evreux, appointed to chant the litanies.

Cardinals Clermont-Tonnerre and La Fare, assisting his Majesty, went to fetch the king from his apartments, preceded by the chapter. The chapter having arrived at the door of his Majesty's chamber with the Dauphin, the Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon, the great officers of the crown, the officers of the household, having functions to perform in the ceremony of the coronation, and the principal chapter of the cathedral, knocked at the door. Prince Talleyrand, the high-chamberlain, said in a loud voice, "What is it you desire?" The Cardinal Clermont-Tonnerre answered, "Charles X., whom God has given us for our king." The doors were then opened by his Majesty's porters, and the two cardinals approached the king (who rose from his seat) and saluted his Majesty.

The Dauphin, and the Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon, then proceeded to the church, conducted by the master of the ceremonies, and accompanied by their chief officers, who took their places in the sanctuary, except the lieutenant of the king's body guard, on duty about the Dauphin, who remained with his Royal Highness.

The first of the two cardinals presented the holy water to the king, and repeated the following prayer:—

"Almighty and everlasting God, who hast raised thy servant, Charles, to the regal dignity, grant him throughout his reign to seek the good of his subjects, and that he may never wander from the paths of truth and justice."

At the conclusion of this prayer the Cardinals Clermont-Tonnerre and La Fare, conducted his Majesty, in great

state, through the covered gallery, erected for the purpose, to the cathedral, during which the anthem, *Eccc. mitto angelum meum*, was chanted. The king wore a white silk robe: his slippers were trimmed with silver, and he had a cap (*toque*) of black velvet, with two white aigrettes, separated in the middle by a diamond cross.

When the king arrived at the door of the church, Cardinal La Fare repeated the prayer, *Deus, qui scis genus humanum*; after which, the psalm, *Domine, in virtute tua letabitur Rex*, was chanted. During the psalm, the clergy took their places, and the king was conducted by the two cardinals to the foot of the altar, where his Majesty knelt down. The Archbishop of Rheims, as soon as the king entered the choir, said over his Majesty the prayer, *Omnipotens Deus, Cælestium Moderator*; after which his Majesty was conducted to the seat prepared for him in the middle of the sanctuary, under the high canopy. After the princes, the great officers, &c. had taken their places, the Archbishop of Rheims presented holy water to his Majesty, who rose to receive it. His Grace afterwards gave holy water to the whole assembly, and then withdrew behind the high altar, to put on his pontifical robes, and receive the holy phial (*Sainte Ampoule*).

At the coronation of Louis XVI. and several other kings of France, the holy phial was brought in procession from the abbey of St. Remi, by the grand prior of that abbey, habited in a cope of cloth of gold, and mounted on a white charger, from the king's stables, and led by two equerries. This dignity of the church was under a canopy of the same material, carried by four barons, called knights of the holy phial (*Chevaliers de la Sainte Ampoule*), habited in white satin, with a mantle of black silk, and scarf of white velvet fringed with silver, with their insignia of knighthood suspended from the neck by a black ribbon. The minime monks (*Les Religieux Minimes*), the canons of the collegiate church of St. Timothy, and the monks of the abbey of St. Remi, in their mass garments of white linen, walked before the canopy, as did also the assistant master of the ceremonies. Four lords, appointed by the king as hostages for the holy phial (*Otages de la Sainte Ampoule*), attended on horseback at the four corners of the canopy, each preceded by his esquire, bearing a standard charged on one side with the arms of France and on the other with those of their own family.

The Archbishop of Rheims being apprized in due form, by the master of the

While the Archbishop of Rheims was receiving the holy phial, the choir chanted *Septe*. On his return to the choir, and after saluting the altar, the king commenced the *Veni Creator*, kneeling during the first verse. The archbishop then advanced to the king, accompanied by his two assisting cardinals, bearing one the book of the Evangelists, the other the "relic of the true cross." He took the book, on which he placed the relic, and held it open before his Majesty, to whom he presented the forms of the oaths, which were placed on the book of the Gospels. The king, seated and covered, with his hand placed on the book and on the true cross, pronounced the following oaths:

OATH OF THE CORONATION.

"In the presence of God I promise to my faithful people to maintain and to honour our holy religion, as becomes the most Christian king and eldest son of the Church; to do good justice to all my subjects, and to govern conformably to the laws of the kingdom and the constitutional charter, which I swear to observe faithfully, so help me God and his Holy Gospel."

OATH OF THE KING, AS CHIEF AND SOVEREIGN GRAND MASTER OF THE ORDER OF THE HOLY GHOST.

"We swear to God, the Creator, to live and die in his holy faith and the Catholic Apostolic Roman religion, to maintain the order of the Holy Ghost, without suffering it to lose its glorious prerogatives, to observe the statutes of the said order, and to cause them to be observed by all those who are or shall be members of it, reserving to myself, however, to regulate the conditions of admission according to the good of our service."

ceremonies, of the arrival of the holy phial, proceeded, accompanied by his assistants, to the door of the church, to receive it from the hands of the grand prior of the abbey, who, in putting it into the hands of the archbishop, addressed him in the following words:

"To you, my lord, I intrust this precious treasure, sent from heaven to the great St. Remi, for the anointing of Clovis and the kings his successors; but I pray you, first, according to ancient custom, to bind yourself to restore it into my hands, after the consecration of our king, Charles the Tenth."

The archbishop, conformably with the custom, took the required oath in these terms:—

"I receive this holy ampulla with reverence, and promise you, upon the faith of a prelate, to restore it into your hands at the conclusion of the ceremony of the consecration."

The holy phial was then placed in his hands.

OATH OF THE KING, AS GRAND MASTER OF THE ROYAL AND MILITARY ORDER OF ST. LOUIS, AND OF THE ROYAL ORDER OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

We solemnly swear to God to maintain for ever, without suffering them to lose their glorious prerogatives, the Royal and Military Order of St. Louis, and the Loyal Order of the Legion of Honour, to wear the cross of the said orders, to cause their statutes to be observed; this we swear and promise on the holy cross and the holy Gospels.

During the administration of these oaths, the regalia and habiliments in which the king is to be afterwards arrayed on his consecration were placed on the altar; the great crown of Charlemagne, and two others, of which one is enriched with precious stones, and the other emblazoned with gold; the sword, the sceptre, the hand of justice, and the book of ceremonies; a sub-vest of scarlet satin, embroidered with gold; a tunic, *dalmatique* (a church-robe,) a pair of buskins, and a royal mantle of blue velvet, studded with gold *fleur de lis*, and lined with ermine.

After the oaths, the king being led to the altar by two cardinals, put off his upper robe of silver stuff, which was taken by the first gentleman of the chamber, and delivered to the first valet de chambre. The king gave his cap to the first gentleman-master of the wardrobe, who delivered it to the senior valet de chambre.

The king, who had on only an under waistcoat embroidered with silver, and open at the places where the unction was to be performed, remained standing during the prayers. Prince Talleyrand, the high chamberlain, put on his majesty the boots of purple velvet, embroidered with *fleur de lis* in gold. The dauphin, as premier-peer of France, put on his majesty the golden spurs which were on the altar; the duke of Conegliano, acting as constable laid aside his sword, and advanced to the king, who rose and approached the altar, when the archbishop blessed the sword of Charlemagne, which continued in the scabbard, saying the prayer, *Exaudi, quasumus, Domine, preces nostras, &c.*

The benediction being pronounced, the archbishop proceeded to gird the king with the sword, and immediately took it off; then drawing the sword, he placed the scabbard upon the altar, and repeated a prayer, after which the archbishop delivered the drawn sword into the king's hands, saying, "Accept this sword." After his majesty had held it for some time, he kissed it, and then made an offering of it to God, by placing it on

the altar; the archbishop took it up, replaced it in the king's hands, who immediately resigned it into the hands of the duke of Conegliano, as high constable, who continued to hold it, with the point elevated, during the whole of the ceremony.

While the king was receiving and returning the sword of Charlemagne, several prayers were said. In one of them, God was entreated that the holy monasteries might experience the king's bounty; that his favours might be spread among the great of the kingdom; that the dew of heaven, and the fatness of earth, might furnish in his dominions an inexhaustible plenteousness of corn, wine, oil, and all kinds of fruit; so that, under his reign, the people might enjoy uninterrupted health, &c.

The archbishop now prepared for the sacred unction, and the king, conducted by the two cardinals, sat down. The holy phial having been opened the archbishop with the point of a golden needle, took out a globule of ointment which he put on the cover of the chalice; after which, having restored the phial to the grand prior of St. Remi, he mixed it with some consecrated oil. The choir chanted the anthem, *Gentem Francorum incolitam, &c.* The two cardinals opened the places in the king's garment for the unction, and led his majesty to the altar, where he knelt down on cushions placed for the purpose. Then the four prelates appointed to chant the litanies advanced to the foot of the altar.

The following versicle occurs in those litanies:—"That it may please thee to keep the sovereign pontiff, and all the orders of the church in thy holy religion."

After the litanies prayer, the archbishop took his place on the seat with his back to the altar. The king was conducted by the two cardinals to the archbishop, and knelt down. The archbishop, seated, with his mitre on his head, said the prayer, *Omnipotens sempiterna Deus, gubernator Cæli.* The bishop of Soissons took from the altar the holy oil, and presented it to the archbishop, who took some with his thumb to anoint his majesty in the form of a cross, in the following manner, repeating the sign at each anointment:—

1st. On the crown of the head, saying, "With this hallowed oil I anoint thee king, in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

2dly. On the stomach; the cardinals opening the apertures in the king's shirt and waistcoat, that had been made for the purpose.

3dly. Between the two shoulders.

4thly. On the right shoulder.

6thly. On the left shoulder.  
7thly. At the bends and joints of the right arm.

7thly. At the bends and joints of the left arm.

After these seven anointings the archbishop, assisted by the two cardinals, laced up, with gold lacings, the openings of the king's shirt and vest; then the high chamberlain put on his majesty the *tunic* and the *dalmatica* of crimson satin, embroidered with *fleurs de lis* of gold; and over this the royal mantle of purple velvet, with gold *fleurs de lis*, lined and trimmed with ermine. The king being in the royal robes, knelt down. The archbishop, seated, took the holy oil from the bishop, acting as deacon.

After the prayers, the first valet-de-chamber presented to the Deacon a pair of gloves in a plate of silver gilt, which the Deacon held while the Archbishop blessed them, saying, "*Omnipotens Creator*," and the Archbishop sprinkled the gloves with holy water, and put them on the King. The same ceremony took place for the ring, which his Grace put on his Majesty's fourth finger, saying, "*Accipe annulum*." The Archbishop then took the royal sceptre from off the altar, and put it into the king's right hand, and afterwards the hand of justice, which he put into the left hand. The sceptre is of gold, enamelled and ornamented with oriental pearls; it is about six feet in height. Upon it is represented, in relief, Charlemagne, with the globe in his hand, seated in a chair of state, ornamented with two lions and two eagles. The hand of justice is a staff of massive gold, only one foot and a half in length, adorned with rubies and pearls, and terminated by a hand formed of ivory, or rather of the horn of an unicorn; and it has, at regular distances, three circles or leaves sparkling with pearls, garnets, and other precious stones.

The Archbishop, with both hands, took from the altar the crown of Charlemagne, and placed it above, over the King's head, without its touching his Majesty. The Princes put their hands to it to support it. The Archbishop, holding it with his left hand, and making the benediction with the right, said, "*Coronat te Deus coronâ gloriæ atque justitiæ*." After which, alone, he placed the crown on the King's head. The Dauphin, and the Princes, a second time put their hands on it, as if to support it, and he said, "*Accipe Coronam Regni, in nomine patris, et filii et spiritus Sancti*."

The ceremony of the Coronation being finished, the Archbishop raised the King by the right arm, and his Majesty was

conducted to his throne. His Majesty was attended in the same manner as on his entering the church, the Duke of Conegliano bearing the sword of Charlemagne naked in his hand. Every body standing, the Archbishop holding the King by the right arm, and turning towards the altar, said the prayer—"*Ita ut retineat a modo statum*." Then the King, being seated, the Archbishop holding his Majesty by the hand, said, "*In hoc regni solio confirmet te*," &c. The prayers being ended, the Archbishop put off his mitre, made a profound obeisance, to the King, kissed him on the forehead, and said, "*Vivat Rex in æternum*." The Dauphin and the Princes took off their coronets, which they placed on their seats; they advanced and each of them received the embrace from the King, saying, "*Vivat Rex in æternum*."

The ecclesiastical and temporal Peers then saluted the King with a similar acclamation. The doors of the cathedral were then thrown open, and the people entered in crowds to behold their Monarch on his throne, in all the pomp of royalty—the bells rung—and the church resounded with their shouts of *Vive le Roi!*

At this moment the trumpets sounded—the heralds distributed the medals—thousand birds were let loose—all the bells were rung—and three volleys of musketry, fired by the infantry of the royal guard, were answered by the artillery on the ramparts of the city. After these ceremonies the Archbishop chanted *Te Deum*, then high mass was celebrated, during which the Dauphin and the Princes took off their crowns, and the Cardinals their mitres. The Dauphin took the King's crown and laid it on the desk of his Majesty's pew. After the gospel he replaced the crown on the King's head, and resumed his own, as did the Princes.

During the celebration of mass, whilst the Archbishop was making the oblation, the King at Arms and the Heralds took from a recess in the altar the offerings, which were there placed, and delivered them in napkins, of red satin, to the four Knights of the Order of the Holy Ghost, whose office it is to carry these offerings for the King. The King at Arms presented to the first of these Peers a large vase of silver gilt, containing the wine; the Heralds gave to the second a loaf of silver, to the third a loaf of gold, and to the fourth a purse of scarlet velvet, containing medals of gold struck for the occasion. The four Knights, bearing these offerings, were then conducted to the foot of the throne, and the King having been

invited to make an offering of them; descended from his throne, and having reached the altar, where the Archbishop was seated, knelt down, and having given the Sceptre and the Hand of Justice to the two Marshals, who stood on each hand, his Majesty received the silver gilt vase, the silver loaf, the gold loaf, and the purse, from the four Knights, and presented them respectively as offerings to the Archbishop, kissing his hand each time. After the oblation the King took back his Sceptre and the Hand of Justice, and re-ascended his throne.

After the elevation of the host, the Grand Almoner of France the Prince de Croi, went to take the kiss of peace from the Archbishop; then, going up to the throne, he gave it to the King; the Dauphin and the Princes of the blood came to receive it of his Majesty, when the Dauphin bent his knee. The Dauphin having received the King's embrace (*accolade*), bent his knee to his august father, who raised him and held him long pressed in his arms. This affecting scene made a profound impression on the assembly, and tears produced by the sweetest emotions were mingled with numerous cries of "*Vive le Roi! Vive le Dauphin!*" The enthusiasm of the spectators was without bounds. His Majesty afterwards took the sacrament in both kinds; after which the Dauphin approached the King, and delivered his crown to him again. His Majesty remained a few moments on his knees in prayer, after which the Archbishop took from him the crown of Charlemagne, and gave him a lighter one.

The ceremony being concluded, the Grand Prior bore away the Holy Phial to the Treasury of St. Remi, in the same order in which it had been brought to the cathedral of Rheims. The four Lords who had been assigned as hostages left their standards and arms at the cathedral and were discharged from their oath by a *process-verbal*.

The King, wearing his crown, and clothed in his royal robes, carrying his Sceptre and the Hand of Justice, and attended by the same magnificent suite with which he had entered the Abbey, returned to the Palace of the Archbishop. When his Majesty reached his chamber he was disrobed. His gloves and his shirt, which had been touched by the unctions, were delivered to the Grand Almoner of France, to be burnt. The King having taken a short repose, was then clothed in different habiliments, his Royal mantle being thrown over the whole. His Majesty retained on his

head the diamond crown; but the Sceptre and the Hand of Justice were given over to the Dukes of Dalmatia and Treviso, who had previously the custody of them.

The royal banquet in the great hall of the archiepiscopal palace followed, and concluded the proceedings of this eventful day; but as the dinner is not an essential part of the Coronation, as it is in England, where the hereditary champion of England attends to maintain the king's right to the crown against all comers, we shall pass it over. Other banquets besides that at the archiepiscopal palace will be given at Rheims, where Rolland, who keeps the *Cercle des Etrangers*, in Paris, has been ordered to prepare 10 tables, of 300 covers each; at 100 f. a head, during the three days of the Coronation. These dinners are to be held at the Town-hall; and the various Ambassadors, Ministers, &c. were to be invited. The Duke of Northumberland, our ambassador extraordinary, has, it is said, given an order to the same Rolland for a table of 160 covers, at 150 f. a head, which is 50 f. a head more than what is paid at the table where the King will dine. The principal fetes, however, will take place on the return of the King to Paris, where there will be public rejoicings for ten days.

#### HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF CORONATIONS IN FRANCE.

THE coronation of kings in France is coeval with the monarchy, though some of the sovereigns have not gone through the ceremony, as was the case with the late king, Louis XVIII. This was owing to Pope Pius VII. who would not suffer him to be crowned during the lifetime of Napoleon, whom he had anointed monarch of France; and after the death of Napoleon, the health of Louis was not such as to enable him to go through the fatigue of the ceremony. The coronation of the French kings has been usually a splendid religious ceremonial, sometimes attended with circumstances of peculiar interest, as will be seen by a retrospect of the last four centuries. We shall begin with the monarch who owed his crown to Joan of Arc.

In the middle of the fifteenth century, when France was but a province of England she was indebted for her safety to the heroism of a woman. This was Joan of Arc, accompanied by whom and her parents, Charles VII. presented himself before the gates of Rheims, on the 5th of July, 1429, to receive the crown and holy unction. The prince was on horseback, dressed in a steel coat of armour, with a



helmet gorgeously mounted with long feathers. Joan of Arc was also on horse, back on his majesty's right side, having on her head a helmet, and a sword in her hand. It was this heroine that presented to his majesty the keys of the city, reciting at the same time some verses composed for the occasion.

Charles VIII. was crowned when fourteen years old, on the 30th of May, 1484. On entering the city of Rheims he was struck with a most charming and delightful spectacle. A young lady of exquisite beauty, with white hair, which reached down to her waist, having on her head a bonnet of silver lace, ornamented with flowers, and dressed in a silk robe of azure blue, descended, on the approach of his majesty in a kind of car which seemed to come from the centre of the arch: she saluted the prince, and presented to him the keys of the city, reciting the twelve verses *de la Pucelle*. When she concluded, the same machine bore her away in the same manner as she descended: her name was *De Ferret*.

We are not informed particularly of the entry of Louis XII. or Francis I. The chronicles say, however, that there was an immense crowd attending the former, because Pope Alexander VI. granted indulgences to the king and all persons assisting at the coronation.

Henry II. was crowned on the 28th of July, 1547. On entering the city, he was mounted on a white horse richly caparisoned. There were constructed on the occasion two false gates; in the middle of one of which was placed a machine of curious invention. It contained a *sun-flower*, which seemed to move; within the sun-flower was a *heart* of a red colour, and within the heart was a young lady, between nine and ten years old, clad in gold and silver. At the approach of the king, the heart opened into two parts, and exhibited to view this young and beauteous damsel, holding in her hands the keys of the city, which she presented to the king, at the same time reciting verses, in which she described herself as his majesty's hand-maid, and the representative of the city of Rheims, which with *open heart* and full of fidelity, joyfully received him as king. After this the heart closed on the lady, and was replaced in the sun-flower, which continued to open a little, from time to time, like a flower. The second gate represented a triumphal arch, about twenty-four feet high. It was crowned by a dome in the shape of a lantern, supported by six jasper pillars, covered with silver leaves, having on its top a large gilded lamp, in which was a light so brilliant, as to be seen at a

great distance. Just as the king was entering, there appeared on the upper part of the triumphal arch a little boy and twelve little girls, bedizened with chains of gold and precious stones, representing the thirteen virtues, honour, hope, generosity, renown, justice, diligence, equity, truth, love, liberality, obedience, understanding, wisdom.

Henry III. entered by a similarly constructed arch, and had the key presented him also by a young lady richly dressed, having on her breast the armorial bearings of the city on blue velvet, with *fleur de lis* in gold. She was accompanied by two more young persons, dressed after ancient custom, and representing "Peace and Concord." The three were placed in an elegant chariot, drawn apparently by a large eagle, which was put in motion by men concealed under its wings.

Louis XIII. was crowned in October, 1610, at nine years of age. This prince had in the chariot which conducted him to Rheims, a young deer, which he had taken a few days before, and which served to amuse him on his way. A very handsome young lady presented to him also the keys of the city. She was driven in an azure-coloured chariot ornamented with gold, and drawn by two white ponies in blue harness decorated with gold. The ponies were rode by two children with their heads uncovered, and their white hair neatly tied up in ribbons. They were dressed in blue silk embroidered with gold, and had on little boots and spurs in jockey style.

Louis XIV. was crowned on the 6th of June, 1654. On this memorable occasion, the Queen of England, widow of Charles I., and the Duke of York, afterwards James II. were present at the *Sacre*. There was nothing remarkable at the Coronation of Louis XV., which took place on the 26th of October, 1722, if we except the circumstance of his having six Princes of the blood to perform the duties of the six lay Peers, which had never happened before.

Louis XVI., who was the last monarch crowned at Rheims before his present Majesty, for whom the ceremony of the *Sacre* was performed, was crowned on the 11th of June, 1775. There were two immense statues raised at the distance of a quarter of a league from the city on this occasion, one representing *Religion* and the other *Justice*—between which the King passed on his entrance. *Religion* was represented holding in its left hand the crown of France, supported by the sacred code, which was folded on the left knee of the statue; in its right hand was an olive branch; the whole enriched with numerous inscriptions. *Justice* seemed

to hold with one hand a balance in *equilibrio*, and in the other, a bundle which she rested on the earth, and which was nearly concealed by drapery.

The ceremony has received little from the time of Charles VII. to that of Charles X. At the Coronation of Louis XVI. the dresses worn by the principal dignitaries were, on account both of their richness and their ancient form, among the most interesting objects of that solemnity. The lay Peers were clad in vests of gold stuff, which came down as far as the mid leg; they had girdles of gold, silver, and violet-coloured silk mixed, and over the long vest a ducal mantle of violet cloth, lined and edged with ermine; the round collar was likewise of ermine; and every one wore a crown upon a cap of violet satin, and the collar of the order of the Holy Ghost over the mantle. The captain of the hundred Swiss of the king's guard was dressed in silver stuff, with an embroidered shoulder belt of the same; a black mantle lined with cloth of silver, and, as well as his trunk hose, trimmed with lace, and a black cap surmounted with a plume of feathers. The grand master, and the master of the ceremonies, were dressed in silver stuff doublets, black velvet breeches, intersected by bands, and cloaks of black velvet, trimmed with silver lace, with caps of black velvet surmounted with white feathers.

During the performance of the ceremony, and after the king was anointed, several prayers were said by the archbishop, the substance of which was as follows:—"May he humble the proud; may he be a lesson for the rich; may he be charitable towards the poor; and may he be a peacemaker among nations." A little farther on, these words occur among the prayers: "May he never abandon his rights over the kingdoms of the Saxons, Mericians, people of the north, and the Cimbri."

An anonymous French author says, that by the word Cimbri, is meant the kingdom of England, over which the French kings expressly reserved their *indisputable* rights, from the time of Louis VIII. upon which it was conferred by the free election of the people who had driven out John Sans Terre.

\* This is rather too much even for French gasconade; indisputable rights over England indeed! When and how granted, we would ask? was it when our Edward III. carried the victorious arms of England to the very heart of France, and brought away her king a prisoner? or was it when our fifth Harry reduced France to an English province, and left his infant son to be crowned in the capital? The fact is, that until the reign

## CORONATION OF BONAPARTE.

NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE, who from obscurity raised himself to the throne of an empire which his victories had created, was crowned in the church of Notre Dame along with his consort Josephine, on the 3rd of December, 1804, by Pope Pius VII. The preparations of the church were of the most splendid description; in the interior, near the third pillar at the entrance of the nave, stood the imperial throne supported by eight pillars, decorated with trophies, bas-reliefs, and the arms of France; the emperor's seat was in an elevated alcove in the centre of the throne, under a canopy of crimson velvet, ornamented with gold fringe, and besprinkled with bees. The chair for the empress was on the right of the emperor, and less elevated. In the nave on the right-hand, were seats for the senators, tribunes, generals, prefects, &c.

The imperial band, composed of five hundred musicians, was placed at the extremity of the transept of the church in two orchestras. On Sunday, December 3, at six in the morning, the military were assembled, and at nine the pope proceeded to the cathedral arrayed in his pontifical robes, where he was received by the Archbishop of Paris, who, after having presented the cross, the ampulla, the censer, and the aspergatoire, conducted him to the foot of the altar. After a prayer the pope ascended the throne and received the homage of the bishops.

At ten o'clock their imperial Majesties left the palace of the Tuilleries, under a salute of artillery, for Parvis Notre Dame, where they put on the imperial robes in the palace. They then proceeded on foot in great state to the great door of the church.

A discharge of artillery announced the arrival of their Majesties at the door of Notre Dame, where Cardinal Cambaceres presented the holy water to the empress, and the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris presented it to the emperor.

Their majesties, preceded by the clergy, were conducted, each under a canopy borne by canons of the chapter, to the places prepared for them in the choir, where they were sprinkled with incense by two canons, and the clergy retired to their respective places.

Of Queen Mary we held a part of France, Calais, and until the time of Bonaparte our Monarchs were tamely permitted to style themselves Kings of "Great Britain, France, and Ireland." It was, however, a condition of the peace of Amiens that we should relinquish the title of King of France.—Ed.



The pope then descended from the throne, and, advancing towards the altar, chanted the *Veni Creator*, the emperor and empress kneeling. Upon their rising, the high chancellor approached to receive the hand of justice, and the high treasurer to receive the sceptre. The grand equerry took the crown, the high chamberlain unloosed the collar, and gave it, with the ring, to the officers appointed to carry it; he then, assisted by the first gentleman usher, took off the emperor's robe and sword, both of which he delivered to the high constable.

The lady of honour, and the lady of the wardrobe, took off the robe of the empress, and gave it to the grand officer appointed to bear it.

The imperial ornaments were then placed upon the altar.

The *Veni Creator* being concluded, the sovereign pontiff, with his mitre on his head, sat down upon a *faldistoro*, and asked the emperor for his profession of faith, which he signified by touching, with both hands, the book of the gospels, presented to him by the grand almoner. His holiness then recited the prayer, *Omnipotens sempiterna Deus creator omnium, &c.*

The litanies were then recited by the archbishops and bishops, kneeling; during which their majesties remained sitting on the small throne in the sanctuary, at the foot of the altar, until the three verses, *Ut hunc famulum tuum, &c.* when they knelt. The prayers being concluded, the sovereign pontiff, sitting on the *faldistoro* before the altar, received the emperor and empress, who were conducted towards him by the cardinal grand almoner, the cardinal archbishop of Paris, the senior cardinal of France, the archbishop of Cambray, the senior archbishop, and the bishop of Ghent, the senior French bishop. Their majesties knelt upon cushions of velvet, spangled with bees. His holiness anointed the emperor, and afterwards the empress, with a triple unction, one on the head, and one on each hand, reciting, together with the bishops, having their mitres on their heads, the following prayers—*Deus Dei Filius, &c.* and *Deus pater aeterna gloria, &c.* Their majesties having returned to their seats, the grand almoner of the emperor, and the grand almoner of the empress, wiped off the unction. His holiness then began the pontifical mass, consecrated to the virgin during advent.

The mass, including the *Introitus*, was chanted: the music composed by Paësiello, master of his majesty's chapel, was executed under the direction of Lesueur,

master of the chapel, by the five hundred musicians of the imperial band.

After the *graduale*, his holiness consecrated the imperial regalia, repeating for each a prayer in the following order:—

For the sword, *Exaudi quesumus, &c.*  
the robes, *Omnipotens Deus qui pallio, &c.*  
the rings, *Deus totius creaturæ, &c.*  
the crowns, *Omnipotens sempiternus, Deus qui terrenos reges, &c.*  
the globe, *Omnipotens et misericors Deus, &c.*

After the consecration their majesties, attended by the cardinals, the archbishops, the bishops, and the great officers of the crown, and of their respective households, returned to the altar, where the pope delivered to them the imperial regalia in order, repeating the following exhortations:—Upon delivering:

The rings, *Accipite hos annulos, &c.*  
The sword, *Accipe gladium, &c.*  
The globe, *Accipe globum, &c.*  
The hand of justice, *Accipe virgam virtutis, &c.*

The emperor's mantle was fastened on by the grand chamberlain and the grand gentleman usher; the robe of the empress, by the lady of honour, and the lady of the wardrobe.

The emperor having returned the hand of justice to the high chancellor, and the sceptre to the high treasurer, ascended the steps, and taking the crown from the altar, placed it on his head.

He then took that of the empress, and advancing towards her, placed it on her head, her Majesty receiving it kneeling. During this ceremony, the pope recited the coronation prayer, *Coronet vos Deus, &c.*

The emperor bearing the sceptre and the hand of justice, which he had resumed, and the empress, attended by their whole retinue, and their trains *bonne* as before, then quitted the altar and ascended the grand throne.

Their Majesties being seated, the officers who bore the regalia, and those who accompanied them, ranged themselves behind their Majesties; and the aides-de-camp and the pages drew up in a line upon the steps of the throne. The grand chamberlain and the grand gentleman usher sat on the velvet cushions at the foot of the allover.

The princes and dignitaries occupied chairs on the left of the throne. The princesses, seated upon gilt chairs, covered with blue velvet, and spangled with bees, sat on the right. The lady of honour, the lady of the wardrobe, and the ladies bearing the offerings, were placed behind the princesses.

The grand master of the ceremonies, surrounded by the masters of the ceremonies, the assistants, and the two heralds at arms sat upon stools on the right, at the foot of the steps leading to the throne.

The whole being arranged in order, his holiness, preceded by the master of the ceremonies of the church, and surrounded by the cardinals, prelates, and princes of his suite, crossed the grand nave, ascended the imperial throne, and addressed the following exhortation to his Majesty:—*In hoc imperii solio, &c.* The exhortation ended; the pope kissed the emperor's cheek, and pronounced with a loud voice, the *Vivat Imperator in æternum*, which was repeated by the music in the two orchestras, and accompanied with shouts of *Vive l'Empereur!*

The pope, with his attendants, having returned into the sanctuary, his holiness took his seat upon his throne, and the *Te Deum* was chanted, accompanied by the imperial bands. After the gospel, the grand almoner, accompanied by the bishop of Versailles, and the archbishop of Cambrai, and preceded by the grand master of the ceremonies and his assistants, approached the throne, and presented to their majesties the book of the gospels to kiss, after which it was replaced upon the altar.

At the offertory, their majesties descended from the throne amidst martial music, and entered the sanctuary, with their suites.

Their majesties wearing their crowns, advanced to the foot of the altar; and, after kneeling, returned to the throne where they were anointed.

Their majesties then successively received the offerings as follows:—

A wax taper, ornamented with thirty pieces of gold, from Madame D'Arberg.

A wax taper, ornamented with thirty pieces of silver, from Madame la Maréchale Ney.

The *pain d'argent*, from Madame de Luécy.

The *pain d'or*, from Madame Duchâtel.

The cup, from Madame Remusat.

Having presented them to his holiness, their majesties returned in the same order, and took their seats upon the grand throne. The mass continued during this ceremony.

At the elevation, the grand elector removed the emperor's crown; the lady of honour and Marshal Murat removed that of the empress; and their majesties knelt down. After the elevation of the host, their majesties rose, and the grand elector,

the lady of honour, and Marshal Murat, replaced the crowns upon their heads.

At the *Agnus Dei*, the grand almoner, accompanied by the chief almoner to the empress, received the kiss of peace from his holiness, and carried it to their majesties. The mass being concluded, his holiness retired into the sacristy, and laid aside his pontifical ornaments.

After mass, the grand almoner, assisted by the chief almoner of their majesties, presented the book of the Gospels to the emperor, and took his station on the left of the throne.

The grand elector conducted the president of the senate, the senior president of the council of state, and the president of the legislative body, to the throne. The president of the senate, after having laid before his majesty the form of the oath, took his station, with the other presidents, on the upper steps of the throne to the left.

The ministers, the grand officers of the empire, the councillors, and the secretary of state, appointed to commit to writing the *proces verbal* of the taking of the oath, occupied the lower steps on the right and left of the throne.

The grand officers of the crown, and the ladies in waiting, stood behind their majesties.

The emperor laid his hand upon the Gospels, and pronounced the following oath; in the presence of all the congregation:—

"I swear to maintain the integrity of the territory of the republic; to respect and cause to be respected the Concordat and freedom of religion; to respect and cause to be respected the equality of the laws—political and civil liberty—the irrevocability of the sales of national property; never to levy any impost, nor establish any tax but by virtue of the laws; to maintain the institution of the legion of honour; and to govern with no other view than the interest, the happiness, and the glory of the French people."

After the oath, the chief of the heralds at arms said, in a loud voice:—

"The most glorious and most august EMPEROR NAPOLEON, EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, is crowned and enthroned. LONG LIVE THE EMPEROR!"

*Vive l'Empereur!* was repeated by all the congregation. The bands of the two orchestras executed *Vivat in æternum*, in full chorus, and a discharge of artillery announced the crowning and enthroning of their majesties.

During this time the secretary of state noted down the *proces verbal* of the oath.

The clergy then came in procession to the foot of the throne, and the emperor received the sceptre and the hand of justice from the high chancellor and the high treasurer.

Their majesties immediately descended from the throne, and returned to the archbishop's palace, in the same order as they entered.

### THE CORONATION AT RHEIMS.

PERHAPS we cannot better conclude our account of French Coronations than with the following spirited Poem from the last Number of the *New Monthly Magazine*:

KING CROWNING City of Rheims, rejoice!

Your banners be waved from each steeple;  
Let your bells be rung, and the cannon's voice  
Unite with the shouting people,  
And the trumpet, the drum, and the cymbal  
make

Your time-worn walls to their basement shake!

Kings in the Cross and the Gospels right,

Sultans upholding the Crescent;  
Let a Moor, and a Turk, and a Christian knight,  
From each as a pledge be present;  
For when monarchs are crown'd, ye should all  
combine,  
And every creed own his right divine.

Bishops and priests in your mitred array,

By the cardinal legate recruited,  
(Finger-posts pointing to Heaven the way,  
While your feet in the earth are rooted.)  
Rebuke other idols, pour oil on your own,  
And teach us to worship the god of the throne.

Nobles and chiefs whom your monarchs have  
made

Their puppets to brighten the pageant,  
Boastfully blazon your pomp and parade,  
And ennoble the act by the agent;  
For your pride to your fellows will better accord  
With the meanness that kneels to its sovereign  
lord.

Frenchmen, who rivet the crown upon one,

That millions may grovel dependent;  
Strangers, from far habitations who run  
To gaze at a bubble resplendent,  
What is the glory that dazzles your eyes,  
And what is the deed that ye solemnise?

Charles! thou art crown'd as a sovereign dread,

O'er the realm of France appointed;  
Thy brother was such—yet they cut off his head,  
The head of the Lord's Anointed!  
Learn from his fate that "legitimate" might  
Is vain when it wars with a nation's right.

Ye rulers! Dey, sultan, king, emperor, pope,

United in holy alliance,  
Who see in this act an additional hope  
That the world may be held at defiance,  
Remember, 'twas this single people of Gaul,  
When roused by oppression that humbled ye all.

Bishops and priests who have lavish'd your oil,  
And given the Bourbon your blessing;  
Such were your prayers, and your oaths, and  
your toil,

When his Corsican rival caressing:—  
The God ye dishonour your mockery loathes,  
When ye consecrate kings with such prostitute  
oaths.

Frenchmen who smote from one monarch his  
head,

To install him a canonized martyr,  
And took back the brother to reign in his stead,  
Who broke both his oath and the charter;  
This is a Bourbon, a brother:—beware!  
And uncrown him at once if his oath he for-  
swear.

Ye chosen of chivalry, noble and great,  
Who grace this august coronation;

Ye beauties whose splendour confers on the fête  
Its brightest and best decoration;  
Ye numberless crowds who are hailing your king,  
Ye troops whose reply makes the firmament ring,  
Like quick-falling stars shall your glories die,  
When time is a little older;

The head ye have crown'd in the sod shall lie,  
And your own beside it moulder,  
And all that is left of this proud array,  
Shall be dust and ashes, and bones and clay!

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Janet; Clavis; Mr. Chisholm; The History of Music; The Days and Memoir of Master Minasi, the infant flute-player, in our next.*

We are always anxious to render the *MIRROR* instructive; but we think the subject of *Arithmetic* has been so amply discussed, that we need not insert the letter of *Mr. Adams*, though very excellent.

The following are intended for insertion:—*A. B. C.; Walwyn; G. G.—; G. W.; Owyne; P. T. W.; Charles; Justus; Gamma; C. L.*  
We thank *J. I.* and *J. G.* most cordially, and shall feel much obliged by contributions of original or foreign music.

Received—*G. M. B.; H.; O.; Joe Miller; E. B.; J. D.—; Y. R.; Andrew; W. D.; H. S.; Florentine; J. C.—; R. W.; Petrus*, and numerous other correspondents.

*F. N. C.* feels warm; but the fact is, his papers, as a series, would, we suspect, do us little credit, though some portions of the whole of them are very good.

We should like to see the drawing offered by *T. M. B.*, and the letter offered by *Crito Galen*.  
The second wish of *Elizabeth B.* shall be attended to.

The article sent by *Mr. Adams* shall have a place when the engraving is finished; the same remark will apply to *E. H.—*.

The view offered by *S. J. B.* will be acceptable.

The following are inadmissible:—*H. C. Cook; G. N.; The Second Part of the Man in the Moon*, on account of its coming so long after the first.

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# The Mirror

OF

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## Peter the Great's House, at Saardam.



BORN with a strong mind, and a genius superior to his age, Peter the Great felt the necessity of travelling through Europe, to acquire that knowledge which was necessary to lay the foundation of an empire. But it was not as a sovereign travelling, accompanied by a splendid retinue, that he hoped to attain a thorough insight of the arts of life, and the manners of other countries. He put off the emperor, and assumed the garb of a poor labourer seeking work. Imbued with the grand truth, that the trident of Neptune is the sceptre of the world, he sought work as a labourer in the English and Dutch dock-yards: he did not stay long at Chatham, but fixed at Saardam, in North Holland; it was here that he inhabited a poor hut, consisting of two small rooms, differing in nothing from those inhabited by his fellow-labourers. It was here, in a poor truckle bed, that the absolute monarch of an empire, equal in extent to all Europe, reposed his weary limbs, and matured the observations of the day. Unknown to all, Peter Michaeloff performed the coarsest

work, and went through all the drudgery to which the learners of every trade are condemned. He performed his task cheerfully, received on the Saturday night his small pittance of wages with apparent joy and thankfulness, and devoted the usual portion of it to such amusements on the Sunday as his companions were in the habit of enjoying. His wages sufficed for all his necessities; if he ever indulged in any excess, it was an extra glass or two of gin, of which he was extremely fond. He was very passionate, and forgot the emperor so far as to fight with his fellow-workmen whenever they offended him. This gave no signs of the modern Fabius, whose coolness triumphed over the impetuosity of his audacious rival Charles.

The cottage was going to decay, when the Princess of Orange, sister of the Emperor Alexander, had another house built over it, to preserve it from the outrages of time; so that at a distance the traveller fancies the object of his visit is lost, but it is only preserved for the curiosity of after ages.

ON GHOSTS, SECOND SIGHT,  
AND SUPERSTITIONS.

(For the Mirror.)

"THERE are no people, rude or learned," says Johnson, "among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion could become universal only by its truth." The opinions of so great a man as the author of *Rasselas*, must always be received with deference; but it is to be remembered, that Johnson was of a very superstitious turn of mind, and that things of this nature were almost universally related and believed at the time when he wrote. In adverting to this subject, I cannot help observing that the manner in which these phantoms have vanished before the light of knowledge affords a striking illustration of the invaluable blessings which descend even to the lowest of the people from the diffusion of the sound principles of philosophy. For some years I was undecided, as to the existence or non-existence of supernatural appearances, but after attentively considering and reading several books on the subject, I may be classed with the "unbelievers," and am disposed to agree with Wordsworth;

"I look for ghosts, but none will force  
Their way to me; 'tis falsely said  
That there was ever intercourse  
Between the living and the dead."

In lately reading Jarvis' "Ghost Stories," I was led to remark, that almost all the "accredited" fables therein related, occurred between 1640 and 1700; in which time (especially during the interregnum,) there existed an implicit belief in ghosts and spirits, as appears from many writers. As the world is getting more enlightened, and knowledge is becoming more generally diffused among the lower classes, so is the belief in spirits evaporating. I should like to ask Mr. Jarvis, and the other believers of Ghost stories, why do we never hear or see any Ghosts at the present time? and why nothing has been heard of them for the last forty or fifty years, of a superhuman nature? This I think will startle him a little. There is one thing which I do not know how to account for; that is, whether there be any such thing as the "*Second Sight*?" There are so many instances of this on record, and some of them really authenticated ones, too, that I "know not what to make on't." I have met with a gentleman, indeed, who possessed this power; whose rank and fortune were highly respectable. He has constantly foretold the death of his relations or intimate friends, at the very time when the catastrophe occurred. "One night," said his lady, "my husband

awoke me, and said, "that his sister had just expired; I knew that she was a long way from us at the time, but he had so often before foretold the death of his relations, and always with success, that I felt assured it was the case. An express arrived next morning which confirmed it." He said he felt a most extraordinary and singular sensation while receiving these intimations. He used to converse frequently about it, before large parties at his own house and elsewhere. The following anecdote is singular, if it be true.—A gentleman, connected with the family of Dr. Ferrier, an officer in the army, and certainly addicted to no superstition, was quartered early in life, in the middle of the last century, near the castle of a gentleman in the north of Scotland, he was supposed to possess the *Second Sight*. Strange rumours were afloat respecting the old gentleman. He was one night confined to his bed by indisposition, and the officer, mentioned above, was reading to him in a stormy night, while the fishing-boat belonging to the castle was at sea. The old chieftain repeatedly expressed much anxiety respecting his people, and at last exclaimed, "My boat is lost!" The colonel replied, "How do you know it, sir?" He was answered, "I see two of the boatmen bringing in the third drowned, all dripping wet, and laying him down close beside your chair." The chair was shifted with precipitation. In the course of the night the fishermen returned with the corpse of one of the boatmen.\*

Mr. Jarvis says in his introduction, (p. 9.) "They say that since the death of our Saviour miracles have ceased. As a layman I have nothing to do with the theological part of this argument; but it appears to me to be perfectly unfounded. But what is a miracle?—a miracle consists of a violation of the ordinary laws of nature; but how do we know that the spiritual intercourse of the dead and living is to be classed among the violations of those laws? And what is a miracle, we repeat, if not only the spiritual, but the *bodily* intercourse betwixt spirits and mortals is not one? I must honestly confess that I am not at all of Mr. J.'s opinion. The appearance of Samuel's ghost is, I think, accounted a miracle by every body, and there are in his own book, numerous instances of human beings feeling ghosts, (for instance, see p. 155). I now shall proceed to give a sketch of the popular superstitions of the northern nations. I commence with Sweden. The people of Sweden, whether high or low, are all particularly given to tales of ghosts and spi-

\* Jarvis' Ghost Stories, p. 104.

rits; with the latter, indeed, they are not only a passion as an entertainment, but a serious matter of belief. The position (as indeed in other countries,) will entertain the traveller on his journey with the tales of his popular superstition. These are, perhaps, more numerous with the Swede than with the peasant of any other country; each element having its peculiar spirit, and each spirit having some legend of love or terror attached to his existence. The Swedish word *Troll* is very undefined; it is generally understood to comprehend the whole tribe of spirits in their various forms and attributes; more properly speaking, however, it means the little wood and mountain spirits that milk the cows and tame the horses; but if any thing of iron is cast over them, their power to work mischief ceases. The cattle may also be secured from them by hiding garlic or assafœtida about their heads. They are also known more particularly under the names of *Skogara* and *Sjorå*. Among the spirits that have the most to do with the human race, the *Kobolds* play a conspicuous part. They dwell in the lofty trees that grow about the habitations of men; great care is therefore taken not to cut any of these down; those who have neglected this caution have been punished for it, by some incurable disease. They are also called *Nisse-god-drang*, i. e. *Nisse*'s good-lad because they help the family in all its difficulties. The Swedes believe that each individual has a guardian spirit or *Nisse*. When any one has a sickness, it is supposed to proceed from the displeasure of this spirit; it is essential therefore to mollify the *Nisse*, when a curious ceremony is performed, which my limits will not permit me to describe. The Swedes have the usual tales of dwarfs, giants, &c., nor is there any want of elves or fairies, the lightest and prettiest creations of the popular northern superstitions. *Elf*, (in the plural *Elfwor*,) signifies a river sprite, in its original and limited acceptation; and hence every great river is called *Elf*—for instance, *Gota Elf*.—I think it probable that the German river *Elbe* has to trace its name from the same word. The mythology of these little beings is nearly the same among the Swedes, as it was with ourselves about a century ago; and where the Swedish peasant sees a circle marked out on the morning grass, he attributes it to the midnight dances of the fairies. With these, as with us,

O'er the dewy green,  
By the glow-worm's light  
Dance the elves of night,  
Unheard, unseen,  
2 C 2

Yet where their midnight pranks have been  
The circled turf will betray to-morrow.

Sometimes, however, the night wanderer is unlucky enough to enter into their charmed circle, and then they instantly become visible to him, and play him a thousand tricks; but this is more in waywardness than malice, for they are not really mischievous. The only point in which they are not so poetical as the English fairy, is the place of their dwelling, which, instead of being a cowlip bell, is the hollow of a little round stone, called an *E/f Mill*. The spirit called *Stromkari* resides in the rivers; according to the old belief, he sits in his blue depths playing constantly on the harp; any children who may by chance have heard him, have always afterwards the gift of harmony. He will play, too, by lakes and streams, to the dancing of the elves, who, on this account, generally choose the river Meads for the place of their night revelling; "a superstition," says a contemporary, "infinitely more beautiful than the sweetest of Greece or Rome." The *Skogara* is a bad spirit, whose cry is heard at night in the woods, when you must pronounce *HE!* which prevents you from receiving any injury. The *NECK* is no less evil but belongs to the water. If any thing metallic is thrown into the stream, it will prevent him from hurting you while bathing. You must not call such mischievous beings, or any of the magic animals, by their own names, but by some allusion to any of their peculiarities: as the weasel must not be called weasel, but *adnino*; the fox you must call *blue-foot*; the wolf, *grey-foot*, or *gold-foot*; the bear *old man*, or *grandfather*, &c.; with these precautions you may shoot them without any danger to yourself.

The cat, the toad, (in whom are often enchanted princesses,) and amongst birds, the owl, the cuckoo, and the pie, are all possessed of supernatural power, and you must take care how you speak to them, or you run the risk of being choked. Children born on a Sunday have the power of seeing spirits: even the horse is a prophetic animal. A *Tomtegabbe* is a spirit that generally appears of grey colour, and in the shape of a deformed dwarf; they are sometimes friendly, sometimes inimical to the human race; they protect the house from all dangers, and often do the work of the servants. Wherever any of these spirits are visible something extraordinary is expected to happen.

The reader will perceive a great similarity in the romances of the north, as the Scotch *browmes* resemble the last

mentioned spirits. I could give a considerable number of tales of Swedish superstition, but they are too like those English ones most commonly known, to be worth repeating here.

VVVYAN.

#### WHAT IS TIME ?

BY THE REV. JOSHUA MARSDEN.

I ASKED an aged man—a man of cares,  
Wrinkled and bent, and white with hoary hairs;  
“Time is the warp of life,” he said—“oh, tell  
The young, the gay, the fair, to weave it well!”  
I asked the ancient venerable dead,  
Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled;  
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flowed,  
“Time sowed the seed we reap in this abode!”  
I asked a dying sinner, ere the tide  
Of life had left his veins,—“Time!” he replied,  
“I’ve lost it!—ah! the treasure!” and he died.  
I asked the golden sun, and silver spheres  
Those bright chronometers of days and years;  
They answered—“Time is but a meteor glare,”  
And bade us for eternity prepare.  
I asked the Seasons, in their annual round  
Which beautify or desolate the ground;  
And they replied (no oracle more wise)  
“Tis folly’s blank, and wisdom’s highest prize!”  
I asked a spirit lost; but, oh, the shriek  
That pierced my soul! I shudder while I speak:  
It cried, “a particle—a speck—a mite  
Of endless years, duration infinite!”  
Of things inanimate, my dial I  
Consulted,—it made me this reply,—  
“Time is the season fair of living well,  
The path of glory, or the path of hell.”  
I asked my Bible, and methinks it said,  
“Time is the present hour, the past is fled:  
Live! live to day, to-morrow never yet  
On any human being rose or set.”  
I asked old father Time himself at last,  
But in a moment he flew swiftly past;  
His chariot was a cloud, the reinsless wind  
His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind.  
I asked the mighty angel, who shall stand  
One foot on sea, and one on solid land;  
“By heavens, I swear the mystery’s o’er;  
Time was,” he cried, “but Time shall be no  
more.”

#### A HISTORY OF CELEBRATED COLOSSAL STATUES,

BY JAMES ELMES, ESQ. M. R. I. A.

(For the Mirror.)

THE practice of executing statues of colossal dimensions and proportions is of very high antiquity. The people of the East, from the most ancient times, have been celebrated for colossal sculpture. The pagodas of China and of India, and the excavated caverns of the east, abound with colossal of every denomination. The Asiatics, the Egyptians, and in particular the Greeks, have excelled in these works. The celebrated *Colossus of Rhodes* was

reckoned one of the seven wonders of the world. This statue, which Muratori reckons among the fables of antiquity, was raised by the Rhodians, in honour of Apollo, who, according to Solinus, seemed to delight in Rhodes more than in any other part of the earth, because there is never a day ever so dark or clouded, but the sun appears to the inhabitants of that island. Besides, they say that in Rhodes he begot his favourite daughter Rhodia; that he sent down upon it showers of gold, and caused, on his birth-day, roses to open and spread.

There are many contradictory accounts in ancient authors concerning this colossal statue of Apollo; but the following, gathered from several sources, is not devoid of interest, though mixed up with much fable:—When Demetrius, king of Macedon, the son of Antigonus, laid siege to the city of Rhodes, because they would not renounce their alliance with Ptolemy Soter, the Rhodians were so succoured by their allies, and particularly by Ptolemy, that the besiegers were compelled to abandon their enterprise.—The Rhodians, in recognition of their regard for these services of their allies, and of the protection of their tutelary deity Apollo, resolved to erect a brazen statue of the sun of a prodigious grandeur. Chares, the disciple of Lysippus, was intrusted with the project. The Rhodians demanded what sum he required to complete the statue of a given size. Upon delivering his answer, they required him to name his price for one of double the size, for which he demanded double the amount of his former estimate. He had scarcely half finished the work, when he found that he had expended all the money that he had received for the whole, which overwhelmed him so completely with grief and despair, that he hanged himself. Laches, his fellow countryman, finished the work in the space of three Olympiads (twelve years), and placed the enormous statue on its pedestal. Pliny does not mention the latter artist, but gives all the honour to Chares.

Scarcely sixty years had elapsed before this monster of art was thrown from its place by an earthquake, which broke it off at the knees, where it remained till the conquest of Rhodes by the Saracens, in A. D. 684, when it was beaten to pieces, and sold to a Jew merchant, who loaded above nine hundred camels with its spoils.

Strabo, Pliny, and other ancient authors, who lived at the time that the colossus of Rhodes is said to have been in existence, and who could have learned from cotemporaries the truth or falshood



of accounts that were given of it, give as authentic, its height at seventy cubits, or a hundred English feet. Other authors, who flourished since its destruction, report its height at eighty cubits. Pliny also relates other particulars, as that few persons could embrace its thumb; and that its fingers were as long as ordinary statues, which, calculated by the proportion of a well made man, would make its height nearer to eighty than seventy cubits. Perhaps the latter dimensions may relate to its real altitude to the crown of its head, and the greater to its altitude if erect. Nor am I aware that any other writer has given this reason for the apparent difference.

The statue was placed across the entrance of the harbour, its feet placed on two rocks, and the Rhodian vessels could pass under its legs. In the Anthology are two epigrams upon this colossus, one of which attributes the work to Chares, and the other to Laches. Strabo, Pliny, and Eustathius, the learned archbishop of Thessalonica, who, in A. D. 750, wrote comments upon Homer, and other ancient authors, in his Dissertation upon the Geographical Writings of Dionysius Periegetes, who flourished in the time of Augustus, agree in attributing this colossal work to Chares, the disciple of Lysippus. Some antiquaries have thought, with great justice, that the fine head of the sun, which is stamped upon the Rhodian medals, is a representation of that of the colossus.

Of other colossal statues, those which were executed by Phidias are among the most celebrated for beauty and elegance of workmanship. They were his Olympian Jupiter and his Minerva of the Parthenon. The virgin goddess was represented in a noble attitude, twenty-six cubits, or thirty-nine feet in height, erect, clothed in a tunic reaching to the feet. In her hand she brandished a spear, and at her feet lay her buckles, and a dragon of admirable execution, supposed to represent Eriothoneius. On the middle of her helmet a sphynx was carved, and on each of its sides a griffin. On the ægis were displayed a Medusa's head, and a figure of victory. This colossal work was not only grand and striking in itself, but contained on its various parts curious specimens of minute sculpture in bassi rilievo, which Phidias is said to have brought to perfection. Cicero, Pliny, Plutarch, Pausanias, and other illustrious authors of antiquity, in whose times this noble piece of workmanship was in existence, speak of it with unqualified rapture; while the architecture of the temple itself and its exquisite

sculptures prove the veracity of their assertions.

His Olympian Jupiter was executed after the ungrateful treatment that he received from the Athenians, when he abandoned the city of his birth, which he had rendered celebrated by his works, and took refuge in Elis. Animated rather than subdued by the ingratitude of his countrymen, Phidias laboured to surpass the greatest works with which he had adorned Athens. With this view he framed the statue of Jupiter Olympius for the Eleans, and completely succeeded even in excelling his own Minerva in the Parthenon. Lucian says, that in order to render this work as perfect in detail as it was noble in conception and outline, he exhibited it, while in progress, to the public view, and concealing himself near it, heard every criticism made by the spectators, and profited by every suggestion which he considered as useful. This colossal statue was sixty feet in height, and completely embodied the sublime picture, which Homer has given of the mythological monarch of the heavens.

Phidias, above all other artists, proved the truth of Sir Joshua Reynolds' opinion upon the works of the Greeks, who said, in a conversation related by the amiable secretary for foreign correspondence in the Royal Academy (Prince Hoare, Esq.), "I have settled my mind as to this point: when I look at the works of the Greeks, I do not see *Fancy*—I do not see *Genius*; I see *PHILOSOPHY*:" which, he might have added, embraces the essence of them both, and of all the finer qualities of art.

While descanting on the colossi of ancient times, we should not forget the magnificent, and perhaps extravagant, proposal of Dinocrates to Alexander the Great, of forming Mount Athos into a colossus of that conqueror; nor of a similar proposal of modern times, of sculpturing one of the Alps, near the pass of Simplon, into a resemblance of Buonaparte.

Among other celebrated colossi of ancient times, historians record as eminently beautiful, that which was executed by Lysippus at Tarentum. It was forty cubits, or sixty feet in height. The difficulty of carrying it away, more than moderation in the conqueror, alone prevented Fabius from removing it to Rome, with the statue of Hercules belonging to the same city.

Colossi were in use also in Italy before the time of the Romans despoiling their vanquished enemies of their works of art. The Jupiter of Leontium in Sicily was

seven cubits in height, and the Apollo of wood that was transported from Etruria, and placed in the library of Augustus at Rome, was fifty feet in stature. The same emperor also placed a fine bronze colossus of Apollo in the temple of that god, which he built near his own palace. The earliest colossus that is recorded to have been sculptured in Rome was the statue of Jupiter Capitolinus, that Spurius Carvilius placed in the capitol, after his victory over the Samnites; but they soon became far from scarce. Five are particularly noticed; namely, two of Apollo, two of Jupiter, and one of the sun.

There have been dug up among the ruins of ancient Rome a colossal statue of the city of Rome, which was reckoned among the tutelary divinities of the empire. The superb colossi on the Monte Cavallo, called by some antiquaries the Dioscuri, are magnificent specimens of Grecian art; so is the Farnese Hercules, and the gigantic Flora of the Belvedere. Rome possesses several other colossi of admirable workmanship, as the colossal statue of Alexander the Great in the Colonna palace; the rare colossus of Antoninus, in the Palazzi Vitelleschi; the celebrated statue of the Nile; the four statues that surround the splendid fountain and obelisk of the Piazza Navona, the admired work of Bernini. They are personifications of four of the principal rivers in the world; namely the Ganges, which was sculptured by Fran. Baratta; the Nile, by Antonio Fancelli; the Danube, by Claude Franc; and the Rio de la Plata, by Antonio Raggi: the statue of Jupiter, in the gardens of the Palazzo Doria at Genoa, and other colossal statues of less consequence.

The pride and ambition of the Roman emperors led them to encourage sculptural representations of their persons. Nero was the first who ventured on a colossus of himself, by Zenodorus; but after his death it was dedicated to Apollo, or the sun. Commodus afterwards took off the head, and replaced it with a portrait of himself. Domitian, actuated by a similar ambition, had a colossus of himself carved as the deity of the sun.

Among more modern works of this nature is the enormous colossus of San Carlo Borromeo at Arona, in the Milanese territory. It is of bronze, sixty feet in height, and has a staircase into its interior, for the purpose of occasional repairs and restorations.

The bronze colossus, copied from one of the Monte Cavallo statues, in Hyde Park, London; and a few, but little larger than life, of the size that may be termed heroic rather than colossal, such

as decorate some of our public buildings and commemorative columns, as those on St. Paul's cathedral, Lord Hill's column in Shrewsbury, the Britannia on the Nelson column at Yarmouth, the Duke of Bedford in Russell-square, Charles Fox in Bloomsbury-square, &c. are all that England can at present boast of in this noble style of art. The four colossal statues at Paris, which are in front of the façade of the palace of the Corps Legislatif, are in good taste, and show great boldness and freedom in the execution. They represent the four greatest legislatures of France—Sully, Colbert, L'Hopital, and D'Aguesseau: they are in their proper costume and seated.

Canova's Perseus is also much larger than life, and although a very fine work, belongs rather to the heroic than the colossal. See *Elmes's Dictionary of the Fine Arts*.

#### ON VIEWING THE DRAWING OF FRUITS AND FLOWERS, PAINTED BY MRS. POPE:

IN THE EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

(For the Mirror.)

WHAT fairy hand hath press'd each blooming flower

And tinged the vellum with a varied hue?  
What mighty genius thus exerts its power,  
And sheds the lucid drops of sparkling dew?

There lovely Flora, deck'd in rich array  
Expands her beauties, as in native dale,  
Pomona's charms their mellow'd tints display  
Peering beneath the silvery purple veil.

The pearled dew-drop on the blushing rose  
Hangs like the tear upon the daisy's cheek,  
Of some fair maid, whose bosom fraught with woes

Vents the soft sigh a kind relief to seek.

Emerging from the shade with playful strife  
The gay Rosetta rears her modest mien,  
So the coy beauty in the bud of life  
Courts the fond gaze yet blushes to be seen.

To thee! whose pencil rivals nature's hues  
Bids ev'ry blossom all its sweets display,  
May heav'n no earthly happiness refuse  
And bless thy virtues with eternal day.

CLAVIS.

#### THE DAYS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—Your readers have been presented by P. T. W. with a brief account of "the Months," *seriatim*; the following sketch of the days may perhaps be agreeable.

Our Saxon ancestors like most other warlike nations, were great idolaters, and although the objects of their worship might have been numerous, they had

seven deities more particularly adored than the rest, viz. the Sun, Moon, *Tuisco*, *Woden*, *Thor*, *Friga*, and *Seater*; to each of these the days of the week were respectively consecrated, and from them they derive their names.

1. Sunday (called by the Saxons *Sunandaeg*) was dedicated to the Sun—the glorious luminary of day being with them like the Persians, the chief object of veneration. His idol was erected in a consecrated temple, and represented the bust of a man set upon a pillar, his face darting bright rays, and holding with extended arms a wheel before his breast to denote the circuit of “the golden orb around our sphere.”

2. Monday (*Monandaeg*) was devoted to the Moon, her idol represented a female standing on a pedestal, habited in a short coat, and a hood, with two long ears, the dress was altogether very singular but history affords no satisfactory clue to such apparent incongruity.

3. Tuesday (*Tuesdaeg*) was consecrated to *Tuisco*, who as legend reports, was father of the Germans and Scythians, from whom the Saxons sprung: he was held in such estimation by his countrymen, that according to the Pagan custom he was deified after his decease. His idol represented a venerable old man with a long white beard, standing on a pedestal, the skin of a wild boar thrown across his shoulders, and a sceptre in his right hand.

4. Wednesday (*Woden'sdaeg*) was consecrated to *Woden* or *Odin*, supreme deity of the northern nations, who considered him father of all the gods, and also the god of war, answering to Mars with the Romans, his numerous exploits hold a conspicuous place in their mythology, and his votaries are promised a seat in his *valhal* or palace, where they are to enjoy eternal pleasure and refresh themselves by drinking mead from the skulls of their earthly victims.\* The idol of *Woden* represents a warrior in a bold and martial attitude, clad in bright armour, holding in his right hand a broad crooked sword, and a shield in his left.

5. Thursday (*Thor'sdaeg*) was consecrated to *Thor*, who was the eldest son of *Woden*, and answers to the Roman Jupiter—among the Saxons and Danes it was believed he was supreme governor of the air, that he presided over lightning and thunder, and directed the winds: and they supplicated him for refreshing showers and fruitful seasons. His idol

was represented seated on a stately throne, his head decked with a golden crown, adorned with twelve glittering stars, and a regal sceptre in his right hand.

6. Friday (*Friga'sdaeg*) was consecrated to *Friga* or *Frea*, the wife of *Woden*, and mother of all the gods. Like Venus with the Romans, she was the goddess of love and pleasure, and bestowed a variety of unspeakable delights on her votaries. She is represented by an idol of a female figure with a naked sword in her right hand, and a bow in her left—to signify that in time of danger women as well as men must prepare for battle.

7. Saturday (*Seater'sdaeg*) was by the Saxons consecrated to *Seater*, who is supposed to answer to the Roman *Saturnus*. His idol represented him standing on a pedestal, upon the prickly back of a perch, his head bare, and his visage lean. He is dressed in a long coat, girded about the waist and shoulders with a linen sash. In his right hand he held a pail of water, in which were fruits and flowers. The sharp fins of the fish represented that the Saxons by worshipping *Seater* should pass safely through every difficulty—the wheel was an emblem of their unity—the girdle of their freedom, and the pail of water betokened that he would nourish the ground with seasonable showers to produce the fruits of the earth. Such together with some others of less note, as *Ermensevel*, *Helmsteed*, *Prono*, *Fidegast*, &c. were the deities to whom our forefathers not only paid divine honours, but even sacrificed human creatures.

Idolatry was however happily in a great measure destroyed in England by Ethelbert, king of Kent, the first Christian Anglo-Saxon monarch.

About the year 850, Gregory, (afterwards Pope) happened to go through the slave-market at Rome, and admiring the beauty of some children for sale; he inquired of what country they were, and being told *Angli*, (Englishmen) he answered, *Non Angli, sed Angeli, forent, si essent Christiani* (they would not be English but angels, were they but Christians). Upon his again asking of what province, they told him *Deira* (Northumberland) to which he answered *De ira Dei sunt deliberandi* (they are to be delivered from the wrath of God) from that moment he ardently promoted the conversion of England to the Christian faith, and sent over several Missionaries from Rome, under Saint Augustine, who landed upon the Isle of Thanet, and being favourably received by Ethelbert, quickly propagated the gospel, and in about fifty years, the whole seven king-

\* For a further account of this custom, vide *Mirror*, No. V. page 73.

doms in the Saxon Heptarchy had embraced the Christian faith.

I am, Sir, yours,  
JACOBUS.

Corbeny, and brought the shrine of St. Marcoul to Rheims.

## Select Biography.

No. XXVI.

### TOUCHING FOR THE EVIL— FRENCH CORONATION.

LAST week we devoted an entire Number of the MIRROR (the Supplement, No. 144), to an account of the coronation of Charles X. of France, containing a more complete account of that ceremony, historical and descriptive, than has appeared. It would be seen that some parts of the ancient forms had been departed from: one superstitious custom, however, was retained—we allude to the king going to the Monastery of St. Marcoul a day or two after the coronation, and touching the sick at the hospital of St. Agnes, which is appropriated to persons afflicted with scrofula. This pretended prerogative of touching for the king's evil is a custom which can be traced to the reign of Robert II. son of Hugh Capet, in 991. The English historians ascribe this prerogative to their kings exclusively, and pretend that Edward the Confessor, who ascended the throne in 1043, received it from heaven on account of his many virtues and sanctified life, with liberty to transmit it to his successors. The malady itself, *les ecrouelles*, has acquired the name of king's evil from the belief for time immemorial that kings alone can cure it. It was a singular sight to see James II., while a fugitive in France, devoting himself to the sole occupation of touching those afflicted with this disease in our hospitals. St. Thomas, in his work on the Government of Princes, says, that one of the effects of the coronation is the gift of healing the king's evil. Indeed, this learned doctor spends much time in speaking of the wonders which he himself witnessed, wrought by the hands of St. Louis, with whom he was on very familiar terms. Formerly the French kings used to heal the afflicted with this disease at Corbeny, an abbey six leagues distant from Rheims. At the coronation of Louis XVI. the patients, who were very numerous, were conducted to the garden of the Abbey of St. Remi. St. Louis established a brotherhood at Corbeny, in which the kings are enrolled, and the French kings have granted great privileges to that monastery. Louis XI. exempted it from subsidy of every kind in 1478, and made a present of a large sum of money, and a very rich shrine in which to deposit the remains of St. Marcoul. The place has become a well-known pilgrimage. It was Louis XIV. that dispensed with going to

### MASTER ANTONIO MINASI.

THERE is no art or science, the knowledge of which appears so intuitive as that of music, which really develops itself in babes and sucklings. Haydn, Mozart, and our own Crotch and Davy, with a host of others might be adduced in proof of this, were the fact not already too well known to require any evidence in its support. Nor is the subject of the present memoir the least remarkable instance of extraordinary musical talent—That a child not more than ten years of age should be able to delight as well as astonish the musical world by his performances on a concert flute, is in itself sufficiently remarkable; but that many of the pieces should be of his own composition, and excellent as compositions, is still more surprising, yet such is really the case with Master Minasi, who has already been honoured with the approbation and patronage of the duke of York, and many of the nobility.

Master Antonio Minasi, son of Mr. Minasi the artist, was born in London, and is now only ten years old; so early as the age of three years and a half, young Minasi manifested an astonishing talent for music, and a particular inclination for the flute, so much so that the celebrated Mr. Drouet expressed a great desire to see him, and was so much surprised at hearing him perform an air that he warmly solicited the boy's father to place him under his tuition, remarking, that "he would make him a great man." In consequence of Mr. Drouet's sudden departure from this country, his father has most unremittingly cultivated the talent of his son, and with such decided success, that when only four years old, on being solicited, he played before several of the nobility's parties, and was likewise a great favourite with the late Benjamin West, the great historical painter. At the age of five years he visited Liverpool, where he became a great favourite in the highest societies: he was much noticed by Mr. Roscoe, at whose house he performed. In Liverpool, Rophino Lacy now leader of the Ballets at the Opera House, expressed his great surprise that Master Minasi did not perform at the Music Hall, and solicited him to play at his concert, on which occasion Mr. Lacy composed and dedicated

to him some beautiful variations on the popular air of *Sul Margine*, with a full band.

It having become known in the first circles, that Master Minasi was about to return to London, he was requested to give a concert, which he accordingly did, being then six years old. On this occasion he had three different leaders and the assistance of Mr. Molineux, &c. At the age of seven years, having letters of introduction to the first families in Manchester, he went there and gave a concert at the Exchange Rooms. The year following he gave another concert under the patronage of the civil and military authorities of the places; at this he played *God Save the King*, with *Drouet's Variations*. At nine years of age he was introduced to his royal highness the duke of York before whom he played, and under whose patronage he performed on the 30th of June, 1824, at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, at Miss M. Tree's benefit, on which occasion he gained great applause. He also gave another proof of his great ability at the Argyle Rooms, for the benefit of the Athenæum. He has played before many of the most distinguished individuals in the country, all of whom speak of him in terms of the highest praise. Master Minasi is now in town, where we hope the public will have many opportunities of appreciating his extraordinary talents.

## The Selector;

OR,  
CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM  
NEW WORKS.

### PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.

From "*The Introduction to London*,"  
one of a series of interesting Tales in  
a work just published, entitled "*Alice  
Allan*," "*The Country Town*," &c.  
By Alexander Wilson.

As soon as M<sup>r</sup> Neil had settled himself in lodgings in Adam-street, Adelphi, he followed the established practice of his literary brethren, and entered himself on the books of Gray's Inn. Many men, as I have before hinted, take this step who never purpose going to the bar: they say it gives them a respectable locality: it identifies them in some measure with a learned profession, and serves the double purpose of aiding them to pass as gentlemen, with the lovers of artificial distinction, and giving the appearance of application for the eyes of the soberer few, who look beyond the mere superficies of things, and calculate on what a man may be

from the sterling powers and qualities of his youth. The latter class of society in the metropolis is indeed a small one: the great mass is principally composed of the *shadowy* and the *substantial*; the former placing all their affections upon the adventitious circumstances of life, and putting in stronger language than that of words, to every candidate for their notice this awkward question—"Who and what are you?" and the latter as provokingly confining their inquiry to—"What are you worth?" Now unless the adventurer can skillfully evade, or satisfactorily answer those questions, he has little chance of making his way in either of the great divisions of the London world. The young Irish who make the law their nominal profession, are generally compelled to postpone their answer to the latter question, but they are not so reluctant to meet the former; in truth, the pride of ancestry is deeply felt amongst them, and they survey the roll of their pedigree with as much pleasure as a more pains-taking Englishman would survey the handsome rent-roll bequeathed to him by his father, the *first* of his family. Even amongst the lower orders of the Irish, this regard for the honours of an ancient name is particularly striking. I have often seen it whimsically illustrated by persons filling the meanest stations in life; and by none more so than old Katty Mahony, my grandfather's cook for five-and-forty years, in the county of Limerick. Kate hardly knew one letter of the alphabet from another; but her memory was strong, the family chapter of descent had been carefully preserved by her kindred, and she had got it all in her head. Many a time have I listened to the old woman as she marshalled her ancestors, and recounted their honourable fates, pausing as she came to one who stood out from the rest, and ennobled the name of Mahony. With her, there was no greater degradation in the world than not being able to shew that one's family settled in Ireland many a year before the protectorship of Oliver Cromwell. From this old dame I caught all the taste I have for heraldry; and she it was who first told me of the deeds (some of which might as well have been forgotten) of my own forefathers: she always did more for the family of Mahony than for that of her "master's son," till at length I began to doubt the authenticity of her records, and to examine the matter for myself. However, Kate was substantially right; her ancestors grew better the farther they went back; and mine, on the other hand, dwindled away in the distance, and the chain was broken in 1654.

This attention to ancestry is strikingly neglected in England, even amongst very respectable families; you inquire in vain of ninety-nine men out of a hundred for three or four branches of their genealogical tree; many of them can trace no further back than their great grandfathers, and, to speak the truth, are quite indifferent about the matter. In large mercantile places, where the casualties of commerce are continually raising individuals from comparative indigence to wealth, there will always be a large class who have no motive for looking backwards beyond the day of their own good fortune. I once knew a very worthy man, who had read much, and thought a good deal more, and who was of an ancient and honourable family, yet so little did he care about his ancestors, that when I spoke to him on the subject, he could only reckon up his forefathers for about a century past; and this seemed to me the more remarkable, as in the parish church near his residence, and to which he regularly repaired on the Sabbath day, there were numerous monuments and tablets, the inscriptions on which, with a little help, enabled me to make out a pedigree of several hundred years' duration; the doing which, I believe, gave me much greater pleasure than my friend experienced at finding he was of so old and honourable a stock; indeed, the only reward I received for my trouble was to hear him rejoice that there was a growing disrespect amongst us for mere names and honours, and to anticipate that the great efforts making to moralize and instruct the age, would lead to the breaking down of artificial notions of dignity, and procure the recognition of virtue and talent as the highest titles. Such must be the effect in a striking degree of the advance of knowledge; and it is a curious and profitable thing to look into our own history, and see how gradually the blind reverence for names has given way before the light of education. It was only so far back as Henry the First (as Camden tells us), that "it seemed a disgrace for a gentleman to have but one single name, as the meaner sort and bastards had; for the daughter and heir of Fitz-Hamon, a great lord (as Robert of Gloucester in the library of the industrious Antiquary Maister John Stowe writeth), when King Henry the First would have married her to his base sonne Robert, she first refusing answered—

'It were to me a great shame,  
To have a Lord withouten his twa name;'

whereupon the king his father gave him the name of Fitzroy, who after was Earle

of Gloucester, and the only worthy of his age in England."

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### HINTS FOR A JOINT-STOCK HORSE-MANUFACTORY COMPANY.

Soon shall thy arm, unconquer'd steam! afar  
Drag the slow barge, and urge the rapid car.

*Darwin's Zoonomia.*

AN ingenious friend of mine, lately dead, who was an universal speculator, and almost as ambitious a genius as the Lapputan philosophers, celebrated by Gulliver, has left behind him a digest of wonderful discoveries, phenomena, and projects—some the result of other people's brains, and some of his own—in order to establish, beyond dispute, his favourite theory of the Perfectibility of Man. Many of the papers necessary for this purpose have fallen into our hands; and we think the courteous reader will not be disobliged to us, for occasionally laying before him fragments of a demonstration so flattering to human self-love.

One of his most sanguine speculations is derived from the indefinite applicability of steam: he proposes that it should no longer be confined, as now, to the impulse of machinery, or the propulsion of steam-vessels; but that every species of wheel-carriage should, for the future, be set in motion by means of it. What brilliant, or resounding catastrophes does this sublime preordium in the great melo-drama of social improvement promise! What gas-illuminated vistas! What more than magic change of metropolitan and provincial scenery! The medium of conveyance being changed from cattle to coals, and from "good ones" to prime Wallsends, the revolution will, of course, extend itself to the proprietors of the stage and mail-coaches,—and the coach-offices will shift all their interesting localities of pickpockets, beggars, porters, Jew-boys, news-boys, and barkers, with the agreeable appendages of stale oranges and stale newspapers, penknives guileless of edge, and black-lead pencils without a grain of black-lead in their veins—*not to mention* the mob of eye-thrusting umbrellas, and the crowd of toe-crushing portmanteaus!

Only conceive the instantaneous effect of one stroke of the harlequin-wand of speculation! Instead of "the Comet," "the Dart," or "Fly," starting from the White Horse-cellar or the Black Bear, the Bolt-in-Tun or the Swan-with-two-Necks, they will, from the specified mo-

ment of the new era, commence their various journeys from the leading coal-wharfs,—the Irongate, or Old Barge-house, the Adelphi, or Scotland-yard! Time will be preserved quite as punctiliously as now, although it may not be requisite for coachee's whip to come in contact with the ear of the off-leader, precisely as the minute-hand of the neighbouring dial indicates the stroke of six.

The change on the road will be equally amusing and advantageous.—Instead of the annoyance of waiting a quarter of an hour, at every post-town, for *fresh horses*, it will be only necessary to lose a minute or two in calling for a *fresh scuttle of coals!* A steep ascent, which often compels a gouty old gentleman, or asthmatic old lady, to walk against their will, or puts the proprietor to the expense of an *additional pair of horses*, might then be met by an *additional pair of bellows!* The smoke proceeding from the top of the vehicle by day, may by night be converted into gas, so as to direct and enlighten, at the same time that it impels. Some little prejudice may, it is true, be entertained by anti-perfectible people against the heat of the fire, more especially during the dog-days. But this disadvantage (if, indeed, it ought to be called one, which, without the aid and expense of medicine, may reduce troublesome obesity to an alert and convenient leanness) would, at all events, be counterbalanced by the advantages which outside passengers (particularly during the winter months) would derive from it: and valetudinarians might save so much expense in night-caps, travelling-caps, belchers, under-coats, and upper-coats, as considerably to diminish their average yearly expenses of travelling. The coachman, indeed, could no longer, with propriety or economy, wear "lily toppers," and "white upper toggery;" but the change will not be amiss from a dress which is glaringly painful to the eyesight, especially when the snow is on the ground, to that "customary suit of solemn black" which adorns the members of another profession, equally conversant with the various advantages of coke and smoke,—*videlicet*, the chimney-sweepers. The change, indeed, would not only be consistent with that sober gravity becoming men of "true science," as coachmen uniformly are, but contribute greatly to the picturesque effect produced by the locomotion of public vehicles on the main road. Novelty being allowed to be a constituent element of the picturesque, nothing more novel can well be conceived than the image of a Jehu adroitly fingering the valve-cords of his machine, instead of "the ribands;" and

brandishing a huge poker, instead of his present long whip. The guard, also, will exhibit a similar improvement characteristic to the eye of genuine taste, by substituting a brace of water-buckets for his pistol-holders, and using a wet mop instead of a blunderbuss.

As to the probability of an occasional *blow-up*, this can scarce be a matter of reasonable objection on the part of the travellers, who unscrupulously trust their limbs and lives in the hands of the racing and opposition coachmen, and are accustomed to the regular *blow-up* between the rival parties, at various incidental points of the road. Besides, any Joint-Stock Life-Insurance Company, already started, or to be started, would, doubtless, for a reasonable addition of premium, assure the lives of the steam-coach passengers; and the scale of remuneration might be managed in somewhat the following manner:—

|                                                           |    |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|----|
| Loss of an arm, by explosion .....                        | £2 |
| Loss of a leg ditto .....                                 | 4  |
| Ditto, attended by a flight <i>à la volta-geuse</i> ..... | 5  |
| Ditto, spread-eagle over a quickset hedge .....           | 6  |
| Blowing off the head (to be paid to the executors) .....  | 8  |

In fine, the great discovery of steam might yet be infinitely extended in its application; but further speculation, on its application to *aërostation*, is reserved for a future disquisition on that particular head. In the mean while, we consider the proof to be made out, that the expensive employment of horses in stage-coaches is no longer necessary.

Talking of horses, why, indeed, should we confine the advantages of the application of steam to carriages? Why should we not have new *clavienos*,\* with pegs for guiding them, and valves for abating or diminishing their mettle, at pleasure? This period, which may be named the "Copper Age," will certainly arrive. Sundry clerks, in Rotten-row, will no longer, from financial necessity, but choice, sport nags of neither *bone* nor *blood*; and the braziers may, at one and the same time, supply our dandies with their spurs and their "copper fillies." A farrier may turn his hand to *making*

\* In a provincial paper, some two, or three, or perhaps more years ago, there was an account of a gentleman crossing from Holyhead, in a steam packet, to join a friend at a hunt in the "Emerald Isle;" and when, in the course of conversation, this vapoury excursion was mentioned, the Irishman exclaimed, in true country phrase, "By St. Patrick, we will soon go *a-hunting* on our tea-kettles!"—Ed.



horses, instead of *shoeing* them: and a blacksmith's shop may supersede the mews and the horse-mart. Instead of a "horse eating *his head off*," as now, the horse, without any imputation on his good qualities, may be as *deficient in head* as his rider in the ring: and the riders, who are now too liable to be *smoked* themselves, may then be in a capacity to *smoke* every body else. Such horses, besides being entirely free from vice, will be as pre-eminent in *metal* as in *fire*. The divine horses, celebrated by Homer and the romance-writers, could not with more strict propriety be said to have a "breath of *flame*." They will, besides, eat nothing, drink nothing, and want very little grooming: docking and flogging will become obsolete; and *breaking*, which is now so important a ceremony, will, in the new case, be, as much as possible, to be deprecated. A great saving in saddlery will ensue, as a matter of course: and no Cockney, in future, will be reduced to the disagreeable dilemma of deciding, when on the point of being unhorsed by his Pegasus, between the advantages of grasping the tail, the mane, or the reins.

Other advantages, resulting from this speculation, are too numerous to be recapitulated. Millions of acres, now sown with oats, may then be devoted to the growth of wheat and barley: so that the abundance of the first may induce the cheap bakers to desist from making their bread of *ground Devonshire stone*, alum, potatoes, &c. &c.; and the mere cheapness of malt tempt the "genuine malt-and-hop brewers" to make their beer of it, instead of their present favourite materials,—quassia, henbane, indicus, coculus, foxglove, and deadly nightshade.—The "Ill-treatment of Animals Bill" may be rendered a dead letter by the invention of steam jack-asses, which may be thumped and bruised *ad libitum*. The nose will no longer be poisoned, nor the ear stunned, with the respective cries and exhalations of "Dogs' meat!" and "Cats' meat!"—Office-clerks may occasionally dine upon sausages in ——— lane, without fearing a nightmare-vision of the unfortunate animal they have embowelled.—No patrician need over-exert himself, for the future, in learning at college the single art and science of coachmanship: the nobler animals, on the race-courses and in the mail-coaches, may be spared the costly exploits of "running against time;" and apothecaries and dancing-masters, who now keep a carriage with one horse, may then be enabled to keep one with no horse at all!

*Monthly Magazine.*

## THE JEWS IN PALESTINE.

THE condition of the Jews in Palestine is more insecure and exposed to insult and exaction than in Egypt and Syria, from the frequent lawless and oppressive conduct of the governors and chiefs. These distant Pacha-lies are less under the control of the Porte; and in Egypt, the subjects of Mahmoud enjoy a more equitable and quiet government than in any other part of the empire. There is little national feeling or enthusiasm among them: though there are some exceptions, where these exist in an intense degree. In the city they appear fearful and humbled, for the contempt in which they are held by the Turks is excessive, and they often go poorly clad to avoid exciting suspicion. Yet it is an interesting sight to meet with a Jew wandering with a staff in his hand, and a venerable beard sweeping his bosom, in the rich and silent plain of Jericho, on the sides of his native mountains, or on the banks of the ancient river Kishon, where the arm of the mighty was withered in the battle of the Lord. Did a spark of the love of this country warm his heart, his feeling must be exquisite; but his spirit is suited to his condition.

*New Monthly Magazine.*

## THE VALLEY OF JEHOSEPHAT.

THE most pleasing feature in the scenery around the city of Jerusalem, is the valley of Jehoshaphat. Passing out of the gate of St. Stephen, you descend the hill to the torrent of the Kedron; a bridge leads over its dry and deep bed; it must have been a very narrow, though in winter a rapid stream. On the left is a grotto, handsomely fitted up, and called the tomb of the Virgin Mary, though it is well known she neither died nor was buried near Jerusalem. Being surprised, however, on the hills by a long and heavy shower of rain, we were glad to take shelter beneath the doorway of this grotto. A few steps beyond the Kedron, you come to the garden of Gethsemane, of all gardens the most interesting and hallowed; but how neglected and decayed! It is surrounded by a kind of low hedge, but the soil is bare, no verdure grows on it, save six fine venerable olive-trees, which have stood here for many centuries. This spot is at the foot of Olivet, and is beautifully situated: you look up and down the romantic valley; close behind rises the mountain; before you are the walls of the devoted city. While lingering here, at evening, and solitary (for

it is not often a footstep passes by), that night of sorrow and dismay rushes on the imagination, when the Redeemer was betrayed, and forsaken by all even by the loved disciple. Hence the path winds up the Mount of Olives: it is a beautiful hill; the words of the Psalmist, "the mountains around Jerusalem," must not be literally applied, as none are within view save those of Arabia. It is verdant, and covered in some parts with olive-trees. From the summit you enjoy an admirable view of the city; it is beneath, and very near, and looks, with its valleys around it, exactly like a panorama. Its noble temple of Omar, and large area planted with palms; its narrow streets, ruinous places, and towers, are all laid out before you, as you have seen Naples and Corfu in Leicester-square. On the summit are the remains of a church, built by the Empress Helena; and in a small edifice, containing one large and lofty apartment, is shewn the print of the last footstep of Christ, when he took his leave of earth. The Fathers should have placed it nearer to Bethany, in order to accord with the account given us in scripture; but it answers the purpose of drawing crowds of pilgrims to the spot. Descending Olivet to the narrow valley of Jehoshaphat, you soon come to the pillar of Absalom: it has a very antique appearance, and is a pleasing object in the valley: it is of a yellow stone, adorned with half columns, formed into three stages, and terminated in a cupola.

*Ibid.*

### THE TOMB OF ZACHARIAS.

THE Tomb of Zacharias is square, with four or five pillars, and is cut out of the rock. Near these is a sort of grotto, hewn out of an elevated part of the rock, with four pillars in front, which is said to have been the apostles' prison at the time they were confined by the rulers. The small and wretched village of Siloa is built on the rugged sides of the hill above; and just here the valleys of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat meet, at the south-east corner of Mount Zion: they are both sprinkled with olive-trees. Over the ravine of Hinnom, and directly opposite the city, is the Mount of Judgment, or of Evil Counsel; because there, they say, the rulers took counsel against Christ, and the palace of Caiaphas stood. It is a broad and barren hill, without any of the picturesque beauty of Olivet, though loftier. On its side is pointed out the Aeldama, or field where Judas hung himself: a small and rude edifice stands on it, and it is used as a burying-

place. But the most interesting portion of this hill, is where its rocks descend precipitously into the valley of Hinnom, and are mingled with many a straggling olive-tree. All these rocks are hewn into sepulchres of various forms and sizes; no doubt they were the tombs of the ancient Jews, and are in general cut with considerable care and skill. They are often the resting-place of the benighted passenger. Some of them open into inner apartments, and are provided with small windows or apertures cut in the rock. There is none of the darkness or sadness of the tomb; but in many, so elevated and picturesque is the situation, that a traveller may pass hours here with a book in his hand, while valley and hill are beneath and around him. Before the door of one large sepulchre stood a tree on the brink of the rock; the sun was going down on Olivet on the right, and the resting-place of the dead commanded a sweeter scene than any of the abodes of the living. Many of the tombs have flights of steps leading up to them; it was in one of these that a celebrated traveller would fix the site of the holy sepulchre; it is certainly more picturesque, but why more just, is hard to conceive; since the words of scripture do not allow the identity of the sacred tomb to any particular spot, and tradition on so memorable an occasion could hardly err. The Fathers declare, it long since became necessary to cover the native rock with marble, in order to prevent the pilgrims from destroying it, in their zeal to carry off pieces to their homes; and on this point their relation may, one would suppose, be believed.

*Ibid.*

## The Sketch Book.

No. XXII.

THE following spirited portraits of several individuals distinguished by their rank or talents, are extracted from an article in the *New Monthly Magazine*, entitled "The Catholic Deputation," and written, we suspect, by one of that body:

EARL FITZWILLIAM.

THIS venerable nobleman carries, with a grey head, a young and fresh heart. He may be called the old Adam of the political world; and England might well exclaim to her faithful servant, in the language of Orlando,

"Oh, good old man, how well in thee appears  
The constant service of the antique world!  
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,  
When none will sweat but for promotion."

It is impossible to look upon this amiable and dignified patrician of the olden stamp, without a feeling of affectionate admiration for his pure and distinguished patriotism and the warm love of his country, which lives (if I may so say) under the ashes of age, and requires but to be stirred to emit the flashes of its former fire. The natural apathy incidental to his time of life, appears habitually to prevail over him; but speak to him of the great interests of the empire—speak to him of that measure which at an earlier period he was delegated by his sovereign to complete—speak to him of Ireland, and through the dimness that loads his eye, a sudden illumination will break forth. For Ireland he entertains a kind of paternal tenderness. He reverted with a Nestorian pride to the period of his own government; and mentioned that he had preserved the addresses which he had received from the Roman Catholic body as among the best memorials of his political life. That he should live long enough to see the emancipation of the Irish people, seemed to be the wish nearest to his heart. It does one good—it is useful in a moral point of view, to approach such a person as Lord Fitzwilliam, and to feel that there is in public men such a thing as a pure and disinterested anxiety for the benefit of mankind, and that the vows of all politicians are not, whatever we may be disposed to think, “as false as dicers’ oaths.”

#### EARL GREY.

HE is somewhat silent and reserved. It is the fashion among Tories to account him contemptuous and haughty; but I cannot coincide with them. He has, indeed, a lofty bearing, but it is not at all artificial. It is the aristocracy of virtue as well as rank. There is something uncompromising, and perhaps stern as well as inflexible in his aspect. Tall, erect, and collected in himself, he carries the evidences of moral and intellectual ascendancy impressed upon him, and looks as if he knew himself to be, in the proudest sense which the poet has attached to the character, not only a great but an honest man. And why should he not look exactly what he is? Why should he not wrap himself in the consciousness of his political integrity, and seem to say, “*meæ virtutis involvo*,” while so many others, who were once the companions of his journey, and who turned aside into a more luxuriant road, in taking a retrospect, as the close of life is drawing near, of the mazy course which they have trod, behold it winding through a rich and champagne country, and occasionally deviating into low but not unproductive de-

clivities? This eminent man, in looking back from the point of moral elevation on which he stands, will trace his path in one direct and unbroken line—through a lofty region which has been barren of all but fame, and from which no allurements of ease, or of profusion, could ever induce him to depart. Lord Grey has a touch of sadness upon him, which would look dissatisfaction to a placeman’s eye; but there is nothing really morose or atrabilious in his expression. He has found that sorrow can unbar the palaces of the great, as well as unlatch the cottages of the lowly. His dear friend and near ally is gone—his party is almost broken. He has survived the death, and, let me add, the virtue of many illustrious men, and looks like the lonely column of the fabric which he sustained so nobly, and which has fallen at last around him. It is not wonderful that he should seem to stand in solitary loftiness, and that melancholy should have given a solemn tinge to his mind.

#### SIR FRANCIS BURDETT, BART.

IMMEDIATELY after our arrival, we were informed by the agent of the Roman Catholic Association in London, Mr. Æneas McDonnell (and who, in the discharge of the duties confided to him, has evinced great talents, judgment, and discretion), that Sir Francis Burdett was desirous to see us as soon as possible. We accordingly proceeded to his house in St. James’s Place, where we found the Member for Westminster living in all the blaze of aristocracy. I had often heard Sir Francis Burdett in popular assemblies, and had been greatly struck with his simple, easy, and unsophisticated eloquence:—I was extremely anxious to gain a nearer access to a person of so much celebrity, and to have an opportunity of observing the character and intellectual habits of a man who had given so much of its movement to the public mind. He was sitting in his study when we were introduced by Mr. McDonnell. He received us without any of that *hauteur* which I have heard attributed to him, and for which his constitutional quiescence of manner is sometimes mistaken. There was a great deal of simple dignity which was entirely free from affectation in the address of Sir Francis Burdett. Having requested us to sit, which we did in a large circle (his first remark indeed was, that we were more numerous than he had expected), he came with an instantaneous directness to the point, and after a few words, of course, upon the honour conferred upon him by being entrusted with the Catholic question, entreated us with some strenuous-

ness to substitute Mr. Plunket in his place; he protested his readiness to take any part in the debate which should be assigned him; but stated, that there was no man so capable, and certainly none more anxious than the Attorney-general for the promotion of our cause. But for the plain and honest manner in which this exhortation was given, I should have suspected that he was merely performing a part,—but I have no doubt of the sincerity with which the recommendation was given.

He made no effort at strong expression. Every thing was said with great gentleness, perspicuity, and candour. I thought, however, that he strangely hesitated for common words. His language was as plain as his dress, which was extremely simple, and indicated the favourite pursuit of a man who is "mad at a fox-chase, wise at a debate." I watched his face while he spoke. His eyes are small and bright, but have no flash or splendour. They are illuminated by a serene and tranquil spirit: his forehead is high and finely arched, but narrow and contracted, and although his face is lengthy, its features are minute and delicately chiselled off. His mouth is extremely small, and carries much suavity about it. I should have guessed him at once to be a man of rank, but should not have suspected his spirit to be a transmigration of Caius Gracchus. I should never have guessed that he was the man whose breath had raised so many waves upon the public mind, and aroused a storm which made the vessel creak. I saw no shadow of the "tower of Julius" in his pure and ruddy colour, and should never have conjectured that he had inhaled the evaporations of its stagnant moat. At the same time I should observe, that if there were no evidences of a daring or adventurous spirit about this champion of the people, there are in his demeanour and bearing many indications of calm resolve and imperturbable determination. I was a good deal more occupied in watching this celebrated person, than in observing my companions.

HENRY BROUGHAM, ESQ. M.P.

NATURE has not, perhaps, been very favourable to this very eminent man in his merely physical configuration. His person is tall, but not compact or well put together. There is a looseness of limb about him, which takes away from that stability of attitude which indicates the fixedness of the mind. His chest is narrow—he wants that bulk which gives Plunket an Atlantean massiveness of form mentioned by Milton as the property of a

great statesman. The countenance of Mr. Brougham wants symmetry and refinement. His features are strong, but rather wide.—He has a Caledonian prominence of bone. His complexion indicates his intellectual habits—and is "sick-lid o'er by the pale cast of thought." It seems smoked by the midnight lamp. His eyes are deeply sunk, but full at once of intensity and meditation. His voice is good—it is clear, articulate, and has sufficient melody and depth. He has the power of raising it to a very high key, without harshness or discord, and when he becomes impassioned, he is neither hoarse nor shrill. Such is the outward man; and if he has defects, they are not so numerous or so glaring as those over which the greatest orator of antiquity obtained a victory. In his ideal picture of a public speaker, Homer represents the most accomplished artificer of words, as a person of few, if any, personal attractions. The characteristics of Brougham's oratory are vigour and passion. He alternates with great felicity. He possesses in a high degree the art of easy transition from impetuosity to demonstration. His blood does not become so over-heated, as to render it a matter of difficulty for him to return to the tone and language of familiar discourse—the prevalent tone and language of the House of Commons. A man who cannot rise beyond it, will never make a great figure, but whoever cannot habitually employ it, will be accounted a declaimer, and will fall out of parliamentary favour. Mr. Brougham's gesture is at once senatorial and forensic. He uses his arms like an orator, and his hands like a lawyer. He employs great sweep of action, and describes segments of circles in his impassioned movements; here he forgets his forensic habitudes: but when he is either sneering or sophisticating, he closes his hands together with a somewhat pragmatical air, or uniting the points of his fore fingers, and lifting them to a level with his chair, embodies in his attitude the minute spirit of Nisi Prius. If he did this and nothing else, he would hold no higher place than the eternal Mr. Wetherall in the house.—But what, taken apart, may appear an imperfection, brings out the nobler attributes of his mind, and by the contrast which it presents, raises his better faculties into relief. Of the variety, nay vastness of his acquirements it is unnecessary to say any thing:—he is a kind of ambulatory encyclopedia, and brings his learning to bear upon every topic on which he speaks. His diction is highly enriched, or, if I may so say, embellished with figures executed after the pure classical model; yet there are not

perhaps any isolated passages which are calculated to keep a permanent residence in the recollection of his hearers. He does not venture, like Plunket, into the loftiest regions of eloquence; he does not wing his flight among those towering elevations which are, perhaps, as barren as they are high; but he holds on with steady continuity in a very exalted course, and never goes out of sight. His bursts of honest vehemence, and indignant moral reprobation are very fine.

I should not omit the mention of a dinner given to the deputies by Mr. Brougham. He invited us to his house upon the Saturday after our arrival, and gave the Irish embassy a very splendid entertainment. Some of the first men in England were of the party. There were four Dukes at table. I had never witnessed an assemblage of so much rank, and surveyed with intense curiosity the distinguished host and his illustrious guests. It is unnecessary to observe, that Mr. Brougham went through the routine of convivial form with dignified facility and grace. It was to his mind that I directed my chief attention, with a view to compare him in his hours of relaxation, with the men of eminence with whom I had conversed in my own country. The first circumstance that struck me, was the entire absence of effort, and the indifference about display. I perceived that he stretched his faculties out, after the exhaustion of professional and parliamentary labour, in a careless listlessness; and, if I may so say, threw his mind upon a couch.

### The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

### BLANKETS.

BLANKETS took their name from one Thomas Blanquet, (or Blonquet) who established the first manufactory for this comfortable article at Bristol, about the year 1340.

### SPIRITS.

A PERSON remarking to the husband of a woman much addicted to dram-drinking, that she appeared low and much depressed, "quite the contrary, (he replied) I assure you she's always full of spirits."

A CAPITAL farmer in Lincolnshire had a favourite greyhound, which was generally his kitchen companion, but having a parlour party, he ordered his dog, by

way of keeping that room clean, to be *tidied up*. About an hour after, he inquired of the servant, if he had done as he directed, "Yes, Sir, I *has*, I dare say he is dead before now." "Why, fellow, you have not hanged him?" rejoined the master, "Yes, Sir, you bid me *tie him up*."

### DEUSE.

THIS is said to be a popular name for the Devil. Few, perhaps, who make use of the expression, "Deuse take you," particularly those of the softer sex, who, accompanying it with the gentle pat of a fan, cannot be supposed to mean any ill by it, are aware that it is synonymous with sending you to the Devil. *Dusius* was the ancient popular name for a kind of demon or devil among the Gauls, so that this saying, the meaning of which so few understand, has at least its antiquity to recommend it. It is mentioned in St. Austin, *De Civitate Dei*, as a libidinous demon, who was charged with doing a good deal of mischief of so subtle a nature, that as none saw it, it did not seem possible to be prevented. Later days have done this devil justice, candidly supposing it to have been much traduced by a set of delinquents, who used to father upon invisible and imaginary agents their own and others' crimes.

ANDREW.

### A CHARACTER.

ANTONIO is the most credulous man in the world; if, indeed, you relate to him a noble action, a tale of sorrow, the ill-treatment you may have met with, or the humanity of the age we live in, *he is as* likely as any one to doubt it; but there is no kind of flattery, when addressed to himself, too contemptible for his acceptance, no degree of it too gross for his belief.

Admire his understanding; (and never was a more confused one), tell him of his virtues, (and no person possesses fewer), extol his conduct, (and it has always been irregular and culpable), and you are certain of—his heart?—his purse?—his interest?—No; his ear.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO F. N. C. we say yes. We have received a host of communications which, with some remnant, shall be noticed in our next.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) and sold by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

# The Mirror

OF

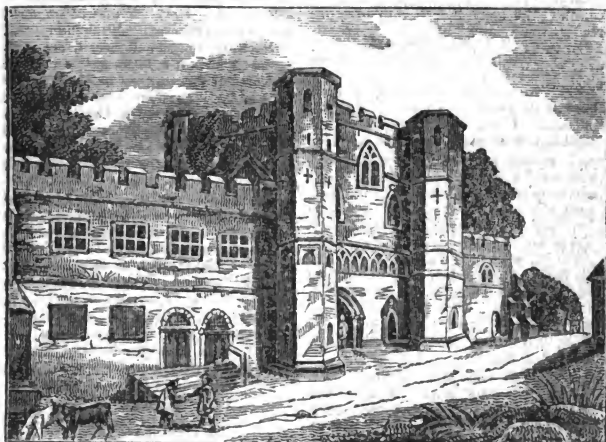
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CXLVI.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.]

## Battle Abbey, Sussex.



**BATTLE ABBEY**, situated in the town of the same name, which was originally a small village called Epiton, in the county of Sussex, was founded by William the Conqueror. A. D. 1067, in commemoration of the victory he gained over the English at that place, generally termed the battle of Hastings. It was built on that part of the field where the action had raged with the greatest fury; the highest altar of the fabric standing on the very spot where the body of the brave but unfortunate Harold was found; or according to some, where his standard was taken. It was dedicated to St. Martin, and filled with Benedictine monks from the Abbey of Mornontier, in Normandy. It was the intention of the Conqueror to have endowed it with lands sufficient for the maintenance of one hundred and forty monks, but was prevented by his death. He, however, granted it certain prerogatives and immunities, similar to those which were enjoyed by the monks of Christ Church, Canterbury: such as the exclusive right of inquest on

VOL. V.

2 D

all murders committed within their lands; treasure-trove, or the property of all treasures found on their estates; free-warren, an exception for themselves and tenants, from all episcopal and other ecclesiastical jurisdiction; also, that if a convict were passing to execution, it was in the Abbot's power instantly to release him, should they meet on the road. At the dissolution, the revenues of Battle Abbey were valued according to Dugdale, at £880. 14s. 7d. per annum: Speed says £987. 0s. 10d. at which time pensions were assigned to several of the monks.

The ruins of this abbey are very stately. As to the kitchen, it was so large as to contain five fire places, and was arched at the top; but the extent of the whole abbey is computed at no less than a mile about. The gate-house is now used as a hall, in which are held the sessions and other meetings. But we must not forget a fact related of Abbot Hamo, in 1381; a body of Frenchmen landing and attacking Rye and Winchelsea, Hamo raised whatever force he could

401

collect, repaired to Winchelsea, which fortifying as well as he was able, he checked the progress of the enemy, till the force of the country was sufficiently powerful effectually to repel them.

Much more (says the correspondent, to whom we are indebted for this article, and the original and beautiful drawing from which our engraving is made) might be said of this interesting and beautiful spot; but our limits will not allow us at present to proceed into a more prolix account. We hope hereafter to give our readers some account of the other magnificent ruins, and relics of ancient grandeur with which this island so plentifully abounds.

S. I. B.

### NORMAN FORTIFICATIONS, &c.

THE Norman fortifications differed from the Saxon, but were improvements upon them. The Norman castle may be distinguished from the Saxon in this manner: the Saxons, where the situation would allow, built but one fortification, round, and extensive: the Norman castle was divided into two parts, the *base court*, and the *keep*, both strongly fortified; the *base court*, (overlooking the surrounding country,) with high earthen banks, topped with a strong stone wall; and the *keep* a high hill of earth, at one end of the fortification, (overlooking the *base court*,) was surrounded by a ditch and strong wall. When we speak of a *keep* now, we are generally understood to mean a high and strong tower which being built upon the *keep*, (or hill,) went by the same name: that every castle had such a tower, and that it was considered the principle one in the building, is evident from the mention which old writers make of "the master tower," the "chief tower on the *keep*," &c. As this tower is also known by the title of the *Donjon*, it is by some writers supposed to have been used exclusively for the purpose of imprisonment, but by others, with more probability, that it only contained prisons or dungeons for malefactors and prisoners of war, amongst a variety of other apartments; and as in the remains of some Norman castles, places of this description have been observed in the *keep*, with neither doors, windows, nor communications of any kind with each other, it is presumed that prisoners were let into them from the top.

The form of the Norman castles was various; as was also that of the buildings on the *keep*; some of the towers being round, huge and massy, and some square, having turrets or bastions at each

corner. The *keep* was altogether a strong fortification, being the last resource of the besieged, when the outer-works, and *base court* were taken; but it was a hazardous place of refuge, as the enemy frequently obliged it to yield to that most terrible and effective of engines—fire!

The chief instruments for the assault of castles were:—The *mangonell*, *petraria*, *trebuchettum*, *tribunculis*, *tribiculi*, or *war-wolfe*. These instruments were all for casting darts, stones, and bolts.

The *bolt*: a species of wooden dart, with an iron head cast by the *mangonell*.

The *espringold*, and *bricols*, are mentioned by the old historians, but their uses are not known.

*Scorpius*: the instrument for mining.

*Callus*: a machine for the miners to work under, to preserve them from the darts of the enemy. They had also engines under which the slingers and cross-bowmen laid in wait.

*Turrets*, or *towers of wood*, whence the besiegers might overlook and amuse the besieged with stones, darts, &c.

The *Scaling Ladder*.

The besieged had several methods of defending themselves by planting their fosses with stakes; countermining; casting stones, darts, wild-fire, and pouring boiling lead, pitch, and water upon their assailants; and covering their walls with wool, tow, and boiled hides, &c. to break the force of the battering engines. The classical reader will, no doubt, be struck with the extreme similarity of these instruments, modes of attack, and methods of defence, with those of the ancient Romans.

### AN IDEAL

\* Although Camden, who mentions them, and has not set down their uses, says in one part of his work, "That with the *mangonells*, *tribunculis*, and *bricolas*, they used to cast forth millstones of two and three cwt."

### THE HISTORY OF MUSIC.

(Continued from page 341)

#### MUSIC OF THE GREEKS AND ROMANS.

THE Phœnician colony, led into Greece by Cadmus, introduced the various arts into that country. The first idea of music among the Greeks was by striking their instruments of war against each other during their dances at sacrifices. Such is the account given of the origin of that species of music in Greece, which is produced by instruments of percussion.

The invention of wind-instruments in Greece is ascribed to Minerva, as that of stringed-instruments, we have in a former article stated, was attributed to the



**Egyptian Mercury.** The lyre of the Egyptians had only three strings, that of the Greeks seven; the latter is said to have been principally cultivated by Apollo, who first played on it with method, and accompanied it by his voice. It was this union of vocal and instrumental music (a combination never before attempted) which gave Apollo the palm of superiority over the flute of Marsyas in their celebrated contest. The progress of the lyre, according to Diodorus Siculus, was as follows:—The Muses added to the Grecian lyre the string called *mese*; Linus that of *lichanos*; and Orpheus and Thamyris those strings which are called *hypate* and *parhypate*. *Mese*, in the Greek music, is the fourth sound of the second tetrachord, answering to our A, in the fifth line of the bass. If this sound, then, was added to the former three of the Egyptian lyre, it proves that the most ancient tetrachord was that from E in the bass to A, and that the three original strings in the Egyptian and Greek lyre were tuned E, F, G; the addition, therefore, of *mese* to these completed the first and most ancient tetrachord, E, F, G, A. The string *lichanos* again being added to these, and answering to our D on the third line in the bass, extended the compass downwards, and gave the ancient lyre a regular series of five sounds. The two strings *hypate* and *parhypate*, corresponding with our B and C in the bass, completed the heptachord, or seven sounds, b, c, d, e, f, g, a; a compass which received no addition until after the time of Pindar.

It is almost impossible to treat on the music of the Greeks without alluding to the poems of Homer, who is supposed to have sung his poems in the streets, as was the case at a later period with the German and Celtic bards, and the Scalds of Iceland and Scandinavia. The Iliad and Odyssey of Homer afford the most authentic picture of the times of which Homer wrote and in which he lived, that can be found in the annals of antiquity. Music is named throughout with rapture; but as in these poems no mention is made of instrumental music unaccompanied with poetry and singing, no doubt a considerable share of the poet's praise was intended for the poetry.

The instruments most frequently named by Homer are the lyre, the flute, and the syrinx; the trumpet does not appear to have been known at the siege of Troy, though it had come into use in or before the days of Homer. From the time of Homer and Hesiod to that of Sappho, we have no record to show the state of literature or the arts; and a similar blank

occurs during the century which elapsed between Sappho and Anacreon, and again between the latter and the time of Pindar. In the three centuries which succeeded, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, with Plato, Aristotle, Theocritus, &c. carried the arts of poetry, eloquence, music, sculpture, and the other fine and useful arts, to a pitch which, until then, they had never attained.

The invention of notation and musical characters, which is generally attributed to Terpander, a celebrated poet and musician, who flourished about 671 years before Christ, formed a new era in the progress of music. Previous to this valuable discovery, music was entirely traditional, and consequently depended much on the memory and taste of the performer.

The character of the Grecian music appears to have been noisy and vociferous in the extreme. The trumpet players at the Olympian games used to express an excess of joy when they found their utmost exertions had not done them some very serious injury. Lucian relates of a young flute-player, Harmonides, that on his first public appearance at these games, he began a solo with so violent a blast, in order to *surprise* and *elevate* the audience, that he breathed his last breath into his flute, and died on the spot. When to this anecdote, incredible as it may appear, we add the circumstance that the trumpet-players at the public exhibitions felt surprise and joy when they found their exertions had neither rent their cheeks nor broke a blood-vessel, we may form some idea of the style of the Grecian music.

The flute was long in Greece an instrument of high favour, and the flute-players were held in much estimation. The flute used by Ismenias, a celebrated Theban musician, cost at Corinth three talents, or 581*l.* 5*s.*; and the remuneration of the performers seems as extraordinary as the price of the instruments, for we find that Amæbæus, a harper, was paid an Attic talent, or 193*l.* 15*s.* per day for his performance.

The musicians of Greece, who performed in public, were of both sexes; and the beautiful Lamia, who was taken prisoner by Demetrius, and captivated her conqueror, as well as many other females, are mentioned by ancient authors in terms of admiration.

The Romans, like every other people, were, from their first origin as a nation, possessed of a species of music which might be distinguished as their own. It appears to have been rude and coarse, and probably was a variation of the music in use among the Etruscans, and other tribes

around them in Italy; but as soon as they began to open a communication with Greece, from that country, with their arts and philosophy they borrowed also their music and musical instruments; and therefore an account of Roman music would only be a repetition of what has been said on the subject of the music of Greece.

It has been generally supposed that music, and, indeed, all the fine arts, have the character of humanizing the human mind; and it is on record, that the wrath of princes has been appeased, and the dagger of the assassin arrested, by the power of music. It had, however, no such effect on Nero, the Roman emperor, who was passionately devoted to the art, and held public contentions for superiority with the most celebrated professors of it in Greece and Rome. The solicitude with which this detestable tyrant cultivated his vocal powers is curious, and seems to throw some light on the practices of singers in ancient times. He used to lie on his back with a thin plate of lead on his stomach; he took frequent emetics and cathartics, abstained from all kinds of fruit, and from such meats as were held to be prejudicial to singing. Apprehensive of injuring his voice, he, at length, desisted from haranguing the soldiery and the senate; and after his return from Greece, he established an officer to regulate his tones in speaking.

Before we proceed further in the history of music, it may be as well to relate some instances of the effects it is said to have produced among the ancients. We are told by our immortal poet, that

"Music has charms to soothe the savage breast,  
To soften rocks, and rend the knotted oak;"

and the Greeks relate, that Orpheus and Amphion drew the wild beasts after them, and made even trees and stones dance to the tune of their harps. This is, of course, figurative, or fabulous; but the history of the ancients, long after it had quitted the regions of fiction, abounds in instances which show that music, even in its infancy, has produced very extraordinary effects. Tyrtæus, the Spartan poet, by certain verses which he sung to the accompaniment of flutes, so enflamed the courage of his countrymen, that they achieved a great victory over the Messenians, to whom they had submitted in several previous conflicts. Timotheus, with his flute, could move the passions of Alexander as he pleased, inspiring him at one moment with the greatest fury, and soothing him the next into a state the most gentle and placid. Pythagoras instructed a woman, by the power of

music, to arrest the fury of a young man who came to set her house on fire; and his disciple, Empedocles, employed his lyre with such success, as to prevent another from murdering his father, when the sword was unsheathed for that purpose. The fierceness of Achilles was allayed by playing on the harp, on which account Homer gives him nothing else out of the spoils of Eëtion. Damon, with the same instrument, quieted wild and drinking youths; and Asclepiades, in a similar manner, brought back seditious multitudes to temper and reason.

Music is reported to have been also efficacious in removing several dangerous diseases. Picus Mirandolus observes, in explanation of its being appropriate to such an end, that music moves the spirits to act upon the soul and the body. Theophrastus, in his "Essay on Enthusiasm," reports many cures performed on this principle.

It is certain, that the Thebans used the pipe for the cure of many disorders, which Galen called *Super loco affecto tibia cavere*. So Zenocrates is said to have cured several madmen, and among others, Sarpander and Arion. In modern times the effects of music have not been less surprising; but these we shall notice hereafter.

(To be continued.)

## THE ORIGIN OF DR. FAUSTUS,

AND THE LEARNING OF THE  
EMPEROR JUSTIN.

(For the Mirror.)

WE are told that Faust (who had a share in the origin of printing), carrying a parcel of his bibles to Paris, and offering them for sale as MSS., the French, upon considering the number of books, and their exact conformity with one another, even to a point, and that the best book writers could not be near so exact, concluded there was witchcraft in the case; and, by either actually indicting him as a conjurer, or threatening to do so, extorted the secret of the art of printing; and thence the origin of the popular story of Dr. Faustus.—The Emperor Justin could not write, and when he had occasion to sign any thing, there was a smooth board, with holes cut through it, in form of the letters of his name; this was laid on the paper, and he marked the letters with a pen or stylus dipped in red ink, and directed through the holes.—See Philo Trans. No. 479, p. 393, and Rees's Cyclopædia, article Printing. P. T. W.

## THE LAST DAY OF MAY.

THE month of May, the month of May  
Is gone—is quickly gone and past:  
For, oh! it was too bright to stay;  
Such gay brilliance could not last.  
Thus one by one, from year to year,  
Our friends fade off and disappear.  
The bloom that blushed upon the trees,  
And by its fragrance charmed the sense,  
No more is seen; but on the breeze  
Is long since wafted far from hence.  
So Passion's chilling breath destroys  
The tender flowers of this world's joys.  
The modest May with grace retires—  
Now her delightful reign is done;  
Whilst with eyes, like two glowing fires,  
See! rosy Summer mounts the throne:  
And, with smiles of youthful pleasure,  
Spreads o'er earth her fruitful treasure.  
But yet, the month that's gone I love,  
Much more than that which now is here;  
As Joy's serenest looks can move  
My heart far more than the livelier.  
Adieu! adieu! thou pleasant May,  
Bright phoenix of the year's decay!

P. B.

## RETROSPECTION, OR OLD AND NEW TIMES.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—To associate our ideas with various subjects is a work easily performed, though, perhaps, yielding more amusement than any other employment so much under our own command. "One of the best secrets of enjoyment," says a profound writer, "consists in the art of cultivating pleasant associations." Indeed I have felt from my earliest years the most gratifying enjoyment derived from the association of ideas; it is a means by which many interesting objects are brought under the dominion of our immediate view. In this conception, then, I have endeavoured to associate ideas with the former state of England in some few instances.

Were it possible for the "misty vault" to emit from its mouldy spectres some of the "illustrious dead," who have long since paid nature's debt, they would not be a little struck by the entire subversion of all and every thing connected with the English character and country; not that I intend to offer the least hint in allusion to the existing speculative impulse, for in all ages there seems to have been men disposed to dupe each other; but I wish not to throw discredit either upon the milk or water company—the bread or lime company—nor even upon the beer or drug company. They, perhaps, like many other valuable companies ("too numerous to mention") may, in their zeal

for the public good, prove of service generally if it be only in the way of caution, should, at some future period, the like gullibility of disposition offer itself.

Religion and social order have, I am proud to say, raised their heads above the yoke of superstition, bigotry, and slavery—illuminated the mind and taught man the blessed value of discrimination—while literature and the arts have not been far behind in tending to the still further advancement of those invaluable treasures which have placed England in so eminent a station.

In these days of general improvement, every man, more or less, considers himself capable of forming his own conclusions; the *ipse dixit* of no man is received with that implicit confidence with which it formerly was. By the introduction of publications, accessible by the working community, most men now read and think for themselves. Popular superstitions and ancient dogmas therefore diminish.

Science, in all its multifarious compartments, has taken a most extended course; indeed so great has been the progress of the various sciences, that within the short period of twenty-five to thirty-one years, the improvement has been so great that, did we not know such existed, we should not believe it.

The numerous arts and sciences have created a great "social pyramid," and consecrated it to the general intellectual improvement of mankind, which stupendous pile gives fruitful encouragement and opportunities for the genius of more Franklins and more Wattses. Were it possible I could wish to see science take a still more extended range, feeling convinced of the soundness of the assertion of Mr. Brougham, ("the cultivation of science is the forerunner of liberality and enlightened toleration") contained in his eloquent speech at Glasgow. Though I do not admire digressions, I cannot refrain from offering a tribute of admiration to a speech the most replete with profound eloquence and beautiful criticism that has of late years been delivered at the University of Glasgow.

That morality, in connection with all other improvements, has also much advanced, little doubt I imagine can exist. There are some individuals certainly, who by a superficial view of the subject, contend that morality has decreased. But although there may be a greater number of offences against morality, it must be recollected that the scale ought to be balanced by the fact that the population of England has amazingly increased from the period that they may date their cal-

ulations. We should feel somewhat surprised to see a proclamation, or to know that cause for one existed, similar to that issued by King John, compelling all "priests' concubines to pay a heavy fine," or any thing bearing upon the 28th canon of a synod held at Oxford, by cardinal Langton, where clergymen are prohibited from keeping *concubines publicly* in their own houses, or approaching to the case of a deacon, condemned by the same cardinal, who, in order to marry a Jewish woman, actually changed his creed and qualified himself. These are crimes committed by the best disposed men, which would in the eighteenth century, almost paralyze the most licentious.

If we recur to common civility alone, we shall find none of that rough and uncouth conduct which formerly manifested itself, and as far as regards politeness and etiquette, perhaps the present age never was, or will be, equalled; indeed it has risen to almost too great a height. There is a certain degree of *honest freedom* that I should always wish to see displayed—it is more conducive to strengthen the tie of friendship than the present cool and frequently unmeaning etiquette—the precise, tedious, and somewhat drab-coloured formality of introduction of Miss Agnes Prudence Evenhand, Sir Charles Frederick Edwards—Sir Charles Frederick Edwards, Miss Agnes Prudence Evenhand; and so on through ten or fifteen names, (the whole of which must be repeated let them be ever so long), becomes not only irksome to the introduced party, but absolutely objectionable to all. The British court is certainly now in the zenith of refinement, unlike that in the time of King James, when ladies, say, even the "Queen herself could scarcely pass the apartments of the King without receiving affronts."

In pursuing my retrospective course, having touched upon the more important heads as far as respects our immediate improvement, I shall make a few remarks relative to the former regulation of that life which was then considered the most fashionable and polished. The ladies rose at six in the morning to breakfast, and that meal consisted of *salt fish and beer*; dined at twelve, and retired to rest at nine. How opposite are the laws which govern (for each governs the other both as regards their style of living and general conduct) the present nobility. Instead of rising at six, or at least before the glorious and cheerful sun has commenced his diurnal course, they more frequently consider it as the proper time to return to rest. Why that which was so

conducive to health, and consequently happiness, should have been thus entirely subverted, remains a mystery. It can be accounted for in no other way than that it must have originated in the love for novelty, which is the parent of fashion; but let it not be understood that I frown at a certain degree of love for fashion manifesting itself in every individual: it is ambition that moves the world—without it we should be but a passive race indeed.

While speaking of fashion it recalls to my recollection the contrast hence; and, perhaps, the alteration may be worthy of remark and imitation. To commence then with the most prominent part of our frame—the head—in the female we see a shining cluster of curls, carelessly flowing over the forehead, instead of a pyramid or column, somewhat after the style of Pompey's pillar, formed of *horse-hair* and other stuffing materials to increase its height—a fashion not only unclean, but exceedingly disagreeable and inconvenient, besides detractive from all share of grace and elegance. The ladies now appear in an easy and natural form unencumbered either with hoops or hoods, which were only calculated to suit the deformed and hide that symmetry for which the English ladies stood so pre-eminently high in estimation. Perhaps a greater contrast never existed than a young lady of 1700 and 1800; but happily (for I love to see a lady well robed) improvements have been made since the latter period, and ladies now are (*in dress*) all that I could wish them to be.

Having occupied your attention some little time concerning the ladies, I must not pass unnoticed the gentlemen, some of whom have of late, even in 1825, rendered themselves objects *worthy of remark*, to whom I would only say that when dress is the principal study of any man, abject indeed must be the creature of a weaver.

Gentlemen can now move with ease and freedom. The long powdered wigs are superseded by the clean and comfortable practice of short cut hair. From an advertisement, in 1703, describing a youth in middle life, it appears that the quality and colour of gentlemen's apparel have varied much, for in it is stated, after enumerating other particulars, that he had on "a brown coat, black buttons and button holes, light drugged waistcoat, red shag breeches striped with black stripes, and black stockings." This certainly must have been a singular dress though not more so than one worn during the reign of Queen Mary; for by a proclamation issued in her reign relative

to square-toed shoes, which were then worn prodigiously broad, it was decreed that "no man should wear his shoes above *six inches* square at the toes."

Before I close this article, which, perhaps, touches upon more subjects than there are pieces in my grand mother's patch-worked quilt, which by the bye was left her as a relic by her mother, who held it in high veneration, as it formerly belonged to an intimate maiden friend who laboured seventeen years for its completion, and loved and preserved it for sixty years, I cannot refrain from turning your attention, Sir, for one moment to a subject, though last, not least in importance. For architecture England owes much to Inigo Jones, who commenced that order of building which Sir Christopher Wren continued and admirably completed. Previous to the time of Inigo Jones, our dwellings, and buildings generally, were exceedingly ill-constructed, the rooms being very low with few or no windows, they having only small holes in various parts of the walls. Indeed, at one period, English dwelling places seem to have been of the most wretched character. In a letter directed to the physician of cardinal Wolsey, describing an English dwelling, it is stated, after enumerating many particulars, "as to the floors, they are usually made of clay, covered with rushes, which are so slightly removed now and then, that the lower part remains sometimes for *twenty years* together, and in it a collection of dirt and filthiness not to be named to 'ears polite.' Hence upon a change of weather a vapour is exhaled, very pernicious, in my opinion, to the human body."

It certainly appears strange that England, though it enjoys the greatest aggregate of almost every thing in splendour, should be so far behind other countries in this particular and noble quality. It seems to have been entirely neglected, with the exception of some few edifices; but I cannot help feeling much gratification by a faint revival of that taste which is displayed in some of our modern buildings—not in the churches lately erected—those, more particularly in the parish of Lambeth, display little more architectural taste than we can discover in common brick chapels, perhaps not so much as in some. But however humble may be the practical efforts of our modern architects, still we ought to cultivate it with the greatest energy, and not allow the proudest kingdom to be excelled in their buildings by almost every other state, though it can never be expected that we shall see a

second magnificent Pantheon or another towering Pyramid.

Notwithstanding all our valuable architectural buildings bear ancient dates, it appears a little paradoxical that the English dwelling places (houses they cannot be termed) should have been of so wretched a construction. Bacon says, "houses are built to live in, and not to look on; therefore let use be preferred before uniformity." But healthfulness, convenience, and uniformity, and indeed nothing, with the exception of the mere shelter from the inclemency of the weather, were thought of. Perhaps a German hovel, or an Hindostan hut, would have been preferable.

Having occupied so much of your valuable time and room, Sir, I shall only urge that under all the customs, practices, and governments, by which Britain has been controlled, those with few exceptions, which prevail in 1825, appear to be the most calculated to increase the happiness, convenience, good order and health of all classes. That age to which many Englishmen turn with admiration, "the golden age of Queen Bess," is fraught with many unpleasant laws and customs. Suffice to name one—her punishment for libel, which was loss of the right hand to the libeller. What would be said were such the present laws? I bless my fate that I lived not in those days, nor when every esquire and every castle and monastery had its dungeons, wherein to conceal whomever the owner might feel inclined; but at a period when my native soil is no more alarmed by the sound of war, and when the warrior and the farmer have only to unite their powers and turn the sabres into plough-shares, and powder flasks into horns of plenty. A. B. C.

## The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM  
NEW WORKS.

### THE THURTELL OF THE SIX-TEENTH CENTURY.

PERHAPS among the numerous criminals who have at various times, and for various crimes suffered capitally, there never was a greater monster than Lord Stourton, a Roman Catholic lord, who, in the reign of Queen Mary, murdered two Protestant gentlemen, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. The victims to this nobleman's revenge were William Hartgill, and John Hartgill his son, two gentlemen of Killington, in Somersetshire. We agree with the writer

of the narrative of this barbarous murder, that no act of Mary's reign does so much credit to her memory as this execution of the laws. The following is the account of the transaction, from a narrative written soon after its occurrence:—

"A quarrel had arisen some years before between the parties respecting Lord Stourton's mother, while she was on a visit at Mr. Hartgill's house; and shortly afterwards, on a Sunday morning, his lordship went to Kilmington with a riotous assemblage of persons armed with bows and guns, and committed violent outrages. John Hartgill, 'a tall, lusty gentleman, being told of Lord Stourton's coming, went out of the church, and drew his sword, and ran to his father's house, adjoining fast to the church-yard side. Divers arrows were shot at him in his passing, but he was not hurt. His father, the said William Hartgill, and his wife, being old folks, were driven to go up into the tower of the church, with two or three of their servants, for the safeguard of their lives. When the said John Hartgill was come into his father's house, he took his long-bow and arrows, and bent a cross-bow, and charged a gun, and caused a woman to carry the cross-bow and gun after him, and himself with his long-bow came forth, and drove away the said Lord Charles and all his men from the house, and from about the church; so not one of all the company tarried, saving half a score that were entered into the church, amongst whom one was hurt with hail-shot in the shoulder by the said John Hartgill.' Sir Thomas Speake, the sheriff of the county, was directed by the lords of the council to repress these disorders, and to bring up Lord Stourton, who was at first committed to prison, and afterwards bound to keep the peace; but the desire of revenge continued to canker in his breast, and the Hartgills were the constant objects of his persecution: he destroyed their corn, drove away their cattle, and kept them in a perpetual state of alarm for their lives.

"At length, availing themselves of the queen's being at Basing End, in Hampshire, they petitioned her majesty for redress, and the parties being called before the council, Lord Stourton promised, that if they would come to his house and desire a reconciliation, he would not only grant it, but restore their goods and cattle.

"Whereupon, trusting to his promise made in such presence, they took a gentleman with them, as a friend, and went to wait upon his lordship; but on coming near to his house, a number of Lord Stourton's servants rushed out upon them in a lane, and attempted to seize the

younger Hartgill, and on his turning round and riding away, he was stopped by six others, who beset him before and behind, and ere he could draw his sword, he was wounded in several places, and they left him for dead.

"At length this business was brought before the Star Chamber, and in the end the matter appeared so heinously base on the part of Lord Stourton, that he was sentenced to pay a sum of money to the Hartgills, and was committed to the Fleet; but some time afterwards was allowed to return to his country, having first given a bond for 2,000*l.* to render himself a prisoner again in the Fleet on the first day of the following term, and promised faithfully to pay in the mean time to the Hartgills the sums of money in which he had been condemned. He arrived at his house of Stourton Caundel, and in a few days afterwards sent to the Hartgills, informing them that he was ready to pay them the money which had been ordered by the Star Chamber, adding, that he also wished to commune with them for an ending of all matters between them. Kilmington Church was accordingly appointed as the place of meeting, and Lord Stourton came accompanied with fifteen or sixteen of his own servants, many of his tenants, and some gentlemen and justices, to the number of sixty persons.

"The Hartgills, seeing so great a company, began to be alarmed, and the elder, as he approached Lord Stourton, said, 'My lord, I see many enemies of our mine about your lordship, and therefore I am afraid to come any nearer,' and though assured that they should have no bodily hurt, they refused to enter any covered place, save the church. His lordship first laid down a purse, as if he were going to pay them; but he had scarcely begun conversing on the object of their meeting, when he seized them both, saying, *I arrest you of felony.* They were then bound with their hands behind them, by his lordship's order; he treated the younger Hartgill's wife in the most brutal manner, and had his two prisoners confined during that day in the parson's cage-house, without meat or drink; and it is said, that had he not been otherwise persuaded by one of his men, they would have been murdered there that night.

"About one or two o'clock the next morning, these two unfortunate gentlemen were conveyed thence to a house at Basing Bonham, within a quarter of a mile of Stourton, his lordship's own residence, where they were placed in separate apartments, fast bound, without food, fire, or anything to lay on; and so they remained

ed till four of the clock in the following afternoon; and then Lord Stourton sent for their examination two justices of the peace, whom he made believe that he would the next morning send them to prison. The magistrates, finding them bound, directed that they should be loosed, and remain so; but they were no sooner gone than his lordship again had them tied with their hands behind them, and directed all the keepers to leave them, except four of his own servants, whom he had previously engaged to commit the horrid deed.

"About ten o'clock at night the murderers took their victims to a close adjoining Lord Stourton's house, where they forced them to kneel down, and knocked them on their heads with clubs, the base director of the deed 'standing in the meantime at a gallery door not a good coyte's cast from the place.'

"This done, the bodies were wrapped up and conveyed through a garden into the gallery where Lord Stourton stood, and so into a small place at the end thereof, his lordship bearing a candle to light the murderers. This place adjoined Lord Stourton's own chamber, and when they were brought there, life not being quite extinct, they groaned, especially the old man, and one of the ruffians swore that they were not dead; another said it would be a good deed to rid them of their pains, and lest a French priest lying near the place should hear, his lordship directed that their throats should be cut, himself standing by with a candle in his hand."

"One of the murderers now beginning to feel remorse, said to his master, 'Ah! my lord, this is a piteous sight: had I thought as I now think, before the deed was done, your whole land should not have brought me to consent to such an act.' To which his lordship answered, 'What, faint-hearted knave! is it any more than ridding of two knaves, that, living, were troublesome to God's laws and man's? There is no more account to be made of them than of killing two sheep.'

"The bodies were then let down into a dungeon, where they were buried very deep, covered first with earth, then with two courses of thick pavement, and the place finally covered over with a quantity of chips and shavings."

"The bodies were found by Sir Anthony Hungerford, then sheriff of Wiltshire, whose exertions in discovering them received the merited thanks of the council. Lord Stourton was apprehended, and conveyed to the Tower on the 28th of January, and on the 29th of the following month he was arraigned in West-

minster Hall, before the Lord Chief Justice Brookes, and other judges, the lord-steward, the lord-treasurer, and others, appointed by special commission to try him; and his four servants were sent down to be arraigned in Wiltshire.

"The two unfortunate gentlemen who had fallen victims to Lord Stourton's violent and malicious nature were Protestants; and as his lordship had always been a staunch supporter of the Roman Catholic religion, and had rendered many services to the government, it was hoped by his friends that the queen would have spared his life; but she left him to the laws; and there is no act of Mary's reign that does so much credit to her memory as this demonstration of justice, and her horror at the baseness of his crime. On the 28th of February, the council directed the sheriff of Wilts to receive his body at the hands of Sir Hugh Paulet, and to see him executed; and on the 2nd of March, he was taken under a strong guard from the Tower, on horseback, with his arms pinioned behind him, and his legs tied under the horse's belly. The first day he was conducted to Hounslow; on the second to Staines; thence to Basingstoke; and on the fourth to Salisbury, whence, on the next day, he was executed in the market-place; and it is said that 'he made great lamentation at his death for his wilful and impious deed.' It was directed that his servants should be hanged in chains at Meere, and the only mark of distinction shown to Lord Stourton's rank was his being hanged with a silken cord."

*Bayley's History of the Tower.*

#### COUNT DE ST. GERMAIN.

At the court of Louis XV. was a singular charlatan, said to be a bastard son of the King of Portugal, and a worthy predecessor of the notorious Cagliostro.

"The Count de St. Germain pretended to have already lived two thousand years, and according to him, the account was still running. He went so far, as to claim the power of transmitting the gift of long life. One day, calling upon his servant to bear witness to a fact that went pretty far back, the man replied, 'I have no recollection of it, sir; you forget that I have only had the honour of serving you for five hundred years.'

"St. Germain, like all other charlatans of this sort, assumed a theatrical magnificence and an air of science calculated to deceive the vulgar. His best instrument of deception was the phantasmagoria; and, as by means of this abuse of the science of optics, he called up shades which



were asked for, and almost always recognised his correspondence with the other world was a thing proved by the concurrent testimony of numerous witnesses.

"He played the same game in London, Venice, and Holland, but he constantly regretted Paris, where his miracles were never questioned.

"St. Germain passed his latter days at the court of the Prince of Hesse Cassel, and died at Plewig, in 1784, in the midst of his enthusiastic disciples, and to their infinite astonishment at his sharing the common destiny."

The count used to amuse himself, as he said, not by making, but by letting it be believed that he lived in old times; he also pretended to remove spots from diamonds and to make pearls grow. One day,—

"The king ordered a diamond of middling size, which had a spot, to be brought. It was weighed; and the king said to the count, 'It is valued at two hundred and forty pounds; but it would be worth four hundred if it had no spot. Will you try to put a hundred and sixty pounds into my pocket?' He examined it carefully, and said, 'It may be done; and I will bring it you again in a month.' At the time appointed, the count brought back the diamond, without a spot, and gave it to the king. It was wrapped in a cloth of amianthus, which he took off. The king had it weighed, and found it but very little diminished. The king sent it to his jeweller, by M. de Gontaut, without telling him anything of what had passed. The jeweller gave three hundred and eighty pounds for it. The king, however, sent for it back again, and kept it as a curiosity. He could not overcome his surprise, and said, that M. de St. Germain must be worth millions, especially if he had also the secret of making large diamonds out of a number of small ones. He neither said that he had, nor that he had not; but he positively asserted, that he could make pearls grow, and give them the finest water."

*Haussel's Memoirs.*

#### BURYING GROUND IN INDIA.

THE burying-ground of Seroor is small, and does not contain so many graves as might be expected. Though rather pleasingly situated, it wants the hallowing influence of a church in the midst of it, and the solemn shade of lofty trees, such as surround most receptacles for the dead in Britain, and throw a melancholy sombreness over them, that accords well with the purposes to which they are applied. An unsheltered burying-ground

in India, bleaching beneath the glare of a fervid sun, and exposed to the invasion of wolves and jackalls, is not the least striking part of an Asiatic landscape; and is one that has in it something repulsive to British feelings.

The only remarkable tomb in Seroor is one that was erected to the memory of Colonel Wallace, who died in command of the cantonment, and so much beloved by the natives, that they honoured him with an apotheosis, and now daily perform religious rites at his cemetery, where an officiating priest attends, and sometimes keeps a lamp burning during a great part of the night. His apparition, it is said, frequently walks round the lines at midnight; and the Sepoy sentries are in the habit of presenting arms at the time they expect it to pass before them. The priest declares that a voice from his tomb has more than once uttered prophecies and revelations; and the natives believe this, and seldom engage in anything important without making an attempt to propitiate the shade of the departed Colonel Wallace.

*Howison's Foreign Scenes.*

#### SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

#### CHINESE COURT HISTORY.

THERE has been recently put into our hands a manuscript translation\* of a work published in China, during the reign of Kien-Lung, entitled *Pih-mei-she-gung*, or "Songs of a Hundred Beautiful Women." It is of the same class of productions with the celebrated *Mémoires du Comte de Grammont*; but the anecdotes it contains are in general so extravagant, so frivolous and puerile, that it pays but a poor compliment to the understandings of Chinese readers. The author observes in his preface:—

It is easy for heaven to produce plain persons, but very difficult to create handsome women. From the time of the dynasty Chow and Tsin, to the present (a period of about 3,000 years) few lives of handsome women have been recorded. Is the cause of their scarcity owing to the spirits and vapours of hills and rivers? or is it because they live retired, and, not being seen, their histories cannot be known?

A specimen of the romantic is found in the history of Kae-yuen.

\* By Mr. Thoms, of the Company's printing establishment, Macao. Its MS. title is "A Sketch of the Lives of the Ladies of the Imperial Palace of China."

Kao-yuen was an attendant at the palace. When the emperor Yuen-sung sent a large quantity of regimental clothing to the troops on the frontiers (great part of which was made in the imperial palace), one of the soldiers found in the pocket of his coat the following ode:—

The soldier in battle with foemen contending,  
Through cold and fatigue is unable to rest;  
I make then this garment, his person defending  
From cold, tho' I cannot tell who 'twill invest.  
Concerned for his welfare, whoever he be,  
I add extra stitches to keep out the wind;  
And to guard his dear person, tho' stranger to me,  
I stuff a large portion of wadding behind.  
'Tis in vain to expect we shall meet in this life;  
But I hope I may be, in the next world, his wife.

The soldier gave the ode to his officer, the officer transmitted it to the emperor; his majesty ordered strict inquiries to be made throughout the palace for the person who wrote it. When Kao-yuen was asked, she replied, "I am deserving of ten thousand deaths." Yuen-sung took compassion upon her; and he married her to the person who found the ode. The soldier, thereupon, observed to her, with a smile: "you and I have, however, come together in *this life*!"

One anecdote deserves perusal chiefly on account of the natural and poetical images which occur in the verses.

Soo-hwuy was the wife of Tow-taou, alias Jo-lan, and a person of superior attainments. During the viceroyship of Ho-keen, Tow-taou was a mandarin at Tain-chow, but was banished for life to the desert Sha-mo. Soo-hwuy, who never ceased to lament him, weaved an ode into the form of an intricate knot, which she presented in his behalf, to the emperor. It measured seven cubits five inches in width, and was of five different colours. It contained two hundred and eighty characters, and could be read in every direction.

The translator thinks that the squares were woven, and the characters worked in with a needle. Still it is a most ingenious contrivance; and the emperor's name (which occurs towards the conclusion) is brought conspicuously into the centre. The ode is as follows:—

When my husband was banished, I accompanied him to the foot of the bridge; I tried to suppress my grief, but could not say "*farewell*."

Why, since your departure, have I not received a letter from you?—Remember, our couch, even in spring, is cold. Through grief, I have suffered the staircase you raised to decay; and the windows with white curtains are soiled with dust.

When you left me, my spirits were

bewildered:—I wished to become the shadow of the moon in the sea; or a cloud that flits over the lofty mountains.

The clouds behold my husband's face; as doth the sea-moon in her monthly journey. They can discern him though at the distance of ten thousand *lee*.

Since we parted, the green rushes by the river's side have faded; and who would have believed that, ere we met, the *Mei* should blossom again and again.

Every flower unfolds itself to meet the spring; yet our hearts expand in vain.—My thoughts are employed upon your return alone; so that the willow at the door bends to the ground; and there is none to sweep away the falling flowers.

The grass before our cottage grows rank; your flute hangs unemployed in the hall. My husband no more sings to me a Kcang-nan song.

For three springs, have I heard the wild-fowl utter their cries in crossing the river.—My spirits faint ere my favourite *kin* becomes relaxed; grief ends my song.

O, husband, forget not your wife, whose affections are firm as a mountain, and who thinks of you incessantly. She weaves this letter, and presents it to his imperial majesty, beseeching him to grant you a speedy return.

The emperor pitied Soo-hwuy, and recalled Tow-taou from exile.—*Asiatic Journal*.

### CROOKED CUSTOMS.

"More honoured in the breach than in the observance."—SHAKESPEARE'S *Hamlet*.

*Vivere est cogitare, et videre*, is a very ancient, but a very wholesome adage; and when I look upon any customs which the inhabitants of this well-peopled world so affectionately and so pertinaciously cling to, through tide and time; I begin to think that not a few of these may be dispensed with, and that without putting the national faith in jeopardy, or banishing its politeness to the north pole.—What a number of superfluous, troublesome, and incongruous ceremonies are still maintained, at the expense of elegance and comfort in our social intercourse with each other; and so absurd are they, so little conducive to the dignity of society, or even to the consequence of individuals, one would really think we preferred playing our parts in strait waistcoats, or to walk through the world with fetters upon our actions.

It has been exceedingly well observed, that true politeness consists in ease; to which good sense is a happy auxiliary. Forin and false parade stick close to the ignorant and the vulgar.

Should we not think it a very March madness to stickle for precedence, when a matter of consequence demanded that we waste not a single moment? And yet Mistress Snooks, from the city, will stand bobbing and curtsying to her neighbour Madam Higginson, and exclaim—"La, no, madam—indeed, ma'am—'pon my honour, I can't go first"—and all about—the rain coming down by bucket-fuls the while—who should first ascend the steps, and ensconce themselves on the leathern seats of a dirty hackney-coach.

Then again—"oh, it is horrible, most horrible!"—after we have endured, and sat out, thirty minutes of awkward ceremony and awful suspense,—the half hour before the summons of a dress party dinner reaches the drawing-room—then again, when all are "like hounds new slipped," ready to dash towards the savoury fragrance of soups and sirloins; to have the main body deranged, and the rear thrown into disorder, by the starch and brocaded ceremony of two silk-rustling dowagers, debating who should first enter the "promised land," and marshal the hungry detachment to the object of all their wishes. Shakspeare must have had this custom in his "mind's eye," when he wrote the words of my motto. It is crooked enough, truly.

But at the feast-board, after the preliminaries have been arranged, and the seats duly apportioned, even there misfortunes—they never will come singly, and like angel visits, "far between"—follow us, and *politesse* spoils our fish and cools our soup. We must wait till every one at table is provided for, before we venture to taste the viands the bounty of our host has piled upon our plate. The onset must not be made till the commissariat has delivered out every ration, and (in comparison) until the "little drummer-boys and all" are prepared to charge in company. This is another touch of policy, which runs, like Hogarth's line of beauty, only it lacks its utility. It should be reformed altogether.

Then your health drinking, that perplexing and dissonant practice, with what an increase of comfort might that be abolished! Like bidding for a favourite lot at an auction, one is actually obliged in a large company, to wait chances, and race for speaking time, between the discordant Babel of rival toasters; and we think ourselves too happy to catch the eye of our hostess, and to escape with a mere nod from the vociferous ceremony. They lay its introduction at a monarch's door; but I can assure all fashionable

people, that the "drink weal" of the Saxon is quite out now at palaces and in "king's houses."

Song singing—I mean the indiscriminate chanting of mixed societies, when the bowl and bottle make those

"Who once could sing, sing now the more,  
And those to sing, who never sung before."

that is an abomination which will admit of lopping. I do not quarrel with a good sea, or sporting song, with a cheerful catch, or a cheering melody, but with the absurd custom of asking and expecting all to sing—from the pouting miss, who will bear teasing for a full hour before she complies, to the eager ballad-monger, who, having half a dozen ditties, ready cut and dried, is uneasy and restless till he has poured their full flood of discord upon your much injured ears. I quite agree with some writer of an earlier day, when he says, that "if a lady or a gentleman has a fine voice (and knows how to use it, he should have added), it is sensible to entreat them to sing, and it is good humoured when they comply," but I also go along with him, when he adds, that if "the resolution is made of a company singing alternately, it is enough to confound one's senses, and make a philosopher vow that he will, like Timon, avoid the society of man." Certes, your sing-song companies are equivocal comforts, for

"What ear, ye sirens, can endure the post  
Of a man roaring, like a storm at west?  
Or who can bear, that hath an ear at all,  
To hear some hoyden miss for evening squall?  
Give me, ye gods, my cabin free from care,  
And jingling nightingales in darkling air."

These are only the advanced guard, my good masters, of the army of *Crooked Comforts* I have under my command—some other time I may take the field again, and parade a second detachment before you, and for your warning. Mr. Beresford may probably be content with the two volumes he has already written; but, if not, I am quite sure I have matter "deep and dangerous" where-withal to furnish him for the compilation of two additional tomes, descriptive of "*The Miseries of Human Life*."

*European Magazine.*

## Miscellanies

### GIPSY ANECDOTES.

IN 1727, Robert Johnston, son to John Johnston, gipsy, sturdy beggar, and vagabond, at that time prisoner in the

Tolbooth of Jedburgh, in Scotland, was indicted at the instance of his Majesty's Advocate, and of Margery Young, relict of the deceased Alexander Fall, heckle-maker, in Home, for the murder of the said Fall. In the evidence brought forward upon the trial, we find the following account of this savage transaction :—

"John Henderson, feuar in Huntley-wood, depones, that time and place libelled, Robert Johnston, panel, and his father, came to Huntley-wood, and possessed themselves of a cot-house belonging to the deponent; and that a little after, Alexander Fall, the defunct, came up to the door of the said house, and desired they would make open the door; that the door was standing a-jar, and the deponent saw Robert Johnston, panel, in the inside of the door, and a fork in his hand,—and saw him push over the door-head at the said Alexander Fall,—and saw the grains of the fork strike Alexander Fall in the breast, and Alexander Fall coming back from the door staggering, came to a midding, and there he fell down and died immediately; and depones, that the distance of the midding from the house where he received the wound is about a penny-stone cast; and when Alexander Fall retired from the house, he said to the rest, 'retyre for your lives, for I have got my death;' depones he saw Robert Johnston, panel, come out of the cot-house with the fork in his hand, and pass by Alexander Fall and the deponent; heard the panel say, '*he had sticked the dog, and he would stick the whelps too;*' whereupon the panel run after the defunct's son with the fork in his hand, into the house of George Carter; depones, in a little while after the panel had gone into George Carter's house, the deponent saw him running down a balk and a meadow; and in two hours after, saw him on horseback, riding away without his stockings or shoes, coat or cape."

Another witness deposed that—

"She heard Johnston say, 'Where are the whelps, that I may kill them too?' that the prisoner followed Alexander Fall's son into George Carter's house, and the deponent went thither after him, out of fear that he should have done some harm to George Carter's wife or children; there saw the panel, with the said fork, search beneath a bed for Alexander Fall's son, who had hidden himself beyond the cradle; and then there being a cry given that Alexander Fall was dead, the panel went away."

Johnston was sentenced to be hanged on the 13th of June, 1727, but he escaped from prison. He was afterwards retaken; and in August, 1728, the High Court of

Justice at Edinburgh ordered his sentence to be put in execution.

A few years after this, a noted gipsy, Jean Gordon, appeared to have been reduced to rather distressed circumstances; for in May, 1732, we find that a petition was presented to the Circuit Court at Jedburgh, by *Jean Gordon, commonly called The Duchess*, then prisoner in the Tolbooth at Edinburgh; in which she states that she is "now become arnold and infirm woman, having been long in prison." She concludes with requesting to be allowed "to take volutar banishment upon herself, to depart from Scotland never to return thereto." It was probably during one of these periods of "volutar banishment," that poor Jean encountered the Goodman of Lochside, on the south side of the Border.

In the combat at Lowrie's Den, the wife of one of the parties assisted her husband by holding down his opponent till he despatched him by repeated stabs with a small knife. This virago, thinking the murderer was not making quick enough work, called out to him, "*Strike laigh! Strike laigh!*"

The following observations respecting the continental gipsies are by a distinguished writer, Sir Walter Scott :—

"The gipsies everywhere pretend to skill in fortune-telling and sorcery; but in Germany they are supposed to have some particular spells for stopping the progress of conflagration. I have somewhere a German ballad on this subject :—Seven gipsies were unjustly doomed to death; the town takes fire; and the magistrates are obliged to release them, that they may arrest the flames by their incantations. Our Scottish gipsies are more celebrated for raising fire wilfully than for extinguishing it. This is their most frequent mode of vengeance when offended; and being a crime at once easily executed, and difficult of detection, the apprehension of it makes the country people glad to keep on fair terms with them."

"They are greatly averse to employment of a regular kind; but, when forced to serve, make good soldiers. On the continent, I believe, they are received into no service but that of Prussia, which, according to the rules of Frederick, still enrolls *bon gre mal gre*, whatever can carry a musket. But they detest the occupation. A friend was passing a Prussian sentinel on his post at Paris a few years ago. The gentleman, as is usual abroad, was smoking as he walked; and it is a point of etiquette, that, in passing a sentinel, you take the pipe from your mouth. But as my friend was about to comply with this uniform custom, the

sentinel said, to his no small surprise, *Rauchen sic, immer fort; verdant sey der Preussische dienst*—'Smoke away, Sir, down the Prussian service.' My friend looked at him with surprise, and the marked gipsy features at once showed who he was, and why dissatisfied with the service, the duties of which he seemed to take pleasure in neglecting.

"In Hungary the gipsies are very numerous, and travel in great bands, like Arabs, gaily dressed in red and green, and often well armed and mounted. A friend of mine met a troop of them in this gallant guise, and was not a little astonished at their splendour. But their courage in actual battle is always held in low esteem. I cannot refer to the book, but I have somewhere read, that a pass or fort was defended by some of them, during a whole night, with such bravery and skill, that the Austrians, who were the assailants, supposed it to be held by regular troops, and were about to abandon their enterprise. But when day dawned, and showed the quality of the defenders, the attack was immediately renewed, and the place carried with great ease; as if the courage of the gipsies had only lasted till their character was made known."

### ON THE SCANDINAVIAN MYTHOLOGY.

[The following brief account of the Mythology of the Norwegians, Swedes, and Icelanders, will serve materially to illustrate the novel of the *PIRATE*; and as the information is gleaned from books which are not only expensive, but difficult of access, it will, no doubt, prove acceptable to our readers.]

THE Edda and Voluspa contain a complete collection of fables, not at all similar to those of Greece and Rome. The Edda was composed in Iceland, in the thirteenth century, and is a commentary on the Voluspa, the bible of the North. Odin, Woden, or Wodan, was their supreme divinity. This hero is supposed to have emigrated from the East. He is represented as the god of battles, and slaughters thousands at a blow. His palace is called Valhalla, where the souls of those who had fallen bravely in battle partake supreme felicity. The day is spent in imaginary combats, and the night in feasting on the most delicious viands prepared, and served up by the Valkyriæ, virgins celebrated for their celestial charms and everlasting youth.

The horrific occupation of the Valkyriæ, while preparing the "loom of hell,"

is thus described by Gray, in his "*Fatal Sisters*:"

Glittering lances are the loom,  
Where the dusky warp we strain,  
Weaving many a soldier's doom,  
Orkney's woe and Ravver's pain.

See the grisly texture grow,  
'Tis of human entrails made,  
And the weights that play below,  
Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipped in gore,  
Shoot the trembling cords along;  
Sword, that once a monarch bore,  
Keep the tissue close and strong.

They who had fallen in battle, drank mead (the nectar of Scandinavia) out of the skulls of their enemies, whom they had killed. Sleepner, the horse of Odin, is also honoured, as well as his master, Loke, or Lok, the evil spirit or genius of the North, resembles the Typhon of Egypt. Signa, or Sinna, is Loke's consort; hence the derivation of our word *sin*. The most frightful attitudes are given to their giants, Weymur, Ferbanter, Belupher, and Hellunda. The accounts of their various exploits are more ridiculous and uninteresting than those furnished by the Greek and Roman mythology. The principal deity after Odin, was Frigga, or Frea, his wife; she was called the mother of earth, and of the gods, and was the Tantes and Astarte of the Phenicians. Thor was their next deity; he presided over the winds and seasons, and particularly over thunder; he carried a mace, or club, which, as often as he discharged it, returned spontaneously to his hand; he grasped it with gauntlets of iron, and could renew his strength at pleasure; he was considered the avenger and defender of the gods. Niord, the Neptune of the North, reigned over the sea and winds. Balder, the son of Odin, was wise, eloquent, and endowed with such majesty, that his very glances were bright and shining. Tyr, was also a warrior-deity, and the protector of champions and brave men. Brage, presided over eloquence and poetry; his wife, named Iduna, had the care of certain apples, which the gods tasted, when they found themselves grow old, and which had the power of instantly restoring them to youth. Heimdal was their porter. The gods had made a bridge between heaven and earth. This bridge is the rainbow. Heimdal was employed to watch at one of the extremities, to prevent the giants from getting into heaven. It was difficult to surprise him, for he had the faculty of sleeping more lightly than a bird, and of discovering objects by day or night, at the distance of a hundred leagues. He had

an ear so fine, that he could hear the grass grow in the meadows, and the wool on the backs of the sheep. He carried a sword in one hand, and in the other a trumpet, whose sound could be heard through all the worlds. Loke, before named, had several children, the wolf Fenris, the serpent Midgard, and Hela, or Death, owe their birth to him: all three are enemies to the gods; who, after various struggles, have chained this wolf till the last day, when he is to break loose, and devour the sun. The serpent has been cast into the sea, where he is to remain till he is conquered by the god Thor. And Hela, or Death, is banished into the lower regions, where she governs nine worlds, into which she distributes those who are sent to her. This place was called Nifheim, and was reserved for those who died of disease or old age. Hela, or Death, here exercised her despotic power; her palace was Anguish; her table, Famine; her waiters were Expectation and Delay; the threshold of her door was Precipice; her bed Leanness; she was livid and ghastly; her very looks inspired horror.

The entrance to Nifheim, the dreadful abode of Hela, is thus described by Gray, in his "Descent of Odin:"

Down the yawning steep he rode,  
That leads to Hela's drear abode.  
Him the dog of darkness spied:  
His shaggy throat he opened wide,  
While from his jaws, with carnage filled,  
Foam and human gore distilled.  
Hoarse he bays, with hideous din,  
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;  
And long pursues, with snoutless yell,  
The father of the powerful spell.

Every man has a destiny appropriated to himself, who determined the duration and events of his life. The three principal destinies were, Urd, the past; We-randi, the present; and Sculde, the future. The meaning of the word Voluspa, is a prophecy of Vola, or Fola, a name synonymous with Sybil, and consequently used to designate a female, endowed with the gift of prophecy. It is very ancient, and contains an abstract of all the northern mythology. This book gives a description of the chaos; the formation of the world; the creation of giants, men, and dwarfs; who were the different species of its inhabitants; and details the employment of the faeries or destinies, who are called Nornies. The functions of the deities, and their most memorable exploits, are next recorded. The work concludes with a long and animated description of the final state of the universe, and its dissolution by fire. Odin, and all the pagan deities, are to be confounded in

this general ruin; and a new world is to spring up, arrayed in all the bloom of celestial beauty.

## The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

## PREDICTIONS FULFILLED.

THERE are two extraordinary instances of predictions being fulfilled, where no supernatural means can possibly be supposed. The first is mentioned by the learned Bishop of Worcester, in the preface to his "Sermons on Prophecy." It is part of a chorus in the "Medea of Seneca."

Venient Annis  
Secula seris, quibus Oceanus  
Vincula rerum laxet et ingens  
Pateat tellus.—Tiphysque novos  
Detegat orbes.—

This is obviously fulfilled by the invention of the compass, and the discovery of America. And in Dante's *Purgatorio*, is an exact description of the four stars near the South Pole, and yet Dante is known to have written before the discovery of the southern hemisphere.

## EPIGRAM.

*From le Ramelet Moundi, by Godelin, a poet, who wrote in the dialect of Thoulouse early in the seventeenth Century.*

THE Gay, who would be counted wise,  
Think all delight in pastime lies;  
Nor heed they what the wise condemn;  
Whilst they pass time, time passes them.

DR. DONNE, speaking of the Bible, quaintly says, "Sentences in Scripture, like *hair in horses tails*, concur in one root of beauty and strength; but being plucked out one by one, serve only for springs and snares."

## IMPROMPTU.

ON hearing a young lady named *Husband* was going to be married.

Maria!—do not think the muse,

With reason is at strife;

Who says a *Husband* you must lose,  
Ere you can be a *wife*!

## ANSWER.

Cease, silly bard, your idle trade,

I'll bet a rump and dozen,

It is not so;—cannot the maid

Marry young Tom—her *cousin*?

SOLOMON.

## A SERMON

*Preached by Sam. Quaco, a black clergyman, and native of Jamaica.*

A MAN dat's bon ob woman, hab no long time to lib; he trouble every day too much; he grow up like a plantain; he cut down like a banana. Pose de man do good, he get good; pose de man do bad, he get bad: pose he do good he go to dat place call him glolio (glory), where Gor-a-mity (God Almighty), tan upon de top, and debble (devil) on de bottom; pose he do bad, he go to da place call him Hell, where he mut burn like de pepper-cod; he call fo drink ob a wara; nobody give him drop to cool he dam tongue. Tan breren, you know one man, dey call him Sampson, he kill twenty thousand Fillestanes wid de jaw bone jackmorass. Tan you know tora (the other) man, call Jonas, he swallow whale; he mugin (must have been) a sad fellow for feesh; and tora man, he name King George, he lib tora side wara, he hab ting on he head, call him crown; grand ting, all same corn basket; so breren, Gor-a-mity bless you all. Amen!

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*A Bookseller is informed, that the privileges allowed the Trade are precisely the same as when the MIRROR first commenced. The individual who informed him to the contrary must have had some sinister motive in doing so.*

The next number of the MIRROR will complete the Fifth Volume; and will contain the Title-page, Preface, and Index. It will also contain a Portrait, engraved on steel, with a memoir, of Captain Franklin, R. N., now on an overland expedition, to meet Captain Parry, in the arctic regions.

The first number of the Sixth Volume will be published on the 2nd of July, when we trust our present unprecedented list of friends and patrons will receive a large augmentation.

A letter is left for F. W. D. at our Publisher's.

The *Origin of Philosophy* has been received, and is under consideration.

*Edwards's Essay on Pugilism* is very ingenious, but too full of Greek and Latin quotations from Homer and Virgil, Euripides and Cicero, for many of our readers.

Sir John Hawkins is entitled to a more detailed memoir than that kindly offered by Polycarp.

We shall try to find room for one of J. J.'s articles; though, from the number of our poetical contributors, he would have a better chance with us in prose.

The following are intended for early insertion:—*Alpheus; Janet; Alphonso; Fras. Baker; Lines on Chatterton; British Courage; W. J. T.; Aliquis; Julian's Sonnet; A. W. H.; Tracey, Solomon; Alice Woodson; L. E.; G. T.—; Momus; W. P.; R. C.—; P. N.; A. W. S.; J. W. C.; C. F. E.; T. W.* (who we request will specify the articles to which he alludes); Frank.

The following articles are either too juvenile,

do not possess sufficient interest or merit, or are already sufficiently known:—*Sonnet to a Cat; R. D.; J.—s Fl—kh—; Lopez; El; J. H.; A. F.; Johannes; J. M.; Hamilton; J. G. L.; Egomet; J. P.; H. E. El—us; Justus; E. J. J.; J. A.; Scribble, N. J. R. P.; J. H. I—n; H. P.; A Youth of Fifteen.*

*Philotimos's* version of *Shelah Lea's Lamentation* is good, and the love of variety alone excludes it.

The lines to *Erin* are spirited, too much so, in a political point of view, for the MIRROR; and the same remark will apply to the lines by R. J. The Epigram by E. B. S. wants point.

We thank A. B., but we think less known subjects will be more acceptable to our readers.

We feel obliged by the offer of *Edward*, but fear the work, however good (and we believe it to be so), would not furnish an extract of sufficient general interest for the MIRROR.

Numerous Epitaphs and Epigrams, too numerous indeed to mention, have already appeared in our *Gatherer*.

G. W. H.'s lines on *Happiness* are not very felicitous. The same remark will apply to *Walwyn's Imitation from the French*.

The *Boarding School Scene* is not sufficiently delicate.

The following have been received:—*W. H.; Epitaph by A. B.; Gaffa; The Spectre in Love; "Not One of the Eri;" S. V.; Juvenis.*

If we do not insert the communications of *Jacobus* and *G. A. L.*, it is for the reason already assigned—that the subject of Arithmetic has been sufficiently discussed. We do not, however, positively reject them.

Enigmas, Charades, &c. are inadmissible.

We do not exactly understand what J. P. L. means by our inserting the two *Military Spectacles*.

W. M. C. had better not write on the subject of sacrilege, when he calls burglary high-treason! A *Well-wisher* has our thanks: he will meet with many of the persons he inquires after anon.

*Clito's Memoir* should have appeared ere now, had not others of a more pressing nature intervened: it is, however, intended for insertion, though, perhaps, after his last communication.

*Andrew's Anecdote* is but a version of one related of the courtiers of Henry IV. of France, of which we have some doubts, though none as to our correspondent's own veracity.

Will *Mary S. C.* state the name of the poem she inquires after?

We thank E. J. for the loan of his book, though imperfect.

The drawing of the *Cromlech*, sent by *Antiquarius*, we received, and thank him; but it differs so little from that of *Kiss Coty House*, that we should prefer giving his description without an engraving, if he has no objection.

*Valentines* are out of season. J. G. must be aware of this.

We are much obliged to *Scriblerus Offener*, and if he furnishes us with a continuation, shall be happy to commence the series of articles of which he has sent the commencement.

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# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CXLVII.]

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[PRICE 2d.]

## Biographical Memoir

OF

CAPTAIN JOHN FRANKLIN, R. N. F. R. S.

THE maritime superiority of Great Britain is not confined to the ascendancy of its naval armaments, or to those triumphs which have annihilated whole fleets, swept oceans, and laid every shore open to us, "from Nova Zembla to the Pole." Our pre-eminence in maritime science is equally evident, and we surpass all the rest of the world in the zeal and success with which our navigators discover and explore new countries, open new sources of human intercourse, extend the blessings of civilization, and advance those branches of natural history, which are at once curious and useful.

It would be an important, and by no means uninteresting, inquiry, to examine how the globe has gradually, as it were, been made to expand itself under the influence of geographical discovery; in the infancy of navigation the inhabitants of an island or continent imagined, that their own country constituted the world, and afterwards, when their frail barks, driven from their course, encountered some strange shore, they seemed lost in wonder that they were but fellow-sharers in the fruits of the earth; trade then was purely inland, and each country rested content with its own productions, however unequal they might be to supply those comforts which civilization has since deemed so indispensable: The intercourse of countries previous to the discovery of the magnetic needle, must have been confined to those immediately contiguous, but when the attractive principle of the magnet became known and applied to navigation, the sailor no longer confined himself to scudding along his own shores, nor if he ventured a short distance from them, steered his course by the flight of migratory birds, or the direction of currents; but thus instructed he boldly ventured forth and

"His travell'd soul new worlds did seek."

Important, however, as the invention of the mariner's compass was, many centuries elapsed before any very great geographical discovery was made; and, not-

withstanding the claims of the Welsh and the Norwegians, there is no positive evidence that the new world was known to the old previous to the discovery of Columbus at the close of the fifteenth century. It is true that philosophers, reasoning from analogy, and perceiving that Europe, Asia, and Africa occupied but a small portion of our planet, thought it very unlikely that the remaining part should be covered with a vast and joyless ocean unsupplied with continents or islands intended for the residence of man. Such reasoning was confirmed by other circumstances of an inferior but, perhaps, of a more striking nature, and these led Columbus not to set out on a knight errantry of navigation, but in search of that very continent, which he afterwards found did really exist.

From this period the spirit of geographical discovery has never slumbered; it has, however, been reserved for this country, and for the last and preceding age, to do more than has been done by all the rest of the world, in this respect, since the great discovery of Columbus. In proof of this we need only point to Captain Cook,\* one of the most enterprising, as well as one of the most skilful navigators the world has produced. What a blank would be left in a modern map of the two hemispheres were the discoveries of Captain Cook to be erased; he it was who, after exploring the South Seas and discovering Islands, until then unknown, traversed the Eastern coast of New Holland, "to the extent of two thousand miles, and gave to his country a colony large enough for an empire in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land." Nor were the discoveries of Captain Cook confined to these, important as they are; he resolved the problem of a southern continent—discovered New Caledonia, the largest island in the Southern Pacific, the island of Georgia, the Sandwich Islands, and in short nearly completely the hydrography of the habitable globe.

\* See Limbird's *Three Voyages of Captain Cook Round the World*. London, 1824

But far and wide as the genius of Capt. Cook explored, he stopped short on the threshold of arctic discovery, which has within the last few years been prosecuted with so much vigour, and with a success which has exceeded, if not the most sanguine, at least the most rational expectations. To the zeal and talents displayed by our enterprising countryman Captain Parry, no eulogy can do sufficient justice; and if the exertions of Captain Franklin have been less brilliant, they have been no less arduous or persevering.

In the first volume of the MIRROR we gave a brief memoir of this intrepid officer, and stated that Captain John Franklin, of whom we now give a portrait, engraved on steel, was a native of Spilsby, in Lincolnshire, where he was born, in the year 1786. Spilsby, though a small town, has long been remarkable for a spirit of scientific inquiry among its inhabitants, and particularly for the cultivation of the mathematical sciences; and young Franklin being a boy of quick parts, made good progress in his education, which, however, was more solid than extensive—though in the latter respect he much surpassed boys of his age and rank in life in general. At the age of fourteen he entered the royal navy, as midshipman, and was on board the Polyphemus, under the command of Captain (now Vice-Admiral) Lawford, when Nelson made his daring and resistless attack on the Danish line and batteries off Copenhagen, on the 2nd of April, 1801. On this occasion, which initiated young Franklin in the utmost dangers of his profession, he escaped unhurt, but a brother midshipman was killed.

Having, from an early age, manifested a partiality to navigation, of which he possessed a more than ordinary knowledge, Mr. Franklin was appointed to the Investigator, Capt. Flinders, and sailed with that navigator, who was a native of the same county, on a voyage of discovery on the coast of New Holland. After making many hydrographical surveys, and obtaining a more accurate knowledge of the seas and shores of this fifth part of the world, the Investigator proved unfit for further service; and Capt. Flinders, Mr. Franklin, and the other officers, were ordered home in the Porpoise, then under the command of Lieut. Fowler. Ill-luck, however, still attended them for Capt. Flinders having discovered a passage in the strait which divides New Holland and New Guinea, which he thought both safe and expeditious, was anxious to pass through it on his way to Europe, accompanied by the Cato, a ship leaving Port Jackson for Bombay. On the 18th of

August, 1803, both ships struck on a coral reef, in lat. 22 deg. 11 min. south, and long. 155 deg. 13 min. east, on the coast of New South Wales. As there was no hope of saving the Porpoise, the next morning Capt. Flinders thought it his duty no longer to consider himself a passenger, but to assume the command of the whole party. He divided the Cato's men, who had saved nothing, among those of the Porpoise; and the whole were employed, when the wind would permit, in working hard on board the wreck, to get provisions, water, sails, and many other stores, upon the bank, in which they succeeded. A consultation of the principal officers was then held, when it was determined that Captain Flinders and Mr. Park, commander of the Cato, should proceed in the largest cutter to Port Jackson, and there procure colonial vessels, to bring away the whole party. Capt. Flinders left the wreck on the 26th of August, reached Port Jackson on the 7th of September, and after the crews had remained about two months near the wreck, they were relieved by a vessel sent to their assistance by Capt. Flinders.

The life of Mr. Franklin has been one of unceasing activity. We have already seen, that in a period of less than thirty months, he was engaged in one of the most daring of maritime engagements in Europe, and endured shipwreck on the shores of Asia; and scarcely had he escaped the latter danger, when, accompanying Capt. Fowler to Canton, he embarked on board the East India Company's ship the Earl Camden, Capt. Dance; and shared in the glory of completely defeating the French squadron, under Admiral Linois, on the 14th of February, in the mouth of the straits of Malacca. It is to be considered, that on our part there were nothing but East Indiamen and Bombay merchant ships, and yet these heavy-laden, ill-calculated, and unsuited as they are for a naval engagement, not only defeated a French line of battle ship, two heavy frigates, a sloop of war, and a brig of 18 guns, but they actually chased the whole, and had nearly captured the brig. Captain Farquhar, in his account of this exploit, alluding to the French admiral Linois, says, "He certainly made a shabby fight of it; had he possessed more courage and enterprise, he might have plagued us; and some bold attempt, or judicious manœuvre, to cut off some of our valuable and defenceless convoy might have succeeded; they, however, always kept under the protection of our formidable line, which he soon thought an insufferable barrier. The correct man-

nœuvres and formidable appearance of our ships, and the hearty cheers resounding through our line as we approached him, I doubt not convinced him of our superiority before he came to action, into which he entered *prepared to run away.*"

On his returning to England, Mr. Franklin joined the *Bellerophon*, commanded by Capt. Loring, and served on board that vessel in that great naval battle which at "one fell swoop" annihilated the navies of France and Spain, and for years left this country without an enemy on the ocean that dared to appear before a single British man-of-war. We allude to the ever-memorable battle of Trafalgar, in which the *Bellerophon* bore a distinguished part, and lost its commander, Capt. John Cook, who fell in the action.

Two years afterwards, we find Mr. Franklin on board the *Bedford*, employed on the Brazil, North Sea and West Indian stations for a period of eight years, during which he gave many proofs of his activity and zeal in the service of his country, particularly in the capture of the American gun-boats, on the 12th of December, 1814, when he was slightly wounded. His services were also employed on shore, during these operations, under the orders of Rear-admiral Sir Pulteney Malcolm; and the manner in which he acquitted himself on all occasions was such as to draw forth the warmest praise of the commanding officer under whom he served, and to procure for him the appointment of first lieutenant of the *Forth*, Capt. Sir William Bolton.

When the clangour of arms, which for more than twenty years had resounded throughout the world, had ceased, and nations were left to pursue the tranquil avocations of peace, the British government, ever intent on enlarging the boundaries of science, and promoting hydrographical discovery, determined on sending out two expeditions, in order to solve that long disputed problem, a passage to the North Pole. For this purpose two expeditions were fitted out, in the spring of 1818.

The first consisted of the *Isabella*, commanded by Capt. John Ross, and her tender, the *Alexander*, commanded by Lieut. Parry, that enterprising navigator, who is now so distinguished for his arctic discoveries. The instructions to Capt. Ross were, to endeavour to get into the Pacific Ocean round the northern extremities of the American continent.—Capt. Ross reached as high a northern latitude as 76 deg. 57 min. when a strict attention to the letter of his instructions induced him to return, at a time that

more important discoveries might perhaps have been effected.\*

The collateral expedition, if we may so call it, consisted of the *Dorothea*, Capt. David Buchan, and her tender, the *Trent*, commanded by Lieutenant Franklin.—These ships were directed to make for the North Pole; and in case of gaining it, to enter the Pacific Ocean through Behring's Straits. Both expeditions sailed in the spring of 1818, and returned in the autumn of the same year. Capt. Ross, on his return, published an account of his expedition; but nothing has been suffered to transpire respecting that of Capt. Buchan; the papers and journals were deposited at the Admiralty, where they remain hermetically sealed to the public, though for what reason we are at a loss to divine. One thing is certain, that the expedition failed of effecting the passage; and it is equally certain that the government was perfectly satisfied with the talents and conduct of Lieut. Franklin, the second in command (and we have no reason to suppose that Capt. Buchan did not give the utmost satisfaction), for we find him, almost immediately on his return, appointed to the command of an overland expedition to the shores of the Polar Seas. The object of this expedition was to ascertain the northern boundaries of America, and explore a coast eighty degrees in extent, which had remained wholly unknown to our boasted science. Capt. Franklin was also to endeavour to communicate with Capt. Parry, who had sailed a short time before for Davis's Straits.

Capt. Franklin sailed from England, in the *Prince of Wales*, on the 23rd of May, 1819; and arrived at York Factory, Hudson's Bay, the 30th of August. On the 9th of September, Capt. Franklin and his party set out for Cumberland House, on the Pine Island Lake. Their first operation was to ascend Hill River, a laborious course, as the boats were generally to be dragged up by ropes—sometimes through narrow rocky channels; and several portages occurring, the goods had to be taken out and carried across. This river derives its name from numerous little hills, which rise on its banks: the highest is 600 feet, where there is a prospect of thirty-six lakes. Our account of the expedition must, however, be brief; which is the more excusable, as we have, in former numbers, noticed the subject at

\* For a complete history of North Polar Expeditions, see *MIRROR*, No. 57, which is entirely devoted to the subject, and contains a Map engraved on steel, of the discoveries of Captains Ross, Parry, and Franklin.

length.\* The distance from York Factory to Cumberland House was about 690 miles. As soon as Capt. F. and his party had arrived at the latter place, they found the frost had set in so intensely, as to prevent their advance to the Polar Sea. His zeal, however, induced him to push on to the more advanced settlement of Carlton House, in the Athabasca Lake, leaving his travelling companions, Dr. Richardson and Lieut. Hood, at Cumberland House.

Capt. Franklin set out on the 18th of January, and reached Fort Chépewyan on the Athabasca Lake on the 26th of March, after a dreary journey of 815 miles performed in snow shoes, walking with a weight of nearly three pounds constantly attached to galled feet and swelled ancles. From Fort Chépewyan, Capt. Franklin, who had been joined by the rest of the party, set out towards the great object of the expedition. On the 1st of July the party reached the Copper-mine River, the descent of which was to bring them to the ocean. The navigation of this river was difficult, the canoes being often involved in rapids, and shooting between large stones, against which had they struck, the canoes would have been dashed to pieces.

Having reached the Hyperborean Sea, Capt. Franklin and his party embarked and sailed between five and six hundred miles along the shore, exploring bays and inlets, and giving names to such as were unknown, as well as to the small islands and peninsulas which they discovered. Capt. Franklin sailed to Cape Turnagain, in lat. 68 deg. 18 min. North, and long. 109 deg. 25 min. West, when his stock of provision being reduced to a bare sufficiency for three days' consumption, and there being no hope of a further supply, there was no alternative but that of returning, or perishing in farther prosecuting the voyage. But which way to return was another question. The route by which they came had the advantage of being known; but it was very circuitous, and could afford little of those supplies of food of which they were in urgent want. After full consideration, therefore, it was resolved to endeavour to penetrate direct to Fort Enterprise from Arctic Sound, by way of the river called Hood's River, which fell into it. This journey affords one of the most dreadful tales of human misery on record, but of which an abridgment can give only a very faint

idea. Every degree of physical suffering which the extremes of hunger and cold could inflict, was from the first experienced. The country was found entirely barren; and it was only occasionally that a deer or a partridge, divided among the members of the expedition, afforded a few morsels to each. The only vegetable supply was of a disgusting substance, called *tripe de roche*, which they found by digging in the snow among the rocks. They had no adequate means of overcoming the natural obstacles of mountains, lakes, and rivers, which they encountered. The necessity of laborious travelling in this state of inanition, produced fatigue, faintness, and often an entire loss of the power of motion. Portions of the expedition successively dropped, and putting together such log-huts as they could, waited till the more vigorous could push forward and send them succour. The first, however, who reached Fort Enterprise, met with a woful disappointment. They found it totally desolate, the Indians, who were expected to be found there with food and supplies, having proceeded to the southward. There was nothing left, but to follow them indefinitely over this vast tract, in the hope of at last overtaking them. The detachment which suffered most dismally was that under Dr. Richardson. There was with it an Iroquois Indian of the name of Michel, in whom the *maledicta fames* had developed all the ferocious and treacherous propensities of his tribe. He appears certainly to have killed two of the party, one of whom was Lieut. Hood a leader, and a highly-promising young officer. As there appeared every reason to believe that he was meditating similar purposes against the rest, Dr. Richardson conceived himself reduced to the dreadful necessity of shooting him. At length all the party, except the advanced guard in chase of the Indians, had dragged itself forward to Fort Enterprise, where they found shelter, but were about to yield to famine, when they were surprised by the report of a musket, and soon saw three Indians running up to the fort. Their miseries might now be considered as terminated; they were tended and supplied with the utmost care by these kind Indians, till they were able to travel. In the course of the following summer they reached the Hudson's Bay Factory, after a journey of 5,550 miles.

That this journey did not attain all its objects is evident, yet it made an important addition to our northern boundaries of America; and not only established the fact of an ocean on that side, but ascertained its latitude. Capt. Franklin's

\* For some interesting particulars relating to this expedition, see MIRROR, Nos. 27 and 31, which contain three illustrative engravings of the scenery, natural history, &c., of the countries traversed by Capt. Franklin.

expedition also threw much light on arctic discovery, which must be of great service in all new attempts to reach the North Pole.

The importance of having an overland expedition at the same time as one by sea for the Arctic Regions, has so strongly impressed itself on the British government, that on Capt. Parry sailing again last year to those regions, where

"Pale suns unfelt at distance roll away,  
And on the impassive ice the lightnings play."

It was determined that Capt. Franklin should follow this spring, and renew his arduous task of traversing those bleak and inhospitable regions to the northern shores of America. Capt. Franklin is accompanied by Dr. Richardson, his former travelling companion, Mr. Drummond, a young botanist, and others. They sailed from Liverpool in February last, for New York; and thence proceeded, by the Lake Erie Canal, to Lac Huron, where the party about thirty in number, were on the 22nd of April, 1825.

From Montreal to Lac Huron, no incident worth recording occurred; but the journey was performed with ease and expedition; every man enjoyed excellent health and daily felt his spirits becoming more buoyant from the continued calmness and fineness of the weather. On the 24th of April, the party were to embark in two large canoes for Fort William, traversing in their course the upper end of Lac Huron, Sault St. Marie and Lake Superior. From thence they proceed in four canoes by Lac la Pluie, Lake Winipeg, Cumberland House, and Methy-portage, to Athabasca, where they expect to overtake the three boats with their crews of Argyllshire-men who were sent out from England last summer, and have had ample time to forward the instruments and luggage entrusted to their care.

In their voyage through the principal lakes, the travellers will be conveyed in American steam boats, and when this accommodation ceases, they will procure, as formerly, the services of stout Canadian boatmen. And here we may mention one of the greatest evils attendant on the expedition, namely, that it requires upwards of twelve months to convey them to what may be called the starting point of discovery. And however heavily the time may hang on their hands, they must patiently wait the tardy lapse of an Arctic winter, and even after the sun begins to peep above the horizon, there are not above six or eight weeks, during which they can travel with any thing like safety.

Fort Reliance, situated on the shore of the Great Bear Lake, and the most northern piece of masonry in the world, was expressly built for the safety and comfort of the travellers, and will terminate their wanderings for the present season. This spot they expect to reach by the end of September, and in the spring captain Franklin and his old companion, Mr. Back, who goes out on promotion, with one half of the party, will proceed down Mackenzie's River, and from thence explore the coast to the westward, as far as Icy Cape and Behring's Straits. Here captain Beechy, who sailed in the *Blossom* on the 21st of May, is to endeavour to join captain Franklin, and after rendering him every assistance, is to pursue his exploratory investigations in such parts about Behring's Straits as are imperfectly known. Every thing that can contribute to the success of these several expeditions and add to the comfort, or rather lessen the privations of the enterprising navigators, who have undertaken them, has been done by government; they too are accompanied by the prayers and wishes of every Briton, while neighbouring nations look on their efforts with admiration and anxiety. From their known talents and ardent zeal everything is to be hoped; and although

"'Tis not in mortals to command success,  
'Yet they'll do more—they'll deserve it."

Captain Franklin was married to Miss Eleanor Anne Porden, a lady of poetical talents of the highest order, the daughter of William Porden, Esq. the architect who erected the king's stables at Brighton, Eaton Hall, the seat of Lord Grosvenor, and other buildings which placed his name high in his profession. At the age of twenty, Miss Porden, who from childhood discovered a genius for poetry, published a poem in six cantos, entitled "The Veils, or the Triumph of Constancy." The union of poetical grace and scientific intelligence in this poem excited much admiration, and in three years afterwards it was followed by "The Arctic Expedition," an interesting poetic tribute to the gallant adventurers captains Ross and Buchan, and Lieutenants Parry and Franklin, then engaged in one of the most perilous enterprises by which the present age has been distinguished. The opening of the poem had a pretty allusion to the labours of the voyagers—

"Sail, sail adventurous barks! go fearless forth,  
Storm, on his glacier seat, the misty North,  
Give to mark the inhospitable zone,  
And Briton's trident plant in seas unknown.  
Go! sure wherever science fills the mind,  
Or grief for man long severed from his kind,

That anxious nations watch the changing  
gales,  
And prayers and blessings swell your flagging  
sails."

The publication of this poem is said to have led to her acquaintance with captain Franklin. Miss Porden afterwards published a very spirited Ode on the Coronation of his Majesty George the Fourth; but her grand work was "Cœur de Lion, or the third Crusade," a poem in sixteen cantos, and one of the greatest efforts of a female pen in the annals of English literature.

In the month of August, 1823, Miss Porden gave her hand to captain Franklin, to whom she had been some time engaged, and who had then recently returned from the land expedition employed to assist in exploring the Polar Regions. Happy, but brief was their union. In the circumstances of Mrs. Franklin's death there was something unusually distressing. Constitutionally delicate, it has been generally, though erroneously, understood, that the fatal event was occasioned by grief at her husband's departure, acting upon a previously debilitated frame. This, however, was not the case.

Mrs. Franklin, whose mind eagerly sought every kind of useful information, entered with great energy into the enterprising spirit of her husband; and, notwithstanding her devoted attachment to him, and the severe trials and dangers attendant on the expedition, she earnestly wished him to repeat the attempt, hoping that he might accomplish the object so much desired. With this delightful anticipation she looked forward to welcome his return; but, alas! a pulmonary complaint, from which she had suffered nearly two years, reached its crisis about the time that Captain Franklin received his orders to proceed on the expedition, and she was given over by her physicians five days previous to his quitting home. She expired at her house, Devonshire Street, Portman Square, on the 22nd of February, aged 30, exactly one week after having bidden her beloved husband an eternal farewell; leaving a daughter, eight months old, unconscious of the loss of so truly valuable a mother. The ravages of death in the family of Captain Franklin, have been unusually rapid. Accounts recently arrived from India gave an account of the death of his brother, Sir Willingham Franklin, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court at Madras. Subsequent accounts state the death of Lady Franklin five days after giving birth to a child: in addition to which, he has, within a short period, lost

his father, a brother-in-law, two of Sir Willingham and Lady Franklin's children, and her ladyship's mother.

Captain Franklin was promoted to the rank of commander in 1821, and to that of Post Captain in 1822. We trust higher honours in his profession and the reward of his grateful country still await him.

#### ORIGIN OF CHARITY SCHOOLS.

[The following account of the origin of Charity Schools appeared in a periodical work entitled, "The New Christian's Magazine for February, 1784." It was there stated to be extracted from a book published in the year 1633.]

"IN the yeere 1552, Docter Ridley, then Bishop of London, came and preached before the king's majestie (Edward the 6th) at Westminster, in which sermon he made a fruitfull and godly exhortation to the rich, to be merciful unto the poore; and also to move such as were in authority, to travaile by some charitable way and means, to comfort and relieve them.— Whereupon, the king's majestie (being a prince of such towardnesse and vertue for his yeeres as England before never brought forth, and being also so well retained and brought up in all godly knowledge, as well by his deare uncle, the late protector, as also by his own vertuous and learned schoolmasters) was so careful of the good government of the realme, and chiefly to doe and prefer such things as most especially touched the honour of Almighty God, and understanding that a great number of poore people did swarme in this realme, and chiefly in the citie of London, and that no good order was taken for them, did suddenly (and of himself) send to the said bishop, as soon as his sermon was ended, willing him not to depart until he had spoken with him. The bishop (according to the king's command) gave him his attendance, and as soon as the king's majestie was at leisure he called for him, and caused him to come unto him in a great gallery at Westminster, where there was present no more persons than they two, and therefore made the bishop sit downe in one chayre, and he himselfe in another, which (as it seemeth) were before the coming of the bishop there purposely set, and caused the bishop, mauer his teeth, to be covered, and then entered communication with him in this manner: First, giving him hearty thanks for his sermon and good exhortation; hee therein rehearsed such speciall things as he had noted, and that so many, that the bishop said, 'Truely, truely, I could never have thought that excellency to have bene in his grace, but that I

beheld and heard it in him.' At the last, the king's majestie much commended him for his exhortation for the reliefe of the poore, and said, 'My lord, you willed such as are in authority, to be careful thereof; and to devise some good order for their reliefe, wherein I think you mean mee, for I am in the highest place, and therefore am the first that must make answer to God for my negligence, if I should not be careful therein, knowing it to be the expresse commandement of Almighty God, to have compassion on the poore and needy members, for whome wee must make an account unto him; and truly, my lord, I am (before all things else) most willing to travaile that way, and I doubting nothing of your long and approved wisdom and learning, who having such good zeale, as wisheth helpe unto them; but also, that you have had some conference with others what waies are best to be taken therein, the which I am desirous to understand, and therefore I pray you to say your minde.' The bishop thinking least of the matter, and being amazed to hear the wisdom and earnest zeale of the king, was (as hee said himself) so astonished, that he could not tell what to say: but after some pause, said that hee thought (at this present) for some entrance to be had, it were good to practise with the citie of London, because the number of the poore there are very great, and the citizens also are many and wise; and he doubted not but that they were also pitifull and mercifull, as the maior and his brethren, and other the worshipful of the said citie; and that if it would please the king's majestie to direct his gracious letters unto the maior of London, willing him to call unto him such assistants as he should thinke meete, to consult of this matter, for some order to be taken therein, he doubted not but good would follow thereon; and hee himselfe promised the king to be one that should earnestly travaile therein. The king (forthwith) not only granted his letter, but made the bishop tarry until the same was written, and his hand and signet set thereto; and commanded the bishop, not onely to deliver the letter himselfe, but also to signifie unto the maior, that it was the king's especiall request and expresse commandement, that the maior should therein travaile, and so soon as hee might conveniently, give him knowledge how far he had proceeded therein. The bishop was so joyous of the having this letter, and that now he had occasion to travaile in so good a matter, wherein he was marvellous zealous, that nothing could have pleased and delighted him more, wherefore the

same night he came to the lord maior of London, who was then Sir Richard Dobbs, knight, and delivered the king's letter, and showed his message with effect. The lord maior not only joyously received this letter, but with all speede agreed to set forward the matter, for hee also favoured it very much; and the next day being Munday, hee desired the bishop of London to dine with him, and against that time the maior promised to send for such men as hee thought meetest, to talke of this matter, and so hee did. He sent first for two aldermen and six commoners, and afterwards more were appointed, to the number of twenty-four. In the end, after sundrie meetings (for by the means and good diligence of the bishop; it was well followed) they agreed upon a booke that they had devised, wherein first they considered on nine especiall kindes and sorts of poore people, and those they brought into three degrees.

"1. Poore by impotency.

"2. Poore by casualty.

"3. Thriftlesse poore.

"I. The poore by impotency are also divided into three kindes; that is to say,

"1. The fatherlesse pooreman's childe.

"2. The aged, blinde, and lame.

"3. The diseased person by leprosie, dropsie, &c.

"II. The poore by casualty are likewise of three kindes; that is to say,

"1. The wounded souldier.

"2. The decayed hous-holder.

"3. The visited with any grievous disease.

"III. The thriftlesse poore are three kindes, in like manner; that is to say,

"1. The riotour that consumeth all.

"2. The vagabond that will abide in no place.

"3. The idle person, as strumpets and others.

"For these sorts of poore, three severall houses were provided; first, for the innocent and fatherlesse, which is the beggar's childe, and is, indeed, the seed and breeder of beggary. They provided the house that was the late Gray Friars in London, and called it by the name of Christ's Hospital, where poore children, to the number of four hundred, were received in November in the saide yeere; and on Christmas-day, in the afternoon, while the lord maior and aldermen rode to Paul's, the children of Christ's Hospital stood in Cheapside all in one livery of russet cotton, three hundred and forty in number, and at Easter they were in blue at the Spittle,\* and so have continued the same.

\* At or near the church of St. Mary, Spittle, a cross, with a pulpit, for preaching at Easter and



"When this virtuous and blessed youth had signed the necessary instruments for founding the several hospitals, hee said, in the hearing of his counsell, 'Lord, I yield thee most hearty thanks, that thou hast given me life thus long to finish this worke, to the glory of thy name.' Two days afterwards the king expired."

other times, was erected the same as at Paul's cross. The lord maior and aldermen used to attend, and sit in a house built on purpose. The children of Christ's Hospital went at Easter constantly to hear the sermon.

## MILITARY ENGINES OF THE NORMANS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—I perceive in your instructing publication of to-day, an article on Norman fortifications, in which mention is made of the *espringold* and *bricoli*, as instruments for the assaults of castles, &c. but their construction and use you have not mentioned. If you deem the following account worthy a place in your publication, it is at your service:—

Abbe Jausseur who wrote in 1587, on Norman and Romaic fortifications, describes the *espringold* as the same instrument as the (*Σπενδιον*) or Balearian sling of the Greeks, and Dionys. Perieq v. 5. describes as resembling the earth which is not exactly spherical, being extended in length, and broad in the middle, with an oval compass, and gradually decreasing into two thongs or reins; from it were cast arrows, stones, and plummets of lead, which were called *μολυβδίδες μολιβδῖται*, (Poly. lib. x. cap. 31. seg. 46.); some of these plummets are said to have weighed an attic pound—near one pound four ounces English weight, and if we may credit the account given by Seneca, the force was so great that neither buckler, helmet, nor any other armour was a defence against it, and its motion was so vehement that the plummets were frequently melted.

That the ancient Normans made use of this instrument, or something nearly resembling it, is proved, by the number of leaden plummets that have been found in divers parts of France, and the use of which was, for a length of time, the subject of a powerful controversy amongst the antiquarians of Paris. Jausseur calls it the *espringelde*, or *espringold*. The *bricola* is the same as the *balista* of the Romans; its use was to throw immense stones; the construction is described at great length in Cæsar's second book of the civil wars. Mention is also made of the use of *bricoli*, in some of the lyrical songs of the ancient Troubadours.

I must crave your lenient indulgence for the anachronisms, in the language that occur in the preceding remarks, as they are almost the first I have made in a foreign language, the *English*.

I remain, your's,

A native of Venice,

GIOVACCHINO A——

June 18, 1825.

## The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton*.

## REPARTEE.

THE name of *Roger* having been written on a sack, by some chance the last letter was concealed, when a person read it, *Roge (Rogue)*. "How can that be?" retorted a bystander. "True," replied the other, "it wants U (*you*) in it." A.

A GENTLEMAN at table being famous for allowing the wine to remain a long time placed before him, was checked in the following manner:—"I am sorry," observed a *bon vivant*, "our friend opposite has been so reduced in circumstances, as to patronise the office of a bottle-holder!" C. F. E.

## LINES ON A FLOWER.

THIS flower that blooms so fair to-day,  
To-morrow sure will die;  
Its fragrance gone, its beauty fled,  
'Twill then neglected lie.

And human life, alas! is like  
The frailest flow'rs that bloom;  
Man flourishes a day—and then  
Sinks in the silent tomb.

G. W. H.

## INSCRIPTION

On a Village Doctor's Sign in Devonshire.

"I cures a goose, my wife cures the ganders."

As our readers may find some difficulty in making this out, it is necessary to explain, that the good man intended to make known, he cured agues, and his wife cured the jaundice.

DI DO DUM.

The Fifth Volume of the MIRROR is now completed; and may be had of the Publisher, and all Booksellers, price 5s.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset-House,) and sold by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

# INDEX

## TO

# THE MIRROR,

VOLUME THE FIFTH.

- ABON Hassan**, Song from, [250](#).  
**Abstinence**, Extraordinary Instances of, [310](#).  
**Ale-house Signs**, Singularity of, [231](#).  
**Alexander**, Anecdote of the Emperor, [13](#).  
**Algiers**, Headsman of, [12](#).  
**Alicant**, Description of, [221](#).  
**All Fools' Day**, On, [210](#).  
**Althorp House**, Description of, [201](#).  
**Almanacks**, Supposed Error in the, [21](#), [22](#).  
**American Toasts**, Brevity of, [361](#).  
**Ampoule Sainte**, Description of the, [372](#).  
**Amusements of Learned Men**, [224](#).  
**AMUSEMENTS, SCIENTIFIC**, [141](#), [222](#), [247](#), [302](#).  
**Ancestry**, Pride of, [393](#).  
**ANECDOTES**, in every Number.  
**Animal Biography**, [35](#).  
**April Fools**, Family of, [210](#), [270](#).  
**Arctic Regions**, Capt. Lyon's Voyage to the, [56](#).  
**Arithmetical Terms**, Derivation of, [87](#).  
     — Recreations, [141](#), [345](#).  
     — Ratios, [211](#).  
**Association**, Royal Union, The, [291](#).  
**Assolino**, the Tale-teller, [149](#).  
**Athens**, Description of, [289](#).  
**Autographs**, with Biographical Memoirs, [73](#), [169](#), [217](#).  
**Autumn**, Sonnet on, [24](#).  
**Baku**, Eternal Fire at, [26](#).  
**Balagansk**, Grotto of, [351](#).  
**Bandit**, The secret, [19](#).  
**Bannockburn**, a Song, [327](#).  
**Barber Surgeons**, Ignorance of, [148](#).  
**Battle of Spurs**, Account of the, [284](#).  
     — Abbey, Sussex, described, [401](#).  
**Beauty**, The Antiquated, [8](#).  
     — Use and Abuse of, [215](#).  
**Bear Baiting**, Cruelty of, [347](#), [363](#).  
**Beginning**, A, [57](#).  
**Bellman's Verses** in the year 1638, [246](#).  
**Bethlehem Hospital**, Account of, [225](#).  
**Betty**, W. H. W., Anecdotes of, [182](#).  
**Bible**, Chronology of the, [367](#).  
**BIOGRAPHY, SELECT**, [172](#), [242](#), [278](#), [357](#), [392](#).  
**Blase**, Bishop, Celebration of, [110](#).  
**Blacking**, Composition of French, [255](#).  
**Blanche of Bourbon**, Cruel Death of, [165](#).  
**Blind Tam of Dumfries**, Memoir of, [278](#).  
**Blood**, The Circulation of the, [244](#).  
**Bonaparte**, Gratitude of, [267](#).  
     —, Anecdotes of, [281](#).  
     —, Coronation of, [381](#).  
**Boar's Head**, Hornchurch, Custom at, [24](#).  
**Bodkin versus Vagrom Men**, [310](#).  
**Botany**, Utility of, [198](#).  
**Bow Church**, Middlesex, Account of, [65](#).  
     — Bells, On the ringing of, [116](#), [179](#), [228](#).  
**Bread**, The Adulteration of, [159](#).  
**Bremen**, Lead Cellar at, [352](#).  
**Brilliants**, Value of, [15](#).  
**Broken Heart**, The, [162](#).  
**Brougham**, Mr., on the MIRROR and CHEAP CLASSICS, [101](#).  
**Brougham**, Mr., Character of, [399](#).  
**Burdett**, Sir F., Anecdote of, [399](#).  
**Burial**, Lady who lived after, [31](#).  
**Burleigh House**, described, [233](#).  
**Burgh Castle**, Suffolk, described, [257](#).  
**Burying-ground** at Munich, Account of, [53](#).  
**Burns**, Tributes to the Memory of, [104](#).  
**Byron**, Lines to a Lady by, [46](#).  
     —, Anecdotes of, [305](#).  
**Cake-built House**, The, A Tale, [5](#).  
**Calculations**, Statistical, [86](#).  
**Calumny**, On, [341](#).  
**Campbell**, Thos., Stanzas by, [10](#).  
**Camden Town New Church**, described, [33](#), [85](#).  
**Cambria Brig**, Stanzas to the, [196](#).  
**Cambrian Worthies**, [20](#).  
**Camel**, Stupidity of the, [167](#).  
**Canals**, First Act of Parliament for, [312](#).  
**Cantabrigiana**, [293](#).  
**Capability Brown**, Anecdotes of, [382](#).  
**Carey**, Mr. P., Poem by, [19](#).  
**Carlino and Rosa**, a Tale, [325](#).  
**Cat**, The Domestic, [36](#).  
**Catacombs of Naples** described, [281](#).  
**Catholic Chapel**, Moorfields, described, [177](#).  
**Chaos**, Traditions on, [261](#).  
**Charity Schools**, Origin of, [422](#).  
**Charles X.**, Memoir of, [357](#).  
     —, Coronation of, [374](#)—[384](#).  
**Chatterton**, Burial-place of, [170](#).

- Chess, Account of the great match, [270](#),  
[299](#), [354](#).  
 Chivalry, Effects of, [237](#).  
 Chinese Court History, [410](#).  
 Christmas at Brighton, Comforts of, [63](#).  
 ——— in Sweden, [50](#).  
 Churches, St. Martin's and St. George's,  
 compared, [210](#).  
 Churches in London, New, [85](#).  
 Circassian Village, Description of a, [152](#).  
 Clovis, Baptism of, [318](#).  
 Coaches, Historical Account of, [44](#), [135](#).  
 Cochineal, The Manufacture of, [245](#).  
 Coffee, ditto, [186](#).  
 Colossal Statues, History of, [388](#).  
 COMMON PLACE BOOK, MY, [72](#), [139](#),  
[263](#), [344](#).  
 Company, Proposed New, [54](#).  
 Constantinople, Description of, [359](#).  
 Coronation of Bonaparte, [381](#).  
 Coronations, Descriptions of Ancient, [370](#).  
 Cradle of Henry V., Description of the, [9](#).  
 Cromwell, Letter from Lord, [293](#).  
 Cross Readings, [28](#).  
 Curran, Anecdotes of J. P., [265](#).  
 Curtis, Sir W., Anecdotes of, [74](#).  
 Custom House, The New, Account of, [97](#).  
 DANISH POPULAR STORIES, [5](#), [19](#), [36](#).  
 Daylight when the Storm was o'er, [9](#).  
 Days, History of the, [390](#).  
 Deaf and Dumb, Instruction of the, [262](#).  
 Dean of Badajoz, The, A Tale, [365](#).  
 Delft, in Holland, City of, described, [161](#).  
 Devil's Bridge, Description of the, [307](#).  
 Diamonds and Precious Stones, History  
 of, [15](#).  
 Diorama, The, [193](#).  
 DOMESTIC HINTS, USEFUL, [159](#),  
[168](#), [191](#).  
 Dominican Letter, Tables of the, [325](#).  
 Dragon of Wantley, The, [23](#).  
 Draughts, Nubian Game of, [166](#).  
 Drinkers, Classes of, described, [304](#).  
 Dromedary Driver, The, [212](#).  
 Duelling in German Universities, [47](#).  
 Duels, Hints to Seconds in, [130](#).  
 Dunmow Priory, Singular Custom at, [313](#).  
 Early Age, Vigorous efforts of, [153](#).  
 Earthquake in Calabria described, [287](#).  
 Easter, Periods of, explained, [322](#).  
 Ecarte versus Politeness, [339](#).  
 Eldon, Earl, Memoir of, [73](#).  
 Emma's Funeral, [198](#).  
 English Language, History of the, [102](#).  
 Englishman in France, The, [200](#).  
 Epigrams, in every Number.  
 EPITAPHS, ditto.  
 Erskine, Lord, Memoir of, [73](#).  
 Esquimaux, Account of the, [56](#).  
 Eternal Fire at Baku, [26](#).  
 European Melody, set for the Piano-forte,  
[328](#).  
 Evening Hour, The, [212](#).  
 Exciseman Outwitted, The, [197](#).  
 FACETIE, [330](#).  
 Fakeer's Rock, at Laguirra, [44](#).  
 Fanaticism in France, [362](#).  
 Farewell to Twenty-four, [28](#).  
 Fashion, The Absurdities of, [68](#), [411](#).  
 Fashionable Man, Examination of a, [298](#).  
 Faustus, Origin of Dr., [404](#).  
 Female Curiosity, [61](#).  
 ——— Sex, Claims of the, [108](#).  
 Fish Table, to shew when in and out of  
 season, [29](#).  
 Fitzwilliam, Earl, Character of, [397](#).  
 Flitch of Bacon, Ancient Custom of  
 Claiming, [313](#).  
 Fontaine, La, Anecdotes of, [335](#).  
 Four Brothers, A Tale, The, [36](#).  
 Franklin, Captain, Memoir of, [417](#).  
 ——— Mrs. Memoir of, [421](#).  
 French Manners, [338](#).  
 French Revolution, Freaks of the, [283](#).  
 Games of Life, The, [250](#).  
 Garrick, Anecdotes of, [91](#).  
 George III., Anecdotes of, [311](#).  
 Ghosts and Superstitions, Essay on, [386](#).  
 Gibbet, The Law of the, [171](#).  
 Gibbs, Sir V., Notice of, [74](#).  
 Gifford, Wm. Esq. Memoir of, [212](#).  
 Gipsies, Anecdotes of, [413](#).  
 Golden Number, Table of the, [324](#).  
 Grammatical Tautology, [192](#).  
 Graves, On decorating with flowers, [52](#).  
 Gray's Elegy, Parody on, [131](#).  
 Gretna Green, Description of, [56](#).  
 Grey, Earl, Character of, [390](#).  
 Greatrakes, Valentine, Memoir of, [125](#).  
 Grecian Heroines, Account of, [151](#).  
 Grimaldi, Joseph, Ode to, [170](#).  
 Grog, A spirited Ode on, [68](#).  
 Grove Hill, Camberwell, Description of,  
[129](#).  
 Grotto of Antiparos, described, [137](#).  
 Guerillas, Spanish, The, [220](#).  
 Gymnastics, Utility of, [206](#).  
 Hastings Castle, Description of, [209](#).  
 Headsman of Algiers, [12](#).  
 Heavenly Bodies, Gravitation of the, [181](#).  
 Henry V. Cradle of, [9](#).  
 ——— VIII. Anecdotes of, [38](#).  
 Highbury, Account of, [120](#).  
 Himalaya Mountains, described, [286](#).  
 Hogg, The Ettrick Shepherd, Notice of,  
[219](#).  
 Holman's Travels, Extracts from, [351](#).  
 Holyrood Chapel, Description of, [193](#),  
[239](#).  
 Horse Manufactory, Hints for a, [394](#).  
 Hours of Meals now and formerly, [25](#).  
 Humane Society, the Royal, [275](#).  
 Hungarian Girl, The, [205](#).  
 Hyde Park, A Sunday in, [228](#).  
 Hydrophobia, Preventives of, [30](#).  
 Hyperbole, [40](#).  
 Indian Rubber, Description of, [192](#).  
 Infernal Machine, Account of the, [147](#).  
 Ingratitude Punished, [95](#).  
 Inquisition of the Year, [98](#).

- Insubordination of Modern Stomachs, [27](#).  
 Intellect Company, Proposal for the, [54](#).  
 Irish, Superstitions of the, [27](#).  
 —, Topers, [50](#).  
 Jehoshaphat, Valley of, described, [396](#).  
 Jeux d'Esprit, [347](#).  
 Jokers, A Hint to, [95](#).  
 Jubilee at Rome, Description of the, [3](#).  
 Jungle in India, A, [44](#).  
 Kakabikka, Falls of, [311](#).  
 King's Evil, Touching for the, [392](#).  
 Kit's Coty House described, [41](#).  
 Lady who Lived after Burial, [31](#).  
 Lambeth Palace described, [81](#).  
 —, Remarkable Occurrences at, [117](#).  
 Lancashire, Manners of the People of, [74](#).  
 Lawyer and Sawyer, a Song, [171](#).  
 Leap Year, Account of the, [328](#).  
 Leek, Antiquity of the, [181](#).  
 Left-handed Fiddler, The, [69](#).  
 Letter of Lady Mary Duncan, [31](#).  
 Letters, Addresses of, [31](#).  
 Light, An Essay on, [360](#).  
 Lime-dust and Modern Roads, [24](#).  
 Liston, Biography of Mr., [76](#).  
 London, The Delights of, [164](#).  
 —, Description of Old, [188](#), [203](#).  
 Lopez, Memoir of Sir M. M., [138](#).  
 Loquacity, Encomium on, [196](#).  
 Louis XIV., Anecdote of, [238](#).  
 Lucy Mar, a Tale, [308](#).  
 Lutakes, Description of the, [317](#).  
 Machinery, Power of, [32](#).  
 Madman, Political, [40](#).  
 Man, Quarles's Description of, [90](#).  
 Marten's, Henry, Tower, [249](#).  
 Mary, a Song, [179](#).  
 Mary M'Cleod, a Tale, [93](#).  
 Masaniello, Thomas, History of, [121](#).  
 May-Day in London, [294](#) [405](#).  
 Mayne, Mr., Poem by, [208](#).  
 Meals, Ridiculous Hours of, [25](#), [227](#).  
 Medals, Impressions from, [30](#).  
 Medicine, History of, [333](#).  
 Mendicant, The, [158](#).  
 Military Despotism, Instance of, [50](#).  
 Milton's House at Chalfont described, [145](#).  
 Minasi, Memoir of Master A., [392](#).  
 Mime and Pantomime, On, [39](#).  
 Minas, Anecdotes of the, [220](#).  
 Mineral Phenomenon, [150](#).  
 Mirror, Critique on No. 125 of the, [133](#).  
 Money of Tartary, Account of the, [219](#).  
 — of New South Wales, [71](#).  
 Moonlight Effusions, [119](#).  
 Moor, Gallantry of a, [221](#).  
 Mourning, Various Methods of, [213](#).  
 Mozart's Requiem, [70](#).  
 Music, Original Song set to, [328](#).  
 —, Improvement of, [274](#).  
 —, History of, [339](#), [402](#).  
 Musical Glasses, Improvement of, [226](#).  
 Mythology of Scandinavia, [414](#).  
 My Wife's Relations, Account of, [251](#).  
 Nazareth, Description of, [167](#).  
 New Year's Ode, The, [23](#), [51](#).  
 Nicias and Glicera, a Tale, [14](#).  
 Normans, Fortifications of the, described, [402](#).  
 Normans, Military Engines of the, [424](#).  
 Old and New Times, [25](#), [405](#).  
 —, Curious Account of, [154](#).  
 Origins and Inventions, Account of, [43](#), [146](#), [198](#), [332](#).  
 O'Rourke, Adventures of Daniel, [173](#).  
 Palestine, A Day in, [236](#).  
 Paper, History of, [332](#).  
 Paris, Description of, [61](#).  
 Parish Clerk, Wit of a, [230](#).  
 —, Jobbing, [48](#).  
 Parr, Dr., Anecdotes of, [75](#).  
 Pere la Chaise, Cemetery of, [17](#).  
 Periodicals, The Advantages of cheap, [99](#), [101](#).  
 Peruvian Ladies, Costume of the, [148](#).  
 Peter the Great's House at Saardam, [385](#).  
 PETER PINDARICS, [265](#).  
 Peterborough, Anecdote of the Earl of, [303](#).  
 Pig, Ode to a, [262](#).  
 Plague of London, Description of, [315](#), [349](#).  
 Platoff, Anecdotes of, [221](#).  
 Poet's Valentine, The, [115](#).  
 Pope, Mrs., On Flowers painted by, [390](#).  
 Poplar Church, Description of, [353](#).  
 Porson, Anecdote of Professor, [164](#).  
 Portuguese, Manners of the, [78](#).  
 Potatoes, Introduction of, to England, [312](#).  
 Prescription, The, [239](#).  
 Princely Delicacy, [223](#).  
 Printer's Chapel, Origin of, [311](#).  
 Primrose, Mayne's Ode to the, [208](#).  
 Procrastination, III Effects of, [216](#).  
 Psalmody, On, [180](#).  
 Punning Mottos, [192](#).  
 Purrahs, Description of the, [235](#).  
 Queen's Head, Islington, described, [321](#).  
 Rail Roads, Ironical Objections to, [60](#).  
 REMINISCENCES, [42](#), [75](#), [91](#), [138](#), [232](#), [265](#), [335](#).  
 Rheims, The Cathedral of, described, [370](#).  
 Rhiga, The Greek, Memoir of, [172](#).  
 Richard III., Bedstead on which he last Slept, Description of, [273](#).  
 Riego, or the Patriot's Knell, [35](#).  
 Rings, Antiquity of, [290](#).  
 Rizebecq the Impostor, Anecdote of, [283](#).  
 Rowan, Escapes of A. Hamilton, [295](#).  
 Roscoe, Wm., Esq., Memoir of, [217](#).  
 Royal Oak Day, History of, [341](#).  
 Rubens' Chair, Description of, [241](#).  
 —, Biography of, [242](#).  
 Rules for Young Tradesmen, [223](#).  
 Russian Campaign, Anecdotes of the, [220](#).  
 Sacrilege, French Law against, [201](#).  
 Sailor's Grave, The, [117](#).  
 Scacazzone, Laughable Story of, [149](#).



- Scandinavian Mythology, 414.  
 SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS, 141, 222,  
247, 302.  
 Seasons, Beauties of the, 88.  
 Sea, Comforts of Dining at, 187.  
 Secret Bandit, The, a Tale, 19.  
 SELECTOR, The, or Choice Extracts  
 from New Works, in nearly every  
 Number.  
 Serenade, A, 211.  
 Sexes, Equality of the, 84.  
 Shelah Lea's Lamentation, 334.  
 Signs of the Times, 11.  
 Silence, The Use and Abuse of, 133.  
 SKETCH BOOK, The, 397.  
 Small Talk, 132, 162.  
 Solar System, Description of the, 89.  
 Solomon and the Bees, a Tale, 230.  
 Sonnets, 24.  
 Songs, 37, 89, 102, 211.  
 South American Women, Manners of  
 the, 46.  
 Spanish Mother, The, 281.  
 Spring, The Beauties of, 231.  
 Spurs, Battle of the, 284.  
 Stage, Rise and Progress of the, 106, 124.  
 Stanhope, Anecdotes of Lady H., 126.  
 Stanzas to Painting, 10.  
 Statistical Calculations, 86.  
 Steam, A Poem, 109.  
 St. Germain, Count, Anecdotes of, 400.  
 St. Bride's Church described, 113.  
 St. George, History of, 258.  
 St. Mary Redcliff, Church of, 49.  
 St. John, Customs on the Eve of, 283.  
 St. Martin's Church described, 337.  
 St. Peter's Church, at Rome, 1.  
 St. Saviour's Church, 342.  
 Stourton, Lord, Murder Committed by,  
407.  
 Stomachs, Insubordination of, 27.  
 Street Sweeper, Stanzas to a, 269.  
 Students, Young, Advice to, 355.  
 Superstitions of the Irish, 27.  
 Summary of the Year, 7.  
 Sun, Description of the, 45.  
 Superstition, an Inquiry into, 319.  
 Swimming, Substitute for, 30.  
 Tallow Chandler, The Political, 263.  
 Tartary, Paper Currency of, 220.  
 Tell's Chapel, 343.  
 Temple Hall, Middle, described, 153.  
 Thurtell of the sixteenth Century, 407.  
 Tilloch, Lines on the Death of Dr., 125.  
 Time, What is it? 388.  
 Tipperkin's Grunts, 72.  
 Tithes, History of, 333.  
 Tomb of Zacharias, Description of the,  
397.  
 TOPOGRAPHER, The, 55, 119, 233, 249,  
257, 307, 343.  
 Tower of London, Imprisonments in the,  
253.  
 Transport, The, 55.  
 Tree, Pensive Stanzas to Miss M. A., 142.  
 Trees, Natural Life of, 288.  
 Troubadours, Account of the, 143, 214.  
 Turkey, Account of the, 10.  
 Turks, Ignorance of the, 223.  
 Tuscany, Festivals of, 91.  
 Tyre, Description of, 126.  
 Vine, The, 359.  
 Virgin's First Love, The, 178.  
 Union Association, Utility of the, 291.  
 Washerwoman's Complaint, The, 89.  
 Weazels, Anecdotes of, 35.  
 Weep not for the Dead, 259.  
 Welsh Songs, 211.  
 White Conduit House, account of, 119.  
 Wigan Well, Account of, 55.  
 William the Conqueror, Character of,  
185.  
 William and Eliza, a Poem, 185.  
 Winter, Poem on, 9.  
 ———, Pleasures of, 66, 118.  
 Wolves, Ferocity of, 136.  
 Yakoots, Religion of the, 157.  
 Year, Summary of the, 7.  
 ———, the Last, 7.  
 Zacharias, Tomb of, 397.

THE END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.



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